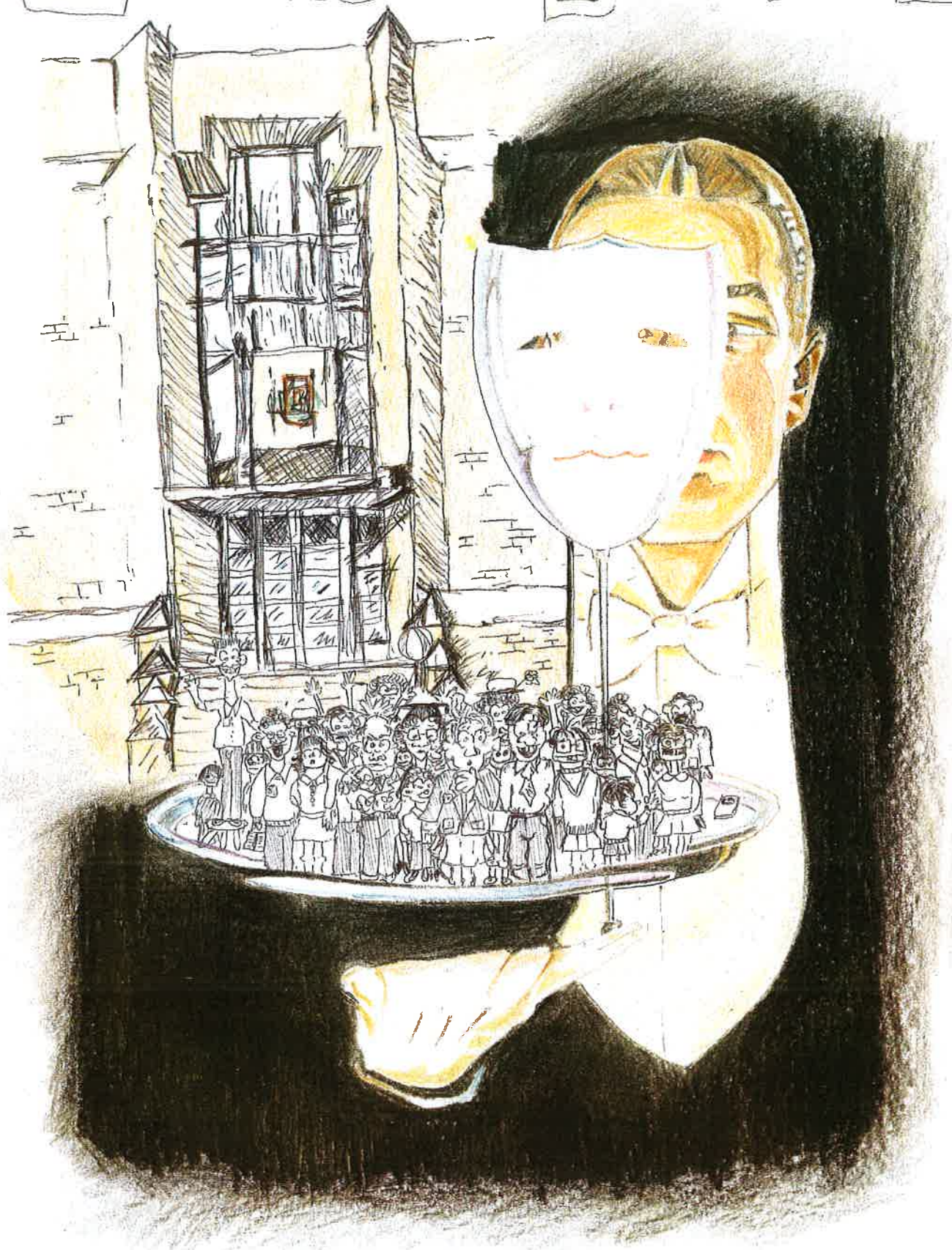


Prospect



COVER STORY

It is called “The Mob”. The people, both teachers and students, who are on the tray are crowded into a limited space. They have to learn to share and work as one to achieve a special trust where feelings are tried and expressed by all thus establishing open understanding.

The man holding the tray symbolises everyone of us. We all conceal our true selves behind masks at times, too vulnerable to expose any more than fragments of our true selves to be seen. Unfortunately those who still cannot find what they are looking for have to remain hiding behind a facade; they can only pretend that they belong. All the time they are really holding themselves back.

The people on the tray have removed their masks; they dare to reach out to and communicate with others. Congratulations to them for they can now proceed to Camberwell High and be with those who have gone on before and passed the test.

Each of us must discover what lies within us and at least try to understand others. For only when we can all feel free to be ourselves will we have a truly communicative, unified and successful school. A school which symbolises what in a nurturing and safe environment we can all become.

By Dinh Diep 10B

EDITORIAL

Hi everyone! Welcome to Prospice 1990. As always, a lot of time, effort, brainpower, blood, sweat, and tears have gone into this magazine and it has been a challenge to head the staff. I have enjoyed my own participation and I have certainly learnt a lot from this experience. The staff and contributors to Prospice have attempted to take a new approach to the magazine this year. We have tried to make our magazine much more of a reflection of the life and personality of Camberwell H.S. Our school is a vibrant, happening place and the stodgy, grey, conservative image which is portrayed by many typical school magazines does not really suit Camberwell. This magazine has hopefully taken on a more sophisticated appearance along with a broader coverage of the many things which go on at Camberwell High. There has been a great deal of student participation in the production of the magazine this year. Afterall, it is our magazine. We have a student editor for every section of Prospice, and luckily, we have found it very easy to co-operate with each other, under the guidance and assistance of our advisor Mr. Bruce Anderson. I hope everyone out there enjoys reading Prospice 1990 and can agree with the production team's positive sentiments about it.

Arwen Baker
Editor

MAGAZINE COMMITTEE

Managing Editor:	Mr Bruce C. Anderson
Editor:	Arwen Baker
Production Editor:	Mr Ed Macaulay
Production Staff:	Rod Kenefacke, Marcus Fung, Lainie Dorembus
Art Editor:	Mr Jeff Saker
Sports Editor:	Ben Simpfendorfer
Music Editor:	Jane Carpenter
Literary Editor:	Ruth Gamble
Contributing Editors:	Mrs J. Goldberg, Mrs F. Scott, Mrs M. Kenyon, Mrs A. Kavonic, Mrs P. Tuckett.
Photography:	Mr Jeff Saker, Marcus Fung
Word Processing:	Miss H. Koutsougeras, Rod Kenefacke, Lainie Dorembus, Chu Truong, Ian Manton

MANAGING EDITOR — Bruce C. Anderson

I hope that not only students take pleasure in reading this edition of Prospice, and that it will serve as a record of the spirit of 1990. This edition is a forerunner of a bigger production for the Golden Jubilee year. Contributions for that edition including "an essay" should be submitted as soon as possible.

Perhaps in 1991 Prospice can be visionary as well as reflective.

CAMBERWELL HIGH SCHOOL: PERSONNEL

School Council

Parents: M. Lindsay, H Evans, Mr. Errol Firminger, Dr. Samuel Ginsberg, Dr. Peter Gronn, Mr. Graham K Henderson, Prof. Barry A Sheehan, Mr. Ralph Simpfendorfer, Mr. Kenneth C. Winter.
Staff: Mrs. Birgit I G Dean, Mrs. Gwen Kuhne, Mrs Anita Michell, Mr. Geaffery M Sinclair, Mrs Denise Taylor, Mr. John L Worcester
Students: Corinne M T Proske
P.F.A.: Mrs. Suzanne M Simpfendorfer, Mrs. E Gai Woolhouse
Co-Opted Members: Mr. Keith, J Moore
Principal: Miss Ann Rusden

Parents and Friends Association

President: Jeanette Botham
Secretary: Barbara Lee
Treasurer: Gawdat Ibrahim
Members: Gai Woolhouse, Sue Simpfendorfer, Margaret Counihan, Vincey Montesalvo, Sheridan Tyzack, Alison Jones, Karen Kennon, Jo Prior, Rosemary Leong, Ken Winter, Errol Firminger, Jenny Stone, Valerie Arnold, Mary Henderson, Helen Elliot, Margaret Blaschka, David Stewart, Maron Edwards, Mirget Dean, Denise Taylor, Barbara Gronn.

TEACHING STAFF

Principal: Ann Rusden

Deputy Principal: Geoff Sinclair

Ms. Kim Aghan
 Mr. Bruce Anderson
 Ms. Marilyn Anderson
 Ms. Maryse Baeza
 Ms. Silvana Banic
 Mr. Andrew Barrett
 Mr. James Barut
 Mr. Michael Beam
 Ms. Deborah Bowie
 Ms. Jillian Brown
 Mr. Julian Cairns
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 Ms. Josie Cirrito
 Ms. Filomena Crea
 Mr. Chris Crook

Ms. Birgit Dean
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 Mr. Rudy Dobron
 Mr. Chris Ellingford
 Ms. Jana Fabris
 Mr. Peter Frost
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 Mr. Ray Grant
 Ms. Olwyn Gray
 Ms. Elaine Hamilton
 Mr. Vincent Hardiman
 Mr. Seam Hill
 Ms. Adrienne Kavonic
 Ms. Jill Kenneally

Ms. Meg Kenyon
 Ms. Bronwyn Koren
 Ms. Helen Koutsougeras
 Mr. Gwen Kuhne
 Mr. Brian Laffin
 Ms. Corrine Lajoie
 Mr. Tomothy Leung
 Mr. Ed Macaualy
 Ms. Anita Michell
 Mr. David Phillips
 Ms. Felicity Renowden
 Mr. Jeff Saker
 Ms. Faye Scott
 Ms. Nona Shaw
 Ms. Mary Sinclair

Mr. Drew Smith
 Ms. Hilary Smith
 Mr. Peter Stephens
 Ms. Amanda Stone
 Ms. Denise Taylor
 Ms. Julia Trenchard-Smith
 Ms. Pamela Tuckett
 Ms. Dorothy Van Arkadie
 Mr. Greg Walsh
 Mr. John Worcester
 Ms. Sara Yannopoulos
 Mr. Terry Ymer

Staff on Leave: Fiona Howson, Peter Ryan, Maureen Salter, Margaret Mayers, Terri Minack.

Extended Emergency Teachers: Robyn Mullins, Gabrielle Pearson, Tim Watson, See See Yeap.

Subject Assistants:

Barbara Gronn — Library
 Marlene Divins — Home Economics
 Betsy Louey-Gung — Science
 Dominique Olivier — French

Office Staff: Tracey Etherington
 Jill Pike

Bursar: Patricia Nosedá

Music Library: Christine Vincent
 Ursula Pyteltek

Instrumental Music:

Tony Brookes
 Edward Grigoryan
 Paul Matcott
 Martin West

Canteen: Cynthia Duggan
Nurse: Mary Drake

Cleaners: Don Harrop
 Len Duncan
 Alex Gunawan
 Fank Yi Zhov
 Bill Ollington

Students Representative Council

Year 8:

Brendan Pollock
 Eleni Stefanakos
 Laurent Geurin
 Juliana Vepso

Year 8:

Emma Sheehan
 Mathew Jones
 Bruce Sherman

Year 9:

Gareth Shaw
 Pierre Proske
 Jeremy Prien
 Houng Doung

Year 10:

Kirsty Wright
 Nina Ginsberg (Secretary)
 Andrew Botham

Year 11:

Dylan Shuttleworth
 Simone Sandell
 Justine Law
 Ben Simpfendorfer

Year 12:

Pippa Lee Dow (Preesident)
 Adrian Thompson (Vice President)
 Paula Nicol (Treasurer)
 Sam Drake

House Leaders

MONTGOMERY:

Girls Jessica MacLeod (C)
 Kate Strauss (S)
 Vanessa Hollo (CA)
Boys Ben Simpfendorfer (C)
 Glen Pile (S)
 Rohan Mack (CA)

ROOSEVELT:

Girls Emma Binks (C)
 Tracey Lam (S)
 Alison Duncan (CA)
Boys Clinton Herman (C)
 Carter Williams (S)
 Aaron Lee (CA)
 (C) = House Captain
 (S) = Sports Captain

CHURCHILL:

Girls Katrina Fox (C)
 Sonia Lourenco (S)
 Arwen Baker (CA)
Boys Mario Tornatora (C)
 Travis Longmuir (S)
 Nigel Swifte (CA)

MACARTHUR:

Girls Françoise Guerin (C)
 Gianhi Poc (S)
 Hiromi Stone (CA)
Boys Johnathon Hoel (C)
 Jason Simos (S)
 Adrian Thompson (CA)
 (CA) = Creative Arts Captain

PRINCIPAL'S REPORT

This year, the commencement of the last decade of this century, has been one of great significance for our school providing for our students many memorable experiences.

