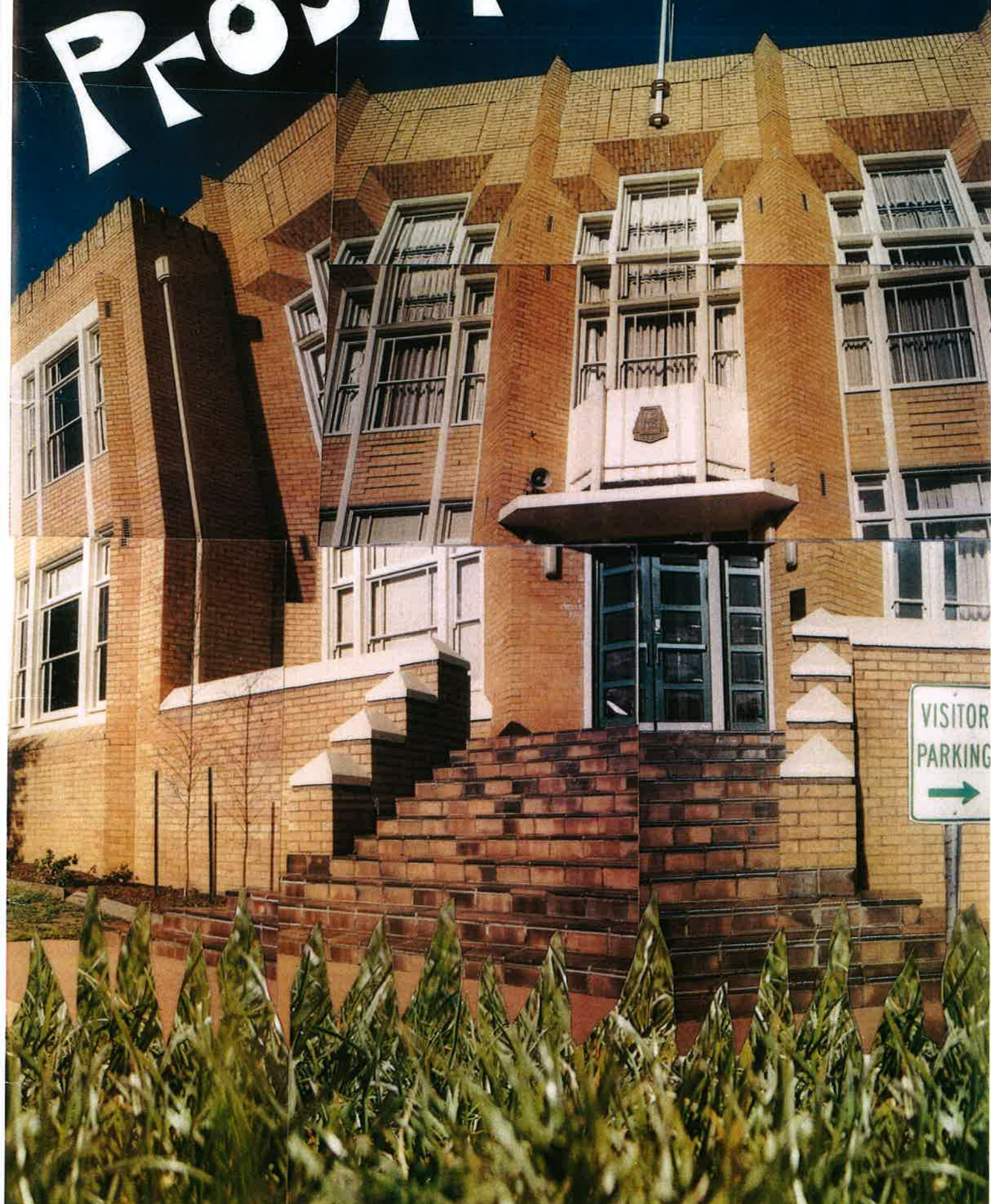


Prospice 98



CAMBERWELL HIGH SCHOOL

Prospect Hill Road Canterbury 3126 Victoria Australia
Telephone 98360555 Facsimile 98360194
email: camberwell.hs@edumail.vic.gov.au

Welcome to this year's edition of **PROSPICE**. (pro. PRO – spi – KAY). Prospice is a Latin word which means to look forward. The word appears in a poem by Robert Browning aptly titled **PROSPICE [LOOK FORWARD]**. The poem deals with death and its aim is to strengthen our resolve to move past death and find everlasting life. A journey.

Ed.

C.H.S. COUNCIL MEMBERS 1998.

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House Captains:	Tahli Shields	Christiaan Betros
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Creative Arts:	Stuart Wilson	Dakhylina Madkhul

MACARTHUR

House Captains:	Rebecca McClennan	Jonathan Giddings
Sports Captains:	Tania Wall	Eric Owen
Creative Arts:	Karolina Juric	Jayden Barberis

MONTGOMERY

House Captains:	Amber Auld	Seamus Barker
Sports Captains:	Kirsten McQueen-Parton	Bill Brownell
Creative Arts:	Brooke Colbert	Daniel Lin

ROOSEVELT

House Captains:	Katrina Milas	Scott Gangell
Sports Captains:	Sally Horn	Jonathon Boyd
Creative Arts:	Lauren Barnes	Tarren Peters
	Lauren Beck	Karl McNamara

S.R.C.

Emily Gill
Natalie Wygerse
Emily Donkin
Christiaan Betros
Karl McNamara
Jessica Monaghan
Karolina Juric
Andrew Hibbert
Jay Barberis
Rachael Hands
Sean Bain

MAGAZINE COMMITTEE

James Barut - Editor
Sara Valentino - Artist
in Residence

Thank you to those
who took the time to
submit written contri-
butions and thank
you to those who
supplied me with
photographs.

