



Prospice
1995





EDITORIAL

Every year there are new aspects to a school, this year more than usual at Camberwell High School.

We have tried to make new things something of a theme in this year's *Prospice*. There is some very good reading and there are lots of funny reports. Don't miss them. Don't miss Tim Costello's award winning, idiosyncratic review of the Pearl Jam concert.

Thank you to all contributors. Apologies to any one whose work was left out. There was not room enough to fit the long Junior Writer's Prize, Natalie Carter's diary. Nor was there room for the even longer play script by Josh Lefers which was commended in the Senior Writer's Prize.

Massive thanks to Paul Allan of Year 11 who did much of the work of producing this year's magazine. He acted as administrator, editor, word processor, designer and consultant. Equally large thanks to Michael Denovan, photographer for the magazine and whose work is featured on the cover. Other people who were involved at some stage included Kristen Byford, Amelia Needoba, Tim Costello, James Robison, Dakhylina Madhukul, Lauren Barnes, Carolyn Borthwick, Maggie Ene, Steven White, Josh Dalrymple, Nick Smith.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS	
1 EDITORIAL, TABLE OF CONTENTS	25 YEAR 12 COLLAGE
2 PRINCIPAL'S REPORT	26 ART
3 ASSISTANT PRINCIPALS' REPORTS	27 SPORTS HALL PHOTOS
4 YEAR SEVEN PHOTOS	28 SPORTS REPORTS
5 YEAR SEVEN PHOTOS	29 HISTORY REPORT
6 JUNIOR WRITER'S PRIZE	30 YEAR TEN PHOTOS
7 COOLAMATONG CAMP	31 YEAR TEN PHOTOS
8 MUSIC REPORT	32 'AUSTRALIA REMEMBERS'
9 SRC REPORT	33 'AUSTRALIA REMEMBERS'
10 YEAR EIGHT PHOTOS	34 TECHNOLOGY REPORT
11 YEAR EIGHT PHOTOS	35 A.V.G. JAMES LECTURE; THE INTERNET
12 JUNIOR POETRY PRIZE; YEAR EIGHT POETRY	36 YEAR 11 PHOTOS
13 SOCIAL EDUCATION REPORT	37 YEAR 11 PHOTOS
14 STUDENT EXCHANGE	38 ROTARY JOB INTERVIEWS
15 STUDENT EXCHANGE; MOON FESTIVAL	39 JOB INTERVIEW PHOTOS
16 YEAR NINE PHOTOS	40 YEAR 12 PHOTO
17 YEAR NINE PHOTOS	41 YEAR 12 AWARDS; POEM BY NARELLE HOLZER
18 CHALLENGE REPORT; YEAR NINE CLASS-WORK	42 A REFLECTION BY JARED COLLINS
19 LOTE REPORT	43 THE DON ANDERSON AWARD FOR LITERATURE
20 COMMERCE REPORT	44 SENIOR WRITER'S PRIZE
21 STAFF/STUDENT FOOTBALL MATCH	45 SENIOR WRITER'S PRIZE
22 HOUSE SWIMMING	46 SENIOR POETRY PRIZE
23 ART	47 EQUAL OPPORTUNITY REPORT
24 YEAR 12 COLLAGE	48 SCHOOL PERSONNEL

The Great Ghosts And Living Legends Would Be Proud.



Ms Elida Brereton — Principal

The famous former students of our school, and the non-famous alike, would have shared my pride in the students and staff of Camberwell High School this year. The scenes that come instantly into my mind include the golden light on stone pillars and the purity of sound of our musicians in St. Paul's Cathedral, the smiling faces and words of welcome of my junior helpers to visitors on Open Day, the elegance and magic of the parade and dance in national dress in the Moon Festival, the great variety of talent including Daniel's winning rap dance, classical piano from Li-Wei, and Josh's juggling act with three burning clubs (and narrow avoidance of one burning Assembly Hall), at the Talent Quest, the authority and initiative of the School Debating team, the student leadership and talent showcased in the House Music and (later) Drama festivals, the juniors heading off to golf, squash and other sports on Wednesdays and Thursdays, the experiments (made for 'Best Home Videos'??) of Science students dropping eggs from great heights and launching rockets, the spirited and moving singing of the Year 12s at the Valedictory Assembly.

Other images include the first appearance of our new uniform for girls, the guided tours of visiting families on Open Day by wonderfully articulate students, the variations on a theme of our V.C.E. Life Drawing class, the grossness and horrid fascination of the S.R.C. Fair's pancake eating competition, the awarding at assemblies of prizes and certificates for outstanding national and State

success in Maths., Science, English and languages, the increasing size of the overseer's puppy on the Sports Hall site as our students and the canteen ladies all fed the affectionate and expanding dog, the joy and amazement of that first peep into the semi-completed Sports Hall, our joy at its grand opening, the peaceful and considerate departure from school of our Year 12 students, the impromptu basketball games at lunchtimes, the intent faces of students surfing the Internet in the library, the staff cooking satays and sausages for students in the courtyard accompanied by our rock band, the pride we felt in the furniture made by Year Twelve students and displayed in the lobby, the Minister of Education leading the public 'curtain call' of our brass quintet at a special Charter-signing reception for one hundred schools at Ringwood, the excited movement from room to room, speaker to speaker, of our special Careers evening, the younger students performing at assemblies, the school's student leaders encouraging other students to participate, the moving and relevant words shared at our 'Australia Remembers' special assembly, the sight of so many students peacefully co-existing on our 'oval', the launch of the student historians' 'Australia Remembers' writings, the happiness and sounds of a swimming pool full of excited students on a hot March day. . .

I could go on forever! This has been a good year for our great school, and I thank my colleagues the Assistant Principals, the staff, teaching and non-teaching, the students, angelic and less so, and the school community of families and friends of the school for all your vital contributions. There is no doubt in my mind that Camberwell High School is marching on confidently to bigger and better things.

My wish is that our present students should create their own legends and make us as proud of them now as they may ever become in later life. On behalf of the whole community, we wish our 1995 graduates satisfaction and success in their future years.

ELIDA BRERETON
Principal



Assistant Principals Reports



Mr Geoff Sinclair — Assistant Principal

*'I'm the deputy principal
And I'm in charge of chalk
I'm in charge of boys who bark
And little girls who talk.'*

This year my area of responsibility has included the dreaded 'Buildings and Grounds' portfolio. This is the first time in my three hundred year career with the Directorate of School Education that such a glittering prize had fallen into my overall pocket. It has been my duty to act as quality control manager for the \$600 000 major maintenance project. It was I who nodded when brilliant red was suggested as the colour for the linoleum. It was I who agreed to have the concrete columns in the New Building in a uniform, as opposed to a two-tonal, concept. It was I who forgot to order blinds for the new, improved sick bay . . .

Decisions of this nature left me exhausted at the week's end. However, it was worth it, because the school has been converted from a tired, old building into a glamorous old building. Mutton dressed as lamb, as someone said.

I have also been deeply involved in the refurbishment of the upstairs toilets. (The downstairs toilets are on hold, on the back burner, in the too hard basket.)

I have supervised the construction of an extension to the bicycle compound which had been on the drawing board for twenty years. It is a beautiful new compound, spacious and relaxing for the bikes, exhausted after their morning exertion. Almost everyone is of the view that the new bike shed is aesthetically pleasing.

By far the biggest enterprise has been the construction of the new Sports Hall. This has been planned for almost as long as I have been at Camel Eye and bringing the project to fruition a long, frustrating and difficult task. But it has been worth it. It is a wonderful building, splendidly designed by Malcolm Munro and built to perfection by Eric Leech.

It's late in the year and I have much on my plate. For example, when we opened the doors on the west side of the old gym for the Year Twelve farewell luncheon, they fell off. Still, they've been there since 1958.

We've 'got' the Central Swimming Pool again on a short term lease for term one 1996. Wonder what we'll find when we clean it out in a few week's time? Hope there's a couple of classroom chairs in the sludge - we're a few short.

There's a gas leak in the Science Room. Must go.

GEOFF SINCLAIR
ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL



Mr Ken Tenner — Assistant Principal

I suppose I could be described as new to the position of Assistant Principal, but I have acted in this role many times. I am not new to the school, having transferred here at the beginning of 1989. From a personal point of view, it is a relief to be in a permanent principal class position and know that my position is there for a considerable time to come. In the past when I acted as assistant Principal it was only for a term or so and there was always the nagging thought that I was only temporarily in the role and that soon I would be going back to what I was doing before. I now have the opportunity to put my stamp on the role and continue to do that into the future.

With all the changes that have occurred to schools over the last three years, so have the responsibilities and roles of the principal class changed. Principal class personnel must sign contracts of employment to take up their positions and, while the selection panel at Camberwell High School chose me as their preferred candidate for the job, I was required to be 'accredited' by the D.S.E. as having the necessary skills to be an Assistant Principal. Also, Principal class personnel are required to establish evaluation criteria against which their performance can be judged. All of this is new to me and will take some time to adjust to. This year has also given me the opportunity to meet frequently with Principals and Assistant Principals from other schools and discuss issues vital to the operation of schools and the quality of education.

One of the major differences I have noticed in my role is that instead of being responsible for one area of the school I must now widen my focus and look at issues, not from the perspective of a teacher in a faculty, but for the overall good of the school. Hard decisions have to be made and I have to consider all points of view and sometimes ignore previously held views.

This year has seen the school guided for the first time by a School charter which was developed during 1994 by all sections of the school community. The school has a clear blue print for what it is doing and what it hopes to achieve this year and in the next two years. It has introduced an accountability mechanism for the school community and it has been my responsibility to see that the goals and priorities of the charter are implemented. I have been working closely with the Curriculum and Professional Development Coordinators on this task and much has been achieved to date.

I have thoroughly enjoyed this year and I must thank Geoff Sinclair and Elida Brereton who have been very supportive, ready to offer advice and so knowledgeable. It has been a pleasure working with them. I look forward to 1996 and the challenges that it will bring.

KEN TENNER
ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL

Year Seven



YEAR 7A

- ROW 3:** Tony Tran, Andrew Davies, Ben Spratt, Chantelle Menzies, Natalie Chilcote, Tim George, Richard Wygerse.
- ROW 2:** Lauren Manske, Sam Smith, Alana Quinn, Michael Hedger, Ying Zheng, Roderick Prescott, Oliver Hinchey, Stuart MacDonald.
- FRONT:** Leigh Williams, Olga Alescio, Penny Velissaris, Amanda Mann, Clare Abrahams, Yoona Han, The-Bao Bui.

YEAR 7B

- ROW 3:** Daniel Raydan, Phillip Barbara, Julian Woolhouse, Matthew Martin, Laurent Le Page, Greg Calmer, Steven Wong
- ROW 2:** Louise Haig, Sarah Botham, Sam Henery, Tram Khuu, Natalie Carter, Tom McKechnie, Helen Chiu, Allison Burt.
- FRONT:** Hong Hue, Callum Paterson, Winyu Munintrapong, Jenny Wong, David Witko, Suri Pillai, Sally Yiu.



YEAR 7C

- ROW 3:** Emre Durmaz, Nicholas Attlee, Alex Hauser, Nick Damatopoulos, Jock Maule, John Thompson, Michael Smyth, Guy Shield, Michael Williams.
- ROW 2:** Adrian Cook, Peter Goodin, Matthew Caldwell, Can Okyar, James Robson, Harley Thomas, David Tuinauvai.
- FRONT:** Andrew Strange, Ben Bonollo, Nick Smith, Chris Bitmead, Scott Edwards, Rohan Rickards, Alan Ho.



Year Seven



YEAR 7D

ROW 3: Chuong Phan, Ben Pearce, Alexis Romero, Daniel Barbour, Ross Kohari, Jeremy James, Robert Cottonaro.

ROW 2: Garth Studham, Cameron Mitchell, Richard Turner, Joel Manning, Chris Candy, Adrian Kars, Nick Martin, James Borthwick.

FRONT: Michael Turner, James Oldham, Adrian Rockett, Samir Ibrahim, Rohan Buckley, Glenn Quick, Tristan Berrell.

YEAR 7E

ROW 3: Rory Fitzgerald, Tim Marriage, Matthew Jarvis, Stephen Sharples, Lewis Burchall, Keith Niven, Rohan Yates, Chris Wood, Ben Bugeja.

ROW 2: James Aien, Michael Payne, James Hardman, Steven White, Andreas Muehl, Anthony Prescott, Luke Neilson, Andrew Zajac.

FRONT: Jason Di Pasqua, Andrew Kevrekian, Chris Price, Tim Mason, Michael Zoupa, Tim Lawson, Josh Dalrymple.



JUNIOR WRITER'S PRIZE

To Evie, With Love, Lyn.

Friday, 5th May 1995

Dear Diary,

It was at the same place I had sat everyday, same table, same chair, same lunch and same company (no one) when the idea came to me. Just as I was starting to feel lonely (again) something or *someone* in my mind started saying to me, 'Start a diary, make it your friend, at least until you find a human friend.' This sentence kept on going on and on in my mind so I started a diary as you can see. My name is Lyn Day, I am twelve years old and I have dark brown hair and green eyes. I live with my 24 year-old brother, Bill and my 51 year-old father, Dad to Bill and myself and Lachlan to everyone else (my mother died when I was 6). Do you want to know why I have started this diary? The answer is simple. I have no friends, I don't really know my brother and my dad and everyone at school either teases me or doesn't speak to me at all unless they have to. I work hard at school and get good grades, that is one of the reasons everyone hates me. One of the other reasons is that I am *hopeless* at sport. They call me names like square, nerd, retard, idiot and four-eyes (I wear glasses). It sometimes can get really annoying. All ready you are helping me a lot with my troubles and I can tell that you are going to be a really good friend.

* * * * *

Tuesday 9th May 1995

Dear Evie,

Guess what! For once some good news is going into this diary! Today I found out that my sight is getting worse so I'm going to get contact lenses to try and improve my sight! Ha! Goodbye four-eyes teasing! I'm so pleased! What's more, I'm not going to tell the kids at school. If they want to find out the answer to the disappearance of my glasses they will just have to work the answer out for themselves. I wonder how long my happiness will last? Not long I'll bet!

* * * * *

Tuesday 16th May 1995

Dear Evie,

I'm so happy! I had company during school. My company, Isobelle. Isobelle knows that I get teased but she doesn't mind - 10 points to her. I don't mind being teased nearly as much now that I have someone to talk to. I'll tell her anything she might need to know about why I get teased tomorrow in case she won't like me for the same reasons. At least then I'm being honest with her. Keep your fingers crossed.

Wednesday 17th May 1995

Dear Evie,

I have been writing to you for quite a while now and in all that time I hadn't found a friend. Well guess what! I've found a friend, long last. That's right! Isobelle is going to be my friend. I talked to her at lunchtime and we're going to be good friends. She doesn't mind my religious beliefs or that I get teased, which is great. Now that she and I are going to be friends I probably won't need to write to you as often as I have been doing lately. Thank you so much for being there for me. You have been so much help that I can't express my gratitude so I won't try to. I'll still write sometimes. Thanks again, thanks a million times. Lots and lots of love,

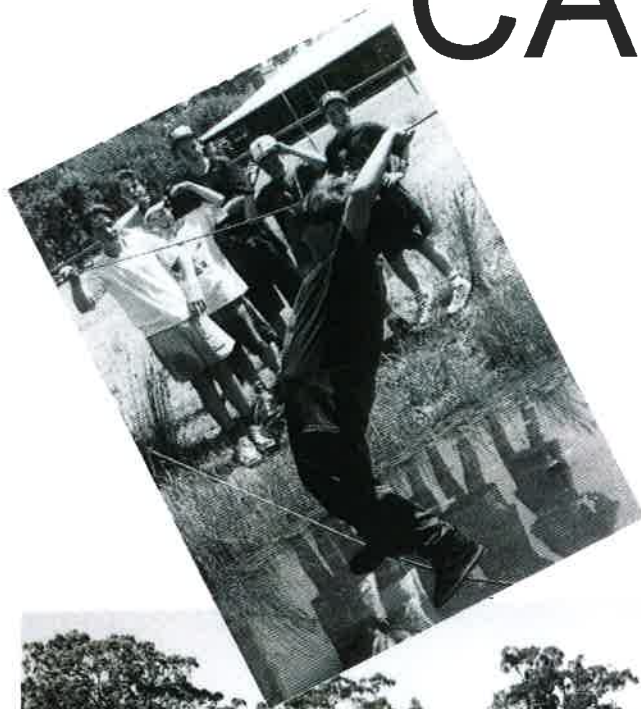
Lyn.

