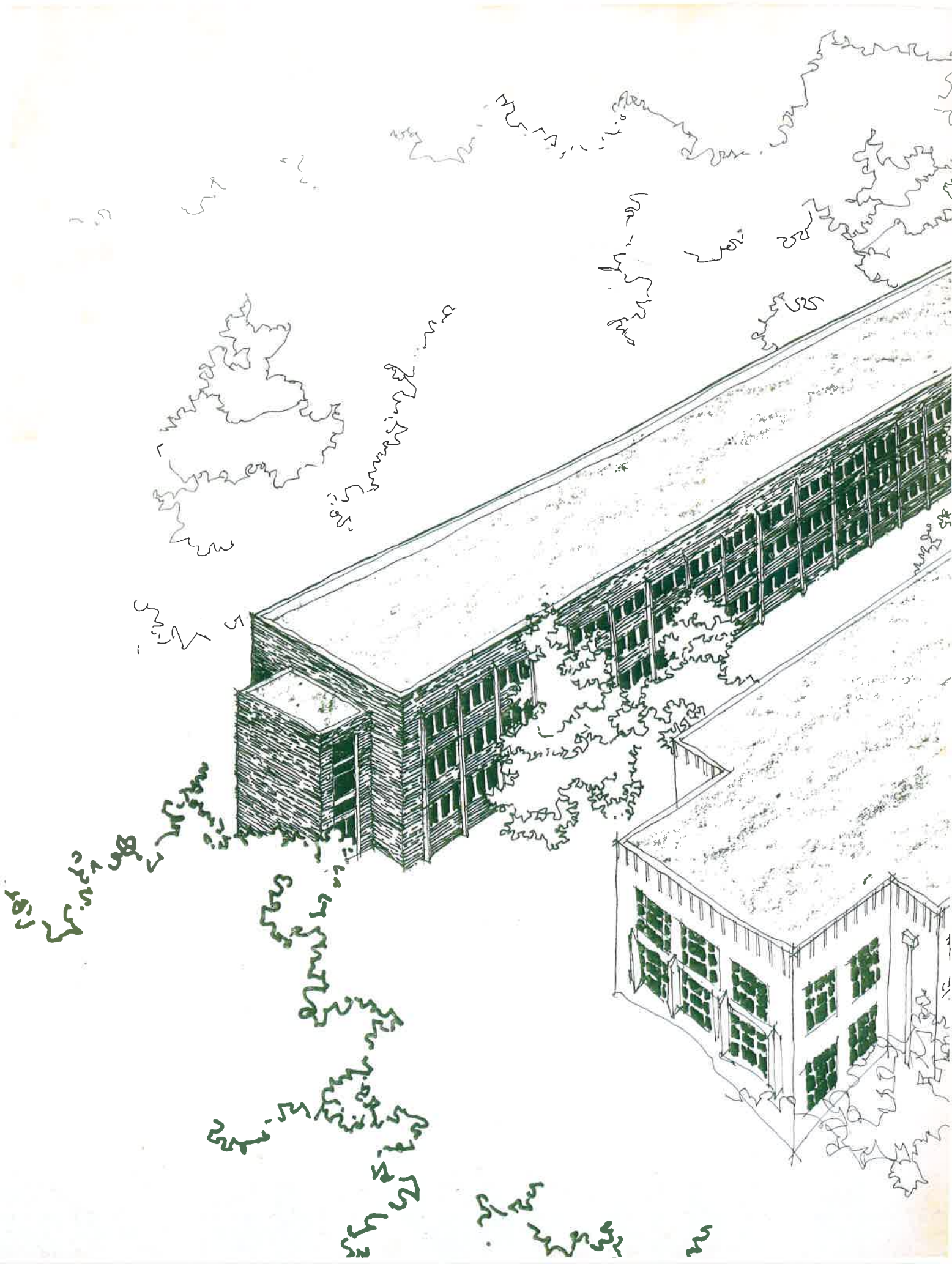


# Prospice



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# PROSPICE



CAMBERWELL HIGH SCHOOL  
PROSPECT HILL ROAD, CANTERBURY  
VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA

DECEMBER, 1966



# EDITORIAL

In this rapidly changing world of ours, many old beliefs are now being questioned, many new truths are being discovered and many forms of existence are now impossible. One such form of "existence" is the life and world of the scientist.

For a number of centuries now, small groups of learned men have worked in isolation from the outside world, employed in the task of systematically classifying and investigating physical phenomena. Their work lays the foundation of our now fairly complete understanding of our environment. The discoveries they made passed more or less unnoticed outside their own small circle. And so it was because they were financed by what meagre funds they themselves could raise; they took little interest in the affairs of the world at large, and the world took even less interest in them.

However, this peaceful isolated world of the scientists was abruptly brought to a close in the early decades of this century. Following the discovery of the neutron and its use as a nuclear probe, scientists for the first time became aware of the possibilities of enormous energy production from small amounts of matter. This discovery was of far greater magnitude than any before it . . . as far as governments were concerned. The discovery of artificial radioactivity in Uranium meant the possessor of this knowledge could produce vast quantities of useful industrial and domestic power as well as produce a weapon of horrifying destructive power. All this happened at a time of international rivalry and suspicion. Even the fraternity of scientists was disrupted. And it was at this time that the scientists broke their isolation and began to take an active interest in governmental and international affairs. They put their trust in the military authorities and the government and placed their carefully guarded knowledge at the disposal of those institutions purely as a preventative measure, for they knew that their adversaries possessed their knowledge and were capable of overpowering them. In the couple of years after 1943, American and European scientists worked in

American laboratories to produce an atom bomb. Naturally the scientists regarded the weapon as a preventative measure which would never be used, they trusted their government to use its discretion and reason. However, their work was now largely financed by military authorities and what the scientists failed to see was that it was now the military leaders, not they themselves who would have the final say in the use of atomic weapons. This inevitable situation in fact occurred and the atomic bomb was employed with horrifying results on an unsuspecting Japan.

Now the scientists knew that they alone could not manage the worldly applications of their discoveries. Their work was valuable to governments, and since it was the governments which financed the work, it was they who decided upon its uses. They realised also the unfortunate truth that in time of national emergency and when the stakes are high, reason on the part of national leaders gives way to impulse and whim — when the time of testing came, the powers of reason were subordinated.

This disturbing reality disillusioned many scientists who had put their faith in the discretion of the authorities. They then strove to ensure that future development of atomic power should be placed in the control of a civil and not military body. They realised that unless they themselves accepted the responsibility of safeguarding the results of their work, men in authority in time of stress could be swayed to initiate actions which could never be redeemed.

Yes, the time is past when scientists can isolate themselves from the world and give to humanity knowledge which in the wrong hands could be misused. They learnt, in the hard school of experience, that only they themselves can prevent further developments by taking precautions, and that it is they who must accept the responsibility of ensuring the wise use of their discoveries.

J. Backholer, VI.

## THE PRINCIPAL'S PAGE

I would be very remiss if I did not say "Thank you" to everyone — students, parents, staff — for the way in which I have been received at Camberwell. I consider it a very, very great privilege to be Principal of this school and as long as I am here my main concern will always be the progress and well-being of the students.

Camberwell has always enjoyed a very considerable reputation; after spending some months in it I can see many reasons why this is so. Naturally, I am tremendously impressed with our students as a whole, their outlook and approach to their work, their appearance and dress, their courteous approach and their very keen sense of humour. I am impressed too, with the high level of parent interest, organization and activity. To me, the whole atmosphere of the school has been constantly stimulating and inspiring.

All this is not to say that I regard the school or its students as being without weaknesses. It is true that we have some students who are uninterested and unco-operative. It is true to say, too, that we have some parents to whom the same comments apply.

Our continuing task, and by "our", I mean everyone associated with the school — Advisory Council, staff, parents and myself — is to discover and remedy our weaknesses and remove the disabilities that exist.

In my view, no school can be as successful as it should be unless it has the wholehearted and continuing support of everyone associated with it. We are on the threshold of new and startling developments as far as our buildings are concerned and, despite the general difficulties which beset secondary education in Victoria to-day, we have every reason to look forward with confidence to an even greater enhancement of this school's reputation.



Mr. C. I. Gazzard, B.A., B.Ed., M.A.C.E..  
Principal of Camberwell High School

*C. I. Gazzard.*

# CAMBERWELL HIGH SCHOOL

## 1966

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### STAFF

**Principal:** Mr. C. I. Gazzard, B.A., B.Ed., M.A.C.E.

**Vice-Principal:** Mr. A. P. G. Rhodes, B.A., Dip.Ed.  
Mr. A. Markham, D.T.S.C., T.T.C. (Man. Arts)  
(Senior Master).

W. H. Bishop, Dip.Phys.Ed., T.S.T.C.

R. W. Bragge, T.P.T.C., Univ. Subjects.

A. L. Brooks, Univ. Subjects.

T. J. Burns, B.Sc., T.P.T.C.

C. N. Edwards, B.Sc., T.P.T.C.

D. M. Gibb, B.A., B.Ed.

P. F. Gleeson, B.Comm., Dip.Ed., T.P.T.C.

D. Gunther, T.S.T.C., 7 Univ. Subjects.

A. Hardenburg, B.A., T.S.T.C.

R. J. Hurle, B.Sc., T.S.T.C., (Left end of term 1).

D. K. Murdoch, T.S.T.C., Univ. Subjects.

V. N. Osterlund, Trade Certificates.

L. C. Press, B.A. (Sydney), Dip.Ed. (Melbourne).

V. J. Pyers, B.A., Dip.Ed., T.P.T.C.

J. Rich, B.A., Dip.Ed.

K. H. McN. Robertson, B.A., Dip.Ed.

J. J. K. Rogers, M.Comm. (Q.Ex.), B.Comm., B.Ed., T.P.T.C.  
M.A.C.E.

R. J. Trevar, Mus.Bac.

J. H. Wagstaff, Lieut. Col. (R.L.), Cert. Ed., A.T.T.I.

I. S. Walker, B.Sc. (Hons.), Ph.D. (Adel.), Dip.Ed.  
(Left end of term 2).

P. H. Whitcroft, B.A., T.P.T.C.

A. H. Kamphausen, B.Ch. E.

Miss D. J. Milne, B.A. (Hons.), B.Ed., (Senior Mistress).

Mrs. H. M. Collopy, B.A., Dip.Ed.

Mrs. M. J. Davies, T.P.T.C., Univ. Subjects.

Mrs. M. Dawkins, T.P.T.C., Univ. Subjects.

Mrs. E. Edwards, B.A., Dip.Ed.

Mrs. M. Flesch, Dip.Phil. & Letters (Brussels), PreLib. Cert.  
(Melb.), Tch.Train (S.T.C.).

Mrs. J. G. Goldsmith, Dip.Mus.

Miss E. Harriet, B.A., B.Ed.

Mrs. K. N. Hinman, B.A.

Mrs. M. E. Holder, T.T.C. (Man. Arts), D.T.P.C.,  
Melb. Nat. Gallery Dip. (Art).

Miss L. M. Johnstone, T.P.T.C.

Miss J. M. Jones, B.A. (Hons.), Dip.Ed.

Miss P. M. Kaines, Dip.Phys.Ed.

Mrs. W. S. Kelly, T.P.T.C.

Mrs. B. R. Levy, B.Sc.

Miss M. R. McCarter, B.A., T.P.T.C.

Mrs. O. G. Moore, B.Sc., T.P.T.C.

Mrs. J. T. Parkhurst, B.A.

Miss M. Pettitt, B.A., A.T.T.C., T.C. (Scot.).

Mrs. S. Pullen, Commercial Quals.

Miss A. S. Rusden, T.S.T.C., Univ. Subs.

Miss N. Samson, B.A., T.P.T.C.

Mrs. M. Southward, B.Mus.

Mrs. A. H. Tempest, T.T.C.

Mrs. R. Thomson, T.P.T.C. Univ. Subs.

Miss G. Toben, Dip.Phys.Ed., T.S.T.C., (Left end of term 1).

**Office Staff:** Miss J. A. Uhe, Miss M. L. Crouch.

### ADVISORY COUNCIL

**President:** Mr. R. D. Key

**Vice President:** Mr. H. J. Halstead

**Secretary:** Mr. I. V. Gazzard

**Hon. Treasurer:** Mr. K. L. Noldt

Mr. R. S. Harper

Dr. W. M. McKenzie

Mr. I. Proctor

Mr. R. J. Webb

Cr. W. M. Gunn

Cr. M. W. Yunghanns

Mr. E. K. Horwood

Mr. J. F. H. Wright

Mr. A. G. Brewer



## PREFECTS

### Girls:

Irene Heineke (Head Prefect)  
Linda Campbell (Deputy Head Prefect)  
Cecilia Wu  
Joanna Wickham  
Roselyn Walton  
Joan Richardson  
Jeanette Griffiths  
Dianne George  
Miriana Fristacky  
Elizabeth Firth  
Elizabeth Bate

### Boys:

Rodney Maddock (Head Prefect)  
Chris Atkins (Deputy Head Prefect)  
John Reynolds  
David McBain  
Lance Morton  
Bonnie Ko  
Ian George  
Max Frazer  
Peter Butler  
Jim Backholer  
Ian Barker

## HOUSE CAPTAINS

**Churchill:** Dianne George, Phillip Truslove

**MacArthur:** Elizabeth Firth, John Reynolds

**Montgomery:** Joanna Wickham, Colin Pettigrew

**Roosevelt:** Christine Smith, Lance Morton

## WOMEN'S AUXILIARY

**Vice President:** Mrs. G. Pettigrew

**Secretary:** J. Gordon

**Treasurer:** Mrs. N. Houston

**President:** Mrs. W. Kleiman

## FORM CAPTAINS

Ia: Lynne Cowdell  
Ian Tantau

Ib: Sue Kitchen  
Tony Coulepis

Ila: Peggy Gude  
Rodney Clements

Ilb: Janice Benson  
Marc Sanderson

IIla: Jennifer Gold  
Kevin Bailey

IIlb: Denise Walton  
Greg. Smith

IIlc: Paula Hoggard  
Peter Griffiths

IIId: Jenny Crocker  
David McDiarmid

IIle: Jill Spear  
Ian Mollison

IVa: Dianne Clarke  
Anthony Moore

IVb: John Tonkin

IVc: Alison Rich

IVd: Jenny Gardner  
Roger Loveless

IVe: Jenny Rintala  
Michael Paulitsz

Va: Julie Goodwin

Vb: Josine Scheltus

Vc: Richard Bawden

Vd: Ian McBain

Ve: Andrew Reid

VIa: Kath Peowrie

VIb: Velu. Ramasamy

VIc: Andrew Dempster

VId: Peter Wilkins

# SPEECH NIGHT, 1966

A single speech night was held this year at Malvern Town Hall on Thursday, October 27th, in an attempt to make speech night one function involving all the students while they were still in regular attendance at school.

The greatly improved school orchestra played "To a Wild Rose" and the impressive 'Exodus' theme. The first speaker of the evening was Mr. Key, President of the Advisory Council, whose praise for Secondary Schools such as ours was echoed forcibly by Mr. Gazzard in his following report, which, to everyone's delight, was typically concise.

Mrs. Goldsmith's consistent efforts were rewarded when, following the principal's report Mozart's "The Birdcatcher's Song" and the Swedish polka "Chickadee" were sung with the freshness which only a Junior choir seems able to achieve.

Our guest speaker Professor A. G. Austin, Dean of the Faculty of Education, University of Melbourne, demanded attention and thought by stressing our need to consider the necessary and the imminent changes in our Education system.

Under the direction of a glowing Mr. Trevare, the Senior Choir sang the Negro spiritual "Every Time I feel the Spirit" and, very ambitiously, Robert Shaw's arrangement of "Some Folks". Next, unannounced on that much admired glossy new programme, came Colin Cropley leading the small and well chosen Bach Choir (latest rivals to the Swingle singers) who sang Bach's Fugue in D Major.

Awards for sport and studies were presented by Mr. Key and Professor Austin, and after Mr. Gazzard, thanking the students who have contributed in special ways to the school, gave the special prizes, Head Prefects, Irene Heineke and Rod Maddock spoke.

The whole experimental combination of Junior and Senior speech nights before the departure of Matriculation students did seem to create the hoped for atmosphere of a single school participating in a complete ceremony, and it allowed a fuller treatment of the traditional end to speech night—the school song.

Linda Campbell, VI.

# PRIZES AND AWARDS – DECEMBER, 1965

## SPORTS AWARDS

### Girls:

Re-awards: (Athletics) Michele Foster; (Softball) Elizabeth Firth (Basketball) Janet McLennan, Carol Conyers; (General) Diane George, Anne Rintoul, Margaret Firth. New-awards: (Athletics) Helen Noldt; (Softball) Christine Smith; (Hockey) Ingrid Hoggard, Robyn Baldwin; (General) (Hockey) Ingrid Hoggard, Robyn Baldwin; (General) Helen James, Phyllis Smith, Joan Richardson, Diana Stals.

### Boys:

Re-awards: (Athletics) Alec Gusbeth; (Basketball) Robert Hall; (Cricket) Ian Coles; (Football) Michael Conyers; (Swimming) Bill Clarke. New-awards: (Athletics) Lindsay Tipping, Andrew Reid; (Baseball) Trevor Bailey, Warren Coles; (Cricket) Philip Truslove, Gerald Hegarty; (Football) Jim Papigiottis; (Hockey) Ian Barker, Richard Northrope; (Soccer) Bonny Ko, Sammy Lew; (Rowing) Adrian Dunn, Richard Jennings, Alan Messer, Peter May, Rodney Maddock, Chris Atkins, Colin Pettigrew.

## HOUSE COMPETITION

Girls: Macarthur. Boys: Macarthur.  
Aggregate: Macarthur.

## AWARDS FOR STUDIES

### Form I

Pamela Davy.

### Form II

Belinda Beaumont.

### Form III

Annette Knochs.

### Form IV

Ian Elsum.

### Form V

Humanities Group: Irene Heineke.  
Maths. and Science Group: James Backholer.

## SUBJECT PRIZES

### Form VI

English Expression: Robert Manne.  
English Literature: Robert Manne.  
French: Robert Manne.  
British History: Robert Manne.  
Modern History: Robert Manne.  
Geography: Ken Boucher.  
Art: Ken Boucher.  
Latin: Robyn Owen.  
General Maths: Roger Westh.  
Pure Maths: Stephen Somogyi.  
Calculus and Applied Maths: Stephen Somogyi.  
Physics: Howard Wright.  
Chemistry: Howard Wright.  
Biology: Grace Davidson.  
Accounting: Solly Lew.  
Economics: Victor Dye.

## SPECIAL PRIZES

Co-editors of Prospec: Jan McLennan, Robert Manne.  
School Pianists: Elizabeth Firth, Beryl Armstrong.

### Dux of School:

Humanities Group: Robert Manne.  
Maths. and Science Group: Stephen Somogyi.

### Head Prefects:

Georgina Adamson, Ian Coles.