PRINCIPAL'S REPORT 1998

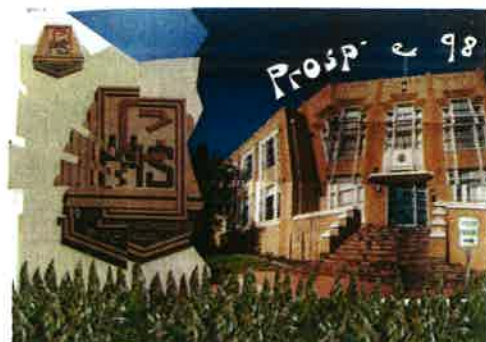
As you read and enjoy this 1998 edition of 'Prospice', I hope you will feel some of the vibrancy, creativity and celebration of success that is so characteristic of Camberwell High School. There are few schools which can boast so many quality experiences for students and staff – a happy blend of the traditional and the contemporary, the involvement of teams and of individuals, the range of cultural, sporting, philanthropic and personally-challenging events and opportunities - which in 1998 were again strong influences in students' lives.



Elida Brereton with ex-student, Peter Knights

My highlights will no doubt differ from yours, but I want to share mine with you: the record high enrolment of 910 students with an absolute increase in the number of girls, the intensive daily use of our swimming pool during the Term 1 heatwave, the gaining of excellent V.C.E. results, well above the State average, in 1997 and 1998, the entry into university of 90% of our 1997 graduates, the school's acquisition of the pool and surrounding land, accompanied by the development of a new Masterplan, the outstanding quality of Vic Pappas' musical creation "My Generation" which captivated and truly entertained large audiences in May.

Continuing highlights were the camps/tours such as those to Mt. Stirling, Anglesea, Gippsland Lakes, Wollangarra, Healesville, Toolangi, Mornington Peninsula, Sovereign Hill, Greece and the U.A.E., 'Operation Desert Storm' when the police helicopter landed on our dusty 'oval' on House Sports day in April, District and Zone success in swimming, diving, athletics and team sports highlighted by Camberwell High School winning the inaugural 'Best Secondary School in Sport' Award in Eastern Region, the introduction of girls' rowing, the total success and Liveliness of Open Night and of Asia Week, Anthony Sum's brush painting classes, the steady improvement of our physical environment, (classrooms, Staff Common room, gardens) and of information technology hardware, with technology hubs in classrooms, school assemblies so well led by House Captains, the high quality music and commitment evident in the annual St. Paul's Cathedral Concert (with Canterbury Primary School's choir), the featuring of our students in newspapers, videos and prime-time



Cover by Rachael Young

television, House Chorals, Drama Festivals and Debating competitions of admirable quality, the success of Roosevelt in winning the House Championship Cup, the inspiring leadership of the S.R.C. and fundraising for needy causes by them and Year 7, the heartening school community support and the fun of the Trivial Pursuit night, and the emotion and pride of the Valedictory Assembly and Evening as our senior students graduated.

Many students will remember the pleasure and challenge of the Year 9 and 10 Activity Days, winning of an Honourable Mention at Royal South Street by our Junior Concert Band, the visit and families' hospitality of Japanese students and top swimmers, my signing in Yokohama of a formal sister school agreement with Isogo High School Japan, the most impressive results of many of our students in national and international competitions (in Maths, English, Geography and L.O.T.E), the official appointment of Glen Linton to his Assistant Principal position, the support of so many parents, staff (and even students!) in Saturday working bees, and the celebration of student achievement at the Presentation Evening for our younger students.

The harmonious multicultural nature of our community has led to the choosing by a significant group of overseas students of Camberwell High School for their education - a credit to all involved.

Forgive me if I've omitted your favourite highlight: clearly our school is populated by a wonderful, hard-working and dedicated staff, teaching and non-teaching; a body of overwhelmingly considerate, motivated and successful students, and is supported by a loyal core of proactive parents. Special thanks for a great year of growth and success go to Assistant Principals Ken Tenner and Glen Linton, senior staff and heads of school faculties, programs, sub-schools and year levels, our office ladies, School Council, P.F.A., parent networks, S.R.C. and House leaders, James Barut and helpers for this fine magazine, and all those who have made sacrifices for Camberwell High School.

Finally, we wish all students leaving school a successful continuation of their lives, and look forward to a triumphant 1999 for all of us who make up the Camberwell High School 'family'.

Elida Brereton

**Elida Brereton
Principal**



ASSISTANT PRINCIPALS' REPORTS



It is hard to believe that there are only three weeks remaining in this school year. When we set out at the beginning of 1998 there was so much to do and the end of the year seemed an eternity away. The year has flown or is it that I am getting that old? Much has been achieved during the year. The Masterplan for the school has been completed and there is a good chance that the school will have new Arts and Technology facilities within the next few years. The Triennial Review of the school's achievements from 1995 to 1997 was recently completed and the report produced will provide the basis for our new charter to operate from early in 1999. In addition there has been an ongoing improvement in the curriculum, its organisation and delivery at the school over the year. What were the highlights for me? There were many. The ones that will stay with me were the fantastic school production 'My Generation,' early in term 2, the visit to our sister school in Japan in the June holidays and the evening Valedictory Assembly to farewell our year 12 students. I taught many of those students in Year 7 in 1993. It was very pleasing to observe how they have changed and matured in their six years at the school. I wish them well in their future endeavours and hope that in the future they will return to the school and let us know what they have been up to. The visit to Japan was excellent. The generosity shown to the Principal, my wife and myself by our hosts was overwhelming. The time they devoted to us, their attention to detail and their kindness made our short stay in their country memorable. They showed us the sights and made us feel very welcome. The day we spent at their school showed us how important they considered our visit and how the students and staff valued the time that they had spent at Camberwell earlier this year. I was able to reflect on the differences between the two countries but observed that both school communities care for their students, their school and their values and traditions. Camberwell needs to give our students the opportunity to visit Japan and our sister school in the near future. 1999 holds many challenges for the school. We may have our largest school population for years with at least 950 students enrolled. Our new year 7 intake will be close to 200 students. This number will put enormous strain on our physical resources and coping with an extra 60 or 70 students will at the least be a challenge. Anyway, enough of school, I wish all the best for the festive season and that all students, parents and staff have a very enjoyable break and I will see you back at school early in the new year.