P.S. Lots of hugs too.

NATALIE CARTER, 7



CAMP COOLAMATONG





Music Report

It has been a busy year in the music department. Tony Brookes, Julian Cairns and Josie Ciritto have had their hands full co-ordinating concert band, orchestra and choir as well as their normal classes.

1994 ended with a band and choir trip to northern N.S.W. and Queensland. It was an eight day tour involving around forty-five students and five staff. The Camberwell High band, choir, brass and string groups performed some eight concerts at a number of venues including Sea World and the Tweed River Bowls Club — the largest in the southern hemisphere!!! Camberwell High musicians were very well received and another interstate tour is anticipated sometime in 1996.

In the first term of 1995 the brass quintet performed at a very important gathering of education leaders including teachers, principals, Directorate of School Education officials and the then Education Minister, Mr. Don Haywood.

The quintet played very impressively and showed Camberwell High School music students at their best.

The concert band and choir displayed

their talents at the School's open day. It was only a brief performance but prospective parents seemed pleased with what they heard.

The choir made its solo debut for 1995 performing a concert for a group of elderly citizens. This was enjoyed by all involved and it is hoped that it may become a regular event.

The music department is already involved in a number of annual events. Every year the band travels up to Ballarat to compete in the South Street competition. This year the trip was a bit of a mad rush, however the band did very well and placed in the top six out of thirteen.

The combined concert is another yearly event. Camberwell High School music students team up with Canterbury Girls' Secondary College to perform in combined choir, concert band and orchestra. This year, the stage was set in St. Paul's Cathedral and the sound was wonderful. The concert was performed to a full house and was a very successful event.

Just a glimpse at a year in the life of Camberwell High School music department and let's hope that 1996 is just as great.



Concert Band in St Paul's Cathedral



Concert Band with Mr Brooks at the South Street Competition



SRC REPORT

As this year's SRC president, I could proceed with the traditional, 'This year the SRC has been very busy running lots of activities' and so forth. However, for fear of sounding mundane and because I think it will be more to your taste, I will ramble on a bit about the Pancake Eating Competition which, as you probably noticed, was new to 1995.

The conception of the er... initiative was, naturally, a Year 12 Maths class (my class, coincidentally), members of which, feeling slightly exhausted towards the end of Term three, sought desperately for something to enlighten their depraved VCE experience. I'm not sure if it were recollections of Lardass Hogan with purple spew discharging from his mouth like Niagara Falls at the pie eating competition in Stand By Me, or the competitive spirit, that was so appealing. In fact, the enthusiasm was such that our quick-thinking teacher decided we should all do a problem solving task on it - mathematical of course. Unfortunately, we somewhat overestimated the number of VCE students who would publicly humiliate themselves and ended up cooking enough pancakes for (insert cliche such as 'a small army'). The actual event on the last day of Term was pretty filthy, as I'm sure you would all agree. Fifteen contestants and enough maple syrup to turn the two day old pancakes (we cooked them on the Wednesday) into slippery discs of cold rubber. And for those tender moments when the syrup seemed to be running dry (or had ventured onto the floor), the SRC's ever faithful junior members were at hand to pour another cupful over.

Congratulations to Peter Koukouvinos, however I don't really know how anyone who has won a competition of this nature could ever show their face in public again. And then, after you had all gone home to rip open your reports and then pull out whatever it is you use to doctor them, the SRC remained to deal with the aftermath. Fortunately, though, Mr. Tenner's detention group was at hand to clean up and we were left the difficult and laborious(!) task of counting money.

So there you have it, the saga of 1995's Pancake Eating Competition with lashings of... not much else. But, seriously, the SRC has done a great job this year. We've had an exceptionally devoted team of juniors, coupled with equally (but periodically) involved seniors. This year a 'support and ideas' network of schools in our district has been set up and Amelia Needoba, Lauren Stocker and I have been fortunate to attend the meetings, held every few months. The

SRC has also provided substantial funds towards the construction of the new bicycle shed, which promises to be a great asset. I sincerely hope this and the other initiatives of the SRC will be continued next year. Camberwell High School has an exceptional SRC with support from administration and teachers. Thanks particularly to Ms. Dourios for all her input and encouragement as teacher liaison. I sincerely urge everyone to get involved - you'll regret it if you don't. Bon appetit!

**PAUL COATS
SRC PRESIDENT**



Open Day Tour Guide, Paul Vincec with Mrs Kenyon.



SRC Fair Pancake Eating Competition - Luke Higgins



SRC Talent Quest - David Manton, Rory George, Peter Koukouvinos, Laurent Guerin.



Year Eight



YEAR 8A

- ROW 4:** Joe Whelan, Georgie Plasto, Tessa Leatham, Louise Riley
ROW 3: Stavros Bellos, Steven Van Graas, Michael Seddon, Victoria Evans, Clare Haussegger, Lily Tang, Luke Armstrong.
ROW 2: Katie Duivenvoorden, Govind Manapakkam, Simon Crow, Martin Gale, Joshua Stewart, Jim Hilaris, Jason Angel, Tania Murray.
FRONT: Jonne Ho, Dan Alexie, Melissa Ngau, Kade Miller, Naomi Whittenbury, Nick Kourtessis, Kathryn Pollard.

YEAR 8B

- ROW 4:** Tom Myers, Dave Hillel, Jez Hunghanfoo, John Whiting, Tony Tsui.
ROW 3: Ossama Naim, Nick Holding, Josh Clarke, Mark Robinson, Ashley Gray-Williams, Sam Bettenay, Morgan Byrne.
ROW 2: Jim Varelas, Robert Borthwick, Simon Adams, Jeremy Robert, Stuart Mills, Gareth Pickard, Tim Dalton, Tony Tripodi.
FRONT: Nathan Lyall, Elliott Wood, Stuart Bourke, Thong Le, Damian Harpantidis, Edouard Warnod, Lee Muddle.



YEAR 8C

- ROW 4:** Katie McCormack, James Armstrong, Paul Burger, Joe Zhang, Leigh Dethridge.
ROW 3: Christos Efstathiou, Dominic Evans, Nick Price, Kristy West, Sarah Fisher, Daniel Stacey, Eleonora Gasco.
ROW 2: Dolly Matta, Nick Richards, Aaron Nicholson, Andrew Marven, Sam Papillo, Karl McNamara, Alanna Vivian, Anna Kevrekian.
FRONT: Mary Phan, Sarah Abrahams, Miya Nakagawa, Shaye Amantea, Tammie Huynh, Thien-Tien Bui, Fontane Cheung.



Year Eight



YEAR 8D

- ROW 4:** Warren Haeusler, Sam Trimble, Andrew Mawson, John Islip.
- ROW 3:** Josh Afiff, Ben Devereux, Jakub Szarlat, Richard Strong, Dan Lange, Michael McCormack, Leigh Odermatt.
- ROW 2:** David Chiu, Matthew Young, Ned Jenkins, James Kemp, Jethro Curtis, Rhys Toone, Jai Watson, Qin Qin Wu.
- FRONT:** Jake Martin, Michael McHugh, Ivan Smith, Simeon Davies, Kosta Khomko, Adrian Wyeth, Glenn Grant.

YEAR 8E

- ROW 4:** Tania Wall, Josh Vince, Tabitha Barton, Karolina Juric.
- ROW 3:** Andrew Law, Daniel Nelson, Andrew Albert, Jayden Barberis, Tim Page, Zac McGregor, Sam Stevens.
- ROW 2:** Setareh Khavar, Chris Salaoras, James Wilson, Nick Varley, Mick Tassone, David Murphy, Coralie Jocin, Hayley Cook.
- FRONT:** Nina Taktikos, Lisa Choy, Pavithra Naidu, Christine Huynh, Tenelile Dix, Mary Di Pasqua, Debbie Haertel.





JUNIOR POETRY PRIZE

A Selection from the Winning Collection by
SEAMUS BARKER:

School

Classroom, ungodly noise, inane chatter.
I myself
Am a contributor.
Bell rings,
Like sheep we herd to the canteen
And mindlessly stuff our faces.

On the sports field,
Or in some quiet corner we wait,
Joy swallowed by the anticipation of the return to
class.
The minutes tick closer, our hope for a miracle cut off
By the ugly monotone of the bell.

In a concrete prison,
Of grey ugliness and disturbed learning,
The clock wends its way forward with agonising
slowness.
The teacher struggles to impart knowledge,
While mocking children make nasty comments with
straight faced sarcasm.
The bell finally rings and with desperate speed we make
for the door.

Out into the world we escape.
Most flock home,
Others swagger to Macdonald's and eat for five
minutes and sit for an hour.
Elderly citizens terrorised by real or imagined fears
Of the smoking, swearing, intimidating teenagers.

On the bus,
The sticky, sweaty press
Of too many people in too small an area.
The withered husks of dead children
Stare blankly into space.

The bus is less crowded now.
I am almost alone up the back.
With a start I realise I have reached my stop.
I depart silently and trudge through the muddy field to
my home.
'How was school?' asks my mum.
'Pretty good,' is my reply.

SEAMUS BARKER, 9

YEAR EIGHT POETRY

Home

Creak.
I open the gate.
I walk through the high grass.
It is very dark.
The trees are overpowering. Tall
They bellow down at me.
Shshshsh
The leaves lift in the long winding wind.
I reach the steps

cold
hard
concrete
steps.

I walk up, up and up
Thud.
I'm on the patio.
In front of me I see a
Big, dark, tired, old door.
Click.
Someone unlocks the door,
I push it open
Lightly, brightly lit - cheerful faces
I am home.

CORALIE JOCIN, 8

Freedom

The ripples on the water slowly fade away
as does the sound of my heart beat.
The leaves that fall from the trees
innocently break away and float freely.
Disappearing, can it be so, I am slowly slipping
away
Too, my grip is no longer what it was.
Yet it could be, determination, such a strong word
though it can mean nothing if you want it so.
I cannot determine my life as it would be
as it won't be.
A lot to think, a lot to say.
Why is the sky blue and the grass green and is
god just a figure of our imagination.
I think not, god lead me where I want to go, for
that I cannot determine.
I walk along the deadly silent streets alone,
feeling abandoned, rejected, betrayal for you
should never be alone,
but you are, never a soul, never a feeling.
I hear someone calling my name, it sounds so harsh
and unfelt.
So I shall end my life, it shall not be dramatic.
I will just step forward and let the air take me to
meet the ground, then I shall no longer have these
thoughts.

DEBBIE HAERTEL, 8

SOCIAL EDUCATION REPORT

Not just Geography and History but also . .

Geography classes in Room 103 and History classes in Room 13 can be observed on any day of the week. But what about all the other activities that go on throughout the year? Like . . . Miss Anderson's Year Twelve Geography class in Toolangi State Forest in their hard hats. Who can forget the Year Eight's History classes' involvement with the Travelling Medieval Show? (Was it Stavros, Simon or Josh of 8A behind that mask?) And what about Mr Frost and 7E's Sumerian pottery classes?

During Geography Awareness Week in May this year many different activities took place. 8A investigated the changing environment around Wattle Park with a field-trip to see the land sales at the new Wattle Park Heights. Here Joseph Whelan selected his site for a new home. We will return later this year to see the changes which have taken place.



Joseph Whelan and the house lot.



Garth Studham and Ben Pearce on Open Day.

A highly enjoyable activity for Year Seven Geography classes is the making of their edible islands. This year we had a special effort on Open Night in May. Here Garth Studham and Ben Pearce display their tempting topographical creations.

MS. MARILYN ANDERSON
Social Education Area of Study Coordinator



STUDENT EXCHANGE

Year 11 student in 1995, CAMPBELL ELLIOTT writes about his experiences as an exchange student during 1994.

Going on student exchange is probably one of the biggest decisions anyone has to make in their young life. It can be up to a year away from home and often means staying down a year level in school. It means time away from your family [which may appeal to some] and friends, a new routine, a new school, a new family, a new life. To go, depending on the exchange organisation chosen, you need to complete questionnaires, write an essay, give personal details and finally attend an interview. Then there is the cost. It may sound like a lot of commitment and organisation, but the benefits and experiences one gains from exchange cannot have a price put on them. There are ways around the cost. Many scholarships are offered through various channels and, with a bit of saving, it can be achieved. Do not be put off by The Simpsons episode where Bart goes to France. It is rarely like that. Exchange does not mean that your parents have to accept a student in return. There is no obligation to do that, but it is an option if they wish to take it up. It offers travel to students that their peers may not experience for many years. If it means travel to a foreign language country, after a while of adjusting it often means becoming fluent in the native tongue. It gives the individual a sense of responsibility not felt before. You are basically on your own in terms of doing most things for yourself, depending on how motherly your host parents are.

Wherever you go you usually begin the journey with many other exchange students. At the airport there is a certain degree of sadness in leaving, but a huge sense of anticipation and excitement at the life journey about to be undertaken. In my case I travelled to the United States with about twenty other students. The flight is long, but everyone is excited about what lies ahead. Once in your new country you then make your other connections and say goodbye to the other students, most of whom you will travel back home with in eleven months' time.

You are then on your own and have a chance to think about what will lie at your destination. I flew to Pittsburgh, PA. and then went to the town Erie - on Lake Erie. I was last off the plane and my host family was there waiting for me. With them was my representative. His or her job is to see how you are going every now and then, to organise

activities with other exchange students in your area, to settle you in and basically be someone you can talk to about anything. These people are voluntary and put in a lot of time and effort to make your stay worthwhile.

My family took me home to Meadville. It was winter and there was snow everywhere. So much, in fact, that it took three days before I had to journey to school. On bad days the school has the option to call a snow day. On line ball days, students sit by the radio in the morning, hoping to hear the name of their school among the announcements. My first day at school was the worst. I knew nobody and spent most of it by myself, getting lost, being late and trying to explain myself to teachers who could not understand me because of my Australian accent. The next day I went to the school's basketball team's practice and made the team. From then on I never had to sit alone for lunch. Getting involved in the school activities is the best way to meet people and learn about the country. All activities involving students revolved around school. Sports were huge, with audiences of a thousand plus attending at home games. We could learn from this commitment, although I think academic standards were lower. I never had to write an essay.

While in the country you are given many opportunities to travel. I travelled to Niagara Falls, New York City and Washington DC with my area representative. I also went to Canada and Florida. You may need to change families, as I did, but generally your host family becomes as if part of your real family. They are there if you need them, treat you as their own and give you everything they can. Chances are you will make friends for life and experience things friends back home can only dream about. While you are away you will also mature greatly and employers see the life experience that comes from going on exchange as a bonus when it comes to choosing applicants for positions. It is also an endless topic for conversations. So, as you can see, the good things far outweigh the negatives and all in all it is one of the best things you can do at this time of your life.

Camberwell High has had many exchange students travel overseas and a number have attended school here. It is worthwhile to pursue and if you ever get the chance, seriously consider it.

CAMPBELL ELLIOTT, 11

EXCHANGE STUDENTS

This is the text of a speech BERNARDO FAGALDE gave to School Assembly:

'I will say a few words about my staying in Australia. You know, before coming here my aim was to learn English. That was all. It was why I chose to travel for six months and not one year, but once I arrived I started to realise that there are lots of things apart from learning English. You can learn many things from another point of view and it makes you feel more mature. You can also meet other people who help you to grow up, especially at school where once you make mates the life is very easy and you end wishing you could stay longer.