## MATRICULATION RESULTS, 1965

### HONOURS

#### Pure Mathematics

1st Class: James Speed, Richard Northrope, Stephen Somogyi.  
2nd Class: Barbara Collett, Rosalind Kentwell, Ray Jason, Peter Wallis, Ian Coles, Julian Pop, Trevor Ranten.

## Calculus and Applied Mathematics

1st Class: Julian Pop.

2nd Class: Barbara Collett, Christopher Burford, Ray Jason, Peter Tantau, Peter Wallis, Ian Coles, Richard Northrope, Peter Slattery, Stephen Somogyi, Howard Wright, James Speed.

## General Mathematics

2nd Class: Mary Masluk, Robyn Owen, Roger Westh.

## Physics

1st Class: Christopher Burford, Peter Slattery, Stephen Somogyi, Howard Wright.

2nd Class: Barbara Collett, Jennifer Forse, Ray Jason, James Speed, Peter Tantau, Peter Wallis, Ian Wright, Ian Coles, Colin Cropley, Julian Pop, Kennan Pun.

## Chemistry

1st Class: Peter Slattery, Howard Wright, Stephen Somogyi.

2nd Class: Barbara Collett, Julian Pop, Kennan Pun, Trevor Ranten, Roger Westh.

## Biology

1st Class: Grace Davidson.

2nd Class: Jennifer Nolan, Peter Wallis, Frederick Benson.

## Geography

1st Class: Christine Fouinier, Jennifer Nolan, Frederick Benson, Kenneth Boucher, Harvey Broadstock, David Peach.

2nd Class: Grace Davidson, Ann Mackenzie, Victor Dye, Robert Peak, Roger Rogers, Michaela Schott.

## French

1st Class: Margaret Firth, Christine Fouinier, Janet McLennan, Susanna Matrai, Robyn Owen, Frederick Benson, Kenneth Boucher, Robert Manne.

2nd Class: Susan Black, Robyn Gordon, Dale Halstead, Rosalind Kentwell, Jeanette Lancaster, Mary Masluk, Olivia Penfold, Janice Proctor, Margaret Proszynski, Renate Stuetz, Roger Westh.

## British History

1st Class: Dale Halstead, Frederick Benson, Robert Manne.

2nd Class: Heather Barton, Christine Fournier, Janet Macdonald, Goon Heng Ng, Richard Harding, Harvey Broadstock, Victor Dye, Paul Maloney.

## Modern History

1st Class: Janet Macdonald, Jennifer Nolan, Olivia Penfold, Robert Manne.

2nd Class: Georgina Adamson, Janet McLennan, Carmel Mahoney, Janice Whitehead, Jackie Borensztajn, Moray Byrne.

## Economics

1st Class: Roger Rogers.

2nd Class: Jackie Borensztajn, Solly Lew, Michael Silver.

## Accounting

1st Class: Jackie Borensztajn, Solly Lew.

2nd Class: Cynthia Gardner.

## Art

1st Class: Kenneth Boucher.

## English Literature

1st Class: Robert Manne.

2nd Class: Heather Barton, Christine Fournier, Janet Macdonald, Susanna Matrai, Olivia Penfold, Robin Blackwell, Kenneth Boucher.

## Latin

1st Class: Robyn Owen.



# SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

## THE WARRAGUL TRIP

### An objective view from two unsporting urbanites.

Monday morning at 8 a.m. the group caught a bus to Caulfield station for a trip to Warragul. The train ride was lovely. Beautiful countryside was punctuated by many contented cows and threatening distant mountains (noteworthy was the prevalence of gum trees). The most notable of the picturesque country towns passed through were Dandenong and Bunyip. One student said the trip was lovely.

The first impression of Warragul was of an Italian chopping wood, and chooks (sic). On arrival at the station we were welcomed by a communist in uniform waving a red flag on the platform. The train driver drove off in disgust. Many flat roofs were observed when the group were led through the town to the High School (situated about 1320 yards out of town). Many dogs were lying around the school, and one girl kicked a dog to death so badly that it staggered off in all directions. The principal of W.H.S., Mr. Macauley, welcomed the visiting group formally. With an obtuse allegory to the sun that was taken by everyone in good spirit, Mr. Gunther replied in return. Evidence of his enthusiasm over the Warragul incident was displayed by his remarks on the return journey, "Very tired". 500 students (i.e. more or less) attend the Warragul High School, many travelling on a school bus that is free if they are 3 or more miles out of town on a farm.

During the day both schools indulged in interschool sports matches. The hockey match was delightful. Both sides drew mixed reaction, depending on one's point of view. In the basketball all our girls were in fine form — according to a first-hand account, but as the saying goes, the others looked better. The football match had a majority of onlookers, although sporadic applause only greeted goals. In his football speech, Mr. Gunther accompanied himself with gesticulations. Twice, at half-time and at three-quarter time, the team stopped playing and listened to him talk. Although the ground was wet the players did not heed the warning that shower facilities were a great distance away — consequently they fired the game with what they could, even though they had to walk or bus home dirty. Most men billeted themselves at least several miles out of town. Eventually the strong Warragul side won by the end of the match and it seems that a home ground advantage was had by the home team. All in all, the game was as freeflowing as the nearby village creek; the only holdups in time being half-time, three-quarter time and the time spent wading after the ball in the creek. The prevailing wet conditions were conducive to patches of rough play; noticeably in the centre, and on the south side of the ground where all the good players seemed to be. Most injuries sustained, however, were quickly brushed off. One senior student remarked compassionately "This game is dirty". Most would agree.

Soccer was played towards town. The most noticeable features on the ground were the rural phenomena known as "crag-holes". Camberwell notched up a victory here, and in this instance it seems that there was no home ground advantage to be had by the home team. Baseball was played on the third of the school's ovals, and here again an interesting display of sportsmanship and Americanesque jargon was promptly presented. Some girls also played volleyball but as yet the scores, unfortunately, are not to hand.

At the social night in the large Exhibition Hall, the pervading spirit was one of rustic relaxation. The local king gas fab band supplying the switched-on electric sound was Peter and the Panthers (incidentally, with the general trend of pop music towards the Negro idiom, this use of Black Power symbolism is a natural!). The visiting teachers and partners were visibly impressed by the music and moved into an impromptu version of the Wellington Stompie. The social reached its culmination with a true to life rendition of "Auld Lang Syne". All then proceeded on their merry way.

To the visiting city students, the town seemed very quiet, but

then again it would be wrong to expect entertainment or parties on a week night in Warragul (Population: c. 10,000).

V.I.P. for the whole incident was Mr. Gazzard who delighted everyone with his unexpected trip down in the afternoon. He spoke favourably of The Gippsland countryside, and of the amenities Warragul provided as a rural and recreational centre. During the lovely train trip home in which the decreasing pattern of urbanization radiating from Melbourne was observed, Mr. Gazzard seemed visibly pleased and said jocularly that "The only trouble is that you get your sports mixed" One girl "I had a hot water bottle for the first time". Another student was less fortunate however, as he said that he had to sleep with 102 cows.

As a final sideline, students will be interested to learn that one billets father had been on a trip to Camberwell.

Next year: Warragul comes to Camberwell.

## CAMBERWELL HIGH SCHOOL WOMEN'S AUXILIARY

The members of the Women's Auxiliary have had another fruitful year, being well occupied with talks, demonstrations and fund raising activities.

Auxiliary meetings are held on the fourth Wednesday of each month in the Highfield Road Methodist Church Hall at 1.00 p.m. In conjunction with each meeting talks and demonstrations are given by various speakers and organisations. Speakers during the year were, Miss Horne, Principal of Larnook Domestic Arts Teachers College, Mr. Chinnery from the Council of Adult Education, Mr. I. V. Hancock from the Meat and Allied Trades Federation. While Mr. Davies from British Paints Colour Service showed slides depicting the use of colour in the home and Mrs. Kemp representing Dalsonware gave a demonstration of non-stick cookware.

Mrs. Pettigrew has again organised a Floral Art Group and all members joining this group have been instructed in the art by Mrs. Betty Smith.

Fund raising activities included a visit to the H.S.V. 7 tele-theatre to witness a taping of "Time for Terry", theatre nights for "Porgy & Bess", "Robert & Elizabeth" and "Funny Girl", a luncheon at Mrs. Pettigrew's home for a sale of goods and floral art work, a Nestle's luncheon, a Jumble sale at Malvern Town Hall, a Curry luncheon and a film night at the school entitled "Winter Olympics in Innesbruck".

A street stall conducted at Camberwell Junction proved to be very lucrative due to the generosity and help given by all mothers.

During the year paper towels were installed in the boys' and girls' washrooms. 23 new seats have been provided in the school grounds and two new mirrors installed in the girls' dressing room in the Gymnasium, while at the 8th Birthday social in July, Mr. Gazzard was presented with a cheque for \$50.00 to be used to improve the appearance of the entrance to the school. In addition, a cheque for \$750.00 was presented to the acting Principal, Mr. Rhodes, in December, to be set aside for the purpose of equipping a canteen which it is hoped will shortly be erected at the school.

Activities relating directly to the school were the Matriculation luncheon in November, Staff afternoon teas in December and May and conducting a stall at the inter-house athletics in October as well as welcoming new students and parents to the school towards the end of third term.

The sale of second-hand uniforms on the first day of each term and/or the first Monday of each month, has proved a great help to parents, and this service is to continue during the coming year.

The Auxiliary is most appreciative of the help given by the Principal, Mr. Gazzard, the Senior Mistress, Miss Milne, and all members of the teaching and office staff for their help and co-operation at all times.

The Committee wishes to thank all members for their constant support throughout the year and hopes that further enthusiastic support will be given during the coming year to enable the Auxiliary to provide continued amenities and a closer association between the school and the parents.

Office-bearers elected in November were:—

President — Mrs. W. Kleiman  
Vice-President — Mrs. G. Pettigrew  
Secretary — Mrs. J. Gordon  
Assistant Secretary — Mrs. S. Webb  
Treasurer — Mrs. N. Houston  
Assistant Treasurer — Mrs. J. Cardwell  
Committee:—

Mesdames Baxter  
Buchanan  
Burford  
Garrard  
Harper  
Mouser  
Paul  
Walton  
Rintoul

J. Gordon, Secretary.

#### INTER SCHOOL CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP REPORT

Early in the year, a group of Matriculation students, feeling the need of a Christian student organization in the school, met together, and after consultation with Mr. Gazzard, established such a group. It was then affiliated with the Inter School Christian Fellowship which is part of an international, interdenominational organization. According to I.S.C.F. procedure, a counsellor was invited to guide and advise the group. The person concerned, Mr. J. Waterhouse, B.A., who is a student at Monash University, has proved to have an affinity for the student's at Camberwell, and at the same time has imparted valuable experience and knowledge. It was decided early to have separate meetings for the junior and senior sections of the school, thus catering for their diverse requirements.

A highlight as far as the school was concerned was the visit of the New Tines Trio at the beginning of Third Term. This singing group was heard by almost the whole school, who could not fail to have been impressed by the Trio's musical talent and their dedication.

A more doctrinal meeting which was well attended was a talk from Mr. Waterhouse on the importance of the Resurrection. Judging from the number of questions asked afterwards, the subject matter had proved provocative.

The junior group, led by Philip Redcliffe, have been having interesting meetings, basing their discussions on Mark's Gospel. There has been some concern that the group has the image of a religious forum of intellectual ethics. Efforts have been made to negate this idea, and next year it is hoped that even more will be done to interest and involve the "ordinary" student.

The I.S.C.F. committee is very grateful for the help and willing co-operation of Mr. Gazzard. Without his encouragement the group could not have functioned as effectively as it has.

Colin Cropley, VI.

#### SOCIAL SERVICE SUCCESSFUL YEAR

Since June the Social Service has been successfully run by the S.R.C. On Mrs. Thompson's advice form collection took place as in previous years. To date (25-8-66) total money collected amounts to \$162.25, plus over \$100 raised at the talent quest by the boys of VI.

Some of our most avid collectors were Wendy Holt—IIIa, Jim Pillious — IIId, these forms topped the list nearly every week, — well done! Thanks also to Ia for having a sweet-stall. They raised \$17.50. Seven hundred cans of food were collected for Freedom from Hunger, and M.P.D. fans were well rewarded when the group — who had proposed the can collecting — arrived to give a performance.

This year the S.R.C. decided to spend \$120 on 5 scholarships worth \$24 each, to pay for the education of children of bamboo workers from Talasari, India. These people are so poor that without aid their children would never attend school. Smaller amounts have been donated to local charities

— The Spastic Children Society of Victoria, The Victorian School for Deaf Children, Tweddle Baby Hospital, and the Royal Victorian Institute for the Blind.

In conclusion we would like to thank Mr. Gazzard for his encouragement and the free hand he gave the S.R.C. in organizing Social Service. This has been of benefit to all concerned.

#### FORUM

##### Establishment of Debating and Discussion Group

During the past few years many students at Camberwell High have felt the need for various sorts of lunch time activities. In May of this year, Mr. Pyers, a newly-arrived member of the staff, called a meeting to discuss the establishing of a public-speaking society, which was to be called 'FORUM'.

The original purpose of Forum was to give students a chance to air their views in a discussion or debate every few weeks and to listen to visiting speakers.

A committee to arrange functions was elected in May and consisted of Robin Rattray-Wood (President), Felayuthem Ramasamay, Charles Stewart and Bronwyn Silver (Secretary).

"That Conscription for Military Service in Vietnam is justified" was the topic for the first debate. The speakers were Colin Cropley (affirmative) and Gregory Ket (negative). Greg presented a very strong case but Colin's excellent delivery managed to win him a three to two majority of the one hundred students present. Students were requested to vote on the arguments presented and not let personal opinion influence them.

Mrs. Frost, State Chairman of the Freedom from Hunger Campaign was our first guest speaker. She gave a graphic picture of poverty in Asia. However students lack of interest was illustrated by the poor attendance and scarcity of questions.

"That State-aid for Non-State Schools is Justified" provided a rowdy topic for the next debate. The speakers were David Donnan (affirmative) and Charles Stewart (negative). They had both done a lot of research and said several things which made many students reconsider their ideas.

The following functions have been planned for the rest of the year: a visit from Mr. Bryant (M.H.R.) talking on his recent trip to South-East Asia; two senior students (Louise Coombs and Andrew Lovitt) reporting on the year they spent in the U.S.A. under the Rotary Scholarship scheme; Andrew Markins (VIc) presenting his "Robot Hypothesis".

At present Forum plays only a very minor role in student life. It will take some time to remove the atmosphere of disinterest built up by the many years where any desire for public discussion was crushed because there was no organization that could arrange such discussions. Forum should be playing a more dynamic role in the school. For this we urgently need enthusiastic fourth, fifth and sixth formers. So get straight down to attacking this problem at the beginning of next year. Forum is an excellent way to make student life more stimulating and thought provoking, as well as giving people valuable experience in public speaking. At the moment its possibilities are not being fully exploited. We hope to do this next year equipped with knowledge gained this year.

Bronwyn Silver, Secretary "Forum".

#### CAMBERWELL HIGH SCHOOL OLD STUDENTS ASSOCIATION REPORT — 1966

The Old Students' Association commenced activities for 1966 with the Annual Meeting. A very pleasing feature of the night was the large number of 1966 Matriculation Students in attendance.

On the 23rd March, a party of approximately 120 Old Students braved the inclement weather for a Bay Cruise on the "Argonaut". This outing was most successful and it is hoped to arrange a similar venture for 1967.

On Wednesday, 8th June, the Association conducted a film night. One hundred Old Students attended the theatre and enjoyed thoroughly the presentation of "Doctor Zhivago".

The next event on our calendar was the Annual Ball, on the 3rd August, at the Moorabbin Town Hall. This function is the highlight of the Association's year. A crowd of 380 danced to the music of an excellent band and, later in the evening, to the more modern sound of "The Groop". The



"Belle of the Ball", Miss Heather Robb, was presented with a sheaf of flowers and a sash by Mrs. Gazzard, the wife of the School Principal.

The final function for 1966 is the Barbecue and Dance to be held at the School on Thursday, 8th December, at 6.30 p.m. The popularity of this event last year prompted us to run a similar function this year.

Each year the Association's membership and range of activities improve on the year before. However, this improvement can only continue if all Old Students get behind the Committee and support them by joining the Association and attending the functions that are organised throughout the year.

In conclusion, I would like on behalf of the C.H.S. Old Student's Association to extend to everyone connected with the Camberwell High School a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

J. W. Waters  
Honorary Secretary

### STUDENTS' REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL

In 1964 a number of Leaving students became dissatisfied with the lack of contact between students and teachers, and the resulting lack of awareness of student opinion. They decided that the best way to remedy this was to form a Student Representative Council, and with this in mind they drew up a proposed constitution for such a council.

At the beginning of 1966, and with the approval of the new principal, representatives were elected from each form. The fifth and sixth form representatives and the staff representative, Mr. Hurle, wrote another constitution, using the original con-

stitution as a guide. By the end of first term this has been accepted by Mr. Gazzard and the full Council.

The aims of the Council are:-

1. To promote a sense of unity and greater co-operation in the school.
2. To give all students opportunities to voice opinions and make suggestions concerning the life of the school.
3. To serve as a liaison between students and staff.
4. To foster and sponsor extra-curricular activities.

The Council has fulfilled only one of these aims. It has successfully sponsored extra-curricular activities. Drama productions, film-showings, debates and lectures have been initiated and conducted by SRC Committees.

The comment which is invariably made when the SRC is discussed is 'What has the SRC done? It hasn't done anything.' This comment shows a complete misunderstanding of the function of the Council. The function of the Council is **not** to initiate changes which will benefit or please the students. The Council should only act as an outlet for ideas and suggestions initiated by the students themselves. It is not an independent body which will do 'nice things' for the students, it is a representative body, and if the students it represents have no opinions or suggestions to the Council, then the Council cannot do anything. It is not a Students' Benevolent Society run by energetic do-gooder students, it is a body which should reflect student opinion, and if the students are apathetic then the Council has no function.

If the Council is to be of any use it must be accepted by the students as an integral part of school life, and it must be used by students and staff to reflect and analyse student opinion. It is a potentially valuable body which is as yet unexploited.

## HOUSE NOTES

### MACARTHUR

Macarthur began the year by coming second at the House Swimming Sports.

Congratulations to Roosevelt and to all of our triers but a notice to all other houses—be warned, for after holding the wooden spoon for several years in succession, we have climbed the ladder and we know that next year will be our year for splashing to first place!

Roosevelt has established itself as our arch-enemy, especially when we were again, like the swimming, beaten on the bell, in the football. And we certainly can't imagine what the adjudicator was thinking when he placed the sweet melodious voices of Macarthur, third in the choral contest. Perhaps he decided that it was somebody else's turn to win. Special thanks must go to Philip Redcliffe and Susan Hollingdale for conducting and accompanying our choirs so well.