Ken Tenner.

In last year's Prospect I mentioned how impressed I was with the general tone of the school and the positive learning environment that pervades Camberwell High School. These aspects have been even more evident during 1998. The very high level of student participation in their curricular and co-curricular activities, their both in school and whilst representing the school, has been outstanding. This is a student body of which we can all be very proud.

This year has also seen the continuation of our efforts to improve the physical learning environment with the redevelopment of our gardens and teaching spaces. By the beginning of next year the furniture in all classrooms will have been upgraded. These works have co-ordinated by the Buildings and Grounds sub-committee and strongly supported by parents at our working bees. My sincere thanks to all those who give so generously of their time.

Our overseas student program continues to go from strength to strength with 30 students from all parts of Asia undertaking their studies at Camberwell. They have been very well supported by Mrs. Paula Stocker, whose attention to detail and caring approach is appreciated by all concerned. Another highlight was a visit by Japanese students from Isogo high School and the formal declaration of a sister school arrangement. I am optimistic that this venture will be of enormous benefit to students and teachers from both schools.

Our involvement in the Quality Management pilot program has already resulted in many significant improvements. We continue to review and improve our processes and are committed to the principles of Quality Management to improve learning outcomes. In 1999, the second phase, Quality in Learning, will see a number of pilot projects focussing on quality in the classroom.

In term 3, I was delighted to obtain the substantive Assistant Principal position and look forward to many rewarding years at Camberwell High School.

Finally, my sincere thanks to all members of the school community - parents, students, teachers and supporting staff - for your continued support.

Best wishes to all for a very safe and relaxing Christmas.

Kindest regards

Glen Linton.





MY NEW SCHOOL....

PROSPICE

Year 7 students have their say

On my first day at school I was really nervous because I didn't know anyone here, except for Ms. Brereton. All Year 7's had to go to the assembly hall to find out what classes we had. My first class was P.E. and we met a really mean looking Mr. Anderson, who turned out to be a nice teacher. We got our first English assignment with Mr. Pappas.

Jason So.

My uniform is all new and it is all itchy. My shirt is tucked in and my socks are pulled up. I walk through the gate and I see millions of people and billions of rooms and I feel that I am lost already. In the hall Mr. Tenner is yelling at us to be quiet and I think that all the teachers must be like that.

But I worry too much, school is fun and life is O.K.

Michael Ham.

My first day at High School is one that I will probably never forget. I arrived at school with bugs in my stomach, feeling insignificant amongst the crowd that was double the size of the one that I had just left. By the end of the day I had a vision of what the rest of the year was going to be like and so far I haven't looked back.

Tom Little.

On my first day of High School I was so shocked by the change of atmosphere and the size of the school that my head and body felt disorientated and confused. There were so many people and so many rooms I felt

like I was stuck in a labyrinth. I can remember walking through the school gates with two of my friends and imagining how frightening it would be to do it by yourself.

Sam Purton.



"My favourite subject is Computers! I really love surfing the Net to get info. for my assignments."

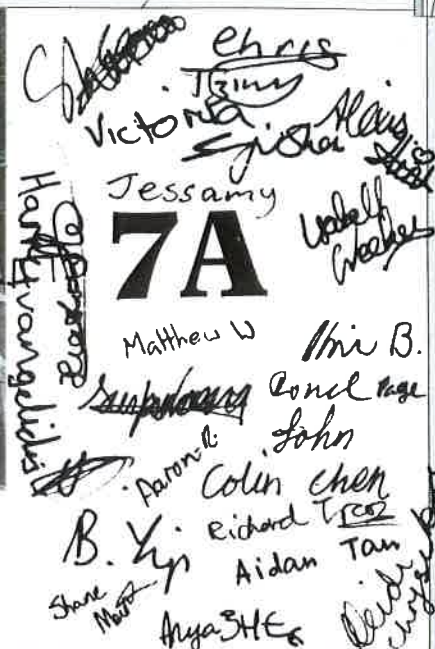
My first day at Camberwell High was scary entering the high school world so different to primary school especially the fact that we had different teachers for each lesson. My first lesson was Science with Mr. Barrett and then we had Ms. Brown. I started off feeling scared and unsure but ended up being cool.

Joshua Dalton.

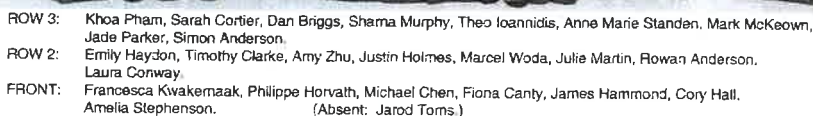
My first day at High School I thought I was going to get lost. When I walked into the courtyard I saw my friends. My first class was P.E. with Mr. Anderson. I had been told that he was the scariest teacher, but he's really nice! Next was English and that was when we got our first project. My first day - I did not get lost.

James Wilson.





Julie p. Martin
Thayne Hamrah
Elena
Frank.
Justin
D. Higgins
Kade Parker
7B
Karna Murphy
d. M. Stander
Sarah. C.
Rowan
D.M.C.



ROW 3: Khoa Pham, Sarah Cortier, Dan Briggs, Shama Murphy, Theo Ioannidis, Anne Marie Standen, Mark McKeown, Jade Parker, Simon Anderson.
ROW 2: Emily Haydon, Timothy Clarke, Amy Zhu, Justin Holmes, Marcel Woda, Julie Martin, Rowan Anderson, Laura Conway.
FRONT: Francesca Kwakernaak, Philippe Horvath, Michael Chen, Fiona Canty, James Hammond, Cory Hall, Amelia Stephenson. (Absent: Jarod Toms.)



ROW 3: Sean Bain, Matt Cosgrove, Ken Hardisty, Brenton Kovarik, Jono MacKie, Nick Reynolds, Patrick Boyce, Ashley Smith.