Talking about my country, some of you don't know where it is but that doesn't matter. Just have a look on the map and under Brazil there it is. We are only three million inhabitants so that we almost know everyone. Our area is about two hundred thousand square kilometres. Most of the country is agricultural so it wasn't a shock seeing so many sheep here. Our weather is exactly the same as here, not as crazy, but much the same as in Melbourne. In my town we are no more than fifteen thousand people, so living in Melbourne was a great experience for me. Trains and trams were all new to me. Our soil is very good and we have eight sheep and five cows for each inhabitant. About history, we became independent in 1825, after fighting against Spain, Portugal and England.

Attending school in my country I would say is boring. We have four hours each day from Monday to Friday, having breaks of five minutes between one period and the other one, but we don't have either recess or lunchtime.

This was one of the most enjoyable things in my staying here, playing soccer with some guys who were going to become mates later and one of the most important things I discovered in this school is the friendship there is among everyone and this is one of the things that you can never lose, especially when you go to university.

Therefore, thanks to the coordinators, teachers and especially to my mates who are responsible for making me feel part of this and thanks for being such good people. I don't want to give names because I will be forgetting some and if sometime I come back I hope to find the same people as friendly as you are now. I wish all of you the best.'

BERNARDO FAGALDE, 11

Good luck to you, Bernardo!

THE MOON FESTIVAL



Binh Nguyen and Bing-Bing Zheng.



Tram Khuy, Sally Yiu, Thien-Tien Bui, Melissa Ngan, Binh Nguyen, Elizabeth Cao, Traditional Vietnamese Dancing.



Kimmy Tang and Edward Chou with Miya Nakagawa, Shaye Amantea, Katie McCormack, Sherry Sheng, Elizabeth Cao, Bing-Bing Zheng, Thien-Tien Bui and Melissa Ngan in National Dress.



Year Nine



YEAR 9A

- ROW 3:** Tristan Wong, George Varelas, Simon Lansbury, Adam Read, David Wyputa, Scott Gangell, Nathan Wong, David Warnod.
- ROW 2:** Rhys Jones, Andrew Bereza, Matthew Collins, Simon Molan, Paul Budmir, Greg Adams, Jay Reading.
- FRONT:** Tim Lamacraft, John Anderson, Simon Jacombs, Brandon Studham, David Hinchey, Ben Reade, Mark Hatton.

YEAR 9B

- ROW 3:** Amber Auld, Rebecca McLennan, Emily Baxter, John Kravaritis, Nancy Calore, Dylan Hauser, Nicolas Orbitani, Kim Lambie.
- ROW 2:** Rod Boone, Chris Rathgen, Allister Miscamble, Eric Owen, Michael Thomson, Jeremy Smith, James Salt, Ari Smith.
- FRONT:** Benjamin Materazzo, Michelle Chiang, Ian Andersen, Maria Alescio, Lindsay George, Marilou Flores, Hieu Nguyen.



YEAR 9C

- ROW 3:** Hugh Watson, Siobhan Paterson, Cassie Davis, Melissa Corovic, Peter Williams, Tahli Shields, Sancho Panettieri, Christiarn Betros, Nicole Mattingley.
- ROW 2:** Chris Browne, Rory Verrenkamp, Johathan Giddings, Rick Turner, Sam Currie, David Trickey, Paul Stephenson, Matthew Maddern.
- FRONT:** Elyssa Henery, Kalliopy Efstathiou, Ana Juric, Natalie Wygerse, Jenny Moffatt, Melanie Young, Alison Eaton.



Year Nine



YEAR 9D

- ROW 3:** Tim Chatto, Rachael Young, Fiona Cooper, Brooke Colbert, Emily Donkin, Renae White, Gavan Hayes, Stuart Wilson, Tammie Caban.
- ROW 2:** Dana Moussaout, Andrew Frawley, Lachlan Walker, Rebecca Holborn, Seamus Barker, Kristin Walker, Alice Molan, Kirsten Miscamble, Jonathon Boyd.
- FRONT:** Lucas Kotros, Philip Cox, Dakhylina Madkhul, Joanna Canty, Lauren Barnes, Salome Romero, Trevor Robinson, David Kovic.

YEAR 9E

- ROW 3:** Joel Murray, Julian Bugg, Luke Cotter, Tarren Peters, Justin Gadze.
- ROW 2:** Byong Kim, Guy Martin, Mark Rosthorn, Carney Kucharski, Lawrence Leung, Stephen Rawlinson, Joss Peake, Travis Bull.
- FRONT:** Jeremy White, Tim Wood, Darren Dryden, Gareth Metcalf, Benjamin Priest, Ilias Dimitropoulos, Nick Dunstan.



YEAR 9F

- ROW 3:** Kim Kwok, Katrina Milas, Nicholas Body, William Zhen, Sheree Kozaric, Matthew Poc, Andrew Hibbert, Cassandra Cheah, Sarah West.
- ROW 2:** Tam Hong, Joan Maule, Kris Origenes, Bill Brownell, Emily Gill, Alex Bezhenar, James Bower, James Withers.
- FRONT:** Kathy Varelas, Pei-Shan Hsu, Hoi-Min Khoo, Danielle Victor, Pei-Chen Hsu, Ming Nguyen, Rebecca Petit.

CHALLENGE CANCER SUPPORT NETWORK

For Kids and Their Families

Kids with cancer have to spend up to nine months sitting in a hospital bed at the Royal Children's Hospital. Challenge is an organisation for these kids.

The "challenge" is to encourage and support the children and their families and also make sure that they are given as many advantages as possible. Some of the entertainment that Challenge organises are trips to the football, basketball, concerts and camps. Many celebrities also visit the Royal Children's Hospital and spend time with children who are too sick to leave nurses' or doctors' watchful eyes.

Now that you have an idea of what Challenge is, I'll tell you how Camberwell High became involved. Three years ago, CHS suggested to Challenge that high school students might be able to visit sick children and they might be able to help them enjoy themselves by playing games with them and having someone their own age looking after them, without having parents or nurses watching over them.

This year, four Year Nine students from CHS visited children in the Royal Children's Hospital (Mary-Lou Flores, Rebecca McLennan, Byong Kim and I). We arrived to find that the theme of the day was "Ice-cream Day". We walked through the very colourful wards giving out ice-creams and "Leuk the Duck" Challenge balloons ("Leuk" for leukemia) to all the kids and staff.

After all the ice-cream had melted and would no longer stay anywhere near the cones, we gave up and went to visit a ten-year old girl, Allison. She asked if we would play a board game with her but later she told us she was tired and needed a rest. (But I think she just wanted to quit while she was ahead because she had beaten us all!!!)

We visited another girl Jessie who was two years old, who showed us how she was injected by demonstrating on her Teddy Bear. Then Matthew, a young boy, asked us to watch him do a card trick which stumped us all!

It was a very worthwhile day, even though we only got a mere glimpse of what these and many other children had to take all day, every day for between four and nine months. It was very disturbing to see the side-effects of the medication that they took but also intriguing to notice the politeness and gratitude the kids showed towards us.

A special "thank you" to Kathy Prior, the member of Challenge who drove us to and from the hospital and to Mr. Anderson for organising the day.

Remember what a worthy cause this is when we begin selling "Leuk the Duck" badges and during the Challenge barbeque which we'll hold here at school.

TAHLI SHIELDS, 9



Nicole Mattingly – Photography

YEAR 9 AT WORK



Scienceworks



Brook Colbert, Cassie Davis – Heart Dissection



LOTE REPORT

Another busy year for LOTE students. The German Teachers' Association of Victoria held a poetry competition for Years Seven, Eight and Nine in June in which seven students were awarded certificates.

In the Years Ten and Eleven poetry competition, run by the Goethe Society, Carl Goodwin, Year Ten and Lauren Stoker, Year Eleven, each received an Honourable Mention.

Five of our French students performed very well with a <<mention très honorable>> in the Alliance Française Concours Berthe Mouchette — another poetry reading competition — Emily Gill, Year Nine, Lana Collaris, Year Ten, Terri Hilaris, Year Ten, Kon Kyparissoudis, Year Ten and Diana Phan, Year Ten.

In the same competition two other students, Pavithra Naidu of Year Eight and Christian Betros of Year 9 were awarded each a <<mention honorable>>.

In August students in Years Eight and Eleven Indonesian, French and German sat for the Australian Language Certificates at the beginner and intermediate levels. Students to receive certificates included Sarah Fisher, Nick Cook, John Islip, Coralee Jocin, Nick Verley, Chris Evans, Andrew Giddings, Amelia Needoba, Chris Nowlan, Lauren Stocker, Jonne Ho, Zac McGregor, Lily Tang.

At the Open Day, held on the afternoon of May 23, all three languages put on interesting items. Ms. Martin instructed parents and prospective students how to play the Angklung — the traditional Indonesian bamboo instrument, whilst Ms. Greenough, with the help of Year Nine Indonesian students, prepared and served spring rolls. Next door, in the French room, Ms. Trenchard-Smith gave lessons on how to play Pétanque, the French game with metal balls and a 'piglet' that is played on any open space in all villages in the south of France. In the German room Ms. Renowden and Ms. Nimmervoll helped students make badges in German

Numerous food samplings and restaurant excursions were organised for the different LOTES — French breakfasts and lunches for Years Seven, Eight and Nine, the annual visit to the Cuckoo restaurant in Olinda for Year Nine German classes, a visit to Garuda restaurant in Fitzroy for Years Ten and Eleven Indonesian students and a night for the Year Twelve German students in Carlton at a caberet — *Kaberett Internet*. All Year Ten, Eleven and Twelve German students also saw a screening of *Mrs. Doubtfire* at the Rivoli Cinema in August.

MS JULIA TRENCHARD SMITH
LOTE Area of Study Coordinator

COMMERCE REPORT

DRIVER EDUCATION AT C.H.S.

For the first time at Camberwell High School the Commerce Faculty has organised a two day Driver and Road Safety Education course for the Year 10 Law students. The course was offered by the METROPOLITAN TRAFFIC CENTRE (METEC) in Kilsyth.

Forty-eight Year Ten students took part in the course in May. It was designed to teach children under the legal Learner's Permit age how to drive defensively. Students drove manual motor vehicles with qualified driving instructors beside them. Features of the course included basic car control on constructed roads at the Centre without the distraction of road traffic. As well as experiencing practical tuition students were subjected to theory sessions regarding recognising hazards, the effects of alcohol and drugs on drivers, road laws and learning of basic vehicle mechanics.

The course was well organised and students found the course enjoyable, practical and informative. It was an outstanding success.

Three of our students underwent a test in October for selection to represent the school in the final of the SHELL YOUNG DRIVER OF THE YEAR COMPETITION. The competition carries a prize of \$500 to the winning student, together with \$1 000 to the school she or he represents. Second the third placed students receive \$250 each. All students who attended the course were graded for their driving skills. Of the one thousand students who attended the course in the past twelve months in Victoria, forty made it one step closer to the final. The three students to represent our school in the final forty are Alex Wignall, James Pickard and Nick Hausegger. Congratulations to all the students who participated in the course and good luck to the three boys in their quest for prize money.

MS. HELEN KOUTSOUGERAS
Commerce Area Of Study Coordinator

Nara Gasco and Leighton Vivian behind the steering wheels



STUDENTS GIVEN A FOOTBALL LESSON

Staff v Students football match - SRC Fair day 1995

Pre-match Report by P. Stephens (staff)

Our clever ploy of cancelling the match the day before, and the fact that it was Fair day, paid off as a number of Year Twelves decided not to attend. However even this was unlikely to make much difference to the outcome (we thought).

While the students had a depleted squad from which to choose, we, too, faced a number of pre-match dilemmas:

- no one wanted to play in the backline!
- how could we replace our non-starters?
- all of the school's jumpers had seemed to have shrunk?!
- we were pretty tired before we had even got out of the changing rooms.

Of course, we did have some things going for us. Most of us were 'fresh' having not pulled on the boots for many years, we had combined football playing experience of approximately one hundred years and we had prepared ourselves well for the big game by rigorously partaking in the 'game eve' carbohydrate loading from the various fair food stalls.

In addition to this, we had Mr. Phillips umpiring and gained some 'young blood' through the late recruitment of Theo Bukka and Peter Rousis.

Match Report by E. Brereton (coach)

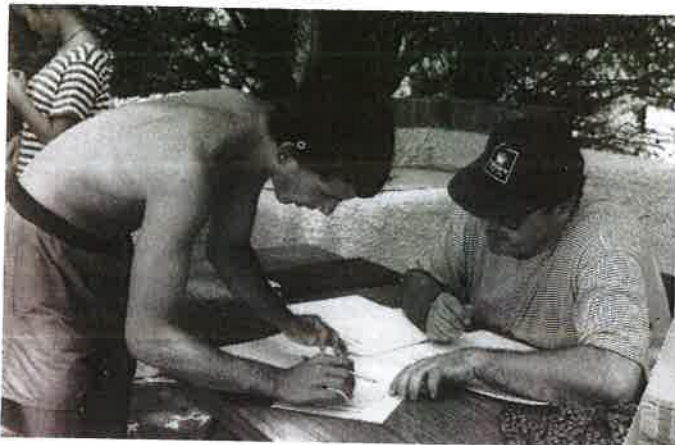
Under blue skies out ran the Gallant Few to play the game of their lives against the best team (??) the students could offer. The level playing field witnessed a Fair Day massacre as the sprightly and talented teachers (supplemented by Theo Bukka and Peter Rousis, added for ornamental purposes only) kicked a winning score of 18.15 - 123 to the students' 6.12 - 48. The inspirational pre-match address of the coach was hardly necessary: these brave teachers, whose motto was 'Age shall not weary us', were ON FIRE.

A team's backline needs the following elements: height, speedy rebound with great offensive skills, and impeccable teamwork. The staff team's backline, Terry Ymer, defied amazing odds to repel repeatedly the students' forward thrusts. He teamed brilliantly with Drew 'lovely legs' Smith, speedy Paul Newman, gutsy Peter Stephens, fearsome young Theo and Peter, the Boy Poyntz (Rob was unbeatable at full-forward with seven goals and five elbows....) and Graham Tootell who decided to go for a full knee reconstruction during half-time in the game. Dave Phillips was the umpire (using the word extremely loosely) and coach Brereton swung her jacket above her head (K. Sheedy copied her!) to celebrate a great win by the teachers' team. And what of our students' team? To quote the immortal words of Jack Dyer: 'They never done much, but what they done they done real good'.

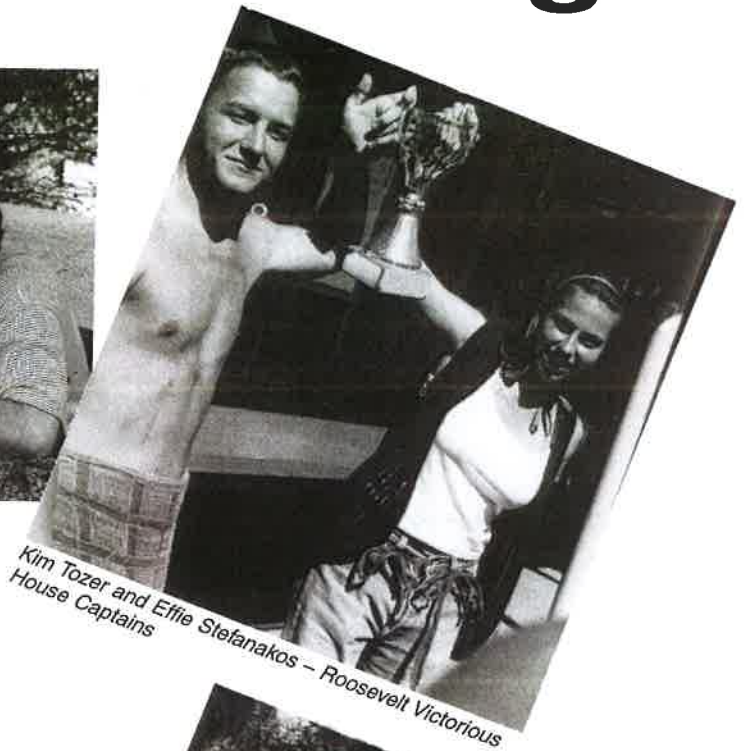


The Victorious Staff Team – Peter Stephens, (Theo Bukka), Terry Ymer, Rob Poyntz, (Peter Rousis), Paul Newman, Drew Smith, Dave Phillips (Alleged Umpire).