The improvements to our buildings were at last completed marking the end of many years of discussion, planning and organisation as well as the actual building phase. With that all behind us we are able to appreciate the benefits the alterations have brought to our working environment. The new classrooms, together with the corridor which now link at first floor level the two buildings, are meeting long-awaited goals for more teaching space and improved access. The Music Department have much better facilities for both class-room music and the expanding instrumental music program. The combining of two small class-rooms to form the new Computer Centre which Council has been able to equip with the latest computers, has meant that our students will now be able to acquire the skills so necessary for life in this 'computer age'.

The upgrade to and increase in the staff areas has been much appreciated. Our teachers worked under very difficult and crowded conditions for too long and it is very pleasing indeed that the situation has been remedied. The reorganised administration areas too make it easier to meet the ever-increasing demands of today's expectations of schools.

1990 has seen the commencement of the implementation of the new Victorian Certificate of Education with English, Mathematics and Australian Studies at Year 11. Next year will see all subjects following the new courses at this level. Already the benefits are beginning to be experienced by students who are responding enthusiastically to the new challenged presented to them. Our staff are to be congratulated for their excellent work in promoting these changes and for what has been achieved to this time. Dr Peter Ellyard, Director of the Commission for the Future, writes "Tomorrow's workplaces need to be full of co-operative, enterprising, creative, globally oriented, ecologically sensitive people. " Our educational task is to develop such people who will create a prosperous Australia. At Camberwell, we are striving to give our young people the values and skills to meet the objective.

Next year marks the fiftieth year of our school. Plans for the celebration of this milestone in the school's history are being developed by an enthusiastic Jubilee Committee. It will be an opportunity for past students to revisit their old school, for present students to be aware of the beginnings of our school and a time for all to anticipate the second half century in the life of Camberwell High School.

A.S. Rusden
Principal

S.R.C. REPORT

1990 saw many successful events instigated and carried out by the student Representative council. Having decided at the beginning of the year to dedicate our social service energies into Amnesty International, the student council worked to raise awareness amongst the student body about human rights. A most uplifting letterthon was held, and students raised \$300 through the "1990 Talent Quest" to donate to Amnesty.

During the summer months it was no uncommon sight to glimpse Mr. Sinclair slaving over a hot barbecue, supporting the S.R.C through participating in a sausage sizzle spree to help raise S.R.C funds. Not to be deterred by the colder weather the S.R.C held a school fair on the last day of third term. Students at all year levels organised colourful stalls and vigorous activities. Hair was sprayed, wrecked car bodies were beaten, souvlakis were consumed, and many year 11 communications projects were executed in the process. The day was one of a few casual dress days spread across the year.

Throughout the school year student representatives, truly dedicated to the principles behind the S.R.C, took the time to attend, and host, student meetings within the region of the Doncaster Schools Support Network. Similarly, back at school students represented their peers not only at student meetings, but also at those of the school council. In particular students negotiated with staff and parents about aspects of the Uniform policy, and the Discipline and Welfare policy at the school.

Perhaps the crowning glory of a productive year however, was the purchase of the student phone! It was a long time coming- but it has been in frequent use since the day this year, when it (finally!) arrived.

I have been a representative on the student council for four of my six years at Camberwell High School. In that time I have been impressed by the vivacity and determination displayed by students in initiating activities and participating in the moulding of school policy. Student councils like all bodies have sloughs as well as peak periods, yet the students have overcome the problems to ensure that student participation be on element inherent at Camberwell.

On behalf of all the students I would like to extend warm thanks and gratitude towards Mr. Sinclair, Miss Rusden, Mrs. Sinclair, Mr. Loveday and Miss Bowie for their patience and aid throughout the year. It's been a positive and informative one!

Pippa Lee Dow
S.R.C president



C. H. S. Photography



Portrait of Tom (1)
Zac Myers 10B



Portrait of Tom (2)
Zac Myers 10B



Self Portrait.
Gabby O'Connor 10E



The Metal Pyramid
Shaun Burke 12A



Arrangement in stone & grey
Shaun Burke 12A

MUSIC DIARY — 1990

Band and Choir to Sydney	Darling Harbour Garrison Church Cenotaph Services	February
Garden Expo	Burnley Gardens	March
Elderly Citizens Week	Saint Pauls Cathedral	April
Choral Festival	School Hall	May
V.S.M.A.	Camberwell Civic Centre	August
Ballarat — South Street Competition	Ballarat South Street Hall	August
Festival of the Arts	St. Kilda Road Melbourne	September
A.M.E.B. Exams	Victoria College Melbourne	September/October
Talent Quest	School Hall	September
Presentation Evening	School Hall	November



MUSIC CONTINUES

JAZZ BAND, STAGE BAND AND BLUES BAND 1990

Greetings, 1990 was a big year wasn't it?

There was the opening of the Berlin wall, the political trouble in the Middle East with the invasion of Kuwait by Iraq, John Cain — Victoria's longest serving Labour premier resigned, there was the S.R.C. Fair, and two brand new bands were formed within Camberwell High School; namely the Jazz Band and the Stage Band, later renamed the Blues Band. Both these magnificent ensembles were "led" by Mr Martin West, one of Camberwell High School's many diligent and talented music staff.

The Jazz Band was an intimate sextet that endeavored to capture the marvellous jazz sounds of artists such as Charlie Parker and Thelonious Monk. Filled with many fine musicians, the Jazz Band developed into a tight, competent group competing in the V.S.M.A. jazz band competition and performing regularly around the school. The Jazz Band is a example of the fine music produced within the confines of the school curricula

The Blues Band had a tougher time. Hampered by lack of musical direction, the Blues Band finally found its forte in a blend of rock 'n' roll, and providing a new dimension in music at Camberwell.

As a member of both bands, they took up a fair amount of time with an hour of rehearsal every week in each band, but they were two very enjoyable hours let me tell you. The highlights were of course the piece "Stomping at the Savoy" - the name says it all, and the much awaited renditions of "Venus" at the conclusion of each rehearsal.

Although many members shall be leaving at the end of 1990 as they complete their V.C.E. and head off to bigger and better things, I'm sure their places will be filled by budding musicians in junior years and both the Blues Band and the Jazz Band will continue to prosper. All I can say as I approach the end of my high school years, is that I feel privileged to have Stomped at the Savoy.

By Malcolm McMahon Year 12, 1990



MUSIC REPORT 1990

If you haven't heard the dog in the room trick and don't know how a quaver can actually be longer than a crochet or how someone can play sharp and flat simultaneously, then you're obviously not a member of the school band. And if you haven't heard five hundred stories about Colleen Hewitt singing "Godspell" or Kew High doing "Abbey Road" or even the one about individual treatment of the notes then apparently you're not associated with the choir either. This year the school band and choir have been just as busy as always. The events listed above are a somewhat lame indication of what actually goes on: the organisation, the rehearsals and the earbashings from our frustrated music teachers

The trip to Sydney was great for all those involved — yes, I think that even the teachers got something out of it. It was great to see students of all age groups participating and contributing their greatest efforts to make the trip a success. Then came the Garden Expo at Burnley. This only involved the school band (not choir) and appears to be an annual performance nowadays. Both band and choir performed at St. Pauls Cathedral for Elderly Citizens week, and despite some students disappointment at not being filmed by the ABC cameras that were there, this too was a memorable moment for all those involved. Then in May was the Choral Festival; well. what can I say? I think that for both those who performed and those who spectated it was most enjoyable.



The jazz band performed brilliantly in the V.S.M.A. music competition in August, and later that month the concert band made yet another "outstanding" performance at the South Street Competition in Ballarat. With Mr Julian Cairns as their piano accompanist all those involved in the A.M.E.B. exams in late September had nothing to worry about and achieved some very pleasing results indeed. Also in September was the Talent Quest. Thanks goes to the SRC for organising this er.. momentous event. (By the way nice song Mall!).

As the school year drew to a close matters became busier and busier for both staff and students. With the year 12 Music A exams in October/November, things tended to become a little tense. However I don't think that anything will change the enthusiasm and optimism beheld by students and teachers with respect to music at CHS so as you wander through the foyer early on Friday morning and hear the tentative squeaks from an oboe, the timeless bent of a drum or even the fruitless efforts of tuning made by our conductor Mr Brooks, remember we are nice people — really.



BAND TRIP TO SYDNEY



On Friday 16th February, 6.30 am, members of Camberwell High School band/choir all boarded a bus bound for Sydney. We were to sing at the Garrison Church, at the Rocks, in commemoration of the attacking on Australia, Darwin by a foreign power- February 19th, 1942. We were also to play and sing at the War Memorial in Martin Place and finally at Darling Harbour.

Our excitement built as we boarded the bus. We all checked the video, to make sure Mr Ryan hadn't already broken it like he did on our previous Perth trip!- Not that it was really worth checking, for the never ending "bonza" video supplies of "Lavender Hills" (really boring black and white movies) care of Mr Cairns.

We arrived late Friday night to find a cosy accommodation waiting for us.

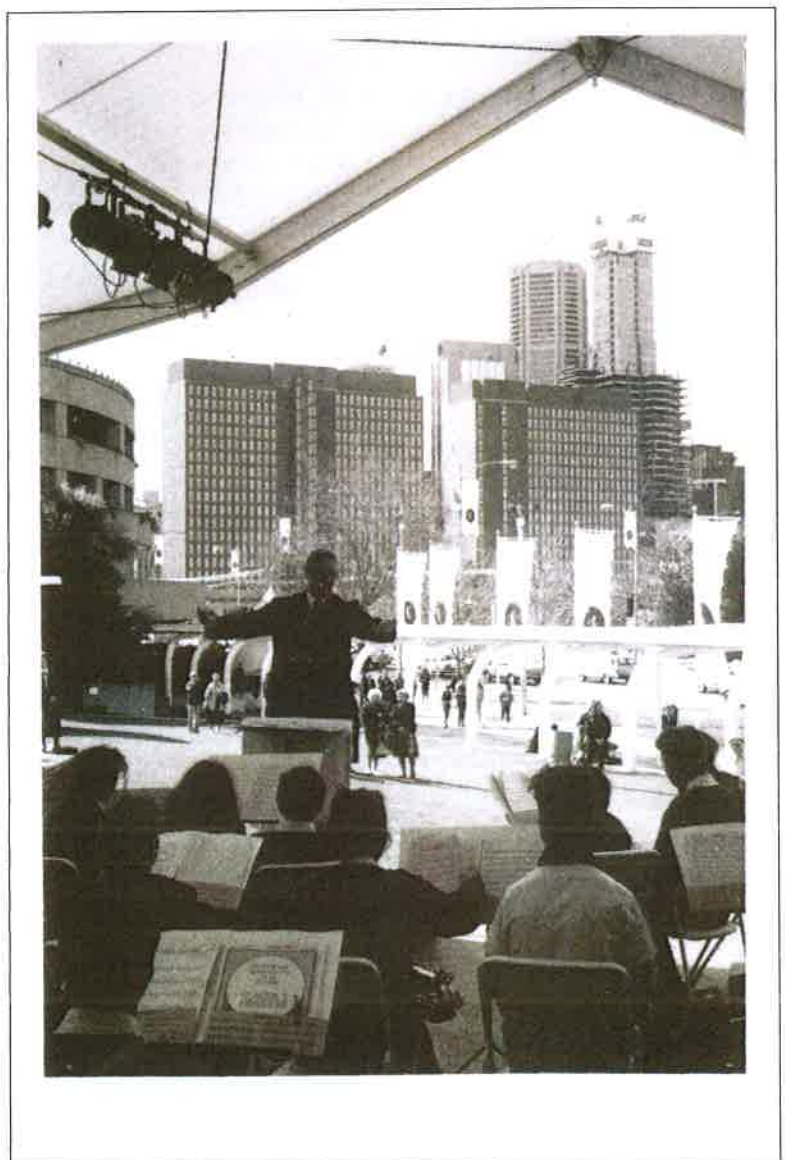
Early the next morning we set off for a rehearsal at the Garrison Church and then to the Cenotaph, the War Memorial, where we sang and our brass band played. Many war veterans were present, creating an emotional atmosphere. Later that afternoon we visited the Blue Mountains. They were a spectacular sight especially the "Three Sisters".