ROW 2: Attila Tassanyi, Joshua Gould, Peter Kenner, Paul Stone, Owayne Harper, Clement Dunn, Tom Forshaw, Philip Juric, Daniel Victory.

FRONT: Gouban Gopalakrishnan, Samuel Forsythe, Nicholas Banfai, Matthew Fieldsend, Bennett Vervaaert, George Lakrindis, Nicholas Durham, Samuel Dunscombe.



ROW 3: Sebastian Kussowski, Travis Cooper, Daniel Hender, Thong Khong, Joshua Dalton, Paul Kouleris, Cameron Scott.
ROW 2: Sam Purton, Tim Young, Shaun Rains, George Tzimas, Ross Quick, Drew McCarthy, Michael Ham, Leigh Nevitt, Jason So.
FRONT: Bobby Siu, Alex Overy, Tom Little, James Wilson, Mathew Waters, Jamie Semmens, Edouard Morton, Anthony Hammer.

Sebastian Kussowski
Travis Cooper Daniel Hender
Sam Purton Michael Ham
Bobby Siu Alex Overy
Tom Little James Wilson
Mathew Waters Jamie Semmens
Edouard Morton Anthony Hammer

7D

Ross Quick
Thong Khong
James Wilson
George Tzimas
Bailey Eyre-Windsor
Joshua Dalton
Shaun Rains

Leigh Nevitt
Cameron Scott
Alex Overy

Liam Webster Bernard Myers
Ben Dyer
Hamish Woolsey
James Wiggins
Jason Szeleczky
Stephen Gunn
James Zhang
Ben Moyle
Miles O'Connor
Michelle Little
Joel Davy
Vivian Buckley
Aaron Hoskin

7E

Christian Di Russo
Paul Evans
Dean Turner



ROW 3: Charles Zhou, Bernard Myers, Robbie Nakos, Ben Dyer, Shane Studman, Lawrence Prasad, Alex Hodgson.
ROW 2: Jason Szeleczky, Christopher Lay, Dean Taylor, Liam Webster, Christian Di Russo, Stan Menelaou, Paul Evans, Dean Turner.
FRONT: James Best, Lyndon Duong, Stephen Gunn, James Zhang, James Wiggins, Thang Le, Ben Moyle.
(Absent: Anthony Haertel, Yao Huang.)

Chad Holmes Elizabeth
Miles O'Connor Michelle Little
Joel Davy Vivian Buckley
Aaron Hoskin
Tineka Everaardt
Michelle Little
Bronwyn Voce
Chad Holmes
Rachael Hands
Hai Son Bui
Claire Giddings
Antony Collins

7F

Seema Sharma
Naisan Gon
Mia Mos
Hayden Kotros
Bronwyn Voce
Chad Holmes
Rachael Hands
Hai Son Bui
Claire Giddings
Antony Collins



ROW 3: Stuart Andrew, Miles O'Connor, Michelle Little, Joel Davy, Vivian Buckley, Aaron Hoskin.
ROW 2: Thomas Robinson, Tineka Everaardt, Jasmine Parker, Seema Sharma, Elizabeth Holtz, Melissa Crofts, Monica Lui, Rosemary Tripodi.
FRONT: Hayden Kotros, Bronwyn Voce, Chad Holmes, Rachael Hands, Hai Son Bui, Claire Giddings, Antony Collins.



ROW 3: Christopher Vaughan, Tallulah Kritzer-Sutcliffe, Sarah Longden, Euan Jones, Andrew Salt, Linden Lyons, David Borko, Jessica Stacey, Cheng Yan Xu, Sam O'Grady.
ROW 2: Runal Singh, Morgan Dunn, Michael Parker, Rebecca Sullivan, Alexia Katra, Stephanie Bowden, Yee Chan, James Burrell, Michael Storey.
FRONT: Kahla Cosby, Jeremy Moloney, Robbie Black, Gig Clarke, Filip Vukasin, Maurice Clisby, Phillip Kingston, Elise Wane.

Tallulah Kritzer-Sutcliffe.
David Borko
Stacey
Rebecca Sullivan
FILIP VUKASIN
Thomas
Michael Storey
7G
Maurice Clisby.
Sarah Kingston
Runal Singh
Morgan Dunn
Sam O'Grady
Phillip Kingston
Michael P
Rebecca



ROW 3: Jane Yu, Michael Verrenkamp, Richard Peterson, Joanna Duan, Ben Page, Omar Rahimi, Jack Liu, Vicki Wong.
ROW 2: Glen Jones, Ben Hu, Arya Siahaan, Janet Chong, Katherine Neundorf, Claire Ruthven, Stephen Chan, Garrad Flint, Sebastian Evans.
FRONT: Yang Liu, Mathew Hood, Yu Lai Shen, Cheree Everingham, Krystle Ho, Rebecca Wong, Ernest Fitzgerald, Danny Wu.

Danny Wu
Arya Yang
Stephen Ben
Janet Chong
Vicki Wong
Glen Jones
Garrad Flint
Joanna Duan
Jack Liu
Ben Page
Richard Peterson
Omar
Krystle Ho
Mathew Hood
Becky
Ernest Fitzgerald
Angie Webster



ROW 4: Philippe Phokos, Mathew Cosgrove, Peter Dumsday, David Morcom.
ROW 3: Alanna Splerings, Lauren Sheedy, Jesse Campbell, Elliot Minshull, Ben Raisbeck, Angela Webster, Elizabeth Pang.
ROW 2: Hannah Payne, Anastasia Efsthathiou, Thom Playfair, Chelsea Gangell, Thanh Le, Mitchell Ryan, Vanessa Hemsley, Yasmin Whittenbury.
FRONT: Jan Bardsen, Caroline Bitmead, Anita Gourlay, Amanda Davey, Brigid Nelson, Denise Tynikos, Courtney O'Neill.