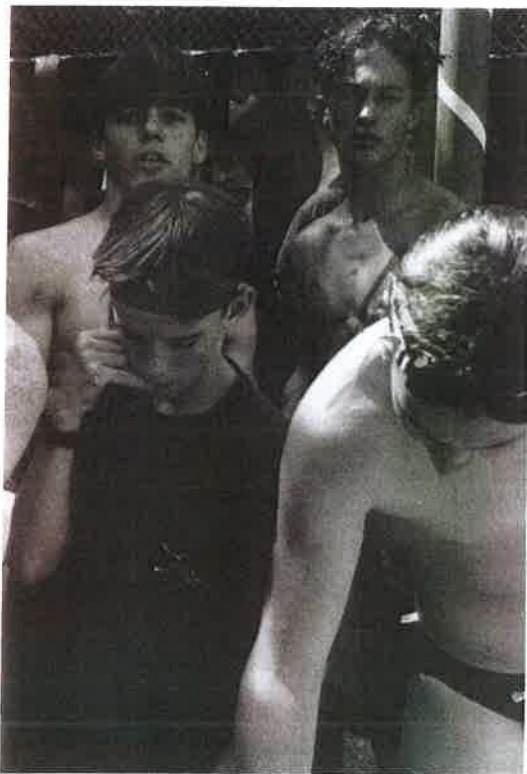
House Swimming



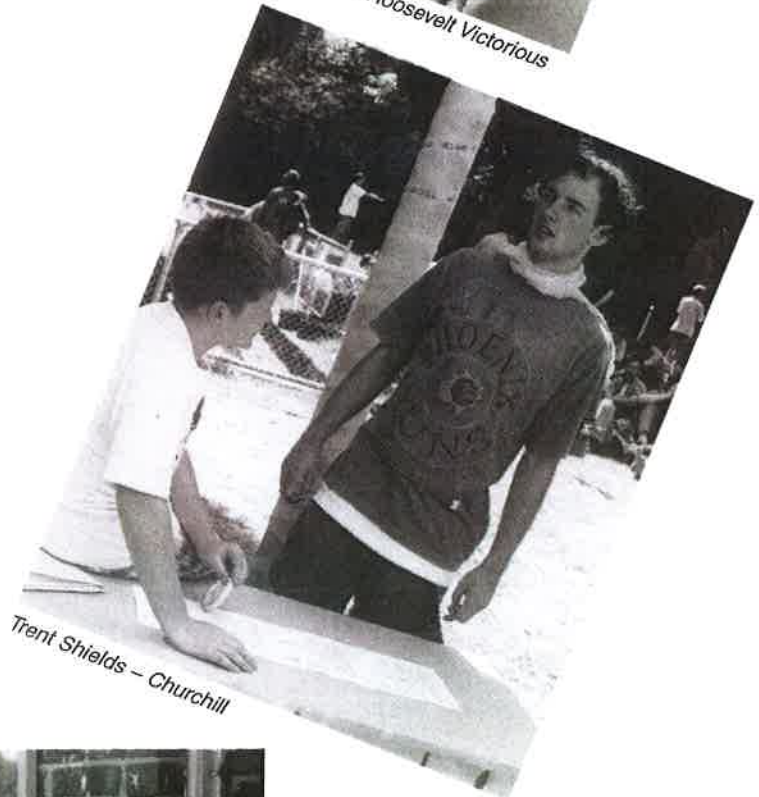
Mr James Barut at the Marshalling Table



Kim Tozer and Effie Stefanakos - Roosevelt Victorious



Nick Bugeja - Montgomery



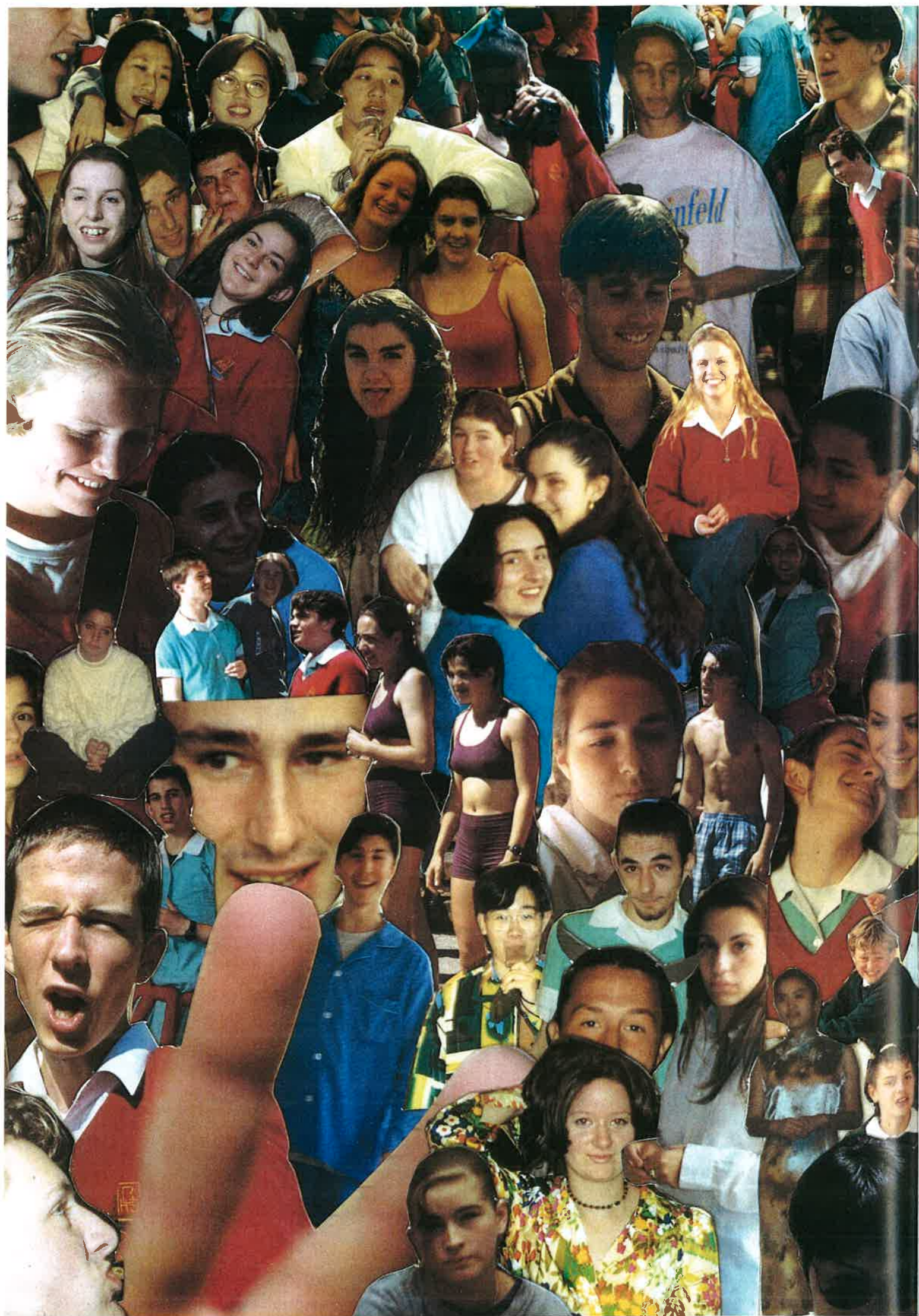
Trent Shields - Churchill



Mr. Sinclair at the microphone

ARTS HOW





SOUVENIR LIFTOUT



*Welcome to the Grand Opening of:
The G.M. Sinclair Sports Hall
Tuesday November 14th 1995*

CAMBERWELL HIGH SCHOOL HALL

*Opening Ceremony: 7:30 - 8:30
Viewing of the Sinclair Sports Hall and
Exhibition Match: 8:30 - 9:30*

PROGRAM & SPEAKERS

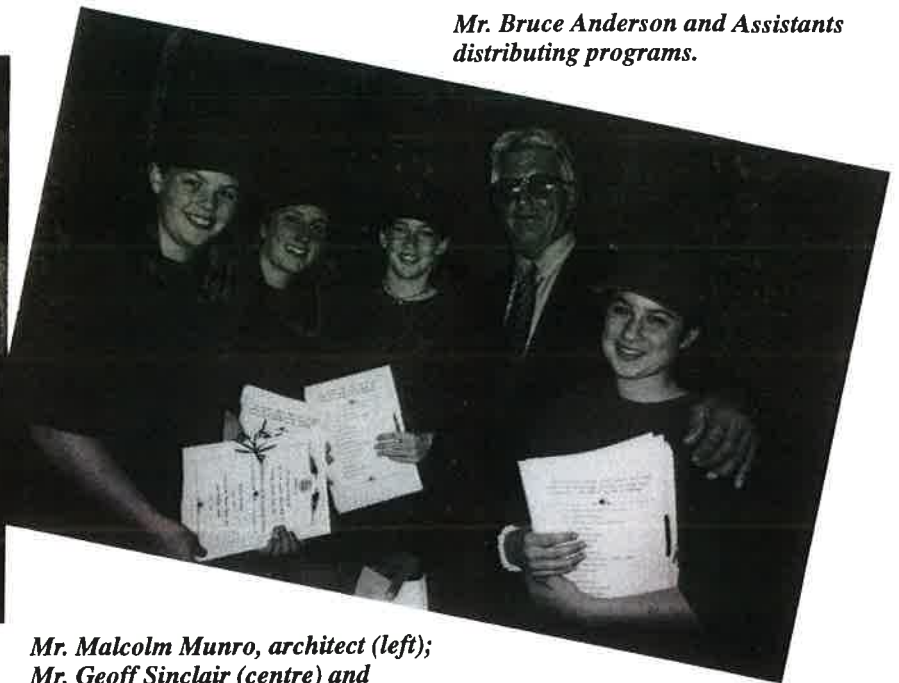
Drinks & Canapes

- *Welcome and introduction - Bruce C. Anderson*
- *Camberwell High School Principal - Elida Brereton*
- *School Treasurer - Graham Henderson*
- *Dedication of Sports Hall - Ray Cleary*
- *Response - Geoffrey M. Sinclair*
- *Student's Response - Emily Gill Jonathon Boyd - Year 9*

The crowd at the Opening.



Mr. Bruce Anderson and Assistants distributing programs.



The Rev. Ray Cleary (left) and Mr. Geoff Sinclair.



Mr. Malcolm Munro, architect (left); Mr. Geoff Sinclair (centre) and Mr. Eric Leech, builder (right).



Ms. Elida Brereton, Principal.



Jonathan Boyd and Emily Gill (student response).



Exhibition match in progress.



SOME OF THE TEXT OF THE SPEECH OF ACCEPTANCE GIVEN BY MR GEOFF SINCLAIR:

'I can't recall the last time I was so churned up inside, childishly excited.

I am excited for the people who have worked for so long on this project and I am excited for the children who will start using the Sports Hall tomorrow.

I am deeply honoured by this School's community's gesture in baptising the Sports Hall with my name. I thank you most sincerely.

In the first place, the fact that the project has arrived at such a wonderful conclusion, to the delight and perhaps a little amazement of all, deepens the honour.

The prominence of the site for the Sports Hall set us a stern challenge. A single glance from anywhere on the western aspect takes in the parent building and must include any offspring that may eventuate.

It was always going to be a very public statement of the strength of our values and our vision for the school.

The columns on the Sports Hall point out from the panels, the fluting and the texture soften the bulk. These devices acknowledge the style of the original 1941 pile and complement it splendidly.

Yet the Hall is distinctive and in reflecting the architecture of the earlier buildings, it provides a clear reminder of the continuity of the School's tradition — that for more than fifty years it has largely succeeded in providing young people with a high quality of instruction in a stimulating and challenging environment in which the classifiers of status such as gender and race are endorsed, not condemned.

Inside the building the alliance of materials, space and light issue an immediate challenge and offer a wealth of opportunity.

At last our young people and their teachers have a domain which is worthy of them. No longer will we have to resort to compromise and second best — too often the limitations of our facilities have caused our ambitions to wither. There has been too much frustration and disappointment. The new facility frees up this assembly hall for the purposes for which it was built by a previous generation. In fact, the new Sports Hall will enhance the already excellent physical education, sports and recreational programs, but its influence will permeate through the life of the whole school and its curriculum in a very positive way.

It is wonderful to be here tonight to share the excitement of achievement with many of the people who have been involved in creating a building which I'm certain will be an inspiration to future generations of Camberwell High School students.

There are former students who retain a great affection for their old school.

There are those inspired by a simple belief in the State system of education as the best environment to produce responsible, intelligent and humane people.

(Continued on next page)

There are those who were motivated by the belief that an indoor sports facility is a basic right of all young people, given the wealth this society generates often directs to privileged enclaves of dubious social worth.

This facility is the result of the efforts of many people who have contributed as generously as their modest lifestyles will allow.

Now, that is something to savour. To my mind, that enhances its value enormously.

The School is blest with a hard core of people who have a vision and the determination to realise that vision. You know who you are.

There are faces here tonight which I haven't seen much of for many years. Welcome back. There is still much work to be done and we need you.

This building and the process of its creation is truly representative of this School community. A diverse group with vision and the commitment to enhance the opportunities of students — among them leading educational theorists, architects, professionals, care givers, practising teachers, house wives, union activists, business and trades people — set themselves a task. To succeed they needed to generate support from a wider School community, often unpredictable in its response and to negotiate a contract with bewildering, uncooperative bureaucracy.

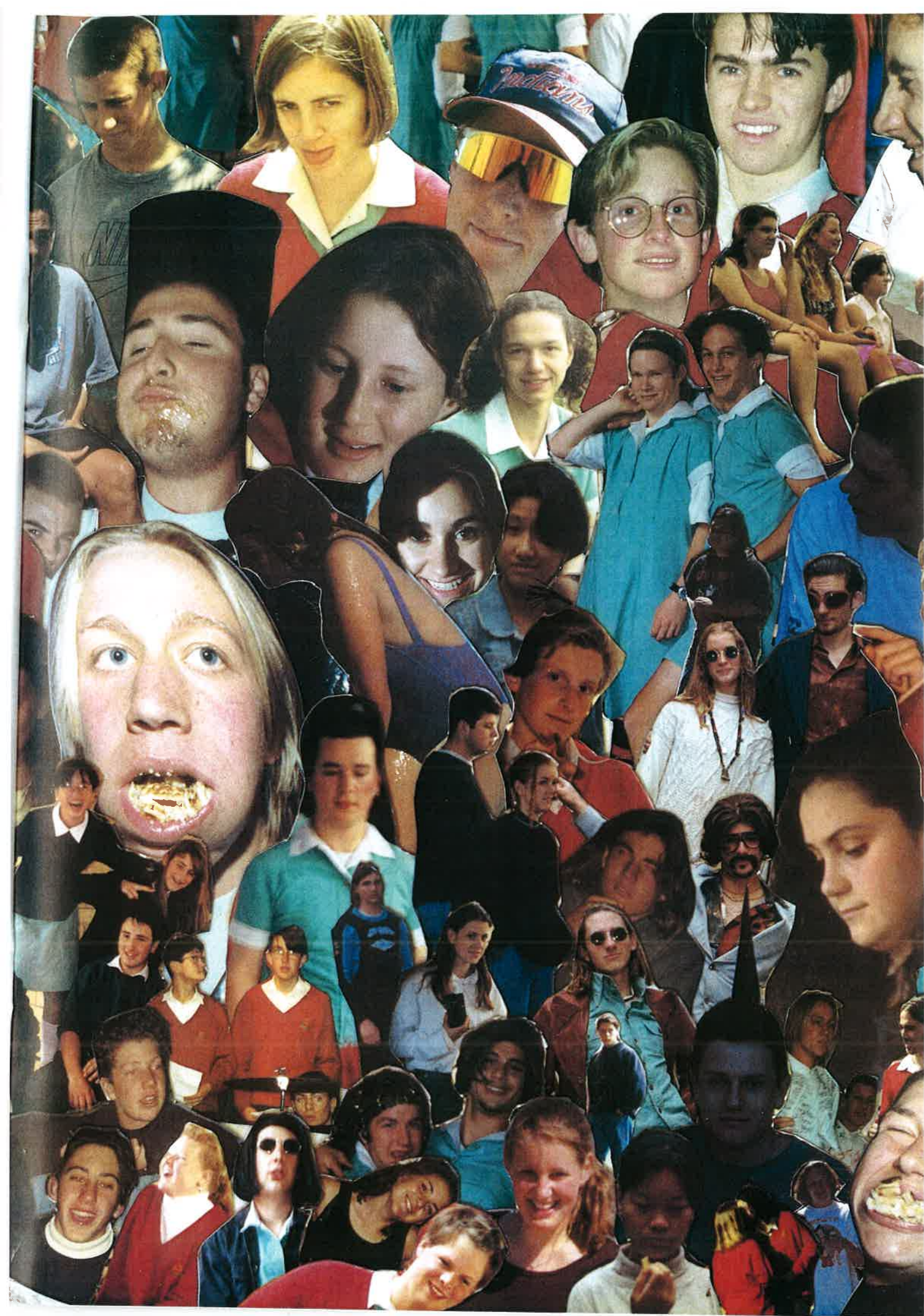
In this instance we revel in their success.