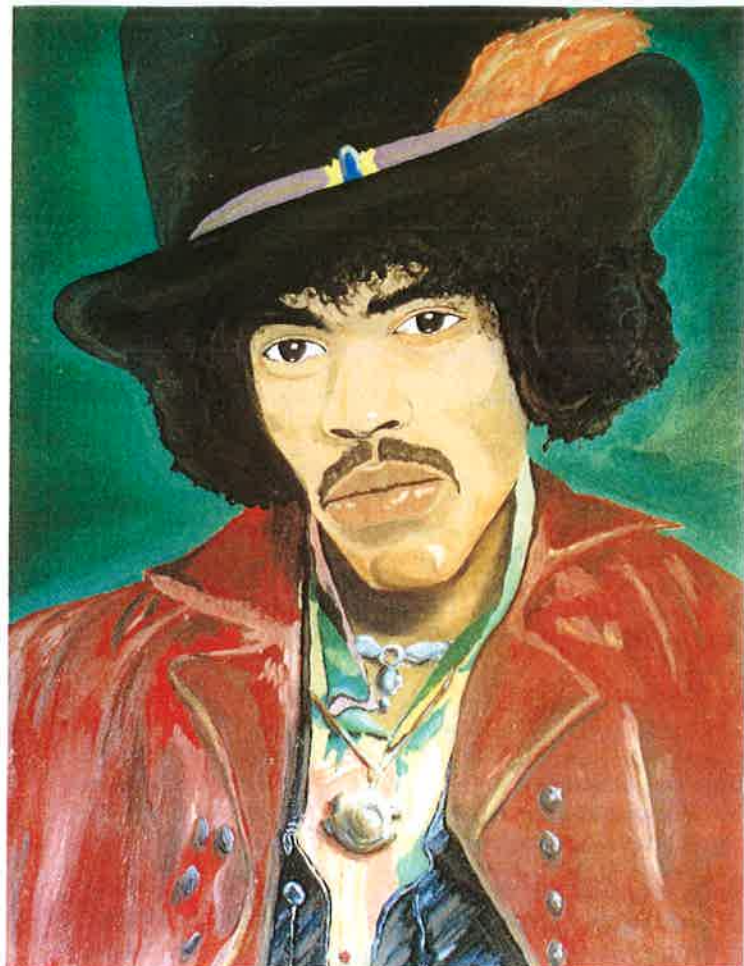
Sunday morning the choir sang at the Garrison Church, performing a number of hymns. Following this we headed for Darling Harbour- the last of our engagements. The drum solos and our rendition of 10CC's "Art for Art Sake" highlighted this event.

Overall we had a wonderful weekend. However soon, it was time to head for home. The long trip home seemed shortened by our bus driver "The Legendary Laurie", with an endless supply of notorious jokes.

We would like to thank all the staff involved — J. Cairns, J. Trenchard-Smith, T. Brookes, M. West, M. Mayers, and not to forget Laurie our bus driver.

*By Jennifer Lightfoot &
Michelle Tabbernee*





"It feels good just to sit and gaze into Jimmy's eyes."
Mario Tornatora 11D
(Oil on canvas)

Sam Arambatzis 9C



Simon Oh 7D

DON ANDERSON AWARD

Ruth Gamble (Year 12)

HOW TO GET TACKY, RED VINYL, BEDROOM WALLS OUT OF YOUR LIFE FOREVER

THE PROBLEM:— Pink Floyd devoted a whole album to the issue. For forty-something years one wall stood as a symbol of oppression, conflicting philosophies and ultimately death. With the collapse of the Berlin wall last November and the mega-concert performed on it's grave last weekend both of these walls mention the strange phenomenon in suburban Melbourne that has outlasted its more impressive relations. It is red. It is vinyl. It is tacky. But perhaps the most depressing part of this atrocity, is the fact that it is in my bedroom.

I did not ask for it, mind you. With the prospect of acquiring a bungalow looming ahead, agreeing to take the smaller of the two single bedrooms in our new house did not seem to be that great a problem. That was until I first laid eyes on 'The Wall.'

A BRIEF HISTORY:— It has survived three owners. Who the tragically misguided soul who first turned a perfectly normal bedroom wall into a major eyesore, and a crime against nature, by plastering it in red, would probably be more a pertinent question. The previous owners were tasteful, sane people, with one monstrosity of weakness; they loved their daughter. Their daughter, with all of her three years of living experience, fell in love with 'The Wall' at first sight. So for the love of a daughter, it survived, intact, for me to encounter it on that fateful March Morning.

I end this section with a prayer that there are several good child psychiatrists in Melbourne.

EFFECTS:— With regards to this subject I have encountered two major problem. 'The Wall' adversely affects hangovers and self perceptions.

I recently turned eighteen. That time in your life when the government finally gives you free reign to act like a completely demented idiot and let something else take the blame for your actions. That something is alcohol. You can party all night if you want to. You are legally allowed to go rank. As usual there is a downside to this freedom, it is called the next morning. Next mornings are horrible affairs in the best of circumstances, but when you open your eyes to 'The Wall' they are unbearable. You head spins at twice the normal speed, your eyes have to suffer, not only the pain of the sunlight but also the pain of 'The Wall'.

The first few moments of your consciousness in the mornings are supposed to be special. This is when you can see the world and yourself more clearly. There has been many a morning, during the last few months that the nuclear destruction of the world and myself seemed like a good idea.

SOLUTION ONE:— (posters)

Before moving into this new house I had not lived with my parents for nearly a year. I had grown up during this time, my tastes had changed. So when my father first discussed 'The Wall' he did not fully realise the gravity of the situation. I still had, "All those poster of Motorbikes, Sailboards and U2, didn't I?" No I did not. They were gone, along with my penchant got fluorescent clothes and Duran Duran. "Oh," proclaimed my father, "Well, you can buy some more. Is ten dollars enough?" Considering the going rate for small poster is seven dollars that meant I could cover about one tenth of the horrible thing. Mum came to the rescue with some more money. So it was off to the shops, where there were no poster. So it was off to another shop, where there were no posters. Finally I found a shop that sold poster, of Motorbikes, Sailboards and U2.

Total wasted time = 6 hours.

Result = One Bob Dylan poster covering one corner of the atrocity but generally overshadowed by the rest of the uncovered, ugly naked truth.

SOLUTION TWO:— (wall paper remover)

So I asked myself the question, 'If the Berlin Wall can come down why can not I take this stuff off?' It happens all over the world; people take wallpaper down all the time. Yes, but not in my house. 'I will take it down', my father insisted, 'when I have figured out all the other wallpaper I want taken down and can do it all at the same time. And after I have built the shed, fixed up the balcony, organised a bungalow builder, painted the laundry, found a cure for AIDS, discovered the answer to the food shortage, over population and world peace.'

SOLUTION THREE:— (razor blades)

Well, it does look like someone had a nasty accident all over it. So why not pay it back with a little slashing, scraping and generally mutilating? One night, after about four hours of eye straining as a result of the learning red glow, coming from one side of by bedroom, I snuck towards it, and with an extremely large, sharp razor began to scaping desperately. In two hours of the morning was too much for me. Hopeless it was, so after glancing fleetingly, at my wrists, I returned to bed.

Total wasted time = 6 hours.

Result = Two square centimetres of bare plaster, under the Bob Dylan poster.

SOLUTION FOUR:— (fire)

I quit smoking a few months ago and as a results I have found myself laden with many of the millions of lighters that I could never find when I really needed a cigarette. Now everywhere I turn there is another lighter. I was becoming extremely annoyed when inspiration struck. A loud red lighter lay next to 'The Wall'. As Freddie Cruger said, 'Bum, mother, burn.'

Freddie Cruger may have terrified the whole of 'Elm Street' but his magic remedy did not work on 'The Wall'.

Result = One singed corner of red, vinyl, tacky wallpaper and a horrible, permeating smell.

SOLUTION FIVE:— (The Final Solution — Escape)

Finally, there was no course to take. It was leave or go insane. So I ran away to Queensland for a holiday. On my return (with pictures, posters and knick knacks, painstakingly hunted down and transported, by bus, to Melbourne) the house was empty. I started , sticking and plastering, balancing on a chair to fill even the smallest cracks in between the posters. It took hours, but when I finally fell into bed, exhausted, a huge burden had been lifted.

The next morning my sister woke me early, yelling. "Guess what, I'm moving back to Brisbane, you can have my room."

* * * * *

CONCLUSION:— If you are faced with the prospect of spending more than one minute in a room with a tacky, red, vinyl wall. Do not beat around the bush. Threaten your sister with death if she does not move more than one thousand kilometres away, immediately.

SENIOR'S WRITERS PRIZE

Pippa Lee Dow (Year 12)

'The Joy of ... Collins.'

I have often ruminated, whilst standing at the counter of the Collins Bookshop (where I work as a 'casual' staff member) that the joys of working in literary retail should be documented. If it is possible to enumerate 'The Joy of Collins.'

Irrefutably, the most piercing joy that arises in the duties of a sales assistant must always be: THE JOY OF CUSTOMERS. Here it is necessary to relate two discoveries I have recently made in my short career in the work force. One; it is an unwritten law amongst customers of bookshops' that you must NEVER KNOW the title or the author of THE BOOK YOU DESIRE TO PURCHASE, and two; No questions may be phrased simply if you are an articulated customer.

The result is something like this: the articulate customer is required to bear down upon you in the manner of an eighty tonne truck, that has just lost control of its' brakes, on an oil slick, on a fifty-five degree slope.

"Excuse me," he or she will say, in what is already a maddeningly pleasant tone, "but after succumbing to an inclination to peruse your shelves, I was reminded of an almost insatiable desire I have to read something by an author whose name eludes me at the moment. She writes fiction and yet somehow seems to depict the very real problems of class division in Regency England. Whilst she has a voice distinctly her own, she does write in a style somewhat parallel to Austen. You do know of her?"

It is not feasible to throttle this particularly well read and horrendous customer in reply. Nor is it plausible to scream, "I AM ONLY SEVENTEEN — DO I LOOK LIKE I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE ABOUT?!"

Unfortunately, the joy about this particular recurring situation is this, that blatantly self-defeating 'the customer is always right' maxim, stands. After such an enlightening and precise description from the customer, it is expected that you will be able to miraculously produce five of the author's most acclaimed, and pulitized prize — winning titles. If you cannot, profuse apologies are in order.

An even more ingenious phenomenon in the joy of customers in a bookshops however, is THE NON READING CUSTOMER. Ah-huh. Tricky. It has always surprised me that such a person could continually be lured into a shop where literature abounds like promises at an election campaign. It does however, happen frequently. Unlike the contemplative and condescending, articulate customer, the non-reading customer can be found hovering uncertainly around the humour section.

"Umm, is this any good?" they will ask, gazing doubtfully from the scripts of "Allo. Allo," or "Yes Prime Minister," and back again. It is difficult to predict the outcome of this type of sale.

Books for non-readers are however, an increasingly popular commodity — sure testimony to this lying in the fact that Max Walker, is Australia's number one bestselling author today.

Without a doubt however, the supreme joy to be had in an encounter with the public lies with: THE JOY OF THE ASSERTIVE CUSTOMER. You can spot an assertive customer a mile away, he is the one in the blue suit with the red tie, requiring your assistance with a brusque air of worldliness. In the feminine gender she is the one in again, navy twin set, with windswept hair, speaking in a tone of impatience. These are the customers who expect to be served now, despite the queue which extends like a piano accordion from here to next week.

"This book is marked," he or she will announce. "Do you have any others?" pause then, "They're all marked. Can I get a discount?" Somewhat satisfactorily now is the time to reply in a tone of regret that they cannot.

With genuine people customers, as I call them it is desirable to try and acquire any edition of any book they like. These are the customers that really are a joy — those who obviously enjoy books, or who are merely honest, open, genuine people.

However, even given that you have been kissed by the benevolent god who allocates the latter type of customers; you are not safe yet. Still to be tackled is THE JOY OF TILL BREAKING DOWN, THE JOY OF FIGHTING IT OUT TO THE DEATH WITH THE BANKCARD MACHINE, AND THE JOY OF COUNTING BACK CHANGES.

Inevitably, if one comes through all this relatively emotionally unscarred (and even if you don't) there are still many other joys to contend with. One of these is the joys of re-arranging the shelves; a job which many customers thoughtfully undertake themselves. Thus it is that one is likely to find "THE JOY OF SEX," having been furtively unsealed and digested, deposited somewhat ironically — in the games section.

Is it any wonder that a junior sales assistant may be found also to have strayed from her arena, and to have lain down behind the counter with the air of one who has accepted the loss of sanity, and is now reflecting happily, on the joys of working in a bookshop.