Kamnah
Caroline Bitmead
Elizabeth Pang
Brigid Nelson
8B
Anita Gourlay
David M.
Crystal
Gandine
ELIOT MINSHULL
Ben
Jesse C
Courtney O'Neill



ROW 3: Jon Edlich, Johnny Arkesteijn, David McKenzie, Sam Armstrong, Joshua Abrahams, Dean Bastin, Michael Matusiak, Eden Porter, Sam Daly.
 ROW 2: Michael Wickham, Will Papakostas, Rahul Thakar, Jason Carter, Chris Cott, Ben Monaghan, Joshua Billing, Ben Woodward.
 FRONT: Oliver Hiscox, Daniel Wundersitz, Shane Cooper, Byron Mercer, Adrian Whittenbury, Daniel Mentiplay, Richard Ibrahim.

Rakhyr Peter H
 Michael Matusiak Jason Carter
 Eden Porter Daniel Mentiplay
 Daniel McKenzie
 Johnny Arkesteijn
 Will Papakostas
 Michael Wickham
 Dr. Shiffenbury
 O'Leary
 Sam Armstrong
 Ben Monaghan
 Richard Ibrahim
 Joshua Billing
 Ben Woodward
 Shane Cooper
 Byron Mercer
 Adrian Whittenbury
 Daniel Mentiplay
 Richard Ibrahim

James Pui
Gaozhong Yam
Ilina Avg 98
Simon Quinn
Stephen Mann
James Roy
Tony Eager
Michael Nguyen
Raph Mannel
James Pui
Gaozhong Yam
Ilina Avg 98
Simon Quinn
Stephen Mann
James Roy
Tony Eager
Michael Nguyen
Raph Mannel

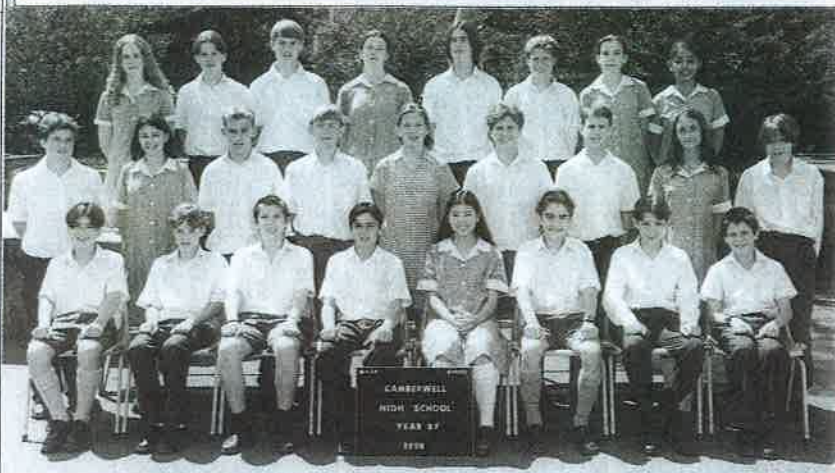


ROW 3: Stephen Mann, Dean Ashton, Declan O'Leary, Ilias Avgoulis, Matthew Sargeant, Nicholas Sutherland, Luke Templeton, Tony Eager.
 ROW 2: Michael Nguyen, Sam Robley, Marcel White, Drew Boekel, James Pui, Raph Mannel, Ali Uguz, David Ward.
 FRONT: Simon Quinn, Jai Arnold, James Roy, Dean Webster, Yao-Zhong Yam, Jesse Martin, Ben Koh.



ROW 3: Richie Whelan, Dylan Jones, Steven Liu, Nick Olle, Hunter Stewart, Michael Dibattista, Nicholas Hansen, Ryan Morkham.
 ROW 2: Jonathan De Graaff Rowe, Michael Nguyen, Cameron Gray-Williams, Leigh McCaffrey, Michael Shimmings, Ryan Wallis, David Niquet, Stephen Lew.
 FRONT: Eddie Duffield, Paul Niven, Evan Peterson, Andrew Mizzi, Rob Ball, Matthieu Von Der Muhll, Harry Bacalis.

Michael Nguyen
Harry Bacalis
Matthieu Von Der Muhll
Steven Liu
Nick Olle
Hunter Stewart
Michael Dibattista
Nicholas Hansen
Ryan Morkham
Jonathan De Graaff Rowe
Michael Nguyen
Cameron Gray-Williams
Leigh McCaffrey
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Ryan Wallis
David Niquet
Stephen Lew
Eddie Duffield
Paul Niven
Evan Peterson
Andrew Mizzi
Rob Ball
Matthieu Von Der Muhll
Harry Bacalis



ROW 3: Nikola Anderson, James Wright, Jason Teese, Jo McLean-Toomey, Joe Piantoni, Daniel Hardman, Eleanor Bullen, Zafira Bahlen.
 ROW 2: Chris Banks, Rafif Moussaoui, Tim Hovenden, Daniel Foulds, Krista Reichert, Hayden Vince, Daniel Gebert, Gemma Muddle, Patrick Anderson.
 FRONT: John Pantzopoulos, Hayden Johansen, Stavros Kourounis, Johnny Psihogios, Jeannette Ngau, Yianni Panagiotidis, Ilias Lampos, Andrew Lew.

Dan Hardman Daniel Gebert
 Shamus Hayden Vince Krista
 Gemma Muddle
 John Psihogios John Pantzopoulos
 Jeannette
 Jason
8F
 Ilias Lampos
 Hayden
 Jeannette
 T. Pantzopoulos
 Andrew Lew
 James Wright

Andrew Sanderson David Evans
 Zach Madden Phil J'Pied
 Michael V. Anna B.K.
 Michael V. Anna Dao
 James Stone
 Furey
8G
 Andrew Sanderson
 James Canning
 Angela Efstratiou
 Simon
 D.C.