Yet, even as we celebrate one achievement, further challenges press on us. If the American poet, Robert Frost, will pardon me for adapting his intensely personal lines to our communal aspirations,

*"But I have promises to keep
And miles to go before I sleep.
And miles to go before I sleep."*

*The Sinclair Sports Hall would not exist without the generosity of time,
money and commitment contributed by the following:*

- The Original Sports Hall Committee
- The Parents and Friends Association
- Financial Contributors
- Past Principals
- The School Community - 1989 to 1995
- School Sponsors
- Staff members
- The National Bank
- Co-operative members
- Fair Committees
- School Councillors
- Sports Hall Patrons
- School Administrators
- C.H.E.S.S.
- School Ancillary Staff





ARTS WEEK



Pillar Painting



Graphics Air Brushing Day



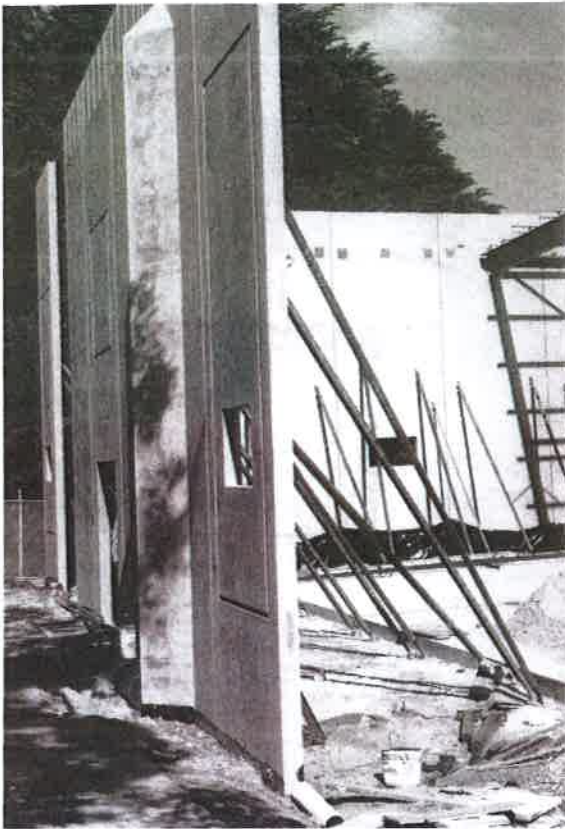
Pavement



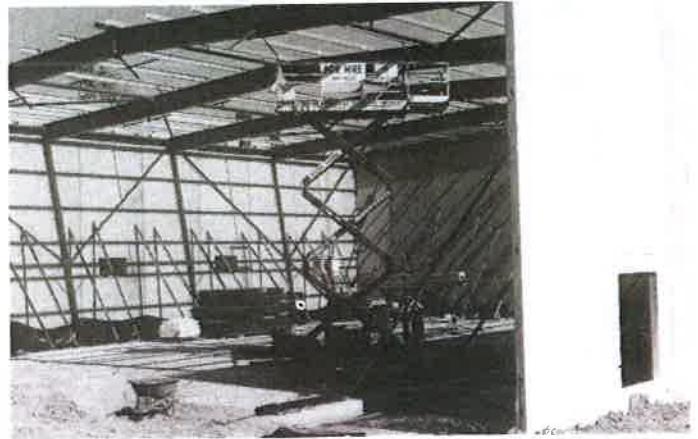
Graphics Air Brushing Day



Sports Hall



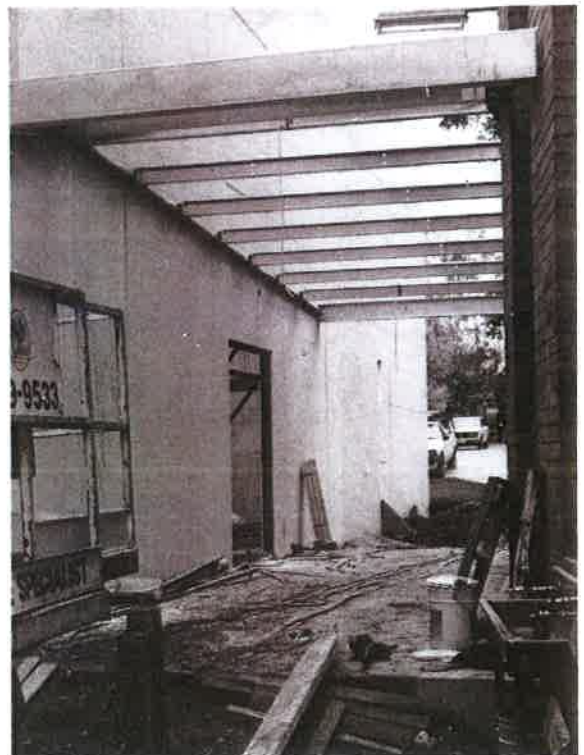
Walls Up



Roof on



Painting Underway



Foyer Link to the School Hall



Ex student, Mr. Brian Naylor with Assistant Principals Mr G. Sinclair and Mr K. Tenner in the new sports hall.



SPORTS REPORT

1995 has been a year of great change, probably one of the most important years in the history of the school.

Sport has had to change with the introduction of Sport Education.

The completion of the Sinclair Sports Hall means new directions have to be incorporated into the Sports program.

The impact of school staffing and demands on teachers has reduced the availability of staff giving extra time to run teams.

Sport education for Years Seven and Eight for two periods a week in a range of sports, golf, cricket, volleyball, table tennis, softball, badminton, baseball, hockey, soccer, netball, football, squash, basketball, athletics, tennis has also had an impact.

Students selected a year's course of three major and two minor sports which occupied ten weeks and four weeks respectively. Although students had the opportunity to elect for activities which had a competitive, inter school element, they may still have been in a group which, theoretically, was not the premier team the school could have entered. This had the advantage of all students competing for a school team. It is a broadening of the base at inter-school and is a direction many other schools will adopt with the introduction of Sport Education. It also enabled us to enter up to three teams in some competitions as opposed to the single team in the past. Students and staff are positive about this direction.

1996 will see the introduction of Sport Education at Years Nine and Ten. This will place further strain on staffing, facilities and equipment. The additional space supplied by Sinclair Hall will enhance all of these sports programs as well as enabling a more thorough approach to Volleyball, basketball, badminton

and gymnastics. The participation rate and standards will be improved dramatically. It is also a symbol of the commitment the school has made to ensure that Sport and Sport Education have a significant role and impact on each student and it is a Charter priority. It also symbolises the commitment of ex-student and parent bodies to the continuing improvement, upgrading and belief in the school's future.

Staff have displayed a willingness to be involved, not just in the development of Sport Education, but also the continuation of House Championships, VC Sport, lunchtime competitions, the training of individuals and groups, the development of new activities. This always involves a sacrifice of time on their part. It also displays a commitment to increasing opportunities for students.

Camberwell has a fine sporting heritage; it will and is evolving into one which is broader based and with increasing opportunities for every student to be involved in activities they choose, in activities which will enable them to compete and participate in a positive environment.

BRUCE ANDERSON
Sports Area of Study Coordinator

(THE SPORTS AREA OF STUDY HAS BEEN HOST TO THE CANBERRA EDUCATION AUTHORITY AND MANY SCHOOL PHYSICAL EDUCATION FACULTIES DURING 1995 BECAUSE OF ITS INNOVATIVE PROGRAM AT CAMBERWELL HIGH SCHOOL - Ed.)



HISTORY REPORT

Many HISTORY classes this year have been involved in the 'Australia Remembers' theme. A major achievement was the publication of the booklet, *Australia Remembers: Camberwell High Says Thanks For Our Freedom*. Over twenty Year Ten students, under the guidance of Mr. Davis, Mrs. Gray and our historian in residence, Ms. Joyce Phillips, interviewed men and women who had experienced the war years 1939 to 1945. It was a most rewarding experience for all concerned. If you would like a copy to read, please contact Mr. Davis, Mrs. Gray or Miss Anderson.

AUGUST 15, 1995, WAS THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF VICTORY IN THE PACIFIC, and we took a group of over eighty students to the ticker tape parade in Swanston Street. In the

words of NICK PRICE of Year Eight: "We watched the people who fought for the country and our freedom march by. Not only did we see the people who fought, but other people, like the cooks and medical staff."

In Year Seven History recently, Miss Anderson 'volunteered' to have Chinese Traditional Medicine demonstrated on her by local doctor, Dr. John Koukas. Acupuncture certainly shows the sharp end of teaching! Can you see the four needles inserted? However, it was the pungent smell of the burning incense which had the whole school wondering whether the Year Twelves had taken their hippy 1970s theme day too far!

MS MARILYN ANDERSON
Social Education Area of Study Coordinator



Ticker Tape Parade



Ms Anderson and Dr Koukas with acupuncture needles



Fly Past Over Swanston Street



Year Ten



YEAR 10A

- ROW 3:** Javed Henderson, Luke Lalor, Evan Papillo, Scott Walker, Ben Wood, John Kondres, Guy Mason, Ben De-Lacy, Nick Cook.
- ROW 2:** Luke Knight, Tim Perkins, David Shields, Marcus Djuric, Casey Asmus, Cam Baker, Lee Hauser, David Beattie, Marlon Briggs.
- FRONT:** Robert Mason, Luke Nelson, Marc Martin, Rory Tidball, Liam Paterson, Richard Sabbagh, Owen Mathews, Anthony Acfield.

YEAR 10B

- ROW 3:** Paul Young, Chris Poc, Amanda Vincec, Alister Crow, Jack Tang, Nicholas Haussegger, Anh Bui, Miki Nakagawa, Carl Goodin.
- ROW 2:** Jimmy Chiu, Darryl Edwards, David Seddon, Luke Carlson, Alex Wignall, Hugh Kendall, James Pickard, Stacey Mitchell.
- FRONT:** Joanna Yiu, Helen Hsu, Penny Tan, Rebecca Learmont, Emily Whatmough, Joan Kevrekian, Lonar Zhang.



YEAR 10C

- ROW 3:** Mark Salem, Adam Afiif, Jamie Agaliotis, Rodney Wisenden, Bradley Anderson, Wade Kohair, Danial King, Heath Shakespeare, Stefanos Stefanakos, Paul Collier.
- ROW 2:** Astrid McCormack, Lana Collaris, Warwick Collins, Michael McClelland, Tom Allan, Alistair Shield, Simon Casey, Jane Ingram, Antonia Semler.
- FRONT:** Jacquie Evans, Sheridan Welsh, Tara Angevin, Jessica Templeton, Jana Marcak, Joanne Withy, Taya Koh, Karen Wharton.



Year Ten



YEAR 10D

ROW 3: Campbell Benson, Leighton Vivian, Duncan Elliot, Josh Neilson, Karolina Jankov, Ashley Lyall, Stephen Giblett, Rick Lee.

ROW 2: Ryan Nelson, Ben Wilhelms, Chris O'Grady, Tim Burger, Daniel Kukiell, Jim Ryan, Daniel Rule, Stuart Irwin, Tom Hurle.

FRONT: Elizabeth Walker, Yolande Nicholson, Jacqueline Plasto, Kim Stanning, Alex Giannopoulos, Leah Chilcote, Sarah Mawson, Alysia Mattingley.

YEAR 10E

ROW 3: Luke Conolly, Dom Gadze, Dennis Valetic, Tanji Zanker, Nick Acfield, Michael McMahon, Robyn Ellis, Shannon Hayes.

ROW 2: James Wight, Daniel Gaudion, Colin Byrne, Gideon Tuinauvai, David Hedger, Stuart Caldwell, Evan Lindau, Joshua Button, Nicholas Dalrymple.

FRONT: Angela Varelas, Jasmin Lesniak, Maggie Ene, Nina McLean, Terri Hilaris, Bonnie Stephen, Carolyn Borthwick, Nichole Garvey.



YEAR 10F

ROW 3: Nara Gasco, Chris Dimitropoulos, Lee Le, Sam Raydan, Luke Coats, Quyen Thai, Skye Makin.

ROW 2: Nicky Bidlo, Kon Profitis, Danae Lakai, Sokyany Hey, Michael Foropoulos, Alister Quin, Joanne Palmer, Kon Kyparissoudis, Natasha Ponente.

FRONT: Diana Phan, Jennifer Hartley, Stella Kokai, Catherine Fisher, Sarah Manske, Joanne Albert, Emma Buckley, Trinh Khuu.

AUSTRALIA REMEMBERS 1945-1995

CHS Says Thanks for the Freedom

The Australia Remembers program has brought to public awareness what life was like during the war years and how deeply everyone appreciated the coming of peace. During 1995, there have been many occasions on which we could reflect about war and peace. In May, the Music Department hosted an afternoon concert which took residents from neighbouring elderly citizens' homes and clubs "Down memory lane". The school concert band and choir performed nostalgic music of the 1930s and 1940s. In August, schools were invited to send two students to a State Luncheon, accompanied by a war veteran. Jared Collins and Lauren Stocker, House Captains of Macarthur, attended together with Mr John Farthing, a World War 2 veteran. Mr Farthing's daughters attended this school and were also Macarthur House captains. The luncheon provided an inter-generational forum in which mutual understanding, ideals and visions were shared.

The third week of August was History Week, appropriate for our commemorative assembly on Tuesday August 15, the 50th anniversary of peace in the Pacific. The school band played the stirring theme to "Victory at Sea", Mr John Farthing presented the school with a plaque on behalf of the Camberwell Returned Servicemens' League and following a number of speeches, the school

observed a two-minute silence. This assembly also launched the school's oral history project.

A group of year 10 students worked enthusiastically during Term 2 on this Commonwealth Government-funded initiative. Historian-in-Residence, Joyce Phillips, supervised the students as they interviewed friends and relatives about memories of Australia in the war years. These interviews were shaped into an anecdotal, Humane record Australia Remembers; CHS Says Thanks for the Freedom, telling how ordinary people survived with laughter and dignity.

In undertaking the book project, Year ten students moved towards a deeper understanding of their past in Australia. Richard McGarvie, the Victorian Governor, speaking during the year, said that a community couldn't really understand its past until it understood the very difficult and dangerous times it had been through. By now, all students will have an appreciation of genuine human triumph and tragedy over matters of national principle and of a shared belief in the value of democracy. This year has provided not only our student historians, but indeed all students, with an invaluable opportunity to celebrate the lives of everyday Australian heroes.