We could not keep our light hidden under a bushel for too long, however, and Macarthur's brilliance began to shine when boys of all shapes and sizes (the enthusiastic-looking ones were Macarthurites) raced freshly around the oval to get their points in the cross country run.

Congratulations to all of the boys who competed so willingly to give Macarthur a fine win.

If once every four weeks, you are wondering who puts all the flowers in the corridors, and why the school is looking so spick and span, then wonder no more—for Macarthur girls are on corridor duty!

The whole house would like to sincerely thank our house Mistresses Mrs. Thomson, Mrs. Kelly and Mrs. Edwards, and House Masters Mr. Wagstaff and Mr. Murdoch who have always been willing to give help and advice when it was needed. Vice-captains Evelyn Downey, John Weston and junior captains Helen Houston and Simon Gardner really have been a terrific help too.

With the athletic sports only a couple of weeks away, Macarthur feels confident that our supremacy will reign once more and we will come out on top.

Elizabeth Firth.  
John Reynolds.

### MONTGOMERY

Although finishing third in the swimming sports, the boys began the year well by recording a well earned victory. The girls, however, must be commended on their effort as they are a very small house and in some events were unable to field a

competitor. Congratulations to Roosevelt for winning their first major house competition!

In the Choral Concert, our performance was not as good as it could have been and was, frankly, quite disappointing. Next year to do better we must exert more spirit and aim to win. Thanks are extended to the pianists and conductors, especially Helen Noldt whose untiring efforts were greatly appreciated.

From the sporting angle, we fielded a small side in the football but did very well and achieved the distinction of being the only team to defeat the premiers, Roosevelt. The girls were at a slight disadvantage due to a lack of players for teams, but showed other teams that they were no "push-overs". Most school teams were comprised of a fair proportion of Montgomery girls or boys.

With athletics coming up the boys are fielding a very strong side and expect to do very well. The girls, although not as strong as they could be, have the ability to cause some upsets, especially in the junior section.

Looking back over the year, although our results are not the best, this is partly due to the lack of spirit among the boys at the beginning of the year and also to a run of bad luck. Firstly, the girls' House Captain, Joanna Wickham, left half-way through the year. Jo's enthusiasm and encouraging efforts earned her the respect and admiration of everybody. Added to this loss, was the loss of Dr. Walker (our House Master) whose help and advice were greatly appreciated.

Regardless of what you read elsewhere in this magazine, next year is Montgomery's year! With more effort in sporting events and a lot of practice in the vocal cords department, Montgomery will again come to the fore. We definitely have the potential, but potential is nothing without House Spirit.

In conclusion, we extend our thanks to the House Mistresses and Masters, Miss Sampson, Miss Harriott, Dr. Walker and Mr. Bragge and the junior House Captains, Jo Robb and Neil Barrington for their help and assistance throughout the year.

### ROOSEVELT

This year has been one of the most successful Roosevelt has had for many years. This is largely due to the great help we (house captains) have received from Miss Johnson, Mrs. Colopey, Mr. Burns, Mr. Gleeson, vice captains Joan Richardson, Chris Atkins and the response of the whole house.

The house got off to a great start when we narrowly won the swimming sports; both girls and boys came second. This is the first year that both sections of the house have put on such



a good display at swimming; usually one is good while the other is relatively weak. This change was a welcome surprise.

Our next great effort was when we won the Choral Contest. Here we showed everyone that we're tops at singing as well as swimming. This success was due to the hard work of our conductors Anne Donaldson and Max Garrard, and pianists Joan Richardson and Beryl Armstrong and to the constant rehearsals by the willing members of the house.

To top off these successes, the boys won the football having been only defeated once during the season by Montgomery. This year was the first year that there has been a football cup and it was natural that Roosevelt would be the first to receive it.

Thanks must be conveyed to all the girls for the enthusiastic response in keeping the building looking fresh and gay every fourth week.

At the present time everyone is eagerly training for the house athletic sports in which we hope, and expect to do well.

CHRIS SMITH  
LANCE MORTON

## CHURCHILL

Much enthusiasm was displayed by Churchill's swimming team as a whole but especially amongst our junior members.

Although we gained fourth place there were many commendable performances by Barry George (u.12) I. Anderson (u.14) and Mike Lovitt (u.14); Helen James (u.17); Diane Clarke; Eleanora Berzins (u.14) and Kari Henriksen (u.16).

As a result of vigorous practices and enthusiasm displayed by the house as a whole Churchill gained second place in the Choral festival. Special thanks to pianists and conductors who made this result possible.

Again there was marked improvement in the cross country run, this year.

Congratulations to the following boys. Under 13 winner was Martin Kellock; under 16 winner and first home was Kevin Bailey. Winner of the open section and over-all was Doug Sanders. With the forthcoming athletic sports our hopes are high!

Dianne George  
Philip Truslove

# ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS

## UBU ROI

The real story of the benevolent conqueror of the barren plains of Poland is here presented.

Many years ago Ubu conquered Poland. To his credit, he managed to do so without the aid of foreign troops. Casualties were of the usual proportions, perhaps slightly lighter; 174 dead and 1,208 wounded. Eighty-three civilians were killed also. Inspired by Ubu, their magnificent commander, the invading army routed the disorganised Polish forces.

Legend has it that actually, Ubu himself was feasting and wenching during the course of the battle. Anyway, soon after the Royal Court was established, a beautiful young Polish woman was installed as the King's mistress. Ubu pronounced himself King of the Polish Dominions and demanded fealty. Only one peasant objected. Retribution was demanded by sycophantic subjects of the new King, but Ubu refused and, some time later, the peasant was given a trial. Cordial relations were established with other sovereigns, including the wizened old hegemonist, Francis the Elder. Twice Ubu travelled around Europe. He soon became well known for his extravagant court life and his attractive, if eccentric, personality.

Ubu's wife, Queen Marinezzi, was of Prussian heritage. Her father was an important financier who held a minor principality received as largesse from Francis the Elder after the latter's victories over the Turks. A disagreement over the education of their only son, Peter, led to Marinezzi's estrangement from her husband, and she then began to pursue her own ends.

Count Richter, the Minister for Royal Finances, was a favourite of Ubu's. His financial wizardry was regarded as the sole reason for his holding office, as his coarse manners and introverted disposition were described at best as queer.

Before the coming of Ubu, the Polish nobles formed a merchant-aristocratic oligarchy in what was little more than an anarchial society. With the King's approval, Richter systematically arrested the forty-six high noble families. Some were tortured before death; others were committed to prison for life. Most of the women, in the hands of the licentious army guards, underwent immeasurable degradation. However, both Richter and Ubu were unknowing of these happenings and can not be blamed. Count Richter nationalised the nobles' estates and liberated their vassals. A new, more efficient, general tax replaced the old system. Some of the peasants lost their security, and in a number of cases this meant abject poverty and even death. But in the following decade most were assimilated into Ubu-ist society. Generally, there is no doubt that the peasants' liberation improved their condition, and for this measure, Richter was held in high esteem.

At the age of nineteen, the Crown Prince, Peter, married a peasant girl. His royal parents immediately annulled the marriage and he was reprobated. However, neither the son nor the peasant girl suffered materially. It seems that the

National Church and most of the King's subjects were opposed to the marriage anyway. During one of the minor popular disturbances over the marriage incident, a peasant was caught burning the royal flag. He, and another penuriously debilitated peasant caught trespassing on the King's Domain, were tried and convicted and flagellated.

Occasionally noteworthy incidents occurred during the reign of King Ubu, but for the greater part, peace prevailed. The twentieth year of his rule saw the threat of invasion on the Eastern frontiers. Ubu was forced to expand the army. And so he conscripted, because of primogeniture, every second son. After fourteen months of conflict, Ubu succeeded in staving off the aggression.

With peace restored, Poland entered into a stable but uneventful period of several years. Ubu himself travelled extensively on matters of State and for pleasure. Then, in the third decade of his rule, a number of important events occurred. Ubu's old friend, Francis the Elder, had rid himself of matters of State long ago, and had proceeded to spend his time as historiographer of the Franciscan Empire — but he was claimed, in his dotage, by the bubonic plague. Ubu's wife, Queen Marinezzi, gave birth to a stillborn child, and his son, accused of incest, left the Court. Ubu continued on.

Tragedy struck at Ubu in his forty-third year. Returning from a journey through his Kingdom, he was assassinated by a Provos, a member of an ancient anarchist sect. The Age of Ubu had ended.

Poland descended into anarchy soon after.

Gregory Ket, VI.

## AN INFORMATIVE PIECE ON TOMORROW'S TRANSPORT

The glistening plastic cubes, solid blocks of ingenuity, glide silently along the "Appeeme", each occupant in his own cube sitting in his own blue or red Mobilematic.

You are wondering what it is all about? Let us then, have a look into the life of Mr. Art Dorous, one of the lucky, lucky men living in this new space age with all the benefits of this new "Appeeme".

Mr. Dorous steps out of the "Glide-in" (door to you) of his new villa and floats down to his blue Mobilematic. "Busy stream of cubes this morning", he thinks to himself, and waits impatiently for an empty one. A few split-seconds later he espies a vacant cube and presses the red button on his blue Mobilematic. The little car with a hop, jump and wiggle, installs herself firmly in the cube and Mr. Dorous opens his newspaper.

While he is reading let us give an explanation about the Appeeme and the cubes.

The Appeeme is a mechanical device similar in shape to the twentieth century "road", moving the whole time, on which cubes are placed in slots at regular intervals apart. The surface of the Appeeme has a clear finish and is glass beaded, allowing



for smoother running of the cubes. The cubes themselves are made of transparent plastic but have a solid clear outline. At night they shimmer with a phosphorescent glow, and there is no more beautiful sight than to stand on a hill and look down on the iridescent blocks moving rapidly along. These blocks are the safest devices ever to be manufactured as it is impossible for accidents to occur because the cubes are mechanically controlled thus eliminating the danger of the human element.

We now return to Art Dorous, who having finished reading the paper, takes a fastidious sip of his favourite brandy and stifles a gentlemanly-like yawn. He gives a wave to several of his acquaintances — "Notice old George drinking Marquinet whisky again this morning — not the best for his ulcer," presses a buzzer to inform his secretary that he is on the way, and thinks, "Wonder when they are going to invent something which would give more thrills and be quicker than this monotonous glide to work every morning."

Wendy Young Vb.

### YOUR HOUSE IS ON FIRE

Monday was on us now. My first assignment since joining S.P.A.R.R.O.W. nine months ago. My partner Ralph, that's 016 to you, and I, were on our way to the Hotel where she, Lady Bird, was going to stay.

Our agents 319, the desk clerk, 6103 the janitor and 61307 the lift operator were all in position, ready for trouble, "if he came." Ralph and I checked out the building. It was O.K.

Ralph and I sped out to the airport, where Lady BIRD'S plane was going to land.

Our staunch enemies were from B.U.Z.Z.A.R.D., a syndicate content to murder and rob anybody. Our job was to prevent the B.U.Z.Z.A.R.D.S., from harming Lady Bird on her visit to AHNEM Land.

For two hours we waited for her plane to land. The waiting made me feel like throwing in my job. Finally the plane landed. Ralph and I rushed out to it. The bullet proof shield was ready for her. As she stepped onto the gangway we rushed her, threw the bullet proof bubble around her and rushed the first lady of R.S.S.U. into our waiting "Alfa Romeo" sports car and sped off to her hotel.

The route was packed with people, wanting to see Lady Bird, but our concern was to keep her from the clutches of B.U.Z.Z.A.R.D.

Her hand would rise every now-and-again and the crowd would be most elated.

Our car sped through the streets. Trouble seemed inevitable, but still we pressed on. Suddenly a man jumped out in front of us, and opened fire on us with a machine gun. Ralph, cool as a cucumber, pressed a button on the steering column and a row of machine guns beneath our Alfa cut him down.

"Nice shooting Ralph. As good as James,"

"Who?"

"007,"

"Oh, that James."

The car pulled up, outside Lady Bird's hotel.

"Thank you boys," said Lady Bird.

"Oh, that's, that's, that's, that's, alright Mam."

"Steady down Ralph," said Lady Bird.

We followed her inside. Our agents were ready for trouble. All of a sudden a man pushed a gun into my back, "Easy fella, that tickles."

"It won't tickle for much longer."

"You make one false move buddy and you're dead. You see the desk clerk has a gun trained on you."

"My bell-hop has his gun trained on your desk clerk."

"But our Janitor has her broom trained on her."

"My luggage man has his case trained on her."

"Too bad, my lift operator has his gun trained on your luggage man."

"It sounds like a vicious circle."

"Oh how exciting gentlemen," said Lady Bird.

All of a sudden some itchy finger decided to tickle it. "Bang, first one dropped, Bang, Bang, Bang, Bang,"

What a mess!

"There is always some smart bunny in every situation," said Lady Bird.

We finally got Lady Bird settled. She was now safe. Our job was over.

The moral to this is never get yourself involved in a

vicious circle. Anything could happen.

Paul Rintel, IVb.

### CAN WE JUMP PUDDLES?

Life?

All I can see

'Round me is strife.

I want to cry

But all I can afford

Is a sigh.

Vietnam burns.

Naples burnt

Germany too.

Malayan-Indonesian trouble brews,

And Arabs hate Jews.

Black hate white

And I hate you.

Meredith fell

Shot in the back,

In the neck.

Tol' ya white hate black.

Digger falls,

What did he do wrong?

Sent over to fight Viet-Cong

One more conscript gone.

Ghostly fella on extreme right

Climbin' up a ladder,

After fallin' off once,

He's back again.

Wearin' jackboots:

Feet must be cold.

China has a bomb

Britain has one too

France is about to explode

And this time it won't be

Because of Brigitte Bardot.

U.S. and Russia have a few score

But so has the kid nex' door.

I can hear 'em poundin'

I can see them smoulderin'

Feel a white mist entombin'

Me.

I can't hear people weeping,

I can't see 'em starving,

I don't feel pain,

Doesn't concern me.

They follow Ram on Golden Fleece.

I follow Buddha on Ampol,

He follows Christ on Mobilgas,

She follows Mohammed on Shell

Atheist follows atheism on nothing.

And it runs down a well

Lookin' for Hell.

All wary of each other;

Caution needed;

Tension;

Heads of the world are dizzy,

Take a Bex

We all gotta get better — somehow.

P. Lyssiotis

### I TOLD YOU SO

They always say "I told you so!" Not "Don't worry dear, it'll be alright after a while", nor do they tell you what to do or try to help. Just a self-important, contemptuous, gloating, "I told you so!"

So where can one turn if parents are only interested in asserting their integrity and foresight into one's notice? Friends? But what if one has no friends that one can turn to at a time like this. What if one only has wishy-washy acquaintances who enjoy one's parties and one's wit and one's favours but are no deeper than that. Social workers? They'd only tell you what a terrible problem you have and refer you to psychiatrists, completely ignoring the actual matter that is worrying you and the fact that you don't look upon your so called problem as a problem.

What can one do? Nothing much. Go for a walk, sit in the park for a while, hope to feel better soon. One can only wish that it will work itself out somehow, and sock the next person who says "I told you so!"

Jekabs Zalkalns, IVd.

### REQUIEM FOR RALPH

The Biology students of Forms six and five  
Greatly loved Ralph when he was alive.  
A kind little rabbit who ate all our wastes—  
One thing we'll remember is his cute little face.  
Biology periods became such a drudge  
When we found Ralph the rabbit "asleep" in the fridge.  
"For Science he was killed," the word passed around.  
Just a poor, harmless rabbit who lived on the ground.

A Blockbuster, VD.

### 'POINT OF VIEW'

I am opposed to our retaining the practice of awarding a book to the top student in each subject at Matriculation level. The only possible reasons for its ever having been instituted are that,

1. It is an incentive for all students to try hard to win it.
2. It is a recognition of the top student's successful efforts.
3. It seemed fitting—because the student would look a bit of a ZONK, walking on stage to receive merely a handshake and a smile from some wizened old chap or lady.

On the first point, to suggest that it acts as an incentive to all is to assume either, 1. that all students are of equal ability or 2. that the poorer students at least have the ability to delude themselves that they might have a chance. The first assumption is plainly incorrect and the second one, certainly is unproven and, after first term examination results, with gaps like eighty per cent between the top and bottom Pure students (and of fifty per cent among the Humanities) which failing student would be so presumptuous (or crass) as to set himself the goal of "The Prize"?

Precluding all the second paragraph (which I included for the sake of quibblers who might have raised the point of "incentive") is the simple fact that all examination results are deterministic. That is to say that every student does the best that he could have in terms of 1. ability, 2. preparation, 3. attitude to examination. In short, some people are smarter, more articulate (with words or equations—if Maths men will allow me to say that Maths talks!) and more disposed to prepare for an examination, and to work hard during it, than others are. So why award a person a book for doing what he was born to do?

The third reason, however unlikely it may have seemed, is probably the best one. A sheet of paper saying "Fred was First" would look a little insubstantial to have: 1. washed, 2. shaved, 3. anti-perspirated, 4. dressed, 5. walked, 6. climbed the stairs and 7. endured the smile of the wizened old chap—or lady—for.

Just to inspire a general controversy, I propose that we do away with the whole ritual of speech-night and (if we are to retain it) make it an entertainment night, merely. I shall not waste my time enumerating the reasons for which I want it to be discontinued. I find it guilty, let others show it to be innocent.

If, however, the whole ritual is to be retained, I am quite prepared, should I win a prize to accept it with an amoral air, saying "I did as well as anyone else—though, when one considers ability, preparation and examination attitude, I did no better."

One other reason is that a book costs money and this money comes from school funds—funds which I thought were intended to educate and not merely to perpetuate the glory of having been the best in one little microcosm.

Robin Rattray-Wood, 6b.

### CONFUCIANISM AND THE CHINESE

To characterize in one word the Chinese way of life in the past two thousand years, I would unhesitatingly use 'Confucian'.

No other individual since the dawn of the cultural history of China has exercised such an immense influence on this people, neither as the teacher and creator of their ancient culture and literature, nor as the moulder of the Chinese mind and character.

Many Chinese have professed themselves to be Taoists—a school of thought based on the teachings of Lao-Tsu, Buddhists, and more recently, even Christians, but seldom have they ceased at the same time to be Confucianists.

Confucianism is not merely a creed in itself, but has become an inseparable part of the society and thought of the nation

as a whole, always present in the minds of the Chinese, and basing the literary heritage of a whole people.

Confucius was born in 551 B.C., in the small feudal state of Lu—today the Shangtung province—in a time of violence and disorder, when the Chou dynasty had lost control over the conflicting feudal lords, who each held a part of the country. His father died when he was only three years old.

Thus he was brought up and educated by his mother.

Troubled by the violence and restlessness in China, he decided that he would try to bring back peace and order by teaching the principles of a direct return to virtue.

He embraced the ideal of 'jen'—humanity, benevolence, and perfect virtue, capable of destroying the evil, cruelty, and violence present in an inhumane society. Holding no utilitarian persuasions to perfect virtue, he cautioned his three thousand disciples to face frequent poverty and distress, for he believed that virtue did not coincide with the pursuit of material profits.