ROW 3: Peter Grayden, Sara Foulds, Linda Khuu, Michael Lavrov, Vanessa Furey, Daniel Crawford, Zea Colgan, Naomi Kenner, Simon Coddington.
 ROW 2: Anna Dao, Andrew Cook, Angela Efstratiou, Andrew Sanderson, Sophia Berkaoui, Amelia Roy, David Evans, Jane Burt, James Canning.
 FRONT: Mathieu Kerambrun, Nicholas O'Neill, James Stone, Alexandra Parratt, Jessica McKay, Konnie Tsimikis, Nathan Hart, Bohdan Koniuszko.

Leonui
 James H.
 Alasdair McLuckie
9a
 Leonui
 James H.
 Alasdair McLuckie
 W.K. Morris
 Charlie
 Leonui
 James H.
 Alasdair McLuckie



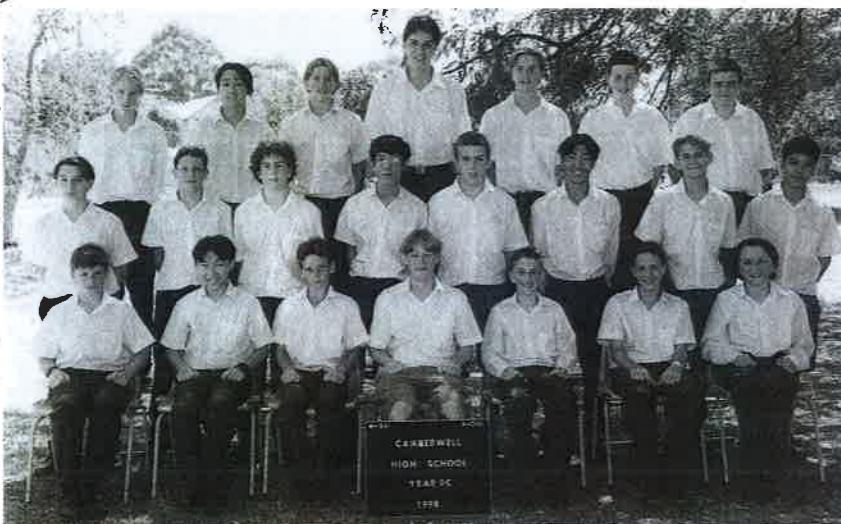
ROW 3: Wayne Wang, Lance Mills, Genna Cairns, Andrew Bucknall, Dan Larkin, David Hudson, Tim Hodge.
 ROW 2: Sarah Wight, James Head, Lydia Tong, Charlie Zhang, Catriona Hodgson, Chris Oliver, Alasdair McLuckie, Stephanie Cook.
 FRONT: Jean Hang, Shu Xiao He, William Morris, Kate Kazenwadel, Leon Cui, Benita Lunnnon, Tuan Nguyen.



ROW 3: Tom Juric, Veronica Auld, Bill Standen, Simon Russell, Simon Thompson, Lan Lee.
 ROW 2: Oskar Dunscombe, Jessica Blick, Matthew Littlepage, Emma Williams, Jo Nicolaidis, Nuria Navarro, Myles Body, Ena Anisimov, Jeremy Woodger.
 FRONT: David Fitzpatrick, Kate Walsh, Michael Eaton, Anna McLean, Jessie Dustan, Aaron Cooper, Yannick Meer, Micheal Sanders.

Chris Dunstan
Nicole Leatham
Tom Juric
Box
Simon Russell
9B
DAVID FITZPATRICK
Michelle Sanders
Jess Blick
M Body
Nuria Navarro
Ena Anisimov
Oskar Dunscombe
Woodger

Slendero
Jai David
Jean Anisimov
Han-Sen Yue
Ben Huang
Chris Keller
Y. Kerambun
David Morris
James McQueen
9C
Stuart Collins #77
Tim. Hobba
Marc Arkesteijn



ROW 3: Michael Colbert, Lee Ton, James McQueen, Julian Foster, James Knight, Tim Stefanac, Jim Whiting.
 ROW 2: Yoann Kerambun, James Hale, Jarrah Fitzgerald, Han-Sen Yue, Marc Arkesteijn, Ben Huang, Darren Richards, Christopher Keller.
 FRONT: David Morris, Johnny Kao, Tim Hobba, Stuart Collins, Jai David, Julian De Smaele, James Stephens.



ROW 3: Stephen Banks, Joseph Falzon, Tom Comerford, Justin Sharp, Robert Tongue, Chris Coleiro, Huu Thai.
 ROW 2: Jess Wood, Tatiana Kwakemaak, Lucy Haussegger, Alvin To, David Willgren, Simone Place, Tania Nevitt, Rebecca Voce.
 FRONT: Wayne Kwok, Tom Dunstan, Zoe Miatke, Kate Haertel, Faye Kendall, Hugh Sherman, Andrew Coleman.

Wayne Kwok
Justin Sharp
Zoe Miatke
Chris Coleiro
Rebecca Voce
Robert Tongue
Tom Dunstan
Tatiana Kwakemaak
Don C
Andrew Coleman
Andrew Coleman
Joe Banks
Stephen Banks
TANIA-N
Stephen Charlton
Alvin To
Faye Kendall



ROW 3: Paul Summerbell, Tim Dunlea, Jonty Gouriay, Peter Zajac, Fletcher Anderson, Michael Salt, Adam Collins, Thomas Boucher, Tom Harvey.
ROW 2: Dana Madkhui, Tom Robley, Erika Vinoec, Anna Barnes, Courtney Lesniak, Vanessa Wcod, Peter Hibbert, Katherine Browne.
FRONT: Robert Pollard, Matthew Kotros, Linda Duong, Rouba Georges, Maria Gadze, Shaneil Sharma, Tristan Walker.

Edmund... Rowba G.
Love...
Tristan Walker.
Erika Vinoec

9E

Matthew Kotros
Maria Gadze
Toby B.
Dann. U
Rouba Georges
Shaneil Sharma
Tristan Walker
Robert Pollard

Elliot Bull
Paddy
Jordan Berry
Terry Beat
Conan
Lucas Kussowski
Chris Di Pasqua
Sean Campbell

9F

Sean Verso



ROW 3: Corey Rice, Elliot Bull, Brad Collins, Greg Sargeant, Terry Beat, Sam Foley.
ROW 2: Jordan Berry, Andrew Jordan, Peter McKay, Doug Jackling, Max Moncrieff, Lucas Kussowski, Chris Di Pasqua.
FRONT: Sean Verso, Huy Do, Dominic Lam, Brett Webster, Robert Wyeth, Steve Walsh.