JUNIOR'S WRITER'S PRIZE

Jamie Churchill (Year 9B)

His Eyes Glimmered in the Darkness

His eyes like silver pools, glimmered in the darkness. Not far away, a car engine rattled and exploded into life. The harsh yellow light from its headlamps burst through the slits between the bars and lit up his cramped cell. The figure in the corner shivered and gripped his knees closer to his chest. His eyes clicked about the room, staring at each wall, as if they had suddenly become incredibly interesting to him. Saliva dripped from the corner of his mouth and ran down his chin onto the thin white cotton shirt that clung loosely to his shivering torso. He breathed in; it was a grating, wheezy sound, like someone scraping their fingertips down a blackboard. The damp room which had torn his nostrils when he had first arrived in this dingy hell, now smelt perfectly normal: a smell of sweat, urine, blood and vomit. He strained his ear. He could hear his fellow inmates whimpering, coughing and tapping the walls. Now that he had tuned in on these sounds, they seemed magnified and his ears throbbed. He arose, his bones cracked. He tore at his clothes insanely. The cheap fabric fell to the floor beneath him. He stood there, naked in the little light. His body was twisted, his bones gnarled, his skin, grey and speckled. He bent down, straining, as if it was an arduous task. He lifted his shirt and tore it into strips. He took the strips and wove them, in a painful manner, into a makeshift rope. He climbed slowly, painfully onto the hard, lumpy mattress, which covered the rigid metal bed that was bolted hard against the wall. He walked slowly to the end of the bed, reached up, and fastened the rope around the centre bar which covered the window. He fixed a noose at the free end of the rope and slide his head through. He stepped off the end of the bed; his neck cracked. For a moment, he had a feeling of absolute pain and fear. Then he was dead. His eyes, like bloody pools, glimmered in the darkness.

REFLECTIONS IN SOLITUDE

**I walk into a crowded room,
I see no face;
I mull amongst the peak hour rush,
I see no one;
I squeeze into a bursting train,
I find no smile;
I sit upon a laden bench,

I am alone.
I lift my eyes up to the sun,
and feel its warmth caress my cheek;
I gaze at the stars in their ebony bed and
wonder if my dreams will come true**

By Belinda Heywood.

THE AQUAMARINE

Perching on the chestnut rocks
As the immaculate water flows
Pleading to master of all
As the petite fairies pass by.

Blemished frogs bound from lily to lily
And mice run to their cosy homes.
Silvery mermaid dives back into the water
Where she is alone.

The circular bubbles drift upon the lilies
As the tangerine flowers bloom;
The peaceful water softly slumbers
And glitters 'neath the moon.

The waterfall shatters against the rocks
Its splinters merge with the aquamarine;
The colour of the sunset reflects upon the water
As it falls asleep.

Sarah Morris & Nellie O'Keefe 7C

SENIOR POETS

MOMENTUM

Swaying gently from the high skeletal tower
A violent pull, an echoing dong, birth!!
Afresh with vigorous rhythm the view so splendid.
Rolling hills below the village glowing, mirth.

So lofty, one of the flock, caressed by swirling clouds.
Rocking crazily, day upon day, deafened by one own sound.
Watch me An individual loved by appreciative crowds.
Happiness infinite, life knows no bounds.

But wait, villagers seem deaf, they hurry past
And what is this? A pathetic cord rings **me!**
Rings iron, nickel.
A glimpse downward, darkness, who on the end does clasp?
A mere heart, God, the Three Fates, Death with a sickle.

So here I hang, so frail, so alone.
What if the twine broke, the manic life-giver die?
My purpose is useless for so much is unknown.
Rusted and swinging, Death should I deny?

Who knows? Heaven, Hell, Nirvana, a trap.
I will only discover when Dong!! Snap!!

Toby Moore (Year 11)

ANOTHER RAINY DAY

When I was sitting on a hillside, a thousand miles from home,
I over-heard a conversation, 'tween a snail and a garden gnome.

The snail's words cut me, as if he had a knife,
For he asked the gnome just what he thought of life.

The gnome took a while then slowly grinned,
Then looked at the snail as if he'd sinned.

As the snail and I waited for the answer from this clown,
The heavens opened up and the rain came down.

For as the snail and I sat there, becoming soaking wet,
The gnome began to talk as if a time limit to be met.

I am happy and I am sad,
I am sane and I am mad.

I am smart I am stupid,
I can hate and I can be Cupid.

I am funny I am sour,
I can be weak or have power.
I belong to the night or to the day,
I can be quiet, or have plenty to say.

I can be all of these things or nothing,
But you need them all to be something.
This was all the wise gnome had to say,
And with these words turned back to clay.

The snail moved off on his silver line,
I was just left standing left behind.
And I wondered to myself, as I looked towards home,
If my life was like a snail's or a garden gnome's.
ANOTHER RAINY DAY.

Liza De Marchi

LIFE IS AN ATOM

FORMED OF UNKNOWN THINGS
IT NEVER DIES
ONLY CHANGES FORM

THROUGH TIME
CHANGE IS EXPERIENCED
OVER AND OVER

BUT THERE'S ALWAYS
ONE FORMATION
NEVER LEAVING

THE SPIRIT, THE SOUL
IT'S AN ELEMENT
VITAL FOR FUNCTION

MILLIONS OF BOTH
EACH ONE OF US
EACH AN INDIVIDUAL

Rangi Hughes

DUST HAS FALLEN

*Through the hour glass hurries
spiteful sand
For Time and Death are now slowly
crawling,
And accompanied alone, here I stand,
The End has begun, for dust is
falling.*

*Away with this dust of Hate! I'm but
new!
Dust has trapped me where my love's
not finded,
See I cannot live without seeing you,
I will be killed but I won't be
blinded.*

*This dune of Love has hatefully shown
black,
Sky chimes the time, a dust storm is
above,
It has dried out life I had and now
lack,
And has taken what I saw to be love.*

*Love has escaped to where I cannot
see,
Your biting grains of sand has now
killed me.*

Adrian James (Year 11)

THE URBAN SURFER



THE WAVE

The formation of the wave is clearly visible from my position on the body board. It resembled a ripple in a silk sheet slowly getting bigger until it reached the stage of a crescent moon.

A surfer in front of me slowly climbed the wave, higher and higher until slicing through the tip of the wave. He looked rather like a seal slowly and calmly edging its way out to sea.

The wave was now taking tubular form with the sun giving the tube a glossy sheen. Inside the tube a spinning wall of white wash was charging further and further down the wave.

More and more of the wave was being eaten away by the bouncing white wash. Slowly the wave became but a ripple until it slid up the sand like a well oiled machine.

What had once had so much power was now nothing but a pattern in the sand.

Jamie Strathdee (Year 9)



THE SEASON OF REFLECTION

A LEAF FALLING FROM AN AUTUMN TREE

Autumn is the season of death. The trees give up and drop their leaves, in for a fresh start. Although there are glorious colours lining the parks and roads, in a few weeks they'll be gone, rotting helplessly on the ground. As I wander down a quiet wet Autumn path, I watch a solitary, lonely leaf, as it departs it's faithful branch, waving goodbye forever. It begins its slow journey to the end. Twisting and turning, trying to resist its final fate of reaching it's death on the cold and wet concrete path upon which it will be trampled by huge boots of unaware walkers on a windy Autumn day. How sad I feel as the golden leaf flutters in one final breath and touches it's dreaded and uncaring concrete grave.


Flora Mathiesson



ANOTHER LEAF FALLING FROM AN AUTUMN TREE

The tree stood tall and majestic covered with a burning smokeless flame of red, yellow, orange and brown. A leaf of the brightest red detached itself from one of the flaming branches and fell earthwards. It tossed and turned in the breeze like a small ship in a heavy sea. As it hit the ground it created a whirlpool of colour. There it lay. A burning red on the dark grey concrete.

Sean Counihan (Year 10)





THOSE FALLING LEAVES



I lay peacefully on the ground, underneath the beautiful blue sky, surrounded by brilliantly coloured leaves. Autumn! A beautiful time of the year. This park, which I had known all my life, appeared grey and dull during winter but seemed magically transformed overnight by the time autumn arrived. I felt the lovely cool breeze gently stroking my face. The trees gently swayed to and fro and the wind, which was blowing in and out of the branches, was making a soft whispering sound and seemed to be telling a secret. Like most other trees, the tree I lay under had lost all but a few leaves which were making soft rustling noises. One leaf which I had been watching patiently, broke off without a single sound. Slowly, and ever so softly, it gently wavered, swaying and rocking, it parachuted its way down until it landed just inches from my face. It was just yet another of the leaves on the ground. So once again I waited for another leaf to gently sway and make its way down too.

Namila Benson



JUNIOR SHORT STORY AWARD

Winner: Pierre Proske [Year 9]

BLOOD ROYALE

A young man, of pale complexion was sitting in one of the more shadowy parts of the room. He checked his watch. Time to go soon. The night was still young. Business at the bar had passed its peak. A few wretched looking derelicts, trying to drown their sorrows, sat around the room. Smoke had formed a limp web around the gaudily decorated chandeliers.

"What'll it be?" the sunken-eyed barman asked as a new customer entered. He too looked weary and bedraggled.

The young man's mind burned red. Blood and ichor boiled. It was coming. Pulsing. A huge bloated purple eye swam into view. It hovered, unblinking in his thoughts. Black, leprous tentacles writhed through the fetid corridors of his conscious, lashing in frustration. Inner furies howled, and the young man turned his blood shot eyes towards the centre of the room. This place was too quiet. He strode towards the door, making as little noise as possible. No need to attract any unnecessary attention. Suppressing feelings of hunger, he left the grogshoppe.

The street air was fresh. Not cold, but cleansing. He always got a thrill out of being in the dark. In darkness there was no sun to sear your eyes and skin, no light to warm your body and comfort your fears. Yes, man was afraid of the dark, because he could not see; he was vulnerable. He controlled the environment, denying himself natural selection, exploiting the world.

It is time someone exerted a little natural predation, he thought, biting his nails.

Through the street he meandered, letting the wind blow through his light brown hair. The clouds overhead muttered complaints, and a light patch of rain cooled the streets, catching in cracks, and running in rivulets into the gutters. Rats skittered from shadow to shadow, screeching and frolicking amongst the refuse; they waited. The city was decaying and they felt it. Soon the streets would be theirs, and they would feed on man's past glories.

A patrol car, making its nightly rounds pulled up beside the stranger.

"Hey dok, watcha doin' this time of night?" the squat-nosed law enforcer demanded. Times were hard and people had grown suspicious. The man shrugged.

"Walking. Catching a breath of fresh air."

"I wouldn't recommend it; the air isn't too fresh, and walks are dangerous. If you get into trouble there'll be nobody to help you."

"I'm fine. I can take care of myself," he replied. The guard grunted, the car revved slightly, before sliding off in to the night

With a quick fluid motion, the man took three steps, and launched himself off the ground. He soared into the sky, coat tails whipping behind. The wind howled and clawed at his extremities. He always received a thrill out of flying. The writhing body spun in the air, flailing its arms and whooping in delight. It fell and rose uncontrollably, shrieking with pleasure as it cavorted across the gloomy expanse. The cold, unstarling moon watched the miniature creature dance in its light, bobbing up and down in an ironically comical way. People were said to go mad by watching the moon too long. Lunatics. There certainly was madness in the air here. Wicked, gloating madness.

* * *

Vanessa inspected the toy department in the KOFHALL store. Rows of plush, cuddly, bears stood silently to attention. Pink, blue, yellow pastel colours. Soft to the eye and warm to the heart. She smiled. They were all so cute, with lovable expressions so skilfully stitched on their faces.

Moving on she passed by model trains, cars, plastic miniatures, construction blocks, and other toys. Vanessa marvelled at some of the monstrosities: "Refuse hole street dolls", huge, plastic, dark cloaks and costumes with bloodied emblems printed in different ways across their backs, soft leather studded dog-collars "to protect your child", long backscratchers which doubled as toothpicks. Twisted imaginations had certainly been at work here. After selecting two books for her niece and nephew. Vanessa passed by the counter,

BLOOD ROYALE Contd

then took the elevator to the ground floor. Here could be found fashion bargains and cloths on special. She rummaged through a display of mismatched shoes, then wandered off to some cheap dresses.

"Are you being served?", a slightly haughty, middle-aged woman demanded.

"I am fine thanks. Just looking", she replied.

* * *

The city zoomed in and out of focus. Pin-pricks of light dotted the landscape. Shadowy skyscrapers loomed in the darkness. Down. The Westwatch Tower was well visible now. Like a beacon.

* * *

Vanessa stepped out into the cold. Exhaust from passing cars threatened to choke her. Running. The sidewalk was wet and slippery. Her high-heeled shoes twisted dangerously a couple of times.

"Calm down", she thought, "its not long now. I must get home quickly, before it grows too late."

The menacing darkness threatened to engulf her. It began to rain again.