His teachings were directed mainly to the gentleman, the ruler of the society, who could effect the broader interests of state and mankind.

Believing in humanism and equality, he insisted that it was not mere birth or social position, but his power of vision, and more profound moral sense which distinguished the gentleman—the true ruler. Thus he gave himself to the teaching of promising young men, regardless of their social origin, and took literature, conduct, loyalty and truthfulness as his four main subjects.

He and his school are responsible for the traditional belief of the perfectability of man through learning, and for the reverence for the scholar and man of letters so pronounced in the Chinese society.

He also gave birth to the profound respect shown by Chinese youths towards their elders, still persisting in the Chinese community of today.

Emphasising the importance of reverence he said "Nowadays a filial son is just a man who keeps his parents in food. But even dogs or horses are given food. If there is no feeling of reverence, wherein lies the difference?"

In the second century B.C., Confucianism was declared the official creed of the nation, and the classics became the principal study of scholars and statesmen and this study extended to Korea, Japan and Annam.

Up to today, under the Nationalist regime, his birthday is observed as Teacher's Day, a national holiday.

Confucius' activities and conversation are most brilliantly compiled by his disciples' in the Analects. These contain wise and provocative sentences, which, though difficult to comprehend, have profoundly influenced the Chinese way of life and culture, and is a basic text-book known to every Chinese high-school boy.

Cecilia Wu.

### NOBODY SEES YOU AS I DO

Nobody sees you as I do. How could they, their eyes don't look at you as mine do. When they look at you, they see someone who is rather ordinary, not really exceptional, but that is all.

There is so much about you that is so beautiful that they miss. They see your eyes but do they see the deep grey they take on when you're sad or the brilliant blue they become when you're happy. Have they ever noticed the shy smile which tugs at the corner of your mouth while you are speaking as some private thought catches on your mind. The golden honey of your hair when the sun shines, the slight blush beneath the tanned skin of your face and neck, these and countless other little things go unnoticed by them but not by me.

But you've never seen me see you and when you have, you haven't seen how I've seen you because you just throw a friendly grin in my direction and turn away. And so it will remain, for though there have been moments when I have thought you felt the same as I, they have been few, and if you didn't like me and I spoke out of place you would no longer be able to think of me as you do now. Now you respect me as a friend and if I can't have more, that is enough. But if I spoke I would lose what I have now and the nights would be longer and the days lonelier and the pains sharper and the winds colder. You know me as one friend amongst many and will never see me as any different from all the others. You'll never know that not one of them sees you as I see you.



## NIGHTSHIFT

### Scene: A continuation of John Morrison's story

They did not speak till they reached Number Two, North Wharf. Dick said, "Thank you", and moved off slowly through the fog. He caught a tram and sat in silence, thinking about Joe and his wife. He changed trams at Flinders Street and caught the one to St. Kilda Junction.

The little girl with the white hands and the violets was on the tram. Dick looked at his watch. Twelve thirty. He thought of Joe sitting in the tram before, smelling the violets.

The tram passed the Shrine and Dick thought what a bleeding shame it was. Joe had been through two wars but still lived, then he had to be got by old age. It wasn't a fitting end for Joe.

Dick stepped off the tram and walked past the Combined Services Recruiting Centre, and down past the St. Kilda football field.

One o'clock. Joe's house was just around the corner. A few more steps and he would be there.

As he came to the gate he looked at the front door. Funny — he had not noticed the broken glass before.

He rang the door bell. From the back room he could hear the footsteps of Joe's widow. A wife four hours ago, now a widow. She said from behind the door.

"That you Joe?"

Dick replied in a faltering voice, "It's . . . It's Dick. Mary". The door opened and Dick entered.

"Where's Joe?"

"Not coming, Mary"

"Still working is he Dick?"

"No Mary. It's Joe I have come to talk about. He has had an accident".

An accident! Is he hurt. Dick?"

Dick's silence answered for him.

"Oh. no! He's not Dead? Oh Dick!"

He stayed to comfort her and when he left it was three thirty.

As he arrived at the steps of his own house, he noticed how shabby it looked. He thought that it was funny to see a house that Joe had helped to build, outlast one of the men who had built it.

He said to himself and the house.

"We don't know much about each other do we."

John Douglas. IVb.

## SONG FOR WALT WHITMAN

Sing the soul ecstatic in the body that loves this earth and cries at death,

Weary mother, apprehensive of her sons' soul-searching, Her temporal road, wide and lonely, where warmth flows only through a sensitive touch, a finger, a hand, a face,

To initiate a flaming response divine, the body glow now amber.

People, all lovers and equals, feel you not this within you and all around,

(The procreant will transcend the transient streets of the world.)

Now, as with the coming of spring and the blooming of lilac bushes within the fields, realise your place on this earth.

Gregory Ket, VIId.

## MIRAGE

The sun now drops its heavy heat directly down onto my head. Mingling with the sour chalk stench of the thick atmosphere and dust and sand and sizzling rock is the rubbery odour of hot hair.

The sun. That dumb, indifferent creature has been pounding me for . . . oh I can't remember how long. It began as a deceptively beautiful ray of spicy rose, accenting the landscapes subtler dimensions. Then it grew into an acid-white ball throwing shafts of sharp heat into my side. Still it grew, and grew into this monster, strangling me with its relentless attack. I fight, almost beyond endurance, yet it effortlessly quells my attempts with sweat, an airless atmosphere which scorches my dust-clogged lungs and blindness and dust, dust, caking dust and the ever present weight of its blunt rays on my shoulders, pressing me down, down towards the grave of white-hot rock at my blistered, blood-caked feet.

I can't yield to its cruel strength. I shan't! I'll show the little white demon that not even a hell like this inferno will make me submit to his wanton desires. The little white demon. He's always been there! He's never shown evil might like this before, of course, he's always been more subtle, more seductive, but there nevertheless. There at every crossroads, there at every pit, there at every diamond's sparkle. Always just above, just behind me, piping the shrill, reedy song at the back of my mind, hoping I'll stop or look back so he can strike. I musn't give up, no I can't give up. Not after all the time and all the sacrifices and all the stars blown to dust . . . the dust which cloaks this flat heavy landscape. I've got to slam the gate in his face and banish him to total oblivion.

My raw feet no longer drag on dust but on bare rock, a rock which thrusts against my being, offering me like a sacrificial goat to the demon's furnace above. The dust has dissolved from the surround, leaving it sharper and hotter. There is no movement except for the shimmering heat, my struggling and the demon's stalking.

In the infinite distance the blank heat is pierced by a narrow vision of water. Water, crystalline and pure . . . to soothe my dessicated body . . . to cool my boiled blood . . . to turn to a whisp of nothingness the demon and his inferno of rock and pain and sand.

But it is just a vision, a mirage to trick me into discarding this encasing scum of clothing and burn out my last spark of energy pursuing it. Beautiful though it is, its intent is corrupt. Well it can't trick me into surrendering to the demon's perverse lust. I won't bare myself to his pitiless gaze and searing breath and neither will I run till I drop so he can pounce, gleefully hugging close as his fangs and claws rent my spent body.

He won't win this battle, I shall. Soon he will tire. Then as his power ebbs and he drops behind this expanse of rock I'll laugh at him in scorn. The sky and the stars will appear and the desert beneath my feet. I will be alive and rejuvenated by the soft night. This present hell can't endure. I can. I shall!

That knife edge of water still glimmers in the far-off. It is as the essence of the beauty of the world which no evil can marr. In war and in hate and intolerance when ugliness prevails it steals away and hides from sight and even mind. But then when the bad is dead it blossoms again in our love and our understanding and hope. It will always blossom again for nothing, nothing can destroy it.

So it is with this mirage. The demon can roast and blast away as much as he likes yet it remains, glinting on the horizon. Fickle it is and evasive, each step I take forward it takes one backward.

So it has been all my life. Always I could see a vision, always it was in sight but never quite in reach, ever 'round the next bend, or over the next hill, or past the next heartache. There it danced like a sparkling jewel and here I stumbled through my lonely wastes of pretentiousness, the little white demon ever just behind me, just over my shoulder, piping his seductive little song. At times I would think I had reached it and I would grab for a diamond but be left with a fistful of sand. Here I am, alone in the god-forsaken void were there is nothing but these dry, bitter-ice tears, this dull, blood-sweet pain of longing and the demon, ever the demon in pursuit. I run, not daring to stop and rest or to look back, spurred on by the vision and hunger to run my fingers through its golden hair and gaze in those eyes of grey-blue till my own ache. The one signpost in this black existence has been this hope, this knowing that one day I shall leap, striking through walls like gossamer and the arms shall reach and enfold me with their love. There I shall be ever content to bask in the starry glow and just to be.

The mirage is closer. No more than a hundred yards separate us. I can see the glimmering ripples and all despair is dissolving in its glory. Strength is returning and ebbing through my body. The demon is nothing, he doesn't matter anymore.

I've made it! Stretched below is what has been before me all my life. My lasting moment of triumph, I've arrived. Nowhere else could the wind caress me so lovingly and the air taste so sweet. At last I plunge!

No! No! It is dragging me down, down into its scalding depths. The demon is on me and fire is pouring from my throat and chest. There is a shrill reedy piping in my head and a vision, far, far off on the horizon.

Jekabs Zalkalns, IVd.



# MUSIC



## 350 VOICED CHOIR FOR 1967 MOOMBA

What promises to be a most exciting and musically satisfying event for many students at this school is a concert scheduled to take place in the Sidney Myer Music Bowl at 8.00 p.m. on Friday, 11th March, 1967, during Moomba.

Three hundred and fifty students from this school will be selected to form a choir which will represent our school at this concert.

Together with the famous British Motor Corporation National Youth Orchestra, which is being brought from Sydney especially for the 1967 Moomba Festival, this choir will present an all youth programme which it is expected will attract a vast audience representative of all age groups.

This will be one of the outstanding cultural events of the 1967 Festival, the orchestra has a content of 96 (male and female) musicians between the ages of 14 and 24 and is universally accepted as the best of its kind in Australia.

It was the original intention of the festival committee to draw the choral content from various schools. However, because of the particularly high standard of singing displayed at the 1966 Choral Festival, Squadron Leader L. H. Hicks, who was the adjudicator on that occasion, recommended that the singers be drawn exclusively from this school.

As His Excellency The Governor of Victoria, Sir Rohan Delacombe and Lady Delacombe, The Assistant Minister of Education, Mr. Rossiter and Mrs. Rossiter and the Mayor and Councillors of Camberwell have been invited to attend we can look forward to this concert as being a source of great pride to staff, parents and students alike.

## CHORAL & INSTRUMENTAL FESTIVAL

This year's House Choral & Instrumental Festival was held on June 28, at Hawthorn Town Hall. Squadron Leader L. H. HICKS, O.B.E., L.R.A.M., A.R.C.M., was the adjudicator. The four houses sang in turn the set piece "Song for a festival" by Sir George Dyson, and this was followed by the house choirs' singing songs of their own choice.

### 1. MONTGOMERY HOUSE.

House: "Song for a Festival" ..... G. Dyson

Conductor: Lawrence Held.

Pianist: Ian Cullen.

Choir: "Little Boy Blue" ..... Nevin and Field

Conductor: Helen Noldt.

Pianist: Wendy Young.

### 2. ROOSEVELT HOUSE.

House: "Song for a Festival" ..... G. Dyson

Conductor: Anne Donaldson.

Pianist: Joan Richardson.

Choir: "When Flow'ry Meadows" ..... Palestrina

Conductor: Max Garrard.

Pianist: Beryl Armstrong.

### 3. MACARTHUR HOUSE.

House: "Song for a Festival" ..... G. Dyson

Conductor: Elizabeth Firth.

Pianist: Philip Redcliffe.

Choir: "Down in the Glen" ..... Gordon

Conductor: Philip Redcliffe.

Pianist: Susan Hollingdale.

### 4. CHURCHILL HOUSE.

House: "Song for a Festival" ..... G. Dyson

Conductor: Dianne George.

Pianist: Elizabeth Bate.

Choir: "O Waly Waly" ..... Trad.

Conductor: Lyn. Taylor.

Pianist: Elizabeth Bate.

### 1. CLARINET QUARTET—

Theme from String Quartet, Op. 29 ..... Schubert

Adrian Dunn, Raymond Saunders, Ewen McCarthy, Jack Bock.

### 2. FLUTE QUARTET —

Folk Dances.

John McDiarmid, Donna Lancaster, Trevor Henley, Glenda Lucas.

### 3. STRING GROUP —

"Barcarolle," from "Tales of Hoffman" ..... Offenbach

### 4. SOLOISTS —

1. Susanne Head, Pianoforte  
Sonata, Opus 14, No. 1, 3rd Movement .... Beethoven

2. Robert Templar, Guitar  
(a) Own Composition  
(b) Spanish Folk Song

3. Adrian Dunn, Clarinet. Accompanist: Beryl Armstrong.  
"Songs My Mother Taught Me" ..... Dvorak

Then Squadron Leader L. H. Hicks made his report, giving valuable criticism. He announced the result, and Roosevelt took the shield.

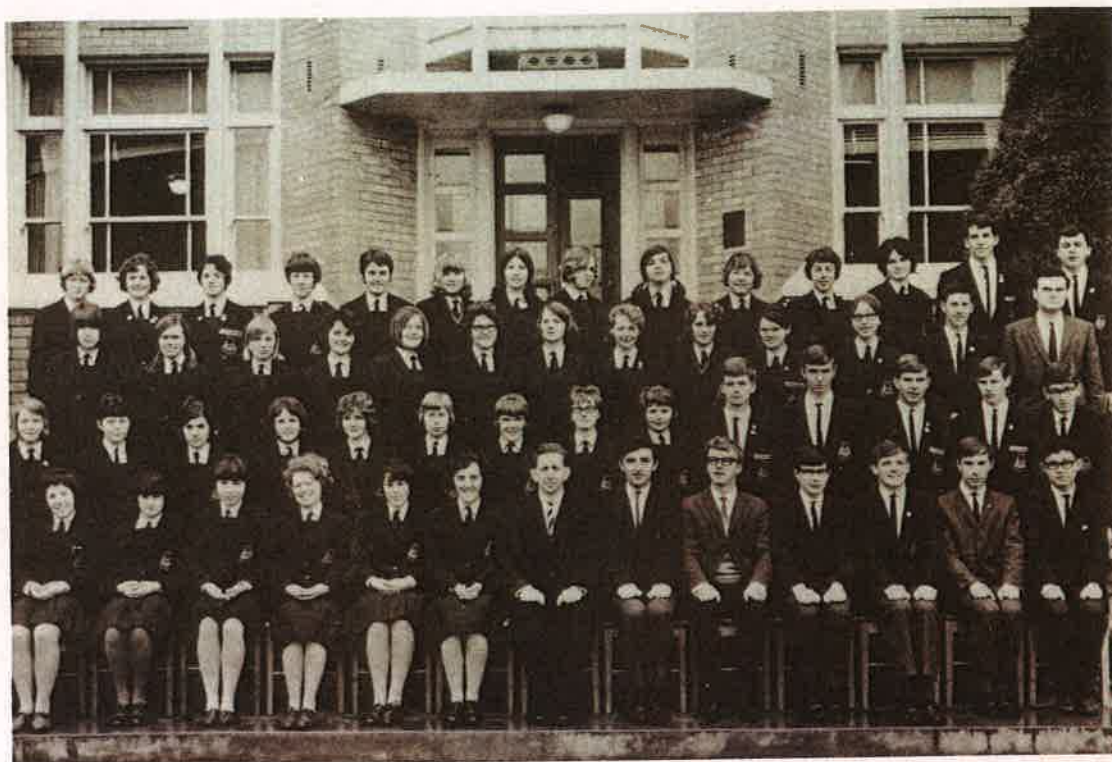
The programme was repeated at 8 p.m. when parents and friends were present. The school orchestra also took part, together with the Junior school choir which sang "Gypsies" by Alec Rowley and the Senior choir which sang the pieces it had sung at Dandenong.

House conductors and pianists are to be thanked for the hard work they put into this event although it is to be hoped that the bulk of the school will be more enthusiastic next year.

Mr. Trevare also has our thanks for the hard work he put into organizing the festival.

Philip Redcliffe, Vid.

# SENIOR CHOIR WINS AT DANDENONG



## Back Row (Left to Right)

L. Farthing, E. Firth, D. George,  
A. Donaldson, A. Greig, M. Hodgson,  
K. Barry, B. Armstrong, P. Messer,  
L. Taylor, N. Goyen, S. Hollingdale,  
A. Dunn, N. St. John.

## Front Row

R. Crossman, Y. Cohen, J. Grove,  
K. Peowrie, J. Grant, S. Miles,  
Mr. Trevare, S. Czorkies,  
G. Bastecky, G. Reynolds, T. Moore,  
M. Garrard, W. Sze Wong.

## Next Row

B. Coldicott, A. Muntz,  
M. McKenzie, D. Lancaster,  
H. Gordon, W. Burr, S. Goddard,  
N. Noldt, J. Duncan, I. Heineke,  
J. Scheltus, R. Hall, J. Hollingdale.

## Next Row

H. James, E. Stevens, J. Klieman,  
M. Gordon, J. Evans, J. Barton,  
J. Lord, W. Young, J. Balaton,  
J. Reynolds, S. Dwyer, R. Maddock,  
D. McBain, P. Redcliffe.

When the Senior Choir went to Dandenong to compete in the Festival of Youth and Art, it had only a few weeks practice behind it, including a long practice on the morning of the same day — correction day. But determination and concentration were combined with musical ability to produce a unique and unpredictably excellent performance.

The Choir sang two pieces:

"Brightly Dawns Our Wedding Day", from "The Mikado", by Gilbert & Sullivan, and  
"Three Hungarian Folk Songs" by A. L. Lloyd and Matyas Seiber.

The first was accompanied by Beryl Armstrong on the piano, and the second was sung unaccompanied.

When Mr. Dan Hardy, the adjudicator, announced that our choir had come first, he commented that the four parts of the choir had been arranged and positioned with respect to each

other, and this facet had been obviously well rehearsed. Little did he know that none of the choir knew about it until they were due to walk onto the stage.

The cheque for \$40 which Irene Heineke accepted on behalf of the choir was later presented to the school music fund. Thanks must be given to parents for their support, and for providing transport to and from Dandenong, to the senior members of the choir for their invaluable criticism and suggestions during rehearsals, but most of all to Mr. Trevare for his leaderships and all he put into the effort. He must also be congratulated for choosing two songs which Mr. Hardy really appreciated.

We are hopeful that next year Camberwell High will again be winners.

Philip Redcliffe, Vld.