ROW 3: Chris Tsimeras, Michael Smyth, Michael Foster, Harley Thomas, Andreas Muehl, Nick Martin, Blair Bethwaite, Can Okay, Ben Spratt.
ROW 2: Sarah Botham, Leigh Klaver, Michael Payne, Richard Wygerse, Adrian Cook, Rohan Yates, Andrew Kevrekian, Natalie Carter.
FRONT: Edna Lim, Grace Pang, Jessica Monaghan, Allison Burt, Faith Ryan, Kim Kalanon, Olivia Wei.

Michael Payne
Allison Burt
Lara...
Michael Foster
Harley Thomas
Andreas Muehl
Nick Martin
Blair Bethwaite
Can Okay
Ben Spratt
Sarah Botham
Leigh Klaver
Rohan Yates
Andrew Kevrekian
Natalie Carter
Edna Lim
Grace Pang
Jessica Monaghan
Faith Ryan
Kim Kalanon
Olivia Wei



ROW 3: Tom McKechnie, Leigh Stone, Andrew Zajac, Peter Zelwak, David Wilko, Tim George,
 ROW 2: Louise Haig, Katie Sutherland, Rory Fitzgerald, Glenn Quick, Rohan Richards, Penny Velissaris, Alana Quinn.
 FRONT: Angeli Pascual, Anna Perry, Tristan Berrell, Bobbie Rudd, Clare Abrahams, Jessica Alexia.

at White
Reyoung. Alana Quinn
Katie Sutherland
Benny Boy
10B
Whites
Tristan Berrell
Leigh Stone
Rohan Richards
Peter Zelwak
Anna Quinn

Snepthess Keith Niven
Wendy
Rebecca
Wendy
10C
Raymond
Marb
Wendy
Leah
James Hardman
Rod Prescott
Ava Schwaninger



ROW 3: Rod Prescott, Peter Goodin, Sam Henery, James Hardman, Guy Shield, Greg Calmer.
 ROW 2: Tram Khuu, Callum Paterson, Laurent Le Page, Lei Liu, James Borthwick, Keith Niven, Winyu Munintapong, Helen Chiu, Marcell Arbutnot.
 FRONT: Nhu Giang, Sally Yiu, Grace Tarn, Michael Turner, Olga Levin, Jenny Wong, Hue Hong, Ting Xiao He.



ROW 3: Alexis Romero, Matthew Martin, Camilo Pizarro, Michael Hedger, Richard Turner, Beau Broadbent, Steven Wong.
 ROW 2: Ben Howe, Paul Fletcher, Chris Blinthead, Nick Damatopoulos, Kim Nguyen, John Yuen, Anthony Prescott, Brendan Palmer.
 FRONT: Josh Dalrymple, Jason Di Pasqua, Robert Cottonaro, Daniel Di Pasqua, Adrian Rockett, The-Bao Bui.

B Palmer
g. Nathan Martin
John Yuen
John Hedger
R. Turner
Mark Maddern
10D
Ben Howe
Michael Hedger
Josh Dalrymple
Camilo Pizarro



ROW 3: Sam Elhage, John Thompson, Matt Caldwell, Ross Genat, Edward Cheasley.
 ROW 2: Kane Lesniak, Simon Chandler, Phillip Barbara, Emre Durmaz, David Tuinauvai, Matt Jarvis, Scott Edwards,
 FRONT: Leigh Williams, James Tieu, Andrew Davies, Michael Zoupa, Chris Price, Ben Bonollo.

Ross Genat *SA Edwards*
Edward Cheasley
Simon Chandler
Phillip Barbara
10E *Emre Durmaz*
John Thompson
Chris Price *Andrew Davies*
Ben Bonollo *Kane Lesniak* *Phillip Barbara*

Ying Zheng *Luke Neilson*
Leo MacLachy *Lance Raydan*
Michael Williams
10F
Ben Bonollo *Rehab Buckley*
Cam Mitchell
Chris Candy *Alex Hauser*
Edward Jim



ROW 3: Luke Neilson, Chris Candy, Leo MacLachy, Yiannis Kourounis, Cam Mitchell, Michael Williams.
 ROW 2: Mali Jankovic, Edward Liu, Alex Hauser, Lewis Burchall, Nick Smith, Ben Bugeja, Shuang Zhao, Ying Zheng,
 FRONT: Evan Campbell, Edward Jim, Steven Wang, Daniel Raydan, Keith Lai, Thanh Chum.

Manicel Basco
James *Chapman*
Simon King
11A
Morgan Byrne
Sarah *P. Byrne*
Finella Arbutnot
Dan



ROW 3: Stavros Belios, Jayden Barberis, Paul Burger, Simon Adams, James Armstrong, Morgan Byrne, Dan Alexie.
 ROW 2: Jackie Chen, Mark Cheng, Jennifer Budimir, Shaye Amanlea, Rachael Chapman, Catherine Arnold,
 FRONT: Fontane Cheung, Sarah Abrahams, Lauren Beck, Maricel Basco, Thien-Tien Bui, Finella Arbutnot.



ROW 3: Simeon Davies, Martin Gale, Ben Devereux, Leigh Dethridge, Peter Dowles, Simon Crow, Josh Clarke, Erich Fitzgerald, Dominic Evans.
ROW 2: Stuart Findlay, Debbie Haertel, Hayley Cook, Alex Gasking, David Chiu, Amy Currie, Lisa Choy, Joel Cooper.
FRONT: Eleonora Gasco, Mary Di Pasqua, Leo Espino, Victoria Evans, Christos Efsthathiou, Cathy Do, Alison Eaton.