* * *

People swarmed below, a hive of activity. Like insects, methodically, and by rote going about their ways. Water came down in sheets, forcing him to exert extra power to stay aloft. A bell rang mournfully in the distance.

"A bell has rung and bats do fly."

"The night-wyrms wing a; through the rain."

"An evil has come and men will die."

"His screech is madness to all men sane", he whispered to himself, as his flight-path began to encircle the West-watch Tower. Down. A gaunt form plummeted towards the empty street.

Past Mysore Gardens, Emerylle Street, the crescent's drive. Running.

"I'm late. Quick", she breathed. Sweat trickled. The tapping of her shoes set a steady beat. Through the park, around the fountain. Gravel crunching. The rain increased in its fury. Vanessa leant against a nearby fence to catch her breath. A sharp protrusion upon the railing caused her to recoil. She put the now crimson finger to her lips, to stem the bleeding.

"By the pricking of my thumbs, something wicked this comes", she thought, recalling an ancient text she had once perused.

In a whirlwind of flesh, the creature set down beside her. Vanessa's expression was of shock, as she took in the horrendous being. Its eyes had now begun to glow, feebly at first, but with a sickening light.

"Oh my God, you gave me a fright", she breathed, a smile twitching at the corners of her mouth. They were both partners. Partners in blood. Melkor chuckled, exposing his now extended incisors.

"By Hecate, your're always late Vanessa!"

"I know. Late night shopping. Desperate for a bargain."

"Pfff. You are becoming more and more human, you know."

"That's an insult, you bloodsucker, you!" Vanessa smirked as she suddenly took on a more sinister profile, metamorphosing into a creature of darkness; her hair whipped in the wind, and an insidious expression now dominated her face.

"What shall it be tonight, sire?" she taunted.

"Take-away, or eat in?" Vanessa continued.

"Both, or none. The grogshoppe seems a good place to start. I have recently acquired a taste for bar-tenders.

With that, they both took off into the night.

PEOPLE AND PLACES

SWEDISH BLONDES



In July 1989 I left Australia for a 12 month exchange to Sweden. It was probably one of the best things I could have done. I lived in a small town outside of a larger town of 100,000. This was where I went to school. In Swedish terms this was a fair size town, but to me it was small and very different. Apart from meeting new people and experiencing a new culture, I learnt a new language and lived a totally Swedish lifestyle. Basically it was a great year and a time I will never forget.

“HAWAIIAN EYE”



Alberico Tornatora is just one of those memorable characters. The scourge of Legal Studies, the friend to many young girls???. Always the gentleman? So How come he has a rash?

YEAR 12 MALES

“I’m speechless” (Pippa)
“Ace! Its good we don’t have to wear helmets in the locker rooms any more.” (anon)

“What guys?” (anon)
“What about them?” (Allison)
“Burkey and Tim: Go back to the country!!” (anon)

Ab is a six-pack short of a slab.
“Yeah, is that guy for real?” (anon)
“2% are intelligent and polite, the other 97% belong in kinder.”
“What about the other 1%?” “You mean Ab?; need I say more?” (anon)

“Ripped off!! I went to a co-ed school hoping for some talent. This place keeps you working as there are no distractions!” (Corinne)

“Sorry, I don’t feel that the year 12 boys even warrant a comment.” (Paula)



“NIGHTMARE!!!!!!” (ANON)

KATE SEES THE WALL DOWN

On September the 5th, 1989, I arrived in a new community, a new family and was in a new school with no friends and a new language and culture to absorb. Eleven months later, I left my great host family, a bunch of fantastic friends, a completed school year and almost fluent in a second language. Zeven, a small country town in the north of Germany, was where I spent a wonderful 11 months as an exchange student. I learnt an amazing amount, not only a new language, but communication skills and a lot about people. I attended the local high School which was different from C.H/S. in a number of ways: no uniform and not as many discipline restrictions. School began at 7:50 am and finished at 1:45 pm and every second Saturday we had to attend classes. I travelled in a number of European countries. The most memorable place being Berlin in East Germany. I arrived in Germany when the East was celebrating 40 years of communism and I left with the wall broken down and the East German people being able to dictate their own future. I was very fortunate to experience, with the Germans one of the most significant historical changes in Europe in this half century. Ich werde pleise Erfahrung jeder ompfehlen!

Kate O’Sullivan (Year 11 & 12)

MONTGOMERY HOUSE

House Captain's Report

Perhaps I should start by saying that Montgomery is the “Black Sheep” of the House competition. But, we have some very individualistic students who can pop up out of the blue and prove that we have many hidden talents. This year we lacked a little in the Athletic and Swimming events but no one let the house down. In fact there were many results that showed we have some stars, who do shine. The Choral and Drama Festivals were perhaps our more successful areas and indeed here we had time to show off our creative abilities. The drama, proving to be our real success story.

Time and time again Houses will fall apart with bad leadership. Montgomery was rock steady throughout the year and we came in numbers to all the meetings and events. The Drama Captains should receive our thanks for being dependable and versatile Rohan Mack's violin dragging us from a black hole of despair in some competitions.

To all the members of Montgomery House goes congratulations on a fantastic year. That old House Spirit was strong in nearly everyone. A leader is very little without the masses to back him up. From rock and roll bands (with particular mention to the lead singer's strip act — that's you Sim), actors, runners, singers, anything and everything could be thrown from the depths of our talented house. Well done.

Ben Simpfordorfer (Year 11)



MONTGOMERY HOUSE

Montgomery Peer Support

As a House Captain Support has been the most valuable way to encourage the new Year Sevens into the house events. Montgomery has a group of very enthusiastic students who, through knowing the younger years by face and name, can form a strong link within the house. Often it is house competitions that can be most confusing for new students. Turning up to house meetings, athletic trails or drama rehearsals can be a confusing system that is made easy with the help of older peer. Older students know through habit where meetings are held, and what students to see about events, and it is this information with which they have aided the new Year Sevens success is remarkable.

One of the more notable features has been the instant and equal level of communication that arose between the leaders and their groups: there was not a situation where the leader spoke as an older parent or teacher. Continually, the one-to-one conversations were made at a student to student level and all felt equal. Still, the younger Year Sevens looked up to their leaders and perhaps this impressed these leaders into their caring attitude. For, if a new student ever came to see me as House Captain, they had looked to their Peer Support leader to find my whereabouts, or to ask for advice.

I would like to congratulate all the Montgomery Peer Support Leaders you presented a fantastic atmosphere for the new Year Seven students to work in, and have made my job in being able to communicate with them far easier I saw smiles on the students wherever they went. All those involved should feel proud at what they have done. Thanks a lot.

By Ben Simpfendorfer [Year 11]

Choral Festival

On the evening of the 7th of June, the Montgomery choirs and musicians assembled for the 42nd Annual Choral Festival.

What a spectacle it was! Mighty Montgomery was first on the programme because . . . well, because we're the best of course. We chose an ambitious and over-zealous repertoire which proved to be our downfall but nevertheless, we put in superb performances in all categories of the choral festival.

The Montgomery rendition of "Eleanor Rigby: [by the Beatles] was passionate and moving and had a quiet but powerful quality about it. The Junior set songs were "What the Red Haired Bosun Said . . ." and "Day Dream Believer" by the Monkees]. The Junior choir, although lacking in numbers, provided a gutsy performance.

The flute trio — for the ensemble performance — was the best flute trio of the whole Choral Festival [it was the only flute trio of the festival!]. They played excerpts from the "Nut Cracker Suite" [by Tchaichovsky] and were absolutely superb — tantalising and delicate . . . a joy to hear.

Another performance of the fine Montgomery repertoire was the rock band. What can be said of them? What maniacs! Fiends of the stage! Their performance was easily the most hyperactive and entertaining. These people will go far. What champions!

Of course, there were individual solo performances. All houses performed well in this area but of course Montgomery was easily the most impressive and stimulating.

Overall the Choral Festival was an enjoyable night which Montgomery shone through. Pity we didn't win . . .

Rohan Mack [Year 12]



MONTGOMERY

DRAMA



The Camberwell High School 1990 Drama Festival was a huge night for Montgomery. After many initial mishaps (we often referred them as "Noah"), we got our act together and "Peter Pan" was born.

The time had arrived and all that I remember was that Jessica couldn't find her shoes and I couldn't find my microphone. The curtain opened, not to a game of sword fights, but a game of chasey! Many other things happened to all during that final rendition of "Peter Pan":

- While learning to fly, the bed was broken. Thanking you muchly bed!
- Most importantly, the audience appreciated our 'spiffing' dialogue and thoroughly enjoyed our 'ripping' performance.

Congratulations to Penny Young (as Wendy) and Ben Simpfendorfer (as Captain Hook) as they took out the Best Female and Best Male Actor Awards.

Congratulations also to Rohan Mack and Jessica McLeod on their most enlightening directing. and to all the cast members (Jed, Jeremy, Michelle, Cindy, Penny, Ben S., Kate, Sarah-Jane, Jessica, Rohan, Ben T., Justin, Paula, Shaun, — sorry if I've forgotten anyone's name).

Thank you to every one including the back stage people, lighting people, curtain people and, especially, the audience — who were the greatest!!

SPORT

I would be exaggerating if I said Montgomery's sporting achievements this year were extraordinarily brilliant, but there are a few people that keep the spirit in the house alive.

There were basically three major sporting events in the inter-house competitions. These were the athletics, the swimming and the mixed volleyball competition.

During the swimming, which was held early this year, we came forth. There were some people who were enthusiastic and swam in quite a few events. We must also commend our vibrant cheer squad who proved to be good competition for the other houses. Unfortunately, first place was a little out of our grasp, but hopefully next year, Montgomery will show its aquatic abilities.

Once again, in the athletics, we had some eager participants. Such an athlete was Diana Vlad of year 7 who was most impressive and successful. There were many others — too many to name — who, like Diana, achieved some pleasing results. It was also good to see people trying their hardest and we — the House Captains — appreciate it. When the results were tallied up, Montgomery was placed forth. Although at one stage during the day we were coming second!

Montgomery showed its true form in the inter-house volleyball competition. We dashed home to get equal first!! This was due to the great team work displayed by both the males and females in the team. Congratulations to the team for their triumph!

Although Montgomery didn't have an outstanding year, I hope we can show our true colours in the years to come.



MONTGOMERY WILL RISE AGAIN!!!

MACARTHUR

Senior House Captain's Report

What a year! It has passed by so quickly yet so many things occurred. The swimming carnival was first on the agenda and it proved to be an exciting day. Macarthur ended up third and there was great participation from all houses.

Being house captain not only entailed helping out and overseeing these events but rounding up participants and encouraging everyone to look at least a little enthusiastic.

The chorals followed and our senior and junior choirs performed very well. Hiromi Stone our creative arts captain who conducted the senior choir, resigned shortly after. Thanks to Hiromi who made a fine effort.

Then dawned the morning Jonathan and I compared an assembly up in front of all the students but once we had begun, it wasn't so bad.

The athletics was an exciting day and everyone was enthusiastic. We managed to organise our house better this year, so things ran a little more smoothly. Our cheer squad was a terrific surprise, and added some colour and song to the day.

Even though the Drama Festival was the week before year 12 October exams we managed to bring it all together and enjoyed acting in *Blithe Spirit*.

Now, it is the last day for entries in the school magazine and writing this report has made me reflect over my final year at high school. I am looking forward to finishing my exams and beginning my course next year but I will always remember this year at school. People are yelling at me to hand this in so I would just like to say thanks to all the students of Macarthur and other houses for a great effort this year.

PEER SUPPORT

This year peer support was in its second year. Its main aim is to reach the year seven's self-confidence and to help them adjust to high school life. We played interesting games which taught different skills. At the end of peer support we saw a movie and had a party. Overall i thought the peer support programme was successful and great fun.

DRAMA

What another great year for all those budding young actors. There were some fine performances in our production an exert from 'Blithe Spirit' by Noel Coward. Helping to direct the play with Adrian Thompson as well as acting was quite an effort but I can honestly say I enjoyed it. I heard some rave comments about the famous Dr Bradman (Malcolm McMahon) and his sexy wife (who is usually my brother Laurent) and I would like to thank all the actors and back-stage crew for a tremendous effort.

MACARTHUR



ATHLETICS

This year's athletics has been one of the most memorable events at C.H.S. With the great participation and enthusiasm from the members of Macarthur we managed to perform the events with great success and outstanding results ending up second overall. and not to mention our Cheer Squad. They provided us with an unforgettable performance and lots of support. Thanks to everyone who participated.