# STAFF, 1966



Miss D. MILNE



Mr. A. MARKHAM



Miss N. SANSON



Miss M. PETTITT



Mrs. E. EDWARDS



Miss E. HARRIETT



Mr. A. HARDENBERG



Miss J. JONES



Mr. GAZZARD



Mr. V. PYERS



Mrs. H. COLLOPY



Mrs. J. DAVIES



Mr. D. MURDOCH



Mrs. M. FLESCHE



Mrs. M. HOLDER



Mrs. W. KELLY



Mr. D. GIBB



**Mr. L. PRESS**



**Mrs. O. MOORE**



**Mrs. B. TEMPEST**



**Miss L. JOHNSTONE**

# STAFF, 1966



**Mr. J. WAGSTAFF**



**Mrs. B. LEVY**



**Dr. I. WALKER**



**Mrs. J. PARKHURST**



**Mr. P. RHODES**



**Mr. N. EDWARDS**



**Mr. D. GUNTHER**



**Mrs. S. PULLEN**



**Mr. R. BRAGGE**



**Mrs. K. HINMAN**



**Mr. P. GLEESON**



**Mr. J. RICH**



**Mr. J. RODGERS**



# STAFF, 1966



Mrs. M. DAWKINS



Miss A. RUSDEN



Mrs. J. GOLDSMITH



Mr. R. TREVARRE



Mr. W. BISHOP



Miss P. KAINES



Miss J. UHE



Miss M. CROUCH

## FORM CAPTAINS

Back Row (Left to Right)

J. Walton, J. Scheltus, J. Gardener,  
J. Tonkin, R. Bawden, I. McBain,  
C. Ramasamy, P. Wilkins.

Next Row

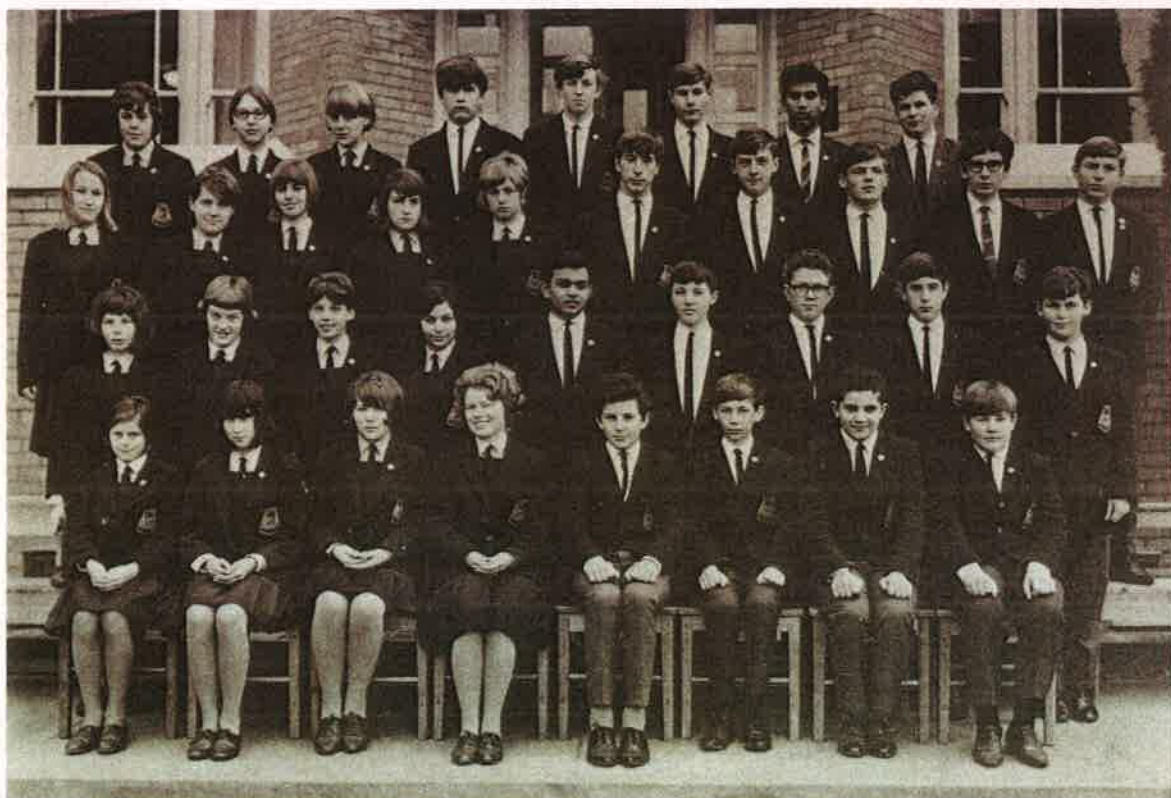
S. Warren, J. Gold, J. Spear,  
I. Crocker, D. Clarke, A. Dempster,  
C. Bailley, T. Moore, I. McDiarmid,  
L. Reid.

Next Row

M. Farren, S. Kitchin, P. Gude,  
I. Goodwin, J. Paulusz, A. Ray,  
M. Sanderson, R. Goyen, I. Tantau.

Front Row

I. Benson, A. Rich, P. Hoggard,  
C. Peowrie, I. Mollison, R. Clements,  
F. Coulepis, A. Howard.





### THE SUMMIT

Achieved, the summit!  
 Above — the sky, majestic funnels of a royal grey.  
 Below — the sea, breakers topped by more foam than a million  
 beer mugs, crashing on the shore, tickling the ribs of  
 the country.  
 The wind, full in my face, mischievously pulling my hair  
 and tugging at my clothes.  
 Ecstasy! Nature in a magnificent fury.  
 A leaf, flying on the gale, free from the world.  
 To hell with the dullness, depressiveness; they no longer exist,  
 Except as a part of life,  
 Wonderful, glorious life.  
 Reach out your hand,  
 Take her's  
 And run! Leap! Laugh!



L. Broadstock, Vc.

### HOW MANY (SHOPPING) DAYS TO GO?

Come all ye jolly shoppers.  
 Hear ye not the bell?  
 Huddle on the pavement  
 For its Christmas time in Hell.  
 Satan has a Birthday  
 It comes but once a year,  
 And then we send each other cards  
 For Christmas is a time of cheer.  
 Sell the simple suckers  
 What they will pay for well.  
 Move cash out of their pockets  
 For tis Xmas time in Hell.  
 The subject of our Worship  
 Say wealthy retail men  
 Is not the Lord almighty  
 But Dollar, Pound and Yen.  
 But never be despondent,  
 Sing your blues away.  
 The average shopkeeper  
 Just waits for Easter Day.

B. Bolmondley, Ve.

### THE GOD

Standing on the mountain.  
 White pillars on either side.  
 Whispy wind,  
 Whispy sighs,  
 Something has died.  
 Here upon this summit,  
 Life stretched far and wide,  
 Black sky,  
 Black tears,  
 Emptiness inside.  
 I battled to reach this platform.  
 Life's needs I thrust aside.  
 My pangs to condone,  
 My needs kept my own,  
 My desires I denied.  
 Here I am, on this hilltop.  
 Sour victory I've won.  
 I've lost every chance  
 To dance the sweet dance.  
 God, how I'm alone!  
 A god thrust on this platform,  
 The mortals far below.  
 The god has no mate,  
 The god has no god,  
 The god is empty and low.  
 The arms from below cannot reach me.  
 Salvation this high peak can't scale.  
 Here I'll remain  
 Till sun and rain  
 Dispose of my wasted shell.  
 Standing on this mountain.  
 Enthroned upon this rock.  
 Black days,  
 Blood tears,  
 Something has died.  
 Jekabs Zalkalns, IVd.

### NO TIME

No laughter is here.  
 No wine smiles from gaping glasses.  
 No cymbals clash.  
 Here, there is only the dull roar of death  
 And the foul smell of sweat and dirt.  
 The noise of war enfolds me securely in her bullet-rent cloak,  
 And her hot breath blows my hair.  
 The order to move has come,  
 But I will not be leaving.  
 This hole is my grave;  
 The guns and aeroplanes shall be my dark mourners,  
 Screeching and howling like madmen.  
 But I will not be leaving.

Sandra Wethereld, IIIa

### THE SEA

The waves leap up  
 As though to greet me.  
 The cool clear water  
 Swirls around my feet.  
 The yellow moon  
 Reflects beautiful visions  
 Upon the water.  
 As I turn to go,  
 A huge wave  
 Sweeps me off my feet,  
 As though to tell me  
 Not to leave.

Janet Spencer, Ib.

### THE MUSIC OF THE SEA

Down by the rock shore,  
 The seagulls swoop to the waters calm.  
 The day is blue and the sun is bright;  
 The music from the sea is sweet and light.  
 The bright blue sky has turned to grey,  
 The rough waves smash against the rocky shore.  
 The trees on the cliffs are bent and bowed;  
 The music from the sea is harsh and loud.

Peter Whitehead, Ib.



### THE STYX

Out of oblivion,  
From gloom and darkness,  
From nowhere to nowhere,  
Onward the river flows.  
Hopelessness and a fear  
It spreads from far and near.  
On this grey surging mass,  
Tall and austere he stands,  
Black cloak of death he wears.  
Emperor and slave he rules  
For he spreads Fear or Fears,  
They crown him King of Kings.  
    And they shake,  
    Till they wake,  
    In that boat.  
With slender oars he rows,  
Softly music sings,  
His gondola gently swings,  
And lurches past the gate.  
    An hundred ghost voices scream,  
    The traveller thinks in dream,  
    But from this silence shaking  
    He will not be waking,  
There is no river now  
Charon has passed away,  
With him the light he took  
So now the grey is black.  
Now only emptiness,  
Hopes ever unfulfilled,  
Await him, friend or foe,  
Yet he still does not know,  
And he is still alone  
Waiting for evermore,  
Until he turns to stone.

Anon, Va.

### I AM AN ISLAND

I am an island  
That no man has trod.  
People look at me,  
They don't see me.  
I am a barren island  
That bears no fruit.  
People pass me by.  
    They don't know me.  
I am a desert island  
That is made of sand.  
People lean against me.  
They fall.  
I am a lone island  
That is lost in the sea.  
People hear my voice.  
They can't hear my words.

### APPLES

An apple am I  
An apple is he  
We both grew on the same old tree.  
An apple was I  
An apple was he  
We are now both beneath in misery.  
Nobody came to pick us  
Nobody came around  
We are so unhappy here — on the ground.

Form Iib.

### MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Ye sleepy population of Melbourne come awake!  
'Tis the season of the Yuletide, the season of the Take.  
The Take by all the traders in their department stores.  
The money-grabbing owners say — "It's Christmas on the floors!"  
And all the people rush there, money in their purses,  
Are served with Christmas Greetings accompanied by curses.  
What has become of Christmas; it's really just a Take.  
The fault of all the people? or is it Christ's mistake?

F. Brickman. Vd.

### "CULLODEN"

Lie on the field  
In a cannon-blown ditch  
Like an animal that hides from the storm  
In a hole. Grovelling in the dirt,  
White face patterned with red.  
Noise silenced by fear.  
Do not search for a friend  
You will not find him here.  
Your countrymen are fled,  
And the English are coming,  
Beating the body-crossed moor for the living.  
Hide like a dog cringing at the face of its master.  
Die like a squirming ant  
Beneath the foot of superiority.  
Across the wet grass, over faint rises,  
Favoured by War-Gods that bathe in hot blood,  
The English are marching;  
Their eyes are bright and their laugh is hard  
and their boots burn into the war-weary soil.  
The English are conquerors.  
The English are coming.

Sandra Wethereld.

### THE HUM HUM HUM POEM

Hum Hum Hum and bottle of rum  
Hum Hum Hum chew your thumb  
Hum Hum Hum eat the gum  
Hum Hum Hum that's all done  
Hum Hum Hum

Denis A. Makin, Ia.

### LIMERICK

There once was a man of Devizes  
Whose eyes were of different sizes  
The larger, from habit  
He winked like a rabbit  
And won himself several prizes.

John Snell, IIIa.



Adrian Rhodes, Ve.



### THEY KILLED ME

They killed me.  
Slowly let me rot  
And then they killed me.  
They gave no cross to mark my grave,  
No sweet grasses waving.  
Just black-blood chalk,  
The dead ones slaving.  
They killed me not as a murderer —  
I hadn't slain,  
Nor as a thief —  
I hadn't ta'en.

The reason was I loved.  
They told me that my love was dirt,  
They told me that my love was shame,  
'Twas with their laughs, and jeers,  
And sneers,  
I fell.

They placed me in this bar-less cage  
That follows every step.  
Now I'm not dead,  
I'm not alive,  
I have neither tears nor smiles.  
There's hell here.  
Heaven's where?  
God is love  
And cannot live  
Till love with love prevails.

I have loved.  
My love was bright  
And diamond's pure, but  
They killed me.  
I can't sigh a sigh,  
I can't sigh a word.  
My lament's still mine,  
My song's sung unheard.  
Jekabs Zalkalns, IVd.

### "SHE"

She was a pretty little girl,  
In Bengal, I saw her in a village;  
She sat under her small hut,  
She had a very sad face.  
She had no father, no mother,  
No brother, no sister at all,  
She was a great loser —  
Only she had a hut so small.  
So she was so sad.  
But I know for some days  
I had made her glad.  
"I am happy" — she says.  
"Australia — I am going there",  
She heard this news with a surprised look;  
Her big black eyes were full with tears,  
Then I realized — my heart she took.  
When I left the village,  
I saw her sitting in her small hut —  
She had a very sad face,  
I know why she was so sad.  
She had a lovely sweet heart,  
I will forget her never;  
For someday I made her glad,  
Now she makes me sad for ever.

Sudeshna Majumdar, VIa.

### MIXED FEELINGS

Why do we slam doors?  
The slam of a door signifies the conclusion of unhappiness but,  
The slam of a door may be the walk to a new life.  
Why do we scream?  
We scream to rid of harsh, undesirable feelings but,  
We scream to shout our praises to the world.  
Why do we cry?  
We shed tears to show we're pained but,  
We shed tears to felicitate.  
Why do we laugh?  
We laugh to mock our neighbour but,  
We laugh when pleasure is found.

Yvonne Cohen, IVa.

### AN ENTERTAINMENT

O'er' mountainous hill and verdant green,  
The strangest thing I've ever seen,  
A man with three legs and a plum for a nose,  
An apricot chin and cabbage-leaf clothes.  
I was up in my haystack, searching for steel,  
When, of a sudden, a feeling I did feel,  
I sped fast around to discover its cause,  
'Twas a vegetable-man which gave me pause.  
He said — well he didn't, because he's a plant,  
He was as articulate as an ant —  
He stood there; no moving, his pumpkin adroop,  
I put him in a pot and made vegetable soup.

Woodrol, VIIb



Lesley Farthing, Va.

### "I COME"

Rome is lost in a confusion of flames.  
Rome! Place of Religion.  
Laughter.  
Now a haven for ashes and fallen History  
Screams and madness.  
Nothing here shall live again  
Except the wind  
And I  
I, a threat of Blackness, crawled from the mind of man.  
Call me what you will!  
I cursed this city with the Hell of fire;  
Forced men into mazes of poverty and fear and greed  
Until they grovelled at my feet;  
Cringed at the sight of my face, yet called upon me; called me  
From the depths of their inanity and hate.  
I have dragged the Hell from man  
And cursed the wrinkled world with  
Its fires and death.  
Hide not from me! I have seen you.  
Suspicion and fear shall betray your false care of security.  
Hide not from me. You have seen me.  
I am war.

Sandra Wethereld.



### I HUNT

The sky is ink,  
And I hunt.  
I search every alley, every face,  
To find you.  
The path is stones,  
And I hunt.  
I search every word, every smile,  
To find you.  
The wind is tears,  
And I hunt.  
I search for lost pride and yesterday.  
I have lost you.

Jekabs Zalkalns, IVd.



J. Scheltus, Vb.

### BOMBS

A steady stream of wasted bombs pounds the forest floor,  
The men fall but rise again for the bombs were only toys.  
But in the distant country Vietnam bombs pound the forest floor,  
And the young men fall and remain still for these are not boy's toys.

### THE HANGING

Black figures like saplings  
Can wait no longer.  
The sun's light warns  
the hangman of murder,  
For death comes soon  
To him who stays  
in the cells of Justice.  
He wonders how sour  
The people are  
Who shout to see him.  
The rope, the hour.  
How old the system is.

J. Jug, VD.

### HEDGES!

Spidery, wierd sticks tangled together,  
Sprouting green leaves shooting to the top  
Brown leaves as they get old  
Fall to the ground  
Ruffled by dogs,  
Shuffled by suburban people,  
Crunched!  
Broken!  
Brown leaves have disintegrated.

Janifer Anderson

### OUR PROBLEM?

Born  
Black not white.  
No chance.  
"Black sheep"  
Not liked.  
Black given black life  
By whites  
Cause fights.  
Civil Rights?

B. Cresta. VD.

### AN EXPERIMENT IN BLANK VERSE, AFTER SLESSOR

A spasm in the sinus, and yet I stride forth from house to yard.

To talk to the moon on the grass' wet carpet.  
The Spasm intensifies and I am denied by Reason (of my health) that pause with Nature.  
So I turn, never before so decidedly against my wishes, for the Moon alone receives my gloats and remorse — milkily . . . soft and infinite.

The exam is the Reason, so I run back, Hrrr! (but once, I . . . not really running: I'm going the Right path, no need for haste, too . . . too much, the spasm ejaculates to a chain reaction!

Nothing, it seems, to mollify the manikin darkness . . .  
Hrrr! Hrrr! Hrrr! and splutter dash . . . a Ticklish Icicle is thrust up my nostrils and chinkles out of my ears.

I speed now, clinging exorably to that path to warmth. —  
Through the door and yet I fumble on the lock. Cold: victorious, bemused, outside.

Robin Rattray-Wood, VI.

### THE SEA

Sparks of flashing light in the deep green,  
The rusty tolling of encrusted bells,  
Ringing into the unknown . . .  
Swinging between playful currents,  
Suspended in the turmoil of the deep,  
Blue sea.

Helen Gordon, IVa.

### "THE UNKNOWN"

There he stands —  
Awaiting in shining armour  
For the next to die before the blade of  
his blood-stained sword.  
Ahoy! A rider can be seen in the distance.  
He mounts his thoroughbred,  
Lifts his sword and charges.  
His glimmering sword dazzles the rider  
Who is now fifty paces from the Unknown.  
They meet!  
The sound of clashing steel  
Can be heard within a mile around,  
The Unknown has seen that he has come upon his match.  
He thrusts his weapon upon the knight with extreme power,  
knocking him to the ground he gives no mercy.

Robert Gavin, Ib.





RODNEY MADDOCK



IRENE HEINEKE



CHRIS. ATKINSON



LINDA CAMPBELL



MAX FRASER



JO. WICKHAM



LANCE MORTON



DIANNE GEORGE

## Prefects



ADRIENNE DUNNE



ELIZABETH FIRTH



JOHN REYNOLDS



ELIZABETH BATE



BONNIE KO



INGRID HOGGARD



IAN GEORGE



JEANETTE GRIFFITHS



## Prefects



**JIM BACKHOLER**



**ROSLYN WALTON**



**DAVID McBAIN**



**MIRI FRISTACKY**



**PETER BUTLER**



**CECILIA WU**



**IAN BARKER**



**JOAN RICHARDSON**

## PREFECTS NOTES

The induction of the Prefects (or police force as we are often known) was held on the 15th of March, 1966, in torrents of drizzle. After we had made our pledge, Cr. Watson, Mayor of Camberwell, presented the badges and offered words of encouragement. (We still don't know what the boys have done with their cap badges) Head Prefects Irene Heineke and Rod Maddock then thanked Cr. Watson on behalf of the Prefects and the school.