OLWYN GRAY

"Australia Remembers" Project Coordinator

Some Extracts from the final publication:

• "There were bad relations at times between the American and British sailors. The American sailors referred to the British as 'limeys', as originally they had been given lime juice to prevent scurvy. When they came into the port on leave, there were very bad fights between them, and the authorities later made sure if there was an American boat in port, they would not let them have leave if the British sailors were in port as well. So, they didn't mix and they didn't fight. Otherwise, I think most people were very grateful that the Americans came here, because we were very vulnerable to the Japanese, and it might have been a different story if we hadn't had the Americans' help."

• "When the Japanese bombed the coast, they bombed Townsville [sic], Broome, Derby, and Darwin. The authorities advised all the householders in Perth to dig a six foot trench in their backyards. My brother dug a big six foot trench, covered the top with gumtree branches, and on the day the air raid siren sounded, my

mother jumped down into the hole. When we came home at night, she said 'I sat there and felt so silly all by myself.' She also said that all the neighbourhood cats had been using it as a toilet. Thank goodness we didn't have to seriously use them because the Japanese were pushed back and didn't ever bomb Perth, but people were quite scared that they would be bombed."

• "Did life return to 'normal' quickly after the war? No, slowly, slowly. Our husbands didn't have much trouble getting jobs after the war. My husband got a job at the Newport Power house. He did not talk about the war very much, he just told me about the experiences escaping from the Japs and they had very little food, and their boots wore out and they came across a chap who had died in another escape party, and there were still boots on him...I don't know whether it was George who took his boots off him...He said it was amazing how the young soldiers with their hardships escaping through the jungle, they gave up more quickly...because they had malaria and tropical ulcers and other problems...they more

or less gave in....they just gave up and died....”

•“What things were rationed and how did you cope with this?

I was very aware of the shortage of petrol, quite a lot of people I knew or their parents had cars and they had to put gas producers on the back of their cars. Also with taxis, there was a five mile radius from the city of Melbourne. They could only go out five miles from the centre of the city, so it was very difficult to get a taxi, and I lived quite a distance out of town. If I was out at night I could never get a taxi to take me home, I would always have to go by train and make certain that I caught that last train home. Some of the soldiers who were on leave were able to borrow the family's car and I was able to get a drive home, but otherwise it was always by train.”

•“What can you remember about the war ending?

I do remember that quite clearly. I was at work when we were told that the war was over. Everybody in Melbourne raced out from all the buildings and ran up and down the streets, singing, yelling, screaming, hugging and kissing, it was the most exciting day. It was a relief for so many people because they knew that they would be seeing their sons and brothers again. It was the most fabulous atmosphere and it's a moment I will always remember because everybody was just so happy and excited.”

•“John rang up on a Thursday night and said that he was posted up north and wanted to get married tomorrow. And my mother said, ‘Oh no, no, I want my child to be married as a bride, there's no time’. My uncle was a Church of England minister, and he rushed things ahead. So the

whole family got together and got all our clothing coupons, which meant that I was able to buy a wedding dress. You couldn't see my tatty shoes under the dress. We got married at St. Marks Church, Camberwell on the next Tuesday.”

•“It was rather a lonely experience, wanting to go out on a Saturday night and nowhere to go but we did have good friends. We all used to sit around the radio and listen to ‘Pick a Box’. Peter and Peggy, we used to race home to listen to that show which went on for ever and ever. When you think of today and the opportunities that young people have, it's a lot different, plus you have a lot more educational options, whereas we used to go as far as Intermediate, and you thought, well, what can I do. You could have joined the AWAS or the WRANS but I didn't want to go because I didn't want to be away from home. Lots of girls did and I think they did a wonderful job. A cousin of mine was in the Army, the WRANS we used to think were wonderful because the uniform was so smart.”

•“There were coupons for butter and coupons for tea and coupons for everything [sic]. You couldn't get a suit made, and the only good thing was we were coming out of the worst depression we ever had. No one was supposed to have any money. And then war breaks out and there's money coming from everywhere. And of course in about a month there wasn't a bloke that wasn't employed. Plus all the soldiers. Then they built a big ammunition factory in Maribyrnong, thousands worked there. So it cleared up the unemployment. At that time I was getting two pounds a week, that was the basic wage in 1939.”

STATE LUNCHEON.

On the 2nd August, 1995, Lauren Stocker and I attended a state luncheon to commemorate the fifty year anniversary which marked the end of WWII.

The Australia Remembers campaign was advertised throughout the year to inform the younger generation of what was accomplished by those who fought during 1939-1945.

Accompanying us to the World Congress Centre was John Farthing, President of Canterbury Rotary Club and Serviceman of the Airforce. He was trained in Canada and stationed in Egypt during the latter stages of the war.

Many dignitaries were present: State Members from both parties, people from the media and entertainment industries. We were fortunate to have the Deputy Leader of the Opposition, sitting at our table.

An emotional rendition of the National Anthem started proceedings, the Australian Army Band and Australian Girls' Choir providing the music. This was followed by speeches from the Honourable Jeff Kennett, MLA, Premier of Victoria, Mr. Ian Bayles, DFC, who represented the Veteran community and Miss Bessie

Abbott, school Chaplain of Presbyterian Ladies College who represented the youth of Australia.

All three spoke of the importance of remembering those who served throughout World War II. They also pleaded for world peace, especially in the Balkans and Soviet Union, hoping similar circumstances can be avoided in the future.

A typically Australian lunch was then served, a three course meal consisting of gum leaf scented lamb with vegetables, filo pastry on a pumpkin coulis and apple foam with blackberries. The Army band played some War-time favourites as the veterans met friends or made some new ones. War stories were exchanged with students asking questions which the veterans were delighted to answer.

Through attending this luncheon, as well as ticker-tape parades and history classes structured around this milestone, a great platform to remember those who served this country and provided the freedom we enjoy today.

It all ensured that Australia really will remember.

JARED COLLINS, 12.

TECHNOLOGY REPORT

WOODWORK

The Year 12 Tech-wood class has completed what has been a year of hard work. The course consisted of a written and a practical CAT as well as practical work requirements and other written work. The production of a product has brought the best out of the class and we have learned how to develop a range of ideas and designs, turning them into final products. The products produced this year by our class have included a chest of drawers, a practice drum kit, a chair, outdoor furniture, a jewellery box, a serving trolley and coffee tables. These, because of their quality, have been entered in the VCE Excellence Awards competition.

In Year 8 Wood we have had two terms in which we worked two days each week. We concentrated on one main topic, cams, cranks and levers. We designed and assembled a toy with moveable parts, using cams, cranks and levers. Along the way we also did projects about wood and learned different techniques for doing woodworking. The program is good because you get to design and make everything yourself and still have somebody ready to help you.



Rory George in the Technology – Wood Room



Peter Rousis in the Technology – Wood Room



Peter Koukouvinos with his chest of drawers

MATERIALS AND TECHNOLOGY

(Affiliated with Box Hill University of Technology.)

The Year 11 Materials and Technology class spent one week of their holidays participating in a scaffolding course at Box Hill TAFE as part of their accelerated course, Building Construction and Carpentry, which they are completing as well as their VCE.

METALWORK

In Year 10 Metalwork we have designed and created our own jewellery. We have made our pieces by using the method called centrifical casting. How we did this was by making a model of the piece out of wax and covering it with plaster to make a mould. We then burned out the wax in an oven at 750°C and poured molten silver into the mould. Then we filed and polished it to make it pretty. After jewellery we made some furniture with steel which we welded.

A.V.G. JAMES LECTURE 1995

The Reverend Tim Costello, noted lawyer and community worker, spoke of the difficulties facing young people in a disintegrating society. He spoke with deep conviction, from both personal and professional experience and insight gained through his work on three different continents. Rev. Costello was introduced by Ms. Jeanette Botham, President of the PFA and Ms. Elida Brereton, School Principal, proposed a vote of thanks. A broad cross section of the school community listened attentively and discussion continued well into suppertime.



The Reverend Tim Costello with Principal Ms E. Brereton, Assistant Principal, Mr G. Sinclair, Ms H. Elliott, School Council Member Mrs J. Botham President, P.F.A. at the 1995 A.V.G. James Lecture.

TAMING THE TUBE

The school was hooked up to the Internet for the first time this year, via a modem in the school library. Numbers of classes and individual students used this new facility to advantage. Some of its uses were:

- to find out how much television the world watches, through the Taming the Tube project, a project undertaken in Europe, Canada, the United States of America and Australia; here by Year Seven students in maths classes,
- to participate in the Global Classroom project, involving students in electronic conferencing and conversations on such topics as the environment and language, undertaken by a range of students,
- to find out about voluntary euthanasia for a Year Twelve Issues CAT, by accessing VICNET,
- through NEXUS to listen in to the ICEBOUND project, involving two scientists wintering over in Antarctica,
- to E-mail drafts of CATs to Mr. Phillips, on leave in New York,
- to write material for two student publications, one a student newspaper and one a student anthology of biography poems, through the INCLASSE DIGEST, undertaken by Years Eleven, Ten and Eight.



Year Eleven



YEAR 11A

ROW 3: Michael Andersen, Kate Botham, Richard Cain, Danielle Amad.

ROW 2: Nathan Abrahams, Warren Adams, Brent Barnett, John Boschen, Alexander Barrett, Ben Andrews, Paul Biviano, Daniel Banfai.

FRONT: Olga Bellos, Elizabeth Cao, Paul Allan, Sam Bugeja, David Barnett, Sally-Anne Caban, Annie Brigdale.

YEAR 11B

ROW 3: Watana Chamnanchang, Dick Chuan, Mat Chaffer, Ross Cartwright, Jason Cummins, Sally Davies, Brett Curtis, Vin Du.

ROW 2: John Doak, Chris Evans, Benjamin Chan, Johnny Cho, Campbell Elliot, Rhian Dickins, Stefan Cook, Simon Craig.

FRONT: Jacqui Entwisle, Steven Ellis, Sengdara Daravong, Thuan Chau, Susan Chen, Dong Juynh, Rebekah Counihan.



YEAR 11C

ROW 3: Nicholas Harbison, Sam Gadze, Brendan Ferreira, Andrew Giddings, Michael Galvin, Vanessa Hayes.

ROW 2: Tim Harwood, Jacob Hatton, Felix Gerrand, Misa Glisovic, Rodney Harper, Bernardo Fagalde, Paul Fenton, Bruce Green.

FRONT: Amy Harrison, Yvonne Fang, Jaami Hasan, Michael Furze, Daniel Gadze, Anne Haritos, Lara Gordon.



YEAR 11D

ROW 3: Luke Higgins, Lucy Johnston, Panayiotis Katzourakis, Toby Lai, Daniel Islip.

ROW 2: Jeff Liu, Stefan Koch, Keir Carter, Tim Holborn, Danny Littlejohn, Rachel Larmour, Asher Knee-Rintel, Nghia Huynh.

FRONT: Thuy Hong, Natalie Kitson, Hee-Jong Kim, Azadeh Khavar, Julia Hurley, Lisa Hoffman, Erika Heldzingen.



Year Eleven



YEAR 11E

ROW 3: Christopher Nowlan, Zeyad Naim, Michael Luo, Liam O'Sullivan, Amelia Needoba.

ROW 2: Vicky Marangos, Eddie Muir, Adam Miatke, Aaron Mahoney, Joel Miller, Erlend Mysen, Yuri Pavlinov, Robert Minnella.

FRONT: Kristan O'Rourke, Angelo Melas, Adam Peterson, Ryan McCarthy, Loc Nguyen, Vasilios Mihelakis, Melissa Lohman.

YEAR 11F

ROW 3: Tobi Reeh, Thuy Phan, Simone Riley, Adam Sloan, Amy Porthouse, Lauren Stocker, Aristotle Simos.

ROW 2: Chris Picken, Damon Smith, Jie Le Sun, Brendon Pollock, Julius Smith, Mathias Stevenson, Cameron Stein, Konstantinos Skolarikis.

FRONT: Jun Tang, Terry Stathakis, David Scott, Steven Tame, Vasili Tahtis, Ben Powers, Tim Price.



YEAR 11G

ROW 3: Kerrie Trounson, Dillon Ye, Jacqui Turner, Amy Wennan.

ROW 2: Darren Wierzbowski, Myles Tauchert, Paul Vincec, Marshall Warren, Damian Toomey, Oliver Wearne, Peter Vapp, Ta Wu.

FRONT: Kevin Wu, Chan Tiet, Priyanka Wijesekera, Ed Vawdrey, Rick Whitehead, Christian Wanis, Jackey Zhang.





Practice Job Interviews with Rotary

The Year 11 communication project concluded with a “mock” interview on Thursday night, September 7, 1995. The project had involved the selection of a preferred occupation, through the employment advertisements in *The Age*. All students were required to produce a detailed resumé, and letter of application which would be sufficient if the job were the ‘real thing’.

The interview was the culmination of this work, and the reason for it. In order to provide students with experience as similar as possible to the real thing, the interview was included in the project - as it would be surely more beneficial.

The interview night soon arrived and the students, as well as Canterbury Rotary Club members who had been given the role of interviewer, slowly moved into the hall.

The first set of students and I were left waiting at the entrance of the hall for what seemed a very long time. We stood in nervous anticipation, quickly re-reading our resume and letter of application - on which the interview would be based, as if the interview was actually a major influence on our future.

We were certainly dressed as if it were - as the majority of all students wore suits and seemingly very expensive “business-like” outfits. It was a big shock to see my friends, who before this I had seen only in uniform or free dress, all well dressed ready for business life. Teacher, Mrs Tuckett, realised the rarity of the occasion — she would never see her students dressed as adults and behaving so seriously. The teachers immediately took as many photographs as time would allow — although most interviewees were not co-operative.

Finally, the doors were opened and the first shift of would-be applicants moved into their designated positions. There were approximately twenty-six tables, each quite close to the next.

This reduced the intimidation of the interview, as friends sat nearby. Although the interview was supposed to be formal, the large number of people and noise echoing through the hall lessened its seeming formality.

The interviewers, much to the surprise of most, were actually human; they did not seem so scary. Beforehand, it seemed that the thirty minute interviews were far too long, and much of the time would be consumed by a bombardment of difficult questions followed by nervous stuttering and struggling to remember important information from the resume. However, this did not occur, as the interview did not place extensive pressure for difficult answers; instead, the interviewer was quite friendly, and full of advice for the real thing. Occasionally, a question would be asked that would require sufficient knowledge of the particular job and the invented qualifications of the resume, but this did not require any great strain or effort to remember, nor did it carry with it great pressure.

It came as a surprise when I began to see my fellow ‘applicants’ leave their seats and head for the open doors, crowded with the bodies and peering faces of the next shift of interviewees.

Despite the interview running quite smoothly throughout, I am sure that we were all extremely relieved when the final pleasantries were exchanged with our respective interviewers, and we were allowed to leave.

So, the interview night had run smoothly, and the communication project was complete. I am sure that when the students who were interviewed look back, they will realise that the “mock” interview provided valuable experience in resumé preparations, nerve control and interview technique for any career path in the future.

EDDIE MUIR, 11



At The Interview . . .