Gianhi Poc
Sports Captain



MACARTHUR

ACTIVITIES

SWIMMING

The 1990 swimming carnival dawned a bright and beautiful day. Faithful members of Macarthur arrived at the pool early to begin the decorating. As the morning proceeded, bartering for scissors, tape and string continued between the four houses. By the time everyone had arrived the pool's perimeter had been transformed into four bright section of blazing colors. The swimming commenced and everyone performed exceptionally well with great support form spectators. Ending up third didn't seem to worry anyone as they all had,quote. 'a pretty good time', (anon).

Francoise Gurine

CHORALS

Our creative arts captains Hiromi Stone and Adrian Thompson made a fantastic effort this year at our Choral Festival. The senior song, Hey Jude, was performed with obvious enjoyment an dour junior choir also did very well. For those year sevens's and new students, who had the privilege to practice with our famous Mr Cairns, I am sure it will be an unforgettable experience. We finished third and thanks to all who participated.

Francoise Guerin



ROOSEVELT HOUSE

HOUSE CAPTAINS REPORT

Roosevelt has had a very successful year due to a very enthusiastic house team and six hard working house captains.

The year's first house event was the swimming, and there were many individuals who competed extremely well. However, the reason Roosevelt won was because of the high level of participation from all the house members.

The effort paid off again with a win in the athletics. Keen competition resulted in some exciting team relays and a high standard of athletics.



About this time we said goodbye to our sport Captain Carter Williams. Thank you to him for his fine efforts.

The Choral festival was next and under the direction and organisation of Allison, we had two very large choirs—senior & junior. While enjoying themselves the choir members also won for Roosevelt. It was pleasing to see so many students being involved in the chorals

Not long after the chorals, preparations for the Drama Festival began. "Rinse the blood off my Toga" was selected as the play for Roosevelt, and auditions and rehearsals got underway.

The Drama Festival evening was very entertaining and we congratulate Montgomery on their win.

There were several other house activities this year which included soccer, volleyball, gardening and peer support.

Well done to all Roosevelt people!

Emma Binks
Year 12

ROOSEVELT HOUSE DRAMA FESTIVAL — "Rinse the Blood off my Toga"



What can be said about Roosevelt's interpretation of Wayne and Shuster's "RINSE THE BLOOD OFF MY TOGA" that has not been said before? Indeed, this was one of the truly great, near genius stage spectacles that comes about but once in a lifetime. It has even been quoted: "Forget 'CATS', forget 'CARMEN', forget 'LES MIS.' If you have to see one performance this year, make it Roosevelt's 'RINSE THE BLOOD OFF MY TOGA.'"

Words cannot truly capture the skill and talent that made this stage spectacular come to life. The angelic Gabby O'Connor as "Brutus" made Meryl Streep look like a high school chorus girl. The powerful, yet emotional "Mark Antony" was captured in all his finery by the next Michael J. Fox, Dan Entwistle. Martin Holt (who has been approached the lead in "Cocktail 2") as the brilliant "Claudius" and Lina Birrell as the sensuous "Calphurnia" were among some of the best performances the stage has ever witnessed. And what of Allison Duncan as the shapely, gorgeous and amazingly feminine bar singer? Never before has the stage been graced with a finer voice. Of course, let's not forget the lead role, "Flavius Maximus", captured by Craig Tonkin, what will probably be the finest performance of his career and remembered by all for generations to come. Unfortunately, space prevents us from mentioning the other greats in length: such as Colleen Litchfield, Nellie O'Keefe, Pierre Proske or Danny Corden (one of the best corpses in the business).

One must also mention the unquestionable greatness that went into the set design. Compliments of true masters such as Daniel Tonkin and Andrew Spencer.

Roosevelt may not have won the Camberwell High Drama Festival, but that is not allowing for the fact that the judge was hysterical. "RINSE THE BLOOD OFF MY TOGA" is, to say the least, a masterpiece and will be remembered as one of the greatest performances of all time.

Craig Tonkin (Year 12)

ROOSEVELT REPORTS

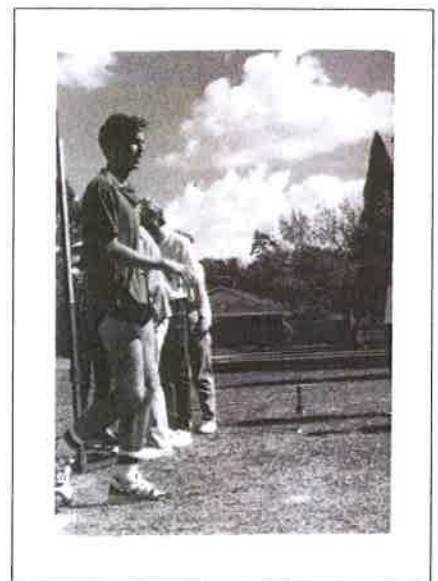
Athletic's Report

The Athletics were held on Thursday 12th April. This year they were held earlier in the year, as we have learnt from previous years that the prevailing weather conditions did not permit the Athletics to take place, causing them to be postponed several times.

This year we held them on the last day of Term I, with the beautiful bright sun upon all the participants and spectators. (Secretly barracking for Roosevelt). As an overall result, Roosevelt stole the limelight by winning an overall with 86 points. Macarthur house put up a fine show of competing for the number one shot, but coming 2nd with 84 points. 3rd was Churchill with 72 points. What about 4th? Need I say it? Montgomery with 61 points.

Well done to all competitors on the day. All participated with the utmost fervour for their particular house. A special feature of the day was the interhouse cheerleader competition, which provided amusing entertainment for all the teachers and students. The "green machine", Macarthur won the prize for "best presented squad", while Roosevelt came 2nd for their Choreography.

By Tracey Lam, Yr 12.



Swimming Report

Friday 23rd Feb. was a very BLUE day. The sky was Blue, the water was Blue and so was the color of the first ribbons, which coincidentally is the color of ROOSEVELT! And BLUE was exactly the color that Roosevelt was wearing.

Everyone from Roosevelt was feeling confidently optimistic, due to the results of the previous years there was a feeling of expectancies among the Roosevelt camp and that feeling was turned into realization as the first race got underway and the last race was completed.

Once again Roosevelt were run-away winners and the year was off to a successful start. Although all swimmers contributed to the great win several stars shone. I won't mention names, but those people know who they are!

Congratulations to all those who helped Roosevelt retain their dominance and let's do it again next year!

By Kate O'Keffe, 10B.

ROOSEVELT REPORTS CONTD.

Choral Festival.

For the 1990 Choral Festival, Roosevelt made its usual enthusiastic contribution to the program. For the rock-band section there was a safe but not too successful version of "Lean On Me". However, thanks to the effort of Allison Duncan, we managed to put together a program for the evening of 7th June, which was an overall winner.



The two junior set songs were sung well; the instrumental section was a french horn solo performed by Allison, and the senior part song was "That'll Be The Day".

I'm sure I speak for everyone involved from Roosevelt that it was a most enjoyable and successful evening.

Cathy Campbell,
yr 12.

+

Roosevelt House Gardening.

It was a sunny Spring day as the group of Roosevelt greenfingers trekked across the school courtyard, loaded with shovels and picks preparing to redesign their allocated area of garden. The enthusiasm was contagious; to such an extent that the beginning of a garden of soil and seedlings was commenced on the carpet in the school corridor. Even after this traumatic beginning we managed to apply our artistic talents and create a colour co-ordinated garden. (Under the jovial guidance of Mr. Hill). Unfortunately our masterpiece suffered under the current October rain; being washed out, like the remainder of Australia!

By Corinne Prooke.

+

Volleyball.

Unfortunately we didn't have whitehorse Volleyball this year . . . although we did have a very exciting house Volleyball competition. Roosevelt and Montgomery made it through to the finals with the mixed teams and alot of fun was had by all.

The results of the finals were 1 set Roosevelt to 1 set Montgomery-Yes a draw!

We hope there will be whitehorse Volleyball next year as there is some very enthusiastic Volleyballers in the school.

By Emma Binks, Yr11.

SENIOR HOUSE CAPTAINS' REPORT — CHURCHILL

After winning the House Shield last year, Churchill has once again put in a very strong and consistent effort. Although the years busy schedule restricted the running of all House Events, the years' competition still provided a wide range of activities for all age groups. The enthusiastic and increased participation of the juniors in the main competitions [Swimming, Drama, Athletics and Chorals] was especially pleasing.

Churchill kicked off the years competition with their Social Service Fundraiser , an Easter Egg Drive. The money raised contributed to Camberwell Highs' sponsorship of an Indonesian girl. Following that, we earned second place in House Swimming and Chorals and third place in House Athletics.

The members of Churchill have always maintained a high level of enthusiasm and this year was certainly no exception. With help from lots of House members a blistering hot Year 7 Barbecue was a success; literally hundreds of broken Easter Eggs were much appreciated at the following House Captains meeting; the desperate search for a suitable Senior House Choral song led to one of the highlights of the year — a fantastic rendition of "Love Lift Us Up Where We Belong"; and the frantic re-assembling of costumes for the Drama Festival! finished in a most entertaining if not chaotic for those backstage, evening for all.

The willingness of House members to try new activities and participate has been clearly reflected in the high standard and fantastic results from this years House Competition.

Good-luck next year!

Katrina Fox



CHURCHILL: EVENTS

CHORAL FESTIVAL



“Aaahh!!” — it was the frustrated scream of a Churchill Creative Arts Captain — “What are we going to do? What’s so bad about singing that we have three people in our choir? Why can’t we find a good song? Oh My God!!” So, Churchill’s Choral Festival effort began. We were despairing. Nothing seemed to be working. But things eventually got going — the two Creative Arts Captains agreed upon the song “Up Where We Belong “ from “ An officer and a Gentleman” to be sung by our Senior Choir, and we soon had a small but dedicated band of singers. We could relax in the knowledge that the Year Sevens and Eights were learning in class, the Junior set songs “What the Red-Haired Bosun said” (by C.H Souter and E. Harphay) and “Daydream Believer” (by the monkees). Floss (Melinda Parks) had the Instrumental Group all organised and Nigel Swifte used his ‘professional’ experience to win our House 80/100 in the Rock Band section of the competition. On the big night the Year 12’s seemed more excited about their last Choral Festival, than the Year 7’s did about their first. What a glorious night! We looked resplendent in washed, polished and buffed school uniforms with yellow flowers attached. The junior Choir were cherubic and delightful as about half a dozen seniors conducted and cheered them on; Jane Carpenter executed her flute solo with precision; the instrumentalists played without fault and the Senior choir added to by a number of juniors — was mind blowing . And — Churchill came second by 1 point !!!! Grrr!

Arwen Baker



DRAMA

Everyone who was involved in Churchill’s Drama effort was thrilled to bits when Simone Humphrey won one of the girl’s Encouragement Awards. Simone, from Year 10, was very surprised but everyone assured her that she had thoroughly deserved it. Simone was the award for her role in ‘Urbs, Urbis’ as Susie a young married woman who lived at the top of a skyscraper and was possibly contemplating suicide. Simone’s characterisation of the role was frighteningly realistic and believable.

Congratulations Simone!

PEOPLE AND PLACES

STAFF EVENTS

*Born to Mrs. Terri Minak a daughter, Isobel.
Born to Mrs. Fiona Howson a daughter, Olivia.
Born to Mrs. Debbie Brooks a daughter, Rhiannon.
Born to Mrs. Maureen Salter a daughter, Carolyn.
Resigned: Mr. Mark Loveday, currently in London.
Here: Mr. Jo Sgro is still in London.
Mrs. and Mrs. David Collins travelled to Italy this year.
Max Caddy Back from a busy two terms of building.
Peter Ryan wowing them in "Bjorn Again"; good for you Peter!*



A Bargain Hunter?

Retirement of Mrs. E. Nagel

Everyone in the school community regrets the retirement of Mrs. Elaine Nagel following long and dedicated service in primary and secondary schools in three states. She is missed as an outstanding teacher of mathematics, a responsible and meticulous co-ordinator and an entertaining colleague. She served selflessly on Council and numerous school committees during her sixteen years at Camberwell High. Her contribution is greatly valued. Perhaps the most significant tribute of all was the number times she was trusted by her peers to represent them on panels where insight and objectivity were required. The school extends every best wish to her for the future.

LIBRARY

1990 and our first year of the Victorian Certificate of Education. This new V.C.E. has created changes in the day to day running of the Library.

Firstly, many year 11 students doing private study each period has been replaced with a continual number of students doing research for their options and major projects.

Secondly, the curriculum changes to more investigative and research work has increased the demand for materials on current issues. This has resulted in extensive use of the vertical files and an increase of subject files on these issues. Students have adapted to this method of education exceedingly well and are producing some very interesting work.

But it is not only the year 11 and 12 students who use our library. As early as 7:30 a.m. we see students from year 7 onwards arriving in the library to study, research, work or even read. It is pleasing to see the many students working and quite oblivious of other students nearby.