Twenty four Prefects were elected this year in an experiment which enabled five to hold the dual position of House Captain and Prefect. But chaos ensued when all twenty-four poured into Prefects meeting-room 15a, and when all attacked the Balwyn Methodist Hall in preparation for our fabulous end-of-term Socials. These were colourful successes and noticeable for "swinging" staff participation.

Our thanks must go to Miss Milne, Mr. Rhodes, and other senior members of staff for their help and encouragement. We would especially like to thank our Principal, Mr. Gazzard and hope that the rest of the School realize all that he has done

in stimulating a wider variety of interests and attitudes in school life. We are very grateful for the consideration and trust which he has always shown towards the Prefects, in this his first year at Camberwell High School.

### OBITUARY

Miss Margaret McCarter joined our staff during 1965. As she was already seriously ill, and obliged to be absent frequently, we could not use her fine teaching ability by giving her regular classes. She did valuable work, however, in teaching classes for short periods, in assisting teachers with correction, and in helping the Principal with school records. During this year she gave great help to a small group of junior pupils who have since shown the benefit of her skilled and devoted teaching. At all times, her consistent cheerfulness and courage won the admiration of her colleagues on the staff. Both students and staff were saddened by the news of her death early in the third term.



**TERRY COUNAHAN**  
(President)



**JO ROBINS**  
(Vice President)



**JANE UNDERHILL**  
(Secretary)



**BERYL ARMSTRONG**  
(Treasurer)

## S. R. C. Officials



**PHILLIP TRUSLOVE**  
(Churchill)



**JO WICKHAM**  
(Montgomery)



**LANCE MORTON**  
(Roosevelt)

## House Captains



**JOHN REYNOLDS**  
(Macarthur)



**ELIZABETH FIRTH**  
(Macarthur)



**COLIN PETTIGREW**  
(Montgomery)



**CHRISTINE SMITH**  
(Roosevelt)



**DIANNE GEORGE**  
(Churchill)



## FROM THE STUDENT'S NOTEBOOK



S. SCHELTUS, V



F. LAUDER, Va



B. KLIUKAS, IIIb

### BAD DREAM

With my head buzzing with the excitement of the day and with the roar of the crowd ringing in my ears I ate a hearty supper of lobster and pickle onions and went to bed. I suppose it was the onions and lobster that caused the dream and believe me I will never eat lobster and pickled onions again.

It all started with me thinking of the onions rolling around in my stomach, then two big onions came at me, they were dressed as policemen. Well they came and got me and gradually dragged me to a big house. Inside there were hundreds of pickled onions playing tennis with lobsters.

I was taken before the High Onion and he said, "Well what do you want?" "Well I ask you," I said to him, "Do you really eat lobster and pickle onion?" he said. I was quite amazed, I did not know what to do. "Answer me", he roared. I tell you I was scared stiff. You should have seen him, this big yellow onion with green stripes down his side and he stank of vinegar. The jury were lobsters, they had big red legs and their eyes were sticking out. The big red onion at the side said, "Feed him to the beans". I ask you what have beans got to do with this story. I reckon he must have been a bad onion. Probably gone mouldy.

The High Onion then said, "So eat onions will you, Jury how do you find this man." The foreman of the Jury who was a pompous old lobster said, "We find the defendant guilty of eating lobster and pickled onions." "I thank you", said the high onion.

Well then, the two police onions carried me away and I had to await the decision of the court. I could hear the High Onion's voice as he demanded the death sentence. One of the jurors suggested that I should be pickled and fed to all the little lobsters. Well the high onion agreed they came to drag me away. I was taken to a pickling factory where I was pickled then I was taken to a big jar and pushed in.

The next moment I landed on the floor, I had fallen out of bed. It was a dream. However there is one strange thing. I was covered in vinegar.

John Douglas, IVb.





## FOOTBALL 1st XVIII

### Back Row (left to right)

A. Dempster, C. Atkins, D. Major,  
J. Pearce, J. Bradstreet, J. Weston,  
G. Brayne.

### Centre Row

J. Simon (Scorer and Statistician)  
A. Reid, T. Griffiths, E. McCarthy,  
B. Phillips, J. Reynolds, M. Frazer,

### Seated

M. Silver, D. Truslove,  
L. Morton, (capt.),  
Mr. D. Gunther (coach),  
L. Tipping (vice-capt.)  
R. Paul, J. Djordevic.



## SWIMMING TEAM

### Back Row (Left to Right)

R. Ewart, H. Noldt, E. Firth,  
D. George, J. Deller, E. Berzins,  
L. Morton, R. Savage, W. Burgoyne,  
T. Counihan, P. Butler, C. Atkins,  
C. Pettigrew.

### Next Row

C. Smith, B. Armstrong, H. Houston,  
D. Clarke, Y. Shugg, K. Henriksen,  
B. Scheltus, R. Paul, I. Barker,  
K. Barrasford, D. Kennedy,  
M. Brentnall, A. Reid.

### Next Row

K. Whitehead, H. James, J. Klieman,  
L. Kowalczewski, P. Gude, S. Provis,  
L. Oliver, I. Mumme, R. Imer,  
J. Anderson, M. Caldwell, C. White,  
P. Caldwell, A. Watson.

### Front Row

P. Davy, A. Fordham, L. Deller,  
S. Lovell, S. Armstrong, G. Gregory,  
Mr. Gunther, T. Erdos, M. Ceff,  
A. Murphy, R. Gavin, A. Backholer,  
B. George.



## GIRLS' ATHLETIC TEAM

### Back Row (Left to Right)

H. Noldt, E. Firth, E. Berzins,  
D. George, J. Dellar, J. Richardson,  
P. Danielson, L. Farthing, J. Lovell  
M. Wingfield.

### Middle Row

J. Lord, H. Houston, J. Osmond,  
G. van Every, C. Smith, D. Clarke,  
L. Kowalczewski, P. Gude, P. Jones,  
J. Rhodes.

### Front Row

R. Burton, S. Walsh, R. Moore,  
Y. Cohen, J. Kleiman, R. Grossman,  
J. Walsh, S. Lord, J. Wales.



## BOYS' ATHLETIC TEAM

### Back Row (Left to Right)

W. Ellis, J. Tonkin, S. Dwyer,  
J. Maddock, A. Dunn, R. Adair,  
C. Jerauld, I. McBain,

### Second Back Row

N. Gude, I. Mumme, P. Butler,  
J. Reynolds, R. Maddock, M. Stals,  
I. Southall, I. Berryman, S. Derrick.

### Second Front Row

K. White, G. Stone, P. Truslove,  
C. Pettigrew, J. Weston, J. Winch,  
A. Reid, A. Lovitt, J. Djordjevic,  
L. Barton, K. Bailey, G. Willis.

### Front Row

T. Evans, D. Savige, T. Coulepis,  
I. Tantau, C. Anthony,  
Mr. W. Bishop, M. Payne,  
W. Clayton, P. Caldwell, J. Gnatt,  
R. Wailes.







## **SOCCER TEAM**

L. Lederer, P. Wilkins, P. Jones,  
N. Vogel, R. Perry, G. Tsekoutanis,  
S. H. Wong, B. Ko — Capt.  
Dr. Walker — Coach  
I. George, P. Kellock, S. Lew.  
Absent: A. Markus.



## **BASEBALL TEAM**

B. Gusts, C. Jerauld,  
D. McBain — Capt.,  
Mr. Bishop — Coach,  
J. McDiarmid, D. Myers,  
J. Anderson, S. Gardiner,  
C. Cowdell, L. Gibson, J. Cayless.  
Absent: P. Rintel.



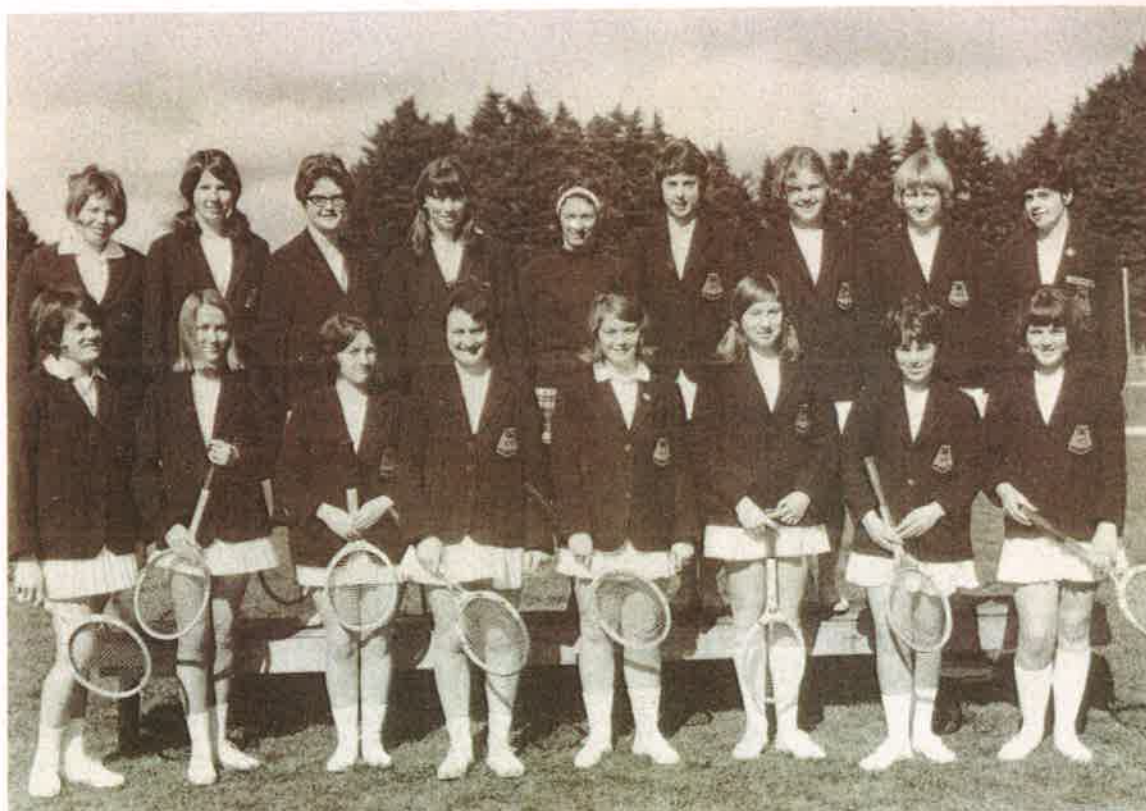
## GIRLS' SOFTBALL TEAM

(Left to Right)  
M. Forbes, M. Fristacky, E. Firth,  
C. Smith, H. Aston, D. Clarke,  
(Kneeling)  
H. Noldt, Y. Cohen.

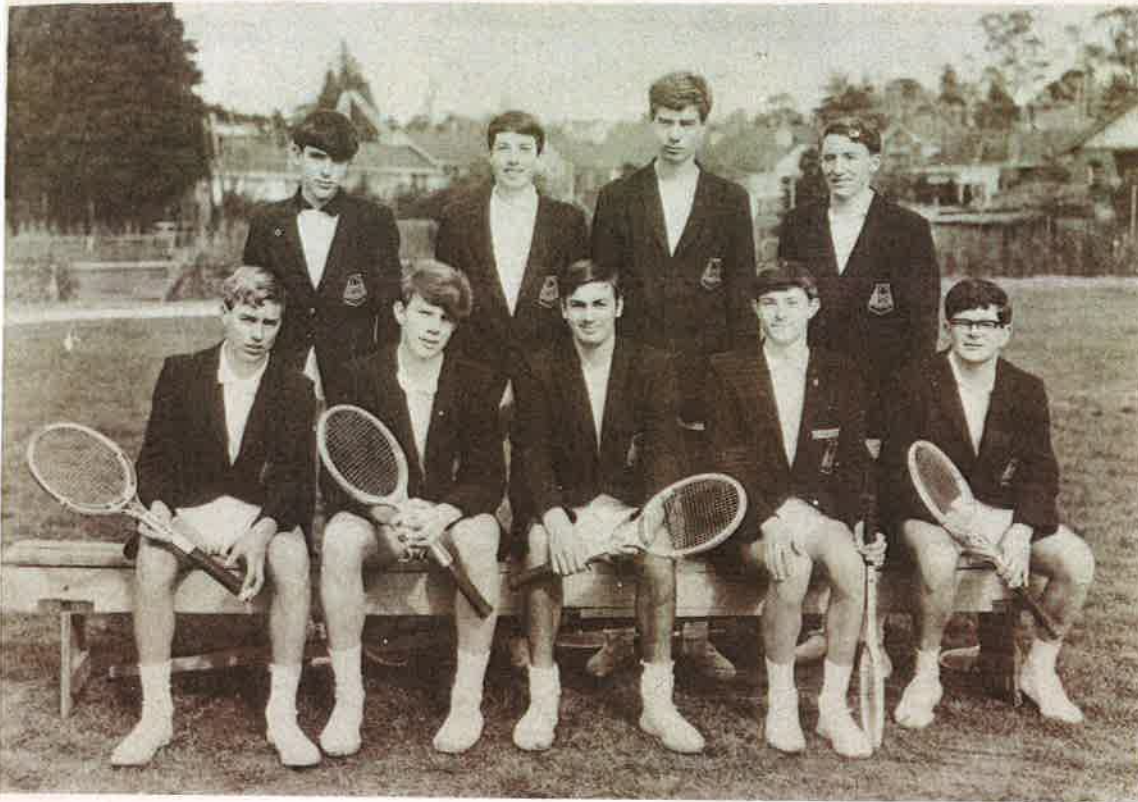


## GIRLS' TENNIS TEAM

(Left to Right)  
(Back row)  
A. Balaton, C. Barry, W. Burr,  
K. Watson, Mrs. Davies, H. Goyen,  
B. Armstrong, L. Farthing,  
R. Walton,  
(Bottom Row)  
B. Moyle, G. Warren, M. O'Connor,  
S. McMillan, H. James, M. Cooper,  
J. Grant, M. Gordon.

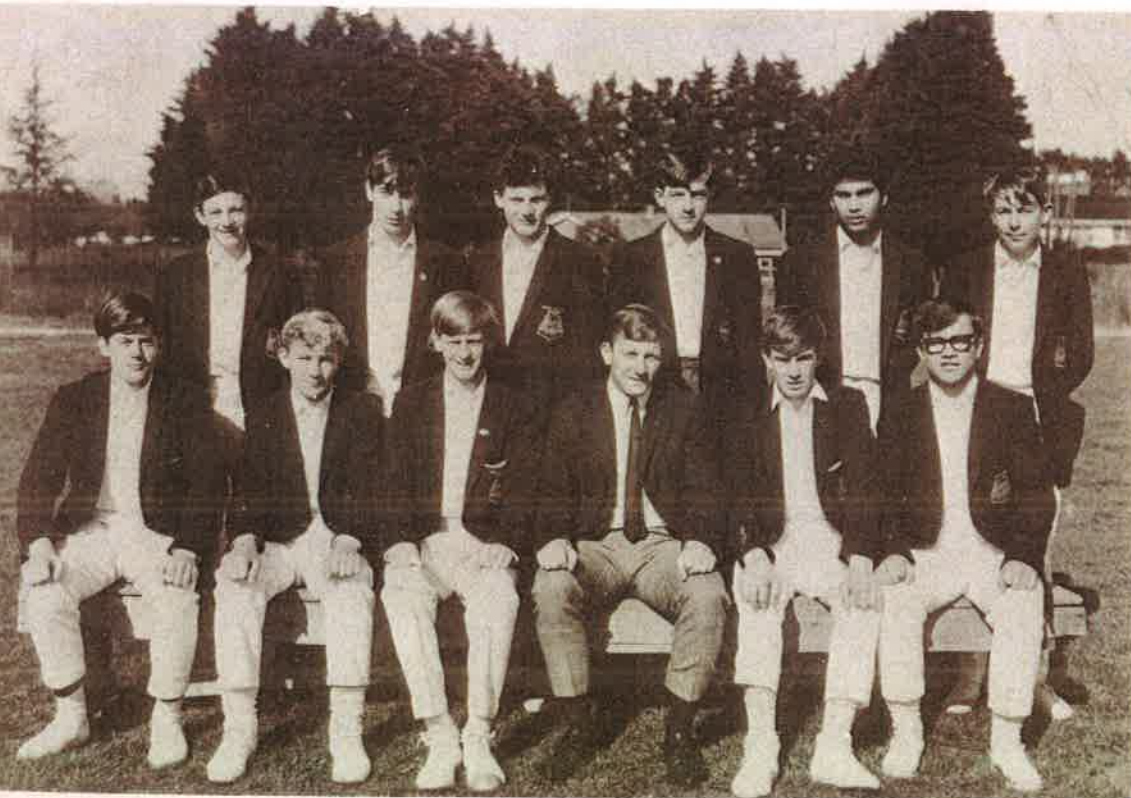






### BOYS' TENNIS TEAM

M. Taft, R. Saunders,  
P. Thurlow, J. Davy, P. Brent,  
C. Cropely — Capt.,  
C. Dixon, J. Backholer,  
P. Shekleton.



### CRICKET TEAM

L. Gibson, A. Dempster, M. Silver,  
K. Bailey, R. Velu, P. Beaumont,  
J. Anderson, E. McCarthy,  
P. Truslove — Capt.  
Mr. W. Bishop — Coach  
B. Phillips, J. Djordevic.



## VOLLEYBALL TEAM

(Left to Right)  
(Standing)  
M. Cooper, K. Kischkowski,  
E. Bate, D. Stals, L. Taylor,  
Miss Harriet,  
(Kneeling)  
F. Lauder, C. Nish, M. Webb.



## BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

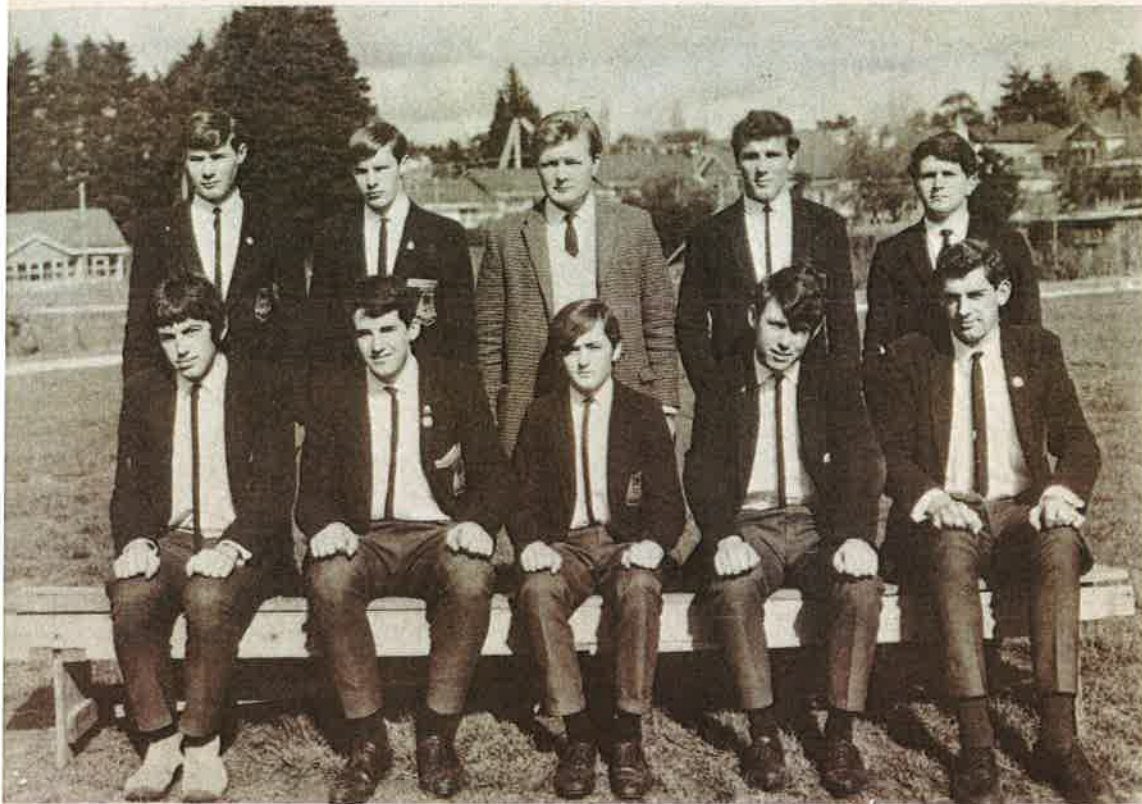
I. Southwell, I. Rhodes,  
J. Maddock, I. Gillam, R. Maddock,  
Absent: R. Hall — Capt., J. Bock.

## GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

(Left to Right)  
Y. Cohen, D. Clarke, Miss Kaines,  
E. Firth, J. Richardson, E. Downey,  
(Kneeling)  
H. James, D. Snell.







### ROWING 1st VIII

I. McBain — 4  
 D. McBain — 2  
 Mr. D. Gibb — Coach  
 J. Weston — 3  
 M. Brown — Bow  
 R. Templar — 5  
 A. Dunn — stroke  
 P. Kellock — Cox  
 D. Albrecht — 7  
 P. May — 6



### BOYS' HOCKEY TEAM

S. Wickham, N. Gardiner,  
 A. Gigas, M. Lezon, C. Moore,  
 G. Loh, J. Barker — Capt.,  
 Mr. C. N. Edwards — Coach,  
 P. Redcliffe, S. Bates, J. Winch.  
 Absent: R. Ewart — Vice Capt.,  
 P. Monkhouse, S. Barton.



## GIRLS' HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row (Left to Right)

L. Jones, R. Brayne, B. Armstrong,  
C. Barry, D. George, L. Farthing,

Front Row

M. O'Connor, I. Hoggard, C. Smith,  
C. Whitehead, J. Evans.



# SPORT

## ROWING

### 1st VIII

The rowing season for the first eight began as enthusiastically as ever, one week after the termination of the Christmas vacation. The usual problem of sorting out and training a crew which would be worthy of representing Camberwell High, faced our coach Mr. Gibb. However it was not long before the crew settled down to solid training on the Yarra, and through Mr. Gibb's spirited coaching showed plenty of form in the 5½ mile "Head of the Yarra" regatta winning the school eight section comfortably from Melbourne and University High. This was the first time Camberwell had ever won that race.

By the end of the season, the crew had covered about 340 miles of training.

### Head of the River

The seating of the crew on the day of the final race was as follows: (Bow) M. Brown, (2) I. McBain, (3) J. Weston, (4) D. McBain, (5) P. May, (6) R. Templar, (7) D. Albrecht, (Stroke) A. Dunn, (Cox) P. Kellock.

Prior to the main race which was the highlight of the season for us, there was an air of confidence among the members of the crew. We had shown during the months of training that our form was superior to that of University and also Melbourne; even the press was on our side.

At the start however, there was no co-ordination in the crew, blade-work was sluggish and as a result, Melbourne immediately drew ahead of us. After the first quarter mile

we showed no sign of improving and Melbourne steadily increased their lead throughout the rest of the race, crossing the finish line rowing steadily 3 lengths ahead of a sluggish and somewhat incredulous Camberwell with University ½ length behind us.

### Second VIII

After the usual problem of obtaining eights for the second and third crews had been rectified, the seconds soon began vigorous training under the watchful eye of their coach, Roger Simons, a former Camberwell oarsman. The approach of the High Schools Head of the River regatta, showed a greatly improved second crew which was due mainly to the enthusiasm of the crew during training.

The report of the shotgun found Camberwell floundering at the start and being left behind by Melbourne and University crews. This state of affairs was not to last long however, and with grim determination Camberwell succeeded in taking the lead and crossing the finish line 1½ lengths ahead of the other crews.

The crew was seated as follows: (Bow) M. Stals, (2) M. Pemale, (3) N. St. John, (4) S. Dwyer, (5) L. Bradstreet, (6) R. Wines, (7) J. Cheeseman, (Stroke) P. Dodd, (Cox) ?.

### Third VIII

As usual the third eight had a late start to the season due to the unavailability of a shell, but they finally began training for what was to prove a fairly successful season, coached by B. Lovell.

At the Scotch Mercantile regatta the thirds won their event and were awarded trophies for their effort.

In the High Schools Head of the River this year, Geelong entered a crew for the Third Eights section thus making it necessary to have two heats for this race. In the first heat, Camberwell thirds soundly defeated Melbourne High (the margin being about 8 or 9 lengths over a  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile race) thus eligible to compete in the final against Geelong. In the final however, we were not successful, losing by about 6 lengths.

Thanks must go to Banks Rowing Club for making their facilities available to us, and also to Scotch College for the use of their boat sheds during Moomba. The Boat Club would also like to show their appreciation and thanks to Mr. Gibb who has sacrificed so much of his time to promote rowing in the school.

Adrian Dunn (Captain of Boats).

### CROSS COUNTRY RUN, 1966

(By 'Prospice' special reporter, Robin Rattray-wood)

The author was rather sceptical about the values of a cross-country run. "House-spirit" was an ethereal concept at best, smacking of British Bulldog and all that rot. Yet he knew he had a fair chance of winning, so he reckoned the glory was worth the effort-within reason. Furthermore, he liked his house-captain and in an unguarded moment had (in a purely friendly gesture) said "I'll run next to you in the cross-country". The house-captain had since strained his foot through kicking a football and was now not able to compete. Yet the author felt obliged to run, for, although one realises that the ideals of most people are either unfounded or non-existent, it is unwise to tell them the truth. Finally he had been chosen to write up the wretched event for 'Prospice' so he thought he might as well experience it.

Bang, we're off. New course, half a mile longer. Tenth out the gate. Along Spencer St. and Charlie Dixon charging forth. Into the park, fourth position. 3rd, 2nd, a spurt and Charlie Dixon passes into oblivion. Too much! Too much! Up the hill. Already passed a dozen U. 16 kids. You're going well Robin! So's Dave McBain. That's one past me. Suddenly this kid in a crew-cut and spikeless spikes. Saunders. I'd heard his name for a week, now I meet the man: That's two past me. Nearly to the top of the hill and it's starting to hurt. It continued to hurt across the creek, to the  $\frac{1}{2}$  way mark (Mr. Gibb: You're going well Robin! Me thinks: Gee!) Close to home, two more corners and then a mile down Prospect Hill Rd., 3rd position — that's enough glory. I have no reason to want to win. The man who wins has the best combination of three things: natural ability, guts and training. It's all deterministic. Yet the winner's always exalted. I s'pose it's 'cos we're a gregarious species. Nothing wrong in it, as long one doesn't depreciate the poor performer (and that's in all fields).

Suddenly there's Col Pettigrew and that's how it ended. Fourth. It was hell round the last lap. At least Judy Barton kept on yelling "Come on Robin". I must have looked back half a dozen times. If I had come fifth it really wouldn't have troubled me, but since I was running for glory, I wanted a reasonable amount. Nothing so courageous as pegging back Pettigrew, but, for Chris' Sake, don't be passed on the last lap! Megan saw me. Fourth and home. Up! Off with your singlet and look exhausted. Good pose. (The day was wet and dull). Asked Mr. Gibb if anything interesting happened to him. Said he got wet.

R. R-W.

### Cross Country Results, 1966

Open and U. 17 Age Group:

1. J. Saunders (Ch) 23.4
2. D. McBain (Mo)
3. C. Pettigrew (Mo)
4. R. Rattray-Wood (Mac)
5. J. Weston (Mac)
6. S. Dwyer (Mo)
7. C. Dixon (Ro)
8. R. Harris (Mac)
9. G. Cameron (Mac)
10. I. Barker (Mac)

Under 16:

1. I. McBain (Mo) 24.5
2. I. Southall (Mac)
3. P. Baxter (Ch)
4. J. Katsanevakis (Mac)
5. P. Crichton (Mo)
6. J. Winch (Mac)
7. B. Gusts (Mac)
8. K. O'Donnell (Mo)
9. R. Wailes (Mo)
10. R. Andrews (Ch)

Under 15:

1. Kevin Bailey (Ch) 24.49
2. M. Lezon (Mo)
3. I. Berryman (Mac)
4. J. Gnatt (Mac)
5. C. White (Roos)
6. A. Reeves (Roos)
7. S. Dawson (Mac)
8. S. Hunt (Mac)
9. B. Strange (Mac)
10. T. Cowdell (Roos)

Under 14:

1. S. Gardiner (Mac) 27.46
2. B. Albrecht (Mac)
3. D. McPherson (Roos)
4. S. Roberts (Mac)
5. D. Noldt (Mo)
6. I. Hargardon (Roos)
7. L. Barton (Roos)
8. P. Farrel (Mac)
9. P. Gnatt (Roos)
10. T. Cottrill (Mac)

Under 13:

1. M. Kellock (Ch) 28.30
2. N. Reeves (Mo) 27.35
3. J. Davidson (Mac)

Fastest Time:

J. Sanders (Ch) 23.4

House Results:

1. Macarthur — 174
2. Montgomery — 143
3. Churchill — 120
4. Roosevelt — 85

### FOOTBALL

The First XVIII this year received only small reward for their tremendous efforts during the season. Enthusiasm which was instilled into the team by the good work of our coach Mr. Gunther brought us one success and very close to the others.

Although the team was young and was sadly lacking in tall timber we put up great opposition against our stronger opponents. A feature of this team's play was its seemingly endless determination and spirit as was shown in many of the games.

A thing to notice from this year's side is that the backbone of the side were fourth and fifth form boys indicating that we can look forward to success in the future.

There were many players who stood out during the year: Richard Paul — our dynamic centreman who always gave of his best.

Joe Djoerdovic — hard battling and hard hitting rover.

Phillip Truslove — moved well on the forward line and took some splendid marks.

Lindsay Tipping — a capable vice-captain.

Lance Morton, (captain)

The football notes would be incomplete if I did not make some mention of the tremendous part played by Lance himself during a year when team-building was the important thing. Being the biggest of the three six footers in our side Lance rucked practically the whole game, every game; he was responsible, to a large degree, to get our teamwork going and, above all, with his determination and sportsmanship he set an excellent example to every member of the team.

D. Gunther, (coach).



## SOCCKER

The 1966 season proved to be the most successful season for Camberwell for a long time. The most significant factor contributing to this success was the high standard of team work which prevailed throughout the year. This resulted in a far stronger back-line than in previous years, making the team as strong in defence as in attack.

Of the 10 games played, Camberwell won 4, lost 3 and drew 3. During the season Camberwell scored 38 goals and had 21 goals scored against it. The highest score was 14 goals scored against Warragul, whilst our worst defeat at the hands of University, was 6-2.

The most spectacular game during the year occurred with Melbourne 2nds, which was outstanding because of the high standard of play throughout the match. 8 goals were scored against Melbourne and every goal was the result of good pattern play on the part of Camberwell.

The team was fortunate in having the services of Doctor Walker as manager-coach, and the success has been due in no small measure to his encouragement and interest in both the team and individual players. The team offers its collective thanks to Doctor Walker for his leadership.

Bonnie Ko, the captain, exhibited qualities of leadership and team spirit which also welded the team into a whole. He was responsible for many of the forward movements which resulted in goals.

On the left wing, George Tsekoutanis, a new player, could always be relied upon to capitalize on mistakes made by opposing defenders. Centre forward, John Lederer who combined well with the inside forwards of Sammy Lew and Robert Perry was the chief scorer of the side. Another formidable combination was Peter Kellock on the right wing and Wong Sze Hong at right-half. Many successful movements commenced from the half-back line, once the defenders Robert Vogel and Andrew Markus had foiled attacking forwards from opposing teams. In goals was Paul Jones, a new comer to the code. He proved himself versatile and was quickly able to adapt himself to the game. The cardinal rule to be learnt from the 1966 season is that team-work pays off. Hard practice and a willingness to learn are the hallmarks of achieving success in such a team sport. This should be the motto for future soccer sides at Camberwell.

Ian George.

## CRICKET

### 1st XI.

Although the cricket team had an unsuccessful year, not winning a match, the bulk of the team consisted of young and inexperienced players. In fact, during the entire season, only five Matriculation students played. With such a young side it is anticipated that the first eleven will be at almost full strength next year, and could wield a commanding influence.

### Camberwell High School v. Melbourne High School.

Melbourne won the toss and sent Camberwell in on a soft wicket. Although the openers Velu and Truslove started confidently they batted drearily until Velu was run out. From this point on their was a steady procession to and from the crease, with the Camberwell side folding for a meagre total.

Melbourne batted, and easily overhauled Camberwell's poor total.

**C. H. S. 48. (Truslove 20), lost to M. H. S. 178. (Bailey 2/41, Truslove 3/63).**

### Camberwell High School v. University High School.

In the absence of the captain, W. Coles led the side, and felt a big responsibility on his shoulders.

As expected, the strong University side easily brushed aside the young Camberwell side. The batting again folded, and without a solid 43 from Coles, the total would have been far worse.

**C. H. S. 81, (Coles 43, Velu 17), lost to U. H. S. 367, (Gibson 3/11).**

### Camberwell High School v. Northcote High School.

In a close game, Northcote won the toss, batted, and were dismissed for 99. Truslove took a hat-trick. Camberwell replied, and in an exciting finish were dismissed for 95.

**C. H. S. 95, (McCarthy 21, Velu 16, Truslove 14), lost to N. H. S. 99, (Truslove 4/19 inc-hat-trick, Silver 2/21, Anderson 2/22).**

## BASKETBALL

The two basketball teams have enjoyed fairly successful seasons, due, of course to their practising dutifully at least three times a week. Was the high attendance at these practices evidence of enthusiasm, or due to a fine which was imposed for non-attendance? But this practice certainly paid off, for we soon developed a flowing style of teamwork, so that often the ball shot from one end of the court to the other at a sizzling pace and was thrown straight through the goal-ring. What a shame that it wasn't always our goal-ring!

We wondered why the opposing goalers used to look so scared as they lined up for the start of a game, but we now realise that it was because they were faced with the prospect of playing against our defenders, Joan Richardson and Evelyn Downey. This frightening experience was often avoided, however, by Dianne Clarke (defence wing) who seldom let the ball pass her. Her energy and tenacity were so famous that one member of the opposition was heard to wail "Don't throw it there, she'll get it!"

On our attacking line, Dianne Snell (centre) always seemed to pop up from nowhere just when she was needed and goaler Helen James and Yvonne Cohen continued to exasperate their opponents as they slyly dodged around them.

Both teams would like to thank Miss Kaines very much. She has been enthusiastic enough to come to school at 8 o'clock quite often and also to give up several of her lunch-times.

### Scores:

#### Practice matches:

Camberwell d. Burwood T. C. 36-8  
Heidelberg d. Camberwell 39-13  
Camberwell d. Preston 27-19  
Strathcona d. Camberwell 20-17  
Camberwell d. Ivanhoe Gram. 23-10  
Warragul d. Camberwell 23-16

#### Association matches:

MacRob. d. Camberwell 42-19  
Camberwell d. University 33-23  
Camberwell d. Preston 33-15  
Canterbury d. Camberwell 28-9

Elizabeth Firth

## HOCKEY

This year we have had an extremely successful season, being defeated only once by Mac. Rob. The team differed little from last year's with only three positions having to be filled. Consequently a high standard of play and team play was shown throughout the season. However we were struck with injuries throughout the season, and unfortunately lost the services of our capable and skillful full-back Jo Wickham.

Halfway through the season we were fortunate to have the assistance of an experienced outside, for which we were very grateful.

### The Team:

Goalie: Lesley Farthling — improved with experience; her famous remarks were: "Heck it's freezin' up there" —

#### Left Back:

Robin Brayne — reliable back with constant strong hits.

#### Right Back:

Gaye Treagallas — new player who scared many with her fearless strong hits.

#### Left Half Back:

Marie O'Connor — was always there when needed.

#### Half Backs:

Centre Half Back:  
Chris Smith.

#### Right Half Back:

Diane George — worried many wings with her speed and tackling

#### Left Wing:

Jeanette Evans — Improved with every match.

#### Left Inner:

Lesley Jones — new player — good ball control and strong hit.

#### Centre Forward:

Ingrid Hoggard, (vice-captain) — very skillful — shot most of our goals — remarks "About time I got another one."



Right Inner:

Tina Whitehead — new player improved with experience. Tina suffered from feet trouble, she often ran the wrong way.

Right Wing:

Madeline Reeve — fast skillful wing, could win any dribbling contest.

#### Scores:

Camberwell defeated Heidelberg 2-0  
Camberwell defeated Preston 6-4  
Camberwell defeated Strathcona 2-0  
Mac. Rob. defeated Camberwell 4-1  
Camberwell defeated University High 3-0  
Camberwell defeated Preston 2-0  
Camberwell defeated Fintona 2-1  
Camberwell defeated Canterbury 5-4

#### Warragul Trip.

Undoubtedly the highlight and most tiring and enjoyable match of the season. The feature at the game was the evenly matched sides, and high standard of play. In the first half we were struggling — scores 4-0 in Warragul's favour. However, due to the determination and teamwork — the scores finished up, 6 all.

Chris Smith, (capt.)