Eddie Muir and Christian Wanis



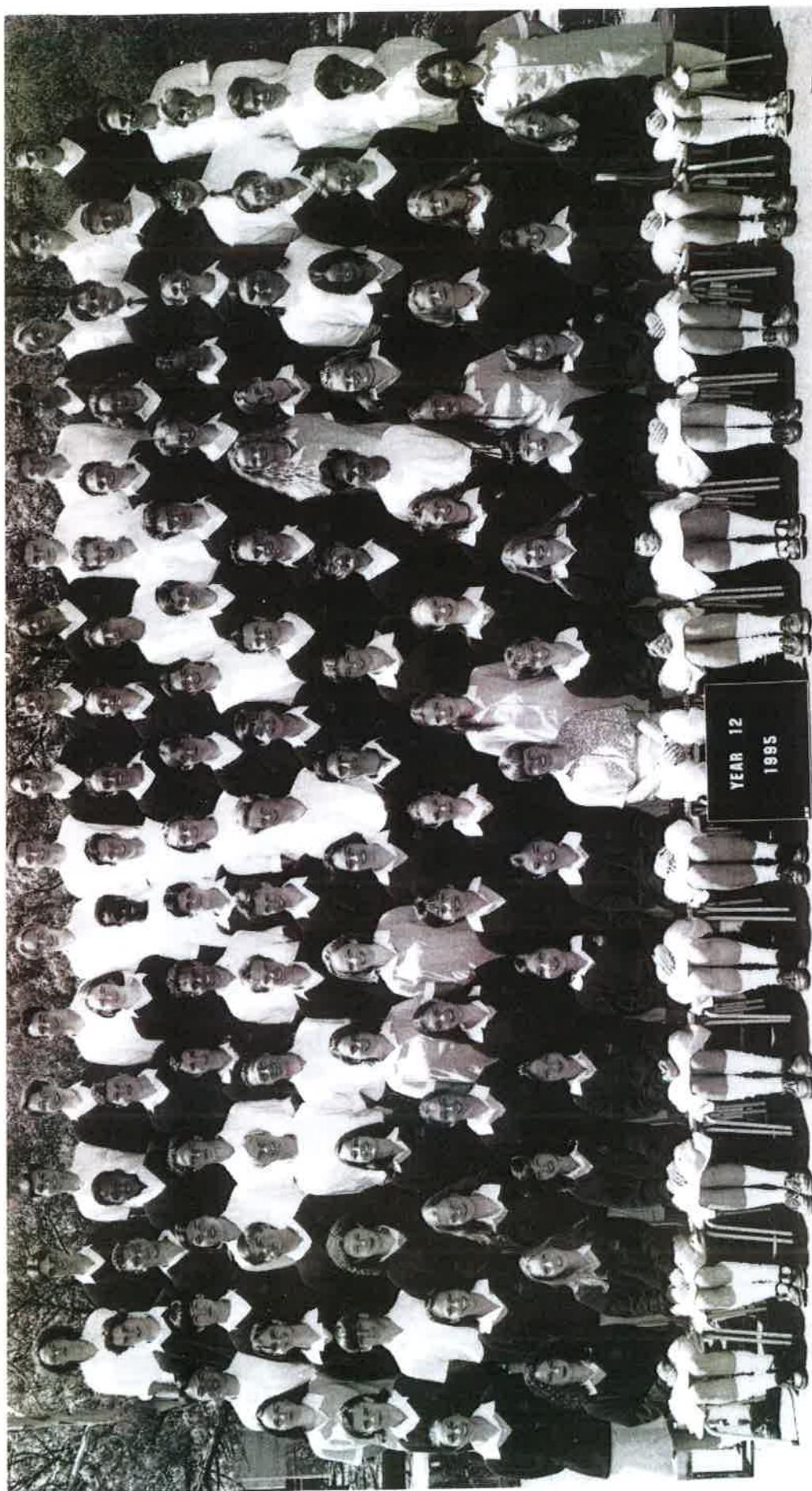
Hee Jong Kim



Erica Heldzinger and Interviewer



Matthias Stevenson and Interviewer



YEAR 12

- ROW 7:** Walter Harwood, Jared Collins, Edwin Corovic, Andrew Kozo, Hayden Reuter-Clark, Neil Wardell, Brendan Pollock, Matthew Knight, Trent Shields, Matthew McLennan, Grayton Hevern, Ben James, David Ji, Josh Lefers, Scott Withy, Zac Clark.
- ROW 6:** Nicholas Baggott, Jacob Mystakidis, Phillip Tu'inauvai, Craig Wilson, Cameron King, Mustaf Ibrahim, Andrew Curtis, Laurent Guerin, Kim Tozer, James Robison, James Mirams, James Molan, Andrew Douglas, Li Wei Pan, Eric Prescott, Peter Koukovinos.
- ROW 5:** Jaycee Phua, Kenny Wang, Sampson Wong, Nick Bugeja, Nicole Darcy, Theo Bukka, Adam Learmont, Tim Costello, Jan Cage, Sam Hammington, Peter Rousis, Joseph Foreman, David Manton, Sam Richards, Justin Home, Edward Chou, Troy Pittaway.
- ROW 4:** Joanna Leeman, Belinda Minnella, Martin Magius, Pete Stilve, Rory George, Cameron Quinn, Tim Walker, Paul Coats, Michael Chiang, Stuart Henderson, Mason Kucharski, Emma Love, Kristen Byford, Daniel Daud, Luke Makin, Corey Turner.
- ROW 3:** Jon Lentzos, Jade Amantea, Rebecca Gray, Caroline Dujela, Harmony Baron, Benita Evans, Grace Pizzera, Ali Tajvar, Rochelle Walker, Alex Jiang, Liem Bui, Sophie Binks, Lisa Lee, Travis Gray, Binh Nguyen.
- ROW 2:** Eleni Stefanakos, Effie Stefanakos, Rochelle Conolly, Justyna Czajkowski, Tamara Wharton, Sherry Lu, Elizabeth Deckas, Narelle Holzer, Heather Ansell, Karley Macrae, Belinda Rule, Melissa East, Isabelle Stead, Annie Lee.
- FRONT:** Andrea Borg, Claire Miovich, Thuy Huynh, Nhung Tran, Corinna Fang, Bing-Bing Zhang, (Ms. M. Evans, Teacher), Kerryn Straughan, Elisa McLean, Timmy Tang, Sherry Sheng, Joanna Papageorgiou, Donna Miovich.

Year 12 Awards

SPECIAL AWARDS

Excellence in Literature (Don Anderson Award: Tim Costello

Senior Writer's Award: Paul Coats

Senior Poetry Award: Lisa Lee

Senior ESL Award: Li-Wei Pan

All Rounder Award: Jared Collins

Citizenship Award: Tamara Wharton

C.H.E.S.S. Achievement Award: Li-Wei Pan

Principal's Award: Paul Coats

Jurgen Tauchert Award: David Manton

ACADEMIC AWARDS

Li-Wei Pan: ESL, Physics, Chemistry, Maths Method

Belinda Rule: German, History, Maths Method

Kristen Byford: Legal Studies, Biology, Psychology

Kerryn Straughan: Further Maths, Materials and Technology - Food

Paul Coats: English, Human Development

Tim Costello: Art, English Literature

Rita Ja: Studio Art

David Manton: Music Craft

Denny Wang: Graphic Communication

Grace Pizzaia: Geography

Alex Jiang: Specialist Maths

Jaycee Phua: Information Systems

Peter Koukovinos: Technology Design and Development - Wood

Joshua Lefers: English

Elsa McLean: Physical Education



DISRESPECT

Life is an unborn baby,
Floating in the fluid of love:
Innocence drowns in a waterfall
Of polluted light leading to the outside.

I am not your mother,
I am the beating of your heart
Convulsing and eager to kill you,
Saving you from the impurities of this world.
I pull the chord of life tighter,
And you ask what you did wrong.

Life is a sacrificial lamb
Which screams as the knife sinks deeper.
Hope relinquishes its last breaths of air,
Awaiting its master's remorse.
I am not the paddock surrounding you,
I am the knife that bleeds for
The feral orders I cannot control.
My blade slashes your flesh in a
Violent, rhythmic laughter,
And you ask what you did wrong.

Life is an obscene mystery
That is covered by a steel curtain.
The overcast countryside is the endless
Core which we all absorb.
I am not the early bird,
I am the mind worm that tunnels through
Your infectious soul.
I listen as my chewing imitates
The devouring of your sanity,
And you ask what you did wrong.

Life is only an illusion
Which is seen through misted eyes.
Our beliefs melt under the flames
Of our mind infernos,
Awaiting the next dimension.
I am not part of human existence,
I am the darkness that comes
To take you as we travel beyond.
My darkened shadow leads you down
To find the window of your death,
And you know what you did wrong.

NARELLE HOLZER , 12



On Reflection.....

I have vivid memories of the weeks leading up to my first day at Camberwell High School. There were mixed emotions about what lay ahead, the expectation of new and unexplored opportunities, the anticipation of exciting new challenges and fear, fear of rejection, fear of failure, both academic and social, but most of all, fear of the unknown.

My first day allayed these fears, thanks mainly to my peer support leaders, two older members of the student body who were selected to overlook a group of the newly inducted Year 7 students, offering advice, friendship and protection.

I can now look back and laugh at this opening chapter of my senior schooling, knowing that my participation and achievements, from grasping any opportunity that has been presented to me, will keep me in good stead in my adulthood.

These opportunities have included concert band and choir trips to many parts of Australia including Queensland, New South Wales and Tasmania. These tours have allowed me to experience public performance and the responsibilities of living away from home while honing an appreciation of culture which I once took for granted.

Sporting activities have added variety to my daily curriculum with participation in diverse sporting codes keeping me physically active and promoting in me the need for teamwork as well as individual ingenuity. These sporting activities branched out into inter-school competition where friendly competitiveness and sportsmanship were encouraged, helping me to enjoy life and the company and characters I met along the way and to adapt to the different skill requirements of the tasks which confronted me.

I was fortunate to be a gifted and hardworking athlete, reaching an elite level at my chosen sport. Further opportunities to develop this talent arose through school and I travelled to America and Canada to compete, as well as representing my school and State at National Championships, held in Canberra.

Leadership has been a quality which Camberwell has always encouraged. Through willing participation in opportunities that have arisen, leadership and responsibility have been allowed to flourish within me, helping my preparation for the outside world. Earmarked as a potential school leader, I was invited to attend a leadership camp run by RYPEN, a Rotary funded organisation designed to install self confidence and lateral thinking in teenage students like me. I also attended a State luncheon, where I met politicians and WWII veterans during my final year, an experience very few will encounter in their life time. I've also become a school House Captain, in this roll conducting assemblies, and participating as a peer support leader in the peer support program.

Through these opportunities, Camberwell High has helped develop my leadership qualities and encourage my participation in a wide range of activities, many of which I would never have dreamed of trying in those earlier insecure days. More importantly, Camberwell High School has prepared me socially for future life and circumstances.

The school put me in the company of people of other cultures as well as the opposite sex, a necessity in our society which upholds equality and racial harmony. The diverse cultures and backgrounds of each student has opened my mind and alleviated any social tensions about sex, colour, race and creed. I have made many friends at Camberwell High, and while there were personality clashes and differing opinions along the way, my experiences have prepared me for any social situation that could arise in the future.

The opportunity to participate in a two week period of work experience was a further form of learning which we I enjoyed and from which I profited. This non curriculum learning gave me an idea of what life after school may really be like, and with the help of the careers co-ordinator, I believe I have chosen the right subjects and course to reach the goals I have set myself.

By writing in the student newspaper, I have had a voice in the school community allowing me the freedom of presenting a point of view to my peers, while gaining valuable experience in handling pressing matters.

The words 'opportunity', 'participation', and 'experience' have appeared frequently throughout this piece. These three words are what Camberwell High School offered and provided to me in my six year stay. I am deeply grateful for the opportunities which were presented to me and I am very grateful for the experience I have gathered along the way through participating whole-heartedly, with enthusiasm and vigour.

Camberwell High School has done a lot for me and I would like to think that I have put something back, no matter how big or small because I believe I am well prepared and a better person for my time at my school, Camberwell High.

JARED COLLINS, 12



Don Anderson Award

This year's winner: TIM COSTELLO - Part of the award winning folio of writing:

A review of the Pearl Jam concert: NAUGHTY WHITE BOY NEEDS A WHIPPING

Ominous clouds rolled over the Music Bowl as thousands of die-hard fans filed through the inspection areas and were fondled by the probing hands of the security staff. Many pitiful attempts to hype the crowd into a frenzy by starting the wave failed miserably. What eventually got the masses to their feet was the appearance of someone on stage; granted it was only a roadie, but you never can tell. Once up, the ecstatic anticipation of seeing Pearl Jam in the not-too-distant future was too much for the 'I camped out for this' fanatics. With flannel and khaki coursing through our veins and adrenalin pumping in our hearts to the funky bass beat of 'Spin the Black Circle' (before any music started) the outdoor giggers were spat upon from above. Rain. Muted renditions of 'Jeremy' and 'Alive' proved that, although we were wet, our spirits were not dampened.

The combined haze of fluorescently new tour T-shirts and funny smelling cigarettes eventually affected the crowd, forcing us to create our own entertainment. Figures were thrust shoulderwards to grace the on-lookers with their imitations of the hidden full moon and to reach for the inflated prophylactics. A philosophically adorned beachball, sporting phrases like 'Kill your Parents' bounced above the sea of arms raised in a V. A multitude of miniature mossies spawned at each instance where the ball descended towards the people packed hill. For the species of music listeners (anthropological name: muso-analus retenus) unfamiliar with 'moshing', simply picture thirteen thousand crazed, 'no brain, no pain' teenagers jumping and slamming into each other to no discernible beat: epileptic sardines. Sure, it's stupid, it's dangerous, pointless and demands a skill factor of zero-point-zero-one, but, man, is it fun! There is something strangely exciting about dancing in a manner that creates internal bleeding, only comparable to that caused by a Kingswood station wagon with faulty brake pads.

After about an hour and a half of electrifying nothingness, someone actually trundled onto stage: The Meanies. Their appearance was brief, but not brief enough for some. The loudest applause they received was when they announced, 'This is our second last number': not an easy task, playing support to the most popular grunge act in the world. Midway through their final song the crowd went mad, all due to one man. Eddie walked on stage and parked himself in a beach chair placed in front of the drum kit, smoke billowing from beneath his large hat. He was left with a bad taste in his mouth from 'The Meanies' lead singer - that's right - a tongue kiss. (Ok!) The half hour between bands was filled with piped music, covering a wide range of styles, from Rolf Harris (sadly, I'm not joking) to a tribute to a lost - umm - friend, Nirvana's 'Come as You Are'.

It took us only seconds to recognise the opening notes of the highly under rated 'Corduroy' and it was obvious that this was going to be a concert worth remembering.

Fans outside the fence must have been listening keenly, as they picked up on the song's lyrics - 'Can't buy what I want/ Because it's free' - and stormed the cyclone mesh. To those try-hard' Pearl Jam fans who decided their ticket was brute force, you (and we) know who you are. The people inside were the ones who made the effort to get tickets, sacrificing sleep and risking their lives by carrying large amounts of cash to the booking outlets months before and their concert should not have been marred by selfish vandals.

The next few songs were also from 'Vitalogy', whippin' the fans into a state of deafening exuberance and setting them up for the classics: 'Animal', 'Go', 'Jeremy', 'Daughter' (with an adlib including both 'Hey Foxy Mophandlemama, That's Me' and Pink Floyd's 'Brick in the Wall'), 'Not For You' (trust me, it will become a classic) and 'Why Go', plus many more. Every word was echoed by the now estimated forty thousand strong gathering. A couple of tests were thrown in, to sort the real fans from the 'I know someone who works at BASS' crowd, 'State of Love and Trust' from singles among them. Several covers were greeted with rhythmic, head-high claps. The most interesting cover was, as Eddie put it, 'an Australian folk music classic' - Hunters and Collectors' 'Throw your arms around me'. The originally provocative 'I Will Kiss You In Four Places' was increased to a nymphomaniacal '155 places'. Oh, if only they would record that!! The last song of the set was introduced as being 'all about you', followed by the distinctive opening riff of 'Alive', to which the crowd responded by cheering and moshing their hardest all night. 'Alive' is the perfect song to crowd surf to; even after you have been thrown a metre above the outstretched hands of the hundreds below by two total strangers, only to land groin first on someone's head and then be carried and flipped and turned and bounced and, finally, flung over the security barrier into the sweaty arms of a gargantuan security guard, it is good to know that you can sit down, rearrange your rearranged anatomy and be told that 'you're still alive'. Don't knock it 'til you try it.

My only gripe was that the encore lost the vibe of the previous set. The very last song, 'Teenage Wasteland', went on way too long: an unnecessary five minute instrumental in the middle only prolonged the fact that nobody knew the words. Despite minor failings this was an unforgettable experience, bigger than the Big Day Out, drier than Alternative Nation and far more exhilarating than listening to a CD (for about the same price). There is no doubt that this tour will go down with rock highlights such as The Beatles, The Rolling Stones and Skyhooks (NOT!!) Although the Music Bowl was not the best venue for such a behemoth concert, it only went to prove 'the smallest oceans still get big, big waves'.