Let us hope that we shall see or read about some of these keen and conscientious students making a valuable contribution to Australia's future.

FACES AND PLACES

FROM "THE BOOK"

- Sarah:** danced to the "Chariots of Fire" music at the football.
- Louie:** "Are you a moo or a cow?"
- Michael E:** "Beauty is a curse: I should know.!"
- Miss K:** "It has nothing to do with Criminal Justice, but it is related."
- Louie:** "As if i'm going to drive in an unroathyword car!"
- Leng:** "What's Eddies first name?"
- Tahn:** "Get your hair out of my soup!"
- Tom:** "It's not the quality of an essay it's the quantity."
- Louie:** 1. Takes a calculator to his english exam.
2. "do you have lunch before you take them?" "Nah I take them after I've eaten."
- Sklavounos:** "Is that a full stop Mum? I mean Mrs. Taylor."
- Louie:** "Make my steak brown."
- Who is Corgi?**
- Tahn:** "Its a thick shake, not a sick shake!"
- Anon:** "Tahn, a wheel chair does not have pedals."
- Michael E:** "Age is in the mind not in the teeth."
- Robbo:** "There are 4 letters in move."

DANNY'S A SPEED DEMON



Many skiers appreciate the exileration of skiing fast, but only in their imagination can they travel at speeds in excess of 180 kph. That is except for Mt Hotham's Danny Guerin.

The adventurous 20-year-old is Australia's only registered speed skier and is intent on making a name for himself, and Australia, in his sole pursuit of the World Circuit.

However, the Mt Hotham race squad member is the first to admit that this may take a while, given that the 189-90 northern winter was his debut year in the sport.

"I basically lobbed in Auope, bought a skin tight latex rubber body suit, aerodynamic helmet, 240cm skies and cranked the bindings up to 19. Then asked what do I do next?" said Danny.

Although a little taken back by the intimidating 1.7 km course, Danny mannaged to compose himself in the tuck position facing the 58 degree declining course.

"You just head down the course looking straight ahead. It only took 30 seconds but it felt like 30 minutes." recalled Danny, who placed 110 in the world rankings with a top speed of 180.75 kph. Some speed which must be treated with respect.

(Extract from Alpine News: September 1990)

PEOPLE AND PLACES



“TAKE A BOW”

Who can these glittery, glamorous, gorgeous young people be? Surely they don't derive from the deep, dark depth of Camberwell High! But, I am told that do. Do you recognise them? Perhaps only vaguely... At least we know for sure there is a C.H.S teacher in their midst — Mrs Yannopoulos, I believe, looking almost as spunky as the Year Elevens in her charge. These young people have just been introduced into society . . . They are photographed at their Debutante Ball — a very classy and enjoyable evening for all. A big thank you is owing to Mrs. Yannopoulos for organisation of the event and to those beautiful Year Elevens (and you Two Year Tens) for representing our school as a part of higher society — for one night at least!



Souvlaki: — These guys make great souvlakis.

Stelios , the entrepreneur??

Harry and Arthur share an idea?????????!!!



MUSIC IS COOL

*Music is cool, At Camberwell High School,
With Mr. Cairns, Gregorian and West,
We keep up with the best,
Us kids are put to the test.
How 'bout our jazz group?
Or the strings?
They play like they're playing for kings,
And our choir,
Up higher and higher,
For their voices are perfect,
You don't need anyone to interpret.
Clarinets, Bassons and Cellos,
The Bases sound like bellows,
Violins, Oboes and Flutes,
Hey, we're ready for a suite!*



Lisa Lee (Year 7C)

BUBBLE GUM SHOULD BE BANNED



FACES AND PLACES



“Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid”

*The two year 11 louts, Simeon and Leigh looking for the big win on the pool table.
How did they gain entry to the inner sanctum? Who won?
Who cares?
Better luck next time Simeon!*

“Artist in School”

Thanks Jill

Jill Symes, ceramic artist, was resident in the school for an exciting week. The theme was masks and some excellent work was achieved by all participants.



Vanessa Hangs Out

Ex-year 7 sports star, now a very tired, slack Year 12, Vanessa Carrington shows Jessica the result of talking to yourself for 10 hours about nothing of any consequence.

Way to go “V”!

The Body Shop

During the “Fair” at the end of term 2 a Mr. Camberwell High Contest brought out the flashers: Paul “Biceps”, Ab “Abdominals”, Mathew “Muscles”, Phillip “Pectorials”, Clinton “Cleavage”

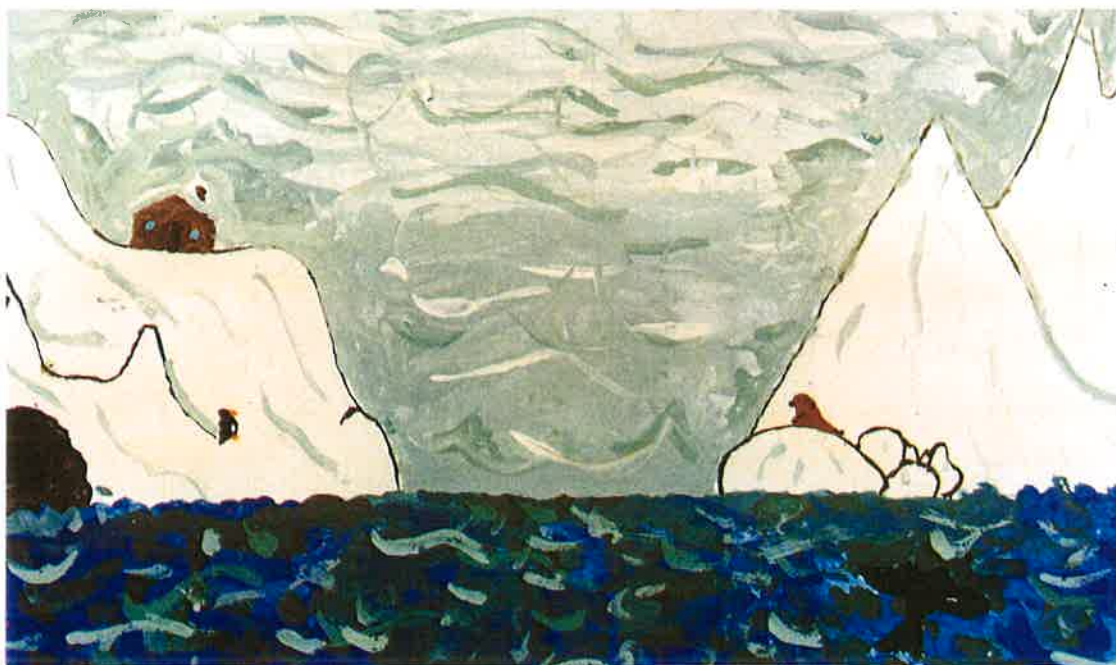
**Who won?
The dog!!**





Cameron Stewart 7B

The harshness and beauty of
the Australian Outback.
David Orlando 10D
(Oil on board)



Emma Sheehan 8E

PEOPLE AND PLACES

LOUIE AGAIN!

One would think that by Year 12, exam technique would be under control. However there are always few that miss a few points somewhere . . . One such person is Louie, who once asked a teacher if you could take a typewriter into an exam(!) and, since that was not allowed, took his calculator into the mid-year English exam!!



A FOXY LADY TELLS ALL

Well Katrina! — just what do you and Alison tell each other in these intimate moments? After 6 years is there anything left? Perhaps Alison was offering the Olive Branch.

HARVEY IS A RABBIT?

In every year level, there is always someone who has an answer for everything. Such is the case of M. Harvey, whose comebacks are not always the most (intelligent!)

ADRIAN A "FAIR" GUY

1990 has been an extremely busy year for Camberwell High School and also a most ambitious one for the S.R.C. The venture which has been one of the highlights of this year was the S.R.C. "Fair Day". After weeks of organisation and preparation by all year levels, and especially the S.R.C. representatives, a most successful day was achieved. The school took on a multicultural, festival atmosphere and any thing from bashing an old bomb to indulging in foreign delicacies, took place. Congratulations to all those who participated and good luck to the future S.R.C. and to the activities they undertake in future years.



FILL IN THE BLANKS



E.G. "I hope they
weren't weaving their
to the cop?"

"I buy my hats
at S.V.D.P."

You think this hat is
bad you should the of cars at home!"



.....

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OUR SPORT STARS FOR 1990

YEAR 12

Travis Longmuir —
Clinton Herman —
Paula Nicholls —
Harry Genovezos —
Gerry Mantalvanos —
Tracy Lam —
Fracoise Guerin —
Alistair Burke —
Vanessa Carrington —
Alison Duncan —
Tim Leng ➔
Georgia Cornish —
Ab Tornatora —
Sarah Bond —

Cross country, Hockey, Athletics
Swimming, Football, Bodybuilding
Hockey, Swimming, Athletics
Soccer
Football, Soccer
Netball
Athletics, Netball
Football
Hockey
Netball, Athletics
Football
Netball
Bodybuilding
Athletics

YEAR 11

Jason Simos —
Dario Rath —
Robyn Mathieson —
Ben Simpfindorfer —
Daniel Christie —
Phil Grundberf —
Andrew Erskine —
Sim Loyd —
Ilze Tennis —
Emma Binks —
Julian Foster —
Luke Kilmartin —
Janet Sarenchuk —
Caroline Green —

Athletics, Soccer, Just how big is he?
Athletics
Athletics, Basketball
Cross Country, Hockey
Cross Country, Athletics
Golf
Athletics, Swimming, Badminton
Badminton, Football
Volleyball
Swimming, Volleyball
Hockey
Hockey
Athletics
Basketball

YEAR 10

Jason Pollock —
Christen Gitzen —
David Longmuir —
Steven Ryan —
Flip —
Nina Ginsberg —
Rocky Armstrong —
Willy Binks —
Sandra Vulic —
Chris Walker —

Hockey, Athletics
Cross Country, Athletics
Cross Country, Athletics
Cross Country, Athletics
Swimming, Netball
Athletics, Hockey, Cross Country
Football
Swimming, Athletics
Athletics
Athletics

YEAR 9

Jesse Foster —
Justin Hassock —
Liana Herman —
Jackie Timbury —
David Pham —
Daniel McCubbin —
Martin Toomey —
Emma Jenkins —
Nadia Berkaoui —
Natalie Rose —
Daniel Simos —
Julian Littler —
Melanie Trickey —
Jay Littrei —
Scott Faccioni —

Hockey, Cross Country, Athletics
Athletics, Cross Country
Swimming, Athletics
Athletics
Tennis
Cross Country, Football, Basketball
Basketball
Swimming
Swimming
Athletics, Badminton
Athletics, Soccer
Sprint
Netball
Athletics
Athletics



OUR SPORTS STARS — CONTINUED

YEAR 8

David Mawson —
Jodie Kennon —
Brad Itter —
Sophie Binks —
Jarad Collins —
Bruce Sherman —
Elsa McLean —
Scott McCubbin —
Dale Ewert —
Paula Chitty —

Cricket
Athletics
Basketball
Swimming, Athletics
Athletics
Swimming
Sprint
Athletics
Tennis
Athletics



YEAR 7

Andrew Langford —
Lauront Guerin —
Matthew Mister —
Jarred Collins —
Karge Wilson —
Trent Shields —
Nellie O'Keeffe —
Thi Le —
Sarah Morris —
Leisa Lee —
Lauren Guerin —
Diana Vlad —
Campbell Elliot —

Athletics
Athletics
Softball
Athletics
Football
Football
Swimming
Athletics
Gym
Athletics
Athletics
Running
Athletics



Top Five Sporting Individuals

Travis Longmuir
Clinton Herman
Jason Pollock
Jason Simos
Paula Nicol

Top Five Most Successful Sports

1. Badminton — Senior, Intermediate, Junior Boys through to Eastern Zone
2. Hockey — Senior, Intermediate, Junior Boys through to Eastern Zone. Very strong competition within all girls teams at Whitehorse level
3. Cross Country — Senior Boys team through to All-High and representation from nearly all girl and boy's age groups at Eastern Zone.
4. U17 Boys Relay Team
5. U15 Girls Relay team

MORE SPORTING TOPS

Top Six Most Popular Sports

1. Basketball
2. Hockey
3. Soccer
4. Badminton
5. Cross Country
6. Volleyball

Top Ten Non-Sporting But Worth Recognition Achievements:

1. Guys down the back watching a teacher student soccer match. They bring soccer hooliganism to an art and then take it beyond.
2. The computer scorers who feed in all the athletic and swimming results.
3. To all those bus drivers who found themselves in the "lucky" position of driving our school teams to events.
4. To the lunch time soccer community who provide us with a show of abuse, pandemonium, a complete lack of team work in the face of individualism and some downright suspicious but loving behavior, each time a goal is scored.
5. Macarthur's cheer squad at the Athletics.