## TENNIS

This year has shown an improvement in the tennis team, probably due to its essentially unchanged composition. Two matches were won by the firsts and an equal number by the seconds. This was in part due to the indefatigable spirit of the players, whose determination often triumphed over the greater skill of the opposition. The prospects for the future, unfortunately, are quite depressing. Of the ten students who at some time during the year played for the school, only two were not in Matric. The standard of tennis in the school is slipping. When it is compared with the glory of former years, the most noticeable factor is the lack of staff sponsorship of the sport. Other schools, particularly University High have coaching programmes which are enthusiastically supported. Something will need to be done in the future if tennis is to be restored to its rightful state of eminence in the school.

Charles Dixon, C. Cropley.

## SOFTBALL

The most important thing about the Softball Team was the noticeable improvement in our game, when we played more to enjoy ourselves than to win. Not that we got discouraged as we lost week after week! However a pleasing feature was the good play of the five fourth-formers recruited into the first team — this surely spells success for the future. The help and encouragement given to us by Miss Tobin was appreciated very much and the whole team would like to thank her.

#### The Team:

Pitcher — Margaret Forbes  
Catcher — Dianne Clarke  
1st Base — Elizabeth Firth  
2nd Base — Jan Kleiman  
3rd Base — Helen Noldt  
Short Stop — Helen Asten  
Left Outfield — Yvonne Cohen  
Centre Outfield — Chris Smith (v.c.)  
Right Outfield — Miri Fristacky

#### Scores:

Mac. Rob. d. Camberwell 17-3  
University d. Camberwell 26-2  
Preston d. Camberwell 30-11  
Canterbury d. Camberwell 12-6  
Ivanhoe d. Camberwell 11-6  
Camberwell d. Strathcona 11-10

Elizabeth Firth.

## TENNIS

The Tennis Team, although unsuccessful this year against talented opposition, played well throughout the season and gradually improved towards the end.

Having only a few practices before the beginning of the season, it was difficult for the girls to have much practice with their final partner in the doubles matches. The pairs were:

1. Hilary Goyen and Helen James.
2. Kay Watson and Marie O'Connor.
3. Lesley Farthing and Sue McMillan.
4. Wendy Young and Agnus Balatin.
5. Wendy Burr and Roslyn Walton.
6. Brenda Moyle and Marjorie Cooper.
7. Julie Grant and Marion Gordon.
8. Beryl Armstrong and Gail Warren.

The improvement of the team was well marked towards the end of the season when having played Canterbury the results were much closer. This indicates a more promising next season.

The team would like to extend its thanks to Mrs. Davies for her great interest and helpful advice which added to our own enthusiasm.

Hilary Goyen, VIa (Captain).

## INTER-SCHOOL ATHLETICS CARNIVAL

The Annual Inter-High School Athletics Carnival, Central Division, was held at Olympic Park on Wednesday, October 19 — a cold, wet and miserable day. It became so wet that the track was flooded in places and the relays, along with a few other events, were postponed to the following day.

Though the girls had trained and tried hard, they had little success overall on the day. The boys however, with less training than the girls, managed to tally enough points to give them their highest ever score and second placing in the sports.

Several boys performed very well, the best of which were the four first places gained by Lindsay Tipping. Two others, Lance Morton and John Maddock, gained placings in three events each.

#### Placings:

##### Girls:

Open: Diane George — 1st in the Broad Jump.  
Under 14: Glenys Van Every — 2nd in the 100 yds.  
3rd in the 75 yds.

#### Placings:

##### Boys:

Open: Lance Morton — 2nd in the Broad Jump.  
2nd in the Triple Jump.  
2nd in the Shot Putt.

Adrian Dunn — 2nd in the Discus.  
Andrew Reid — 2nd in the Javelin.  
Phillip Truslove — Equal 2nd in the High Jump.

Under 17: Lindsay Tipping — 1st in the 100 yds.  
1st in the 220 yds.  
1st in the Broad Jump.  
1st in the Triple Jump.

John Weston — 2nd in the 440 yds.  
2nd in the Javelin.  
Peter Butler — 2nd in the Discus.

Under 16: Neil Gude — 2nd in the 100 yds.  
Warren Ellis — 2nd in the Triple Jump.

Under 15: John Maddock — 1st in the 220 yds.  
3rd in the 100 yds.  
2nd in the High Jump.  
Kevin Bailey — 2nd in the Broad Jump.  
3rd in the U.16 880 yds.

Under 13: Geoff Willis — 1st in the High Jump.  
Tony Coulepis — 1st in the 220 yds.  
2nd in the U.13 Relay.

Lindsay Tipping went on to the All High School's Athletics Sports on the following Saturday where he was again successful in winning both the Under 17 Broad Jump and Triple Jump.



# THREE-IN-ONE: SUCCESSFULL DRAMA FESTIVAL

## "DAY OF ATONEMENT"

The only drama of the three plays was Margaret Wood's award winning "Day of Atonement." Also this play differed from the others in that instead of being produced by Mr. Murdoch it was produced by leaving student Jane Underhill.

The play is set in a displaced person's camp somewhere in Germany in the late fifties and the cast comprises of four characters:— Jacob, an elderly Jew, Marthe, his wife, Otto, their son, and Kravs, a German Doctor working at the camp.

The plot centres itself around the opposing wishes of Otto and his parents when it is uncovered that Kravs was doctor of a concentration camp during the war. This clash brings about a tragic ending and teaches Otto that only God has the right to judge a person and that it is through mercy, not pride or revenge that the world's ills can be healed. During the course of the play the whole subject of war is discussed with the conclusion that as long as their is hatred, in tolerance and ignorance, there will be war.

Although a cast (Mark Taft, Josine Scheltus and John Reeves, all of leaving as Jacob, Marthe and Kravs respectively and myself as Otto) had been rounded up by mid-June, rehearsals did not get under way until the first week of July due to people getting the flu' etc.

We started with several lunchtime rehearsals where the cast lounged around in the desks of one of the classrooms and read through their lines with a struggling producer trying to either instill expression where there was none or tone expression where there was an excess as the case may have been. Her main complaint at this stage was that whereas three of the cast were a bit on the quiet side, one (I shan't mention names) was overacting to a painful, though humorous extent.

On Monday, July the 11th with five weeks till the night and a record of unlearnt lines and unattended rehearsals, Mr. Murdoch called a meeting where he verbally chastised four shame-faced youths for their lack of progress in comparison with the other players. As a result a time-table of before-school, after-school, and lunchtime rehearsals which provided that we have seven rehearsals a week was industriously organized. During the following week some amount of progress was made due to this intensified program and by the Thursday we graduated from the reading stage to the odious task of "moving" the play. Unhappily, there progress stopped. This was caused by the intervention of talent quests, exams, my being in two amateur productions (out of school) which fell one on top of the other over that three week period and numerous other causes.

So it was that on Correction Day, Friday, August 12th, with lines only sketchily known, movements practically non-existent and the night of performance five day's away, four irate Camberwell High students were summoned to appear at the school for an all-day rehearsal beginning at 9.00 a.m.!!! The rehearsal began shortly before ten when I finally managed to arrive (having awoken at 9.25 a.m.) and we five martyrs in the cause of art struggled down through the rain and slosh to a dark forboding gym.

Those following hours would have been enough to make Doris Day unwholesome. The play may have been wonderful to read but had countless attributes which made it a terror for performing. It had word combinations which were practically impossible to say correctly e.g. Kraus' "I would not make bad blood in this family" was constantly deteriorating into "I would not bake mad blood in this family". It had long monologues with meaningless little interjections such as "Oh", "Yes", popping up in the most improbable places. It had lines with the same meaning that someone would have to utter at various times with only a word changed here or there which would insist on getting muddled up. Worst of all it was full of melodramatic situations which if done even slightly wrongly would appear quite ludicrous e.g. pulling a gun with the line "You shall not refuse", a leather-jacketed toughie having a fit of hysterics, breaking down and crying and to top it all off, starting to read a passage from the Bible and breaking down half-way through it.

Seeing as this was the first rehearsal where these factors were really noticable, being the first proper movement rehearsal, chaos reigned. We were constantly breaking out in helpless fits of near-hysterical giggles which nearly drove our poor producer to distraction and it is to be marvelled that she managed to retain her sanity. All in all it took from ten till one fifteen to get through the short, one-act play once. After the exhausting effort we broke up for lunch till two-thirty.

After lunch Mr. Murdoch came to watch and I think his presence had a sobering effect on us. We went right through the play without stopping and to everyone's surprise it was comparatively well done.

The next rehearsals was set for ten o'clock, Sunday morning at the Underhill residence. Due to rather heavy partying the night before by Jacob and myself (separate parties) we got there late and the rehearsal only got under way at eleven. Apart from the occasional giggle it went moderately well. For the first time we had a chance to rehearse with props.

Further rehearsals were definitely needed before the Tuesday night's dress rehearsal but we were undecided as to whether to absent ourselves from school in the cause of forwarding the dramatic arts at Camberwell High School or whether to rehearse only part of the day. Guided by our better consciences we decided to go to school and ask if we could have the afternoon off for rehearsing. We were allowed the last two periods and so during afternoon recess merrily tripped off to the residence of Miss Josine Scheltus where we rehearsed till five with constant intervention from brothers and sisters making hilarious comments and tea and biscuits generously supplied by Mrs. Scheltus.

Next day, after afternoon form assembly our brave band of theatrical "artists" gathered outside the school, armed with costumes, scripts, a plastic gun and a tin of Heinz concentrated pea soup (which tastes absolutely revolting, cold), along with the persons guilty of the other two productions. From there we were transported by various means to the Balwyn Methodist Hall where our history-making performances were to happen. Thence we blithely gallivanted around the hall, made nuisances of ourselves and generally tried to act important till the stage-crew finished their job and we were summoned forth to don our costumes and subject ourselves to Mr. Murdoch's inventive and highly original stage-make-up.

Even though "Day of Atonement" was second on the program, we had to wait till last for rehearsal as some cast members from the other plays had to leave early. We were quite pleasantly surprised to see that in comparison our play was no worse than the other two and so spent the time up till seven sitting in one of the middle rows quietly disapproving. We did this to boost our morale and because we knew the others would not be around to disapprove of our play.

By seven we were thoroughly starved and after scrounging and pooling together some money sent Jane and our prompt off to get some fish and chips. They returned over an hour later with our nerves and stomachs at the limit of endurance. The fish and chips were good only we discovered that after eating them most of the make-up in the general area of our mouths had mysteriously disappeared.

The rehearsal went well except that someone had read in the script that the play should be ended with a piece of Mahler's music, and absolutely shattered the magnificently sombre mood which we had created by playing, full-blast, a piece of music which sounded like the accompaniment to the 20th Century Fox title, as the curtain was falling.

The afternoon performance for the first, second and third formers was not what one would call a "roaring success" but at least it was good practice. In general the audience was dead quiet for the comedies but laughed their heads off during our play. The most uproarious laughs (one could practically say, the "show-stoppers") were when I pulled the gun on Dr. Kraus, when Dr. Kraus was heard being shot off-stage and when I collapsed into a chair, crying.

There was one near disastrous mistake. I, looking off-stage as Dr. Kraus was being shot found myself confronted with

a mass of laughing faces in the wings as well as a general roar of laughter from the auditorium. I had a hard enough job restraining myself then. But then when I turned and saw Marthe rushing for me uttering the most tragic lines but with her face contorted with what she claims was emotion but looked very much like laughter to me, I gave in and started laughing myself.

Contrary to the day performance the night-time performance went very well with no mistakes and a very receptive audience. It was quite exciting, peeping through the tear in the curtain at Mr. Gazzard in the front row and all the various teachers and relations in the audience.

Then it was all over and we who had so dreaded this evening began feeling very nostalgic. We helped clean up all the junk etc. and then rushed off to drown our sorrows and emotions in a party at Jane's followed by a philosophical talk with Jane's mum in the kitchen.

Jekabs Zalkalns, IVd.

**WILLIAM SAROYAN** — "The Man With the Heart in the Highlands."

#### CHARACTERS

Jasper McGregor	Robin Rattray-Wood
Johnny	Jan Gnatt
Johnny's father	Tony Cowdell
Mr. Kosak	George Bastekey
Carmichael	Colin Cromptley
Grandmother	Roslyn Keane(?)
Rufe Apley	Peter Guyton or Guyatt

Rehearsals began in May. They were very enjoyable for the actors, but there is little of interest to someone outside the group. Everyone knew their parts with three weeks to go and after that it was a matter of learning how to move. Rehearsal times gradually reduced from forty minutes to the twenty five of the final performance and we each became more and more familiar with our part until we could produce it, on request, in the middle of Camberwell Junction or after midnight at a rock-party, both being excellent tests of concentration. Probably the most frustrated of our actors was Peter Guyett, who must have licked three score imaginary ice-creams before getting satisfaction in our dress-rehearsals.

The play is about Jasper McGregor, a pseudo-Scottish sponger who roams through America playing "My Heart's in the Highlands" on his 'golden throated bugle' and living off sympathy. (wants something). Most incongruous part of our preparations was the substitution of a saucepan for a trumpet in our dress-rehearsal, the real thing finally being kindly supplied by — Mr. Murdoch was the basis of our play: we

did not create our characters so much as imitated his — the whole five. He took his revenge out on us on dress-rehearsal day, by sketching on our cheeks with make-up pencil and later — poor man — took to nibbling the ends of lily-leaves (props for five pesos) as the final performance took the stage.

Greatest regret was that the 1st and 3rd forms didn't seem to appreciate our productions — particularly "Atonement". We even heard that one form flatly refused to pay the 5/- (admittedly a bit much) and threatened unknown vengeance on the one member who brought his money. Greatest joy was to be addressed next day by a fat and forthright first-former and be told "Those plays were good. Particularly the second one ("Atonement"). All my friends liked them too".

#### THREE-IN-ONE Seen from a Performer's point of view

At commencement of rehearsals, it was just texts one read through and through; learning how to speak the lines. These had to be learnt, but there were months to go before the performances, so there was ample time to learn the lines, thus no necessity to memorize quickly.

Gradually rehearsals grew more interesting as I became more familiar with the character I was to play. Soon, the day of the performance drew remarkably close as final details to improve each part were made.

One of the most interesting parts of the whole project was for performers of one play to see the final rehearsals of the other two plays. This was the first time each cast had the opportunity of seeing the remaining two casts performing their plays. After seeing the other plays in semi-final stages, all the casts were closer to being one body, instead of three separate lots of performers. All became acquainted with each other, and with each other's plays.

The day of the performances arrived, everybody looked forward to performing, yet they were perhaps a little worried about the receptions awaiting them.

The afternoon performance was for Forms 1 and 3, which included school-friends and class-mates. Hoping they would enjoy the result, we performed the three one-act plays.

Afterwards each actor felt he could have done a better job, but was still satisfied with that first performance. Probably that was the more difficult audience to perform for, so an easier job was expected in the evening. This was actually so.

I think that if asked which play was the best, any of the performers would definitely not say the one he appeared in, probably because any faults were more easily detected in one's own play.

It is certainly apparent that all enjoyed participating in these plays, and naturally we would not turn down any offers to act in other plays.

Jan Gnatt, IIIa.

★ ★ ★ ★



# FROM THE ARTIST'S NOTEBOOK



A. SMITH, IIIb



L. BROADSTOCK, V

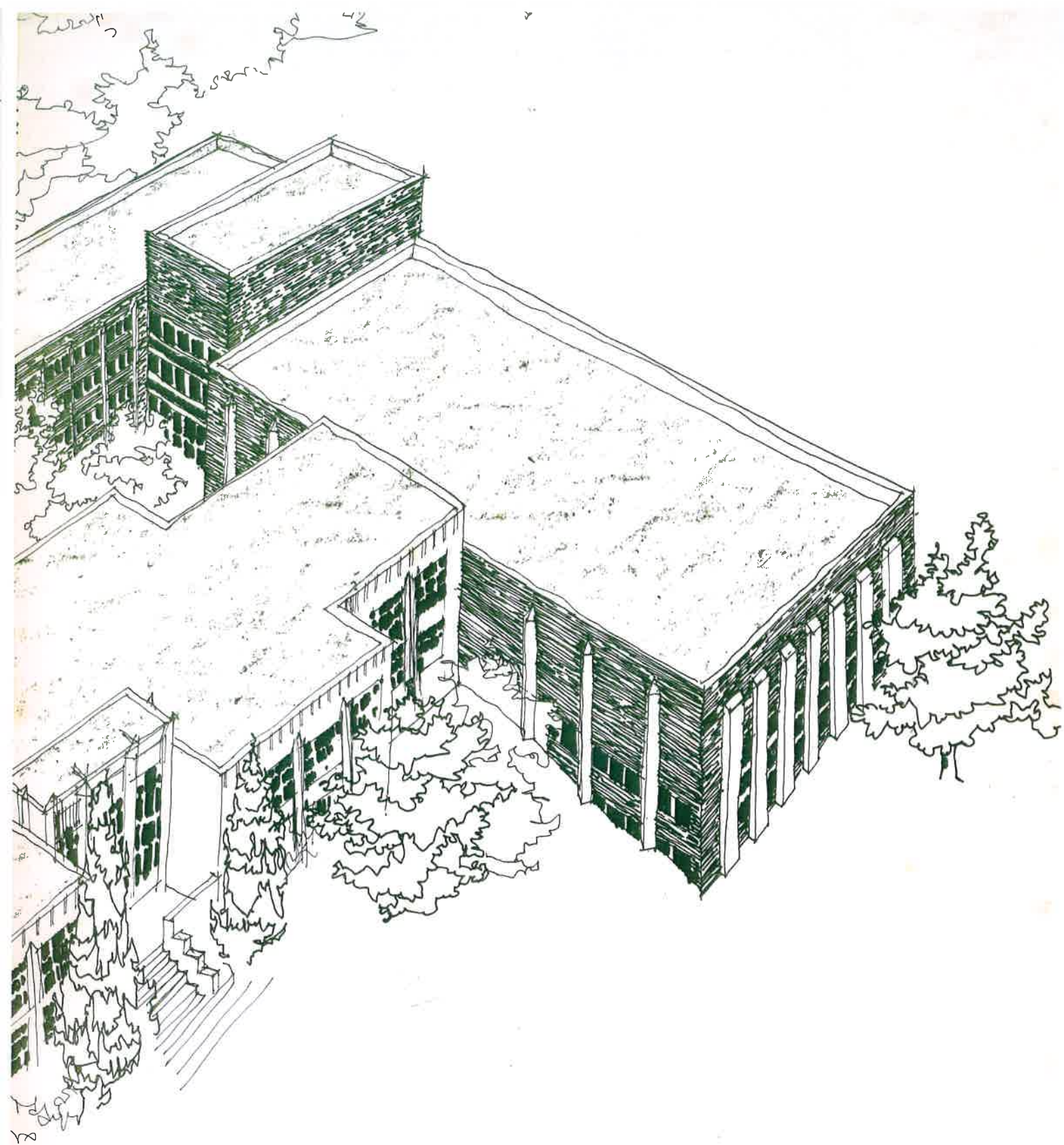


G. CAMERON, Vc



G. BURGOYNE, IIIb







Adrian Rhodes .VE.