NB: The title of this piece refers to a quote taken from lead singer Eddie Vedder at a previous concert.



Senior Writer's Prize

Cultural Vortex - Conflict of Differences

As the oil flame gradually gnawed through the last few millimetres of thick coconut fibre roping, the mechanism released the club, plummeting it forcefully onto the bare stomach of the girl lying on the damp leaf litter. The great weight compressed her tense abdominal muscles causing an eruption of rancid chyme to ejaculate from her lips. Her head tightly wedged between two sturdy bamboo stakes made it impossible for the vomit welling in her mouth to escape. Although able to breathe through her nose, a terrifying feeling of claustrophobia enveloped her. It was as though someone was holding a thick cloth over her face, allowing her just enough precious air to maintain life. An involuntary movement allowed her to expel several chunky pieces of vomit, encrusting her face and blocking her nostrils. Panic. Minutes became painful hours, stretching out like pliant rubber. Her innate response was to keep breathing despite the obstruction. A torrent of bile filled her lungs and could not be expelled. It felt as if hard malignant tumours were welling like golf balls in her chest, and life diffused into pools of blood and vomit.

The warmth from a fire nourished her cheeks and slowly, as if overcoming a heavy anaesthetic, she regathered strands of consciousness. Softness, a warmth, maternal comfort enveloped her, then the smooth intoxicating aroma spicy tropical timbers burning in the flames overwhelmed her senses. Her vision emerged; at first, an amber glow which gradually resolved into wavering lines of fire and the inside of an old hut; dark yet curiously inviting. For hours she lay quietly, pensive. Merely living was too wonderful to be real. She just lay, breathing, and occasionally blinking to moisten her eyes dried by the intensity of the fire. And then suddenly, as if gas slowly released into her semi-consciousness had been ignited with an explosion, she jerked upright. A million questions. Bewilderment, panic, why....how...who? She tried to stand. No use. She was too weak and fell drunkenly onto the hard dust. She groped at the floor like a wounded animal, feeling as though all her energy had been expelled and replaced with a heaviness in her breast. It intensified with each painful breath. Hopelessly she lay back against the wall of the hut. It was made from woven palm fronds and bulged slightly under her unsupported weight. Her eyes, heavy with fatigue, closed, and she fell once again into a deep impermeable sleep.

When she again woke the fire had died down considerably. Only a small crop of embers remained glowing like rubies in the shallow pit in the pit in the centre of the hut. A diminutive woman was stooping over the coals, using a flattened stick to fill a metal brazier with small nodules of embers. She glanced up, a little surprised, but pleased nonetheless. The comfortable smile of the Asian peasant woman spread

widely and she seemed to whisper a narcotic poem, which calmed the inner chaos controlling her rational being. She tried to speak to the woman, but could not force enough air to make a sound. Again the woman smiled. 'Sleep, sleep.' Her eyes remained still, controlled, hypnotic. Soon she was again sleeping deeply. The woman, whose name was Caerina, carefully picked up the brazier. Despite the strain on her demure frame under its considerable weight, she managed 'Selamat malam malaekat manis- goodnight sweet angel' as she passed gracefully through the blackened doorway and into the compound.

Waking, startled and tense for the third time in unfamiliar surroundings, the girl found a chicken pecking fervently at her foreign, white skin. Rich aromas of exotic foods filled the air and a slight breeze filtered through the mesh walls, gently teasing the soft brown plumage of the chicken. She allowed herself to muse on her intoxication with life? a drug? a humble brown fowl. And then, feeling a little stupid, she rose, and stumbled weakly into the light. For a moment the brightly illuminated confines of the family compound seemed little more than a blur, flowing into parades of colours which danced like a troupe disturbed butterflies, fluttering to and fro in confetti chaos. Maintaining her poise, she drifted into full view and paused to digest her surroundings. Everything seemed so terribly brown, the huts, the ground, the animals, the water. The people, coffee brown, stared at her with big, friendly brown eyes. Batik cloths were hung to dry in the breeze, and brilliant pink Bougainvilleas covered the thick compound walls. Little wooden boats, painted blue and yellow, were held tightly under the arms of small children, who attempted to herd uncooperative chickens into an enclosure with long whips of stiff bamboo. Surrounding her was a clearing, enveloped by a wonderfully lush festival of growth, full of every vibrant green hue that nature could manifest. It was as if the wind had been knocked out of her again. Where was she? 'South East Asia? yes!' But where?, which of the many islands, the many cultures?

A hand rested on her shoulder. She spun around without knowing what menace to expect. To her surprise, an old man, with skin like a wrinkled nutmeg, paused before her. Without a thought she greeted him warmly with a lustrous smile. This had been the motivation for her travels in this magical country-the people. For years their gentle innocence and grace had astonished her. He spoke English, but paid little attention to her eager questions, directing her into a larger and more lavish hut.

'Where am I? What's happened?, Who? I thought I'd..... but I'm not..... am I? No, I'm not.....Why?'. Exhausted from a crescendo of uncontrollable thoughts, once again she slumped backwards. It was



not in her nature to be so assertive. But was she propelled by mild hysteria? She suppressed her longing to be embraced by the warmth of the tribal leaders flowing garment, and feel the comfort of fellow humankind. Instinct immediately answered many of her questions and she relaxed, concentrating more on the present, and trying desperately to block out the tattered memories of the previous night.

'Why did you come to Pulau Kematian?' came the deep and honeyed inquisition.

'I didn't'

and then it occurred to her, that he had said 'come'.

'Is that where this is?'

'Mmm'

'Yesterday I was in Java, in Surabaya. I was walking along the port watching the fisherman unload their shrimp. It was raining like God was furious. Why am I here?' she sidetracked. His eyes glared persistently, urging her on.

'I remember a boy, small and undernourished, brought me a shrimp. 'Cook fresh, on Ibu-fy-a, youtry?' He smiled. I was hungry, and it looked so tempting. I hesitated at first, wondering how many meals it would make him, being so small. He seemed so eager for me to take it and be satisfied. I couldn't deny him that simple joy. That's all I can remember, until last night. It was last night, wasn't it? I thought I'd..... I can't remember how, I just recall feeling that.....and then I woke up. What happened?'

Although the old man appeared interested, she detected a certain restlessness as he awkwardly crossed his legs like a giant insect, and let out a deep sigh.

'Sorry', she said apologetically, 'I do tend to ramble on a bit.' He smiled forgivingly.

'The Orang Bengis got you.'

'The wrong who?'

'Not wrong, Orang. Sounds similar. The Orang Bengis from the north part of Pulau Kematian, they tried to kill you.'

'How?'

'Never mind, let's just say they practise bizarre and sadistic methods of ritual execution. You, Secantik, were lucky. Others have been tortured or killed.'

'I don't understand?'

'When we found you, your body had died. Your soul was floating pitifully around the body. Abdul, who lives in the next hut, irrigated your body with jamu and spices, and then fresh water from the waterfall. He caught your soul in a fish net. We were amazed! Sometimes when Abdul does this, small parts of the person's soul fall through the holes and they wake up empty like a zombie. But you.... not a drop was left behind. It was all blown back into your body with Abdul's strong breath.'

She was sceptical, 'Absurd'. But then, how else could one explain it? She urged him on.

'But why did the Orang Bengis, or whatever you call them, do this? Why are they so evil?'

He shifted his position for comfort, 'Many years ago, before the people of Pulau Kematian became two, all lived in harmony. Lord Shiva watched over us,

nurtured us, enriched our lives with music, dance, and introspective meditation. Some of the younger men were not content. They had demon fires within them, concocting poisons which corroded their inner harmony. They broke away from what you may call 'mainstream Hinduism' on Pulau Kematian and sought new ways of living. Animism became their creed, and the cruel gods they chose to govern their lives demand a foul, morbid lifestyle. Matahari, their Sun god ordered them to bring him human sacrifices so that Bumi, god of the Brown Earth could drink their blood.'

His story was convincing.

'If all this is true, why was I, as you say, so lucky?'

'Life is precious, Secantik. Having seen so many westerners like yourselves slaughtered by the Orang Bengis, we, the people of Pulau Kematian have cherished this maxim. We found one man during spring tide with small incisions all over his body. Raw seed pods from the cashew tree – very poisonous, were inserted into the wounds. We can only guess that he died a slow and excruciatingly painful death by gradual blood poisoning. When we found this body, it was already abscessed and filled with toxins, so much so that wild rats and birds which had fed on the cashew infested flesh of the carcass could be found dead no more than a few metres from his body.'

A sudden feeling of coldness made her skin shiver unnaturally in the balmy tropical heat.

'Come, Secantik, I think you have heard enough. You are safe now. Walk with me and I will show you where you can go back to the mainlands, away from Pulau Kematian, to safety.'

The sun was lost in the rich forest between the compound and the ocean. Once through the gates of the compound, carved ornately with frangipanni and birds of paradise, he led her through the dense rainforest. Curious shadows moved in the semi-darkness. As the girl and her escort re-emerged into the diminishing daylight and ventured onto the beach, a smiling face greeted them. At first the girl was wary, particularly when she noticed her guide showed little response to the stranger's friendly facial gestures.

'Hullo, my neem ees Anwar,' he recited in broken English. A succession of cordial dialect followed and within minutes she was seated of the stern in a small carbed prahu, returning across the wide straight of ocean to Java. The sun was setting over Pulau Kematian. The smiling face of the kind old man who had mystified and consoled her revealed teeth blackened by beetlenut. His hand wave seemed to shimmer in a translucent aura emanating from his purity and wisdom. The pain in her chest had subsided. With an air of content she looked to Anwar who grinned as she lay among the fish nets to sleep in the coolness of dusk.

Again she was bound, but this time gagged. Through the corner of her eye she saw scantily dressed women tearing seed pods from crimson cashew pears. She looked on in terror. The dust from the ground stung her eyes, but the intensity of her pain pulsed from the fresh raw incisions spaced evenly over her naked body.

Paul Coats, 12



Senior Poetry Prize

TRILOGY OF WAR.

Chapter One - The Power.

Watch the light as it skims the water,
Deftly with its hand of steel,
Slicing all that bar the path to everlasting glory.
Breeding the innocent into empty machines,
Programmed to kill with no mercy,
Puppets of the powerful and the self-justified,
Mere tools which are used to satisfy
One man's ravenous ego.
See their cloned uniforms of the khaki hue,
Their souls entrapped within the suffocating canvas,
That clothes their body and confines their souls.
The power of the corrupt multiplies,
With every death notched on their leather belt with buckle so bright.
Watch as they merge into steel arms of wrath,
With roots firmly planted in foreign soil,
Befriending the bodies of so many,
That met with the hand of one.

Chapter Two - The Glory.

Watch the silent rays of light,
Forming images of metallic worship on the flickering TV screen,
To which the mere mortal idolises,
Rewarding death with cold hard objects attached to ribbons so blue.
See the light reflecting in his eyes,
The dark pupils condensing into lead droplets,
Loaded and ready to fire,
At the fading shadows that cross his path.
Cultivated from seed by the hatred of the feared,
Their deaths are prized and bronzed,
In preparation for being hung up on the living-room wall;
And the masses congratulate the mass murders in parades of colourful confetti,
Shadowing the conscience of the few.

Chapter Three - The Innocence.

Watch the light streaming down,
In rivets of light clad iron,
Bearing the egos of the powerful,
Who shed no tears for the dead.
See the canvas weeds consuming the living,
Leaving no patch of land unravaged,
Whilst the masses are left to mourn the dead,
Their spirits collecting in incensed smouldering fumes.
Metallic raindrops of fury are dropped,
From the despairing heavens above,
Dampening the hearts of the earth and the sea,
Drowning the bodies of the many.

LISA LEE, 12



Equal Opportunity Report



Hon. Ms Caroline Hogg MLA speaking on International Women's Day at School Assembly



New Girls' Winter Uniform on Display



Systems analyst speaking to Years Nine and Ten girls on her career

INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S DAY

The Honourable Ms. Caroline Hogg MLA addressed the school at Assembly to mark this day. Ms. Hogg spoke of the challenge for girls to take up roles in the community, including political ones.

Senior girls re-enacted a scene from the Western Australian State parliamentary record when the first Australian woman politician, Edith Cowan, called for the legitimising of the role of women in public life. The reading of the first parliamentary Bill to recognise women politicians was the context of her speech.

A poem, *Spiritual Daze*, written by Narelle Holzer, concluded the Assembly.

UNIFORM:

The new girls' uniform was voted for by the whole school community after more than a year's planning and the final uniform chosen was being worn by some girls this summer. The winter uniform includes the option of black long trousers for girls in winter.

JOBS FOR GIRLS:

Women in unusual professions were invited to speak to girls in Years Nine and Ten about their training and work. Professionals represented included systems analysts and cartographers.

The speakers were sent through the generosity of the now defunct State Equal Opportunity Resource Centre.

PEER MEDIATION:

A number of responsible Year Eleven students volunteered to be trained as Peer Mediators for students of the school to access as an alternative to other school based or professional mediation, where conflict was a problem. The students undertook some weeks of training at the end of the school day in order to take up their socially valuable role.



School Personnel

Junior House Captains 1995

ROOSEVELT

Dan Lange
Tony Tsui
Lauren Barnes
Clare Hausseger

CHURCHILL

Lucas Kotros
John Whiting
Tahli Shields
Tabitha Barton

MACARTHUR

Edouard Warnod
Josh Vince
Emily Donkin
Alice Molan

MONTGOMERY

Sam Bettenay
Glenn Grant
Louise Riley
Victoria Evans

HOUSE CAPTAINS 1995

MACARTHUR

Laura Gronn
Lauren Stocker
Tamara Wharton
Jared Collins
Laurent Guerin
James Molan

ROOSEVELT

Effie Stefanakos
Eleni Stefanakos
Karley Macrae
Paul Coats
Troy Pittaway
Scott Withy
Kim Tozer
Matthew Knight

CHURCHILL

Kristin Byford
Kate Botham
Amelia Needoba
Zac Clark
Sam Hammington
Trent Shields

MONTGOMERY

Carolyn Dujela
Sherry Lu
Simone Riley
Nick Bugeja
Rory George
David Manton

S.R.C. Student Representatives 1995.

Paul Coats	12A
Lauren Stocker	11F
Amelia Needoba	11E
Paul Vincec	11G
Michael Andersen	11A
Walter Harwood	12C
Kimmy Tang	12F
Chris Nowlan	11E
Colin Byrne	10E
Emily Donkin	9D
Dakhylina Madkhul	9D
Jay Barberis	8E
Glenn Grant	8E
Karolina Juric	8D
Lily Tang	8A
Sam Bettenary	8B
Stuart MacDonald	7A
Leigh Williams	7A
James Oldham	7D
Clare Abrahams	7A
Josh Dalrymple	7E
Alana Quinn	7A

School Council

PARENTS

Helen Elliot
Graham Henderson
Michel LePage
David Molan
David Murray
Tony Sloan
Chris Stocker

STAFF

Elida Brereton
Richard Geddes
Sue Greenough
Ken Tenner
Graham Tootell

CO-OPTED

Bernard Corser
Walter Harwood

Parents' & Friends' Association. 1995 Committee

Jeanette Botham
Paula Stocker
Helen Elliot
Deb Reading
Marg Counihan
Maron Edwards
Ann Eaton
Barbara Pickard
Kay Dalrymple
Rosemary Berrell
Isabella Barnett
Helen Walker

Committee Members Of Camberwell High Ex-Students Society 1995

Bernard Corser
Marie Purcell
Neil Bouvier
Mary Hill
Lawrie Hodgson
Pat Douglas
Barry Garnham
Yvonne Wray
Marnie Kok
Jim Goris
Naomi Harrison
Elida Brereton
Geoff Sinclair
Ken Tenner





Photo: Michael Denoran

*I know not what is to come,
but be it what it will,
I'll go to it laughing.
Stubb*

- from Moby Dick by Ray Bradbury