HOUSE COMPETITION RESULTS

SWIMMING: 1st Roosevelt
2nd Macarthur
3rd Montgomery
4th Churchill

ATHLETICS: 1st Roosevelt
2nd Churchill
3rd Montgomery
4th Macarthur

WHITEHORSE GROUP ATHLETICS

Girls	Boys	
Junior	4th Junior	3rd
Intermediate	5th Intermediate	1st
Senior	3rd Senior	1st
Aggregate	4th Aggregate	1st
	Grand Aggregate	2nd

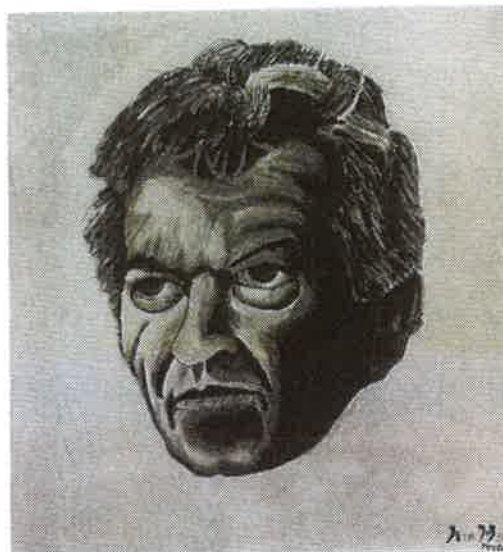
This the year the Athletics began with the breaking of an age old tradition. The time for the event was swapped from Spring to Autumn. But in all honesty it was for the better. It was a countless number of times last year that Mr. Crook was forced to redraw the running track only to have it washed away by the next rain. Yet the swap of time did little to dampen the event, proving that it is indeed the atmosphere that makes the day.

With perhaps the only computer controlled school sports day in Victoria we managed to drag up our Athletes for two half days of competition. The field day came with welcome sun. It gave a chance for all those without the breath but perhaps the brawn to compete. The javelin drew as usual great interest from the younger students who had never seen a spear chucking event before.

The Track events were entertaining for the somewhat loud spectators and competitive for the athletes. Relays proved the highlight as the majority of Camberwell High found themselves in shorts seated upon the middle of the oval, cheered on by a dwindled group of spectators. As the relays rolled along, the crowd having run grew in strength, until finally back in full capacity they mightily cheered on the final race, a student vs teacher relay. Although the rules were soon forgotten though interestingly enough this happened just after the teachers began to fall behind. Like an age old institution the day drew to a close with winning the coveted shield. Congratulations to all.



Laurent Guerin 7D
(ink on paper)



Alex Murray 9D
(acrylic on paper)



Kerryn Straughan 7A
(ink on paper)



Phong Luu 9D
(acrylic on paper)



Jake Myers 7D
(ink on paper)

YEAR 12 SIGNATORIES

[illegible]

**CAMBERWELL HIGH SCHOOL: YEAR 12 V.C.E.
1990**



1989 YEAR 12 AWARDS

SUBJECT AWARDS

ACCOUNTING
ART
ASIAN HISTORY
AUSTRALIAN HISTORY
BIOLOGY
CHEMISTRY
ECONOMICS
ENGLISH
ENGLISH/SECOND LANGUAGE
ENGLISH LITERATURE
GRAPHIC COMMUNICATION
GEOGRAPHY
LEGAL STUDIES
MATHS B
MUSIC A
MUSIC B
PHYSICAL EDUCATION
POLITICS
MATHS A & PHYSICS

DON ANDERSON AWARD
CALTEX AWARD
CITIZENSHIP AWARD
PRINCIPAL'S AWARD

Gwyneth Teh
Pauline Tran
Steve Katzourakis
Duncan Sherman
Sarah Neale
Steven Skandalellis
Tony Hoyer
Tess Shanley
Sylvia Lin
James Hawthorn
Geoff Hall
Rachael Thompson
Blake Sonderhof
Minh Nguyen
Natalie Coote
Lisa Savige
Simon Olive
Jolyon Sinclair
Ronald Teo

Jolyon Sinclair
Arieta Reeh
Simon Olive
Roger Paull

SPORTS AWARDS

GIRLS

ATHLETICS
CROSS COUNTRY
HOCKEY
NETBALL

SOFTBALL
SWIMMING

Arieta Reeh
Rachael Thompson
Nickolas Oddy
Jenny Sturgess,
Fiona Miovich,
Biddie Hillis
Cathy Grayson
Jacqui England

BOYS

ATHLETICS
BASKETBALL
CRICKET
FOOTBALL
HOCKEY
SOCCER

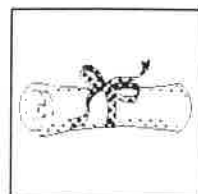
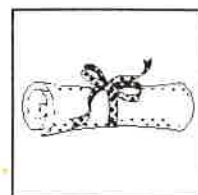
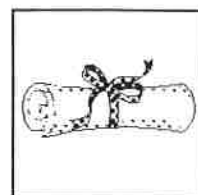
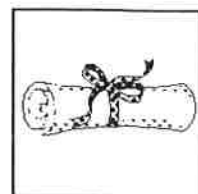
TABLE TENNIS
SWIMMING
VOLLEYBALL

Steven Skandalellis
Darren Poke
Jolyon Sinclair
Nickolas Oddy
Andrew Savage
Angelo Varelas,
Jim Milhailidis

Dao Quach
Sasha Golubovic
Jung Nguyen,
Tuyen Nguyen

GENERAL AWARDS FOR OUTSTANDING ABILITY IN 3 OR MORE SPORTS:

Ranjit Singh
Simon Olive



AUTOGRAPHS

Sandra AARONS Rebecca ABRAHAMS Brooke ADAMS Katherine ADAMS Charmaine ADAMS Nicholas ADAMS Andrea AEDO Jaymin AFIFF Cameron
AGNEW Stelios AIDONOPOULOS Edwin AKOPIAN Jonathon ALEXANDER David ALLAN Justin ALLEN Jade L. AMANTEA Lisa ANDERSON Christopher
ANDREWS Jamie ANDREWS Mervin ANTONI Sam ARAMBATZIS Vayia ARAMBATZIS Heidi M. ARENA Rocky ARMSTRONG Guðrun ARNOLD Pradeep
ARUNDAVARAJA Geethapriya ARUNDAVARAJA Amanda A. ASHBY Matthew A. ASHMORE Mahesh ASWANI Jennifer AU Chris BADENACH David
BADGER John BAKAS Amie BAKER Arwen BAKER William G. BAKER Marnee BAKER David BAKER Christopher P. BAKER Nathalie BALEMIAN Sara J.
BALL Anna BANH Daniel J. BARKER Paul BARTON David BEAR Glenn I. BEAUMONT Robert C. BEECROFT Nick BELL Gemma BENDER James BENSON
Namila BENSON Richard W. BENSON Nadia BERKAOUI Nadine BERRY Blair J. BETHERAS David BILLINGS Emma BINKS Sophie BINKS William J. BINKS
Lina BIRRELL Chris BISHOP Dario BISIANI Dario BIVIANO Benjamin BLASCHKA Sarah BOND Andrew S. BOTHAM Nikola BOURGIAS Tristan BOYLE
Jolyon BOYLE Louise BRABY Simeon BRANCA Emily M. BRIANT David P. BRIGDALE Stephanie BRIGGS Anthony BRITTER Jamie BRODERICK Christopher
BROOKS Heath BROWN Nicholas M. BUGEJA Phuong BUI Thanh BUI Theodore BUKKA Luc E. BULOT Winston P. BURCHALL Daniel BURGOYNE Shaun
BURKE Alistair J. BURKE Liam P. BUSSELL Jan-Paul BUXTON Kristen E. BYFORD Anouree BYRNE Ben CAIN Richard P. CAIN Catherine J. CAMPBELL
Jane CARPENTER Vanessa CARRINGTON Melalani CARROLL Matthew CARTWRIGHT Peter CARUANA Joseph CARUSO Leigh S. CASTLES Bryan CHAN
Pamela CHAN Dee M. CHANDLER Michael CHANG Fai B. CHANG Fai-Lee CHANG Ju-Yao(william) CHANG Christine(yi-Chi) CHEN Michael(chi-Hao) CHIANG
Gregory CHINTOCK Eva CHO Ada CHONG Helena CHOY Miranda CHOY Sarah(kit-Ling) CHOY Danielle CHRISTIE Linda H. CHRISTIE Jim
CHRISTOPOULOS Kevin-Cheng-Ean CHUAH Ronald C. CHUAH Amalia CHUNG Jamie CHURCHILL Jim CIVITI Zachary CLARK Blair COLLINS Jared W.
COLLINS Carj M. COLLINS Joshua CONNOR Anastasia CONSTANTINO Daniel J. CORDEN Georgia CORNISH Edwin COROVIC Natanael COSTEA Marc
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DAVIDSON William DAVIES Adam S. DAWES Dominic DE ANGELIS Liza DE MARCHI Bradley DEAN Cindi-Lee DEAN Dennis DECKAS Che DEGENHARDT
Marcus DEMKO Paul DEMKO Dinh-Xuan DIEP Betty DIMITRAKOPOULOS Daniel DODSON Russell DOREIAN Lainie DOREMBUS Alexander DOUGLAS
Andrew S. DOUGLAS Sam DRAKE Simone DRAKE Caroline L. DUJELA Allison DUNCAN James DUNCAN Moira J. DUNCAN Fiona J. DUNCAN Paul DUNN
Lauren DUNN Hung DUONG Joanne EDDINGTON Rebecca EDWARDS Campbell J. ELLIOT David ELLIS Benjamin EMMETT Michael ENTWISLE Daniel
ENTWISLE Andrew ERSKINE Stuart EVANS Gregory EVANS Craig EVERARD Dale EWERT George EXINTARIS Sarah D. FABBRICOTTI Scott B. FACCIONI
Sarah FALK Corinna(tzu-Chia FANG Helena(tzu-Hsin) FANG Nicole FAUSTEN Marcel R. FAUSTEN Shane FERGUSON John FILOSOGLOU Julian FIRMINGER
Cristina FLORES Fung W. FOO Joseph FOREMAN Julian FOSTER Jesse FOSTER Katrina FOX Russell A. FOX Daniel FRANKEL Dean T. FRIBENCE Christine
FROHLICH Mathew L. FULTON-JONES Marcus FUNG Anthony GADSDEN Nicholas GALATAS Ashley GALE Ruth E. GAMBLE Sze-Chiat(jared) GAN
Spencer(sze-loon) GAN James S. GAN Ari GANAS Dean C. GANGELL Harry GENEVEZOS Harry GENOVEZOS Pota GENOVEZOS Chris GENOVEZOS John
GEORGAKOPOULOS Susan GEORGIOU Adam GILMOUR Nina GINSBERG Christen GITZEN Matthew S. GODDEN Vanessa GORDON Jimmy GORIS Dominic
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Thomas GRITSCHER Gabrielle GRONN Clare L. GROVER Phil GRUNBERG Francoise GUERIN Laurent N. GUERIN Joshua GUY Dung(michael) HA My-
Binh(mandy) HA Tieu-Binh(amy) HA Matthew HAKOPIAN Jim HALASTANIS Christopher HALL Matthew HAMILTON Samuel M. HAMMINGTON Timothy
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LOWE Nathan LOWE Sherry LU Grace LU Phong LUU My-Huan LUU Michael LUU Matthew I. LYNCH Sonia MACARO Sarina J. MACDONALD Aron J.
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NGUYEN Quynh NGUYEN Du NGUYEN Thi-Hong NGUYEN Thanh-Du NGUYEN Thuy-Linh NGUYEN Thanh NGUYEN Jenny-Dieu-Huong NGUYEN Thuy
NGUYEN Kellie V. NGUYEN Trinh-Thi-Thuy NGUYEN Kim-Ngan NGUYEN David-Cuong-Nhu NGUYEN Phuong-Thao NGUYEN Phuong-Minh NGUYEN Paula
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Julie VLACHOS Diana M. VLAD Phuong I. VO Elspeth K. VOGT Chris VRETTOS Fotis(frunk) VRIONIS Stephanie(stavro VRIONIS Sandra VULIC Shaheen J.
WAHEED Christopher WALKER Harry WALKER Tanya WALTERS Matthew WARD Tiffany K. WARD Carl WATSON Amanda L. WATT Aaron WATTS Brendan
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