Leech Lebridge
Leo Espino
Hayley Cook
11B
Debbie Haertel
Lisa Choy
Victoria Evans
Simon Crow
Erich Fitzgerald
Eleonora Gasco
Mary Di Pasqua
Leo Espino
Victoria Evans
Christos Efsthathiou
Cathy Do
Alison Eaton

11C
Philip Lam
Michael Holmes
Andy Ho
John King
Jim Hilary
Maura
Maura



ROW 3: Jim Hilary, Andy Ho, Dan Lange, James Kemp, Jez Hinghanfo, Warren Haeuser, Daniel King.
ROW 2: Lam Philip, Luke Jeffery, Coralie Jodin, Luke Langton, John Isip, Anna Kevrekian, Lai Hon, Edmund Jim.
FRONT: Maureen Kiernan, Kristy Heron, Alisha Holmes, Damian Harpantidis, Karolina Junic, Lauren James, Joanne Ho.
(Absent: Jeremy Kennett.)



ROW 3: Stanley (Chun Ming) Ma, Niklas Lind, Karl McNamara, Tom Myers, Michael McCormack, Kade Miller, Amin Manzoori, Stuart Mills, Govind Manapakkam.
ROW 2: Andrew Law, Thong Le, Andrew Mawson, Nathan Lyall, Jeremy Li, Lee Muddle, Daniel Nelson, Jake Martin.
FRONT: Vyphong Manilla, Anna Murnane, Tessa Leatham, Katie McCormack, Tania Murray, Miya Nakagawa, Michael McHugh.

St Mills
Blaw
Tania Murray
Jeremy Li
11D
M. McHugh
Karl McNamara
Michael McHugh



ROW 3: Tristan Shilton, Chris Salaoras, Sam Power, Alonso Rosquete, Aaron Nicholson, Michael Seddon.
ROW 2: Leah Purvis, Pan Ting, Ian Ngo, Ivan Smith, Mark Robinson, Tim Page, Jesse Sawyer, Georgla Roberts.
FRONT: Mary Phan, Kenneth (Kin Fung) Siu, Louise Riley, Georgie Plasto, Jess Shepherd, Shan Singh, Melissa Ngau.

Kenneth Siu
Jon Smith
Ting Pan
L. Page
Georgie
11E
Michael Seddon
Jesse Sawyer
Leah Purvis
Shan Singh
Melissa Ngau

11F
Nick To
Liz Stringer
Jimmy Thai
Jade Smith
Jesse Sawyer
Shan Singh
Melissa Ngau
Leah Purvis
Ting Pan
L. Page
Georgie
Michael Seddon
Jesse Sawyer
Leah Purvis
Shan Singh
Melissa Ngau



ROW 3: Jim Varelas, Josh Stewart, Tony Tsui, Nick Varley, Sam Trimble, Mick Tassone, Peter Turnbull.
ROW 2: Liz Stringer, Paul Tran, Daniel Stacey, Steven Van Graas, Sam Stevens, Josh Vince, Tony Tripodi, Narelle Smith.
FRONT: Lily Tang, Jimmy Thai, Lenny Tran, Becka Smith, Tran Tung, Lukas Sulistyono, Jade Smith.



ROW 3: Adrian Wyeth, James Wilson, Alain Yachou, Matthew Young, Jai Watson, David Wolstencroft, Jasni Zalonski.
ROW 2: Michelle Zhou, Alanna Vivian, Joe Whelan, Joe Zhang, Qin-Qin Wu, Elliott Wood, Edouard Warnod, Brianna Walker.
FRONT: Huy Vu, Loren Wilkes, Naomi Whittenbury, Man Ka Wong, Tania Wall, Synthia Yuen, Jesse Woodger.

11G
Edouard W
Jesse Woodger
Synthia Yuen
Michelle Zhou
Alanna Vivian
Tania Wall
Huy Vu
Loren Wilkes
Naomi Whittenbury
Man Ka Wong

CASSEROLES AND CASK WINE.

By
Alice Molan.

"Mum, can I sit in the front?"

"No way!"

"But look, I don't fit back here, my head touches the roof and my legs are completely squashed."

"Gee you are pretty squashed aren't you? Alright, get in the front."

For the first time in the family's car travelling history, my mother begrudgingly agreed to sit in the back. Having Mum next to me was a strange feeling but I was glad I could share her excitement. It had been a long time since all five of us had been in the car together. Not only because annual family holidays ended years ago, but also because we didn't fit in an average family car anymore. However, for this event we reluctantly made the sacrifice.

My Grandparents were celebrating fifty years of marriage and were holding a mass followed by a sit down dinner for about eighty people. Grandma had been organising the event for months and the more she told us about it the more we were dreading the whole experience. The prospect of sharing casseroles and cask wine with people twice our age was not appealing especially with Dad's constant ridiculing of the event. The celebration was to be held in Mansfield a country town known as the 'gateway to the snowfields'. Grandma and Grandpa had moved up there to fulfil their fantasy of working the land after Grandpa's retirement. They threw themselves into community activities and were well known throughout the town. As the years passed by their family were their only connection to the city and it seemed only fitting to hold the important event in their adopted home.

So we travelled. The happiness in the car overcome any discomfort we felt. I sensed my mother's joy and excitement as she revelled in the closeness of her family. The trip was important to her despite the apprehensive façade she put up whenever it was being discussed. As the eldest daughter she was extremely close to both her parents and was proud to share this moment with them. It was also a chance for the entire family to get together. Mum was the second eldest of six and, with the addition of partners and children, over the years the family had swollen to a number that would make any catholic proud. Mum needed her family and deep down so did we.

Dad was less enthusiastic. He had always held Grandma and Grandpa at a distance, a grudge harboured from conflicts in the past. He too was the product of a large Catholic family and needed his clan even more than Mum. However towards his wife's relations, there was always a hint of disdain. I had never known, or more likely, never been told why he felt this way. Perhaps it was the contempt he felt for the church they regarded so highly, a church that had let them down so many times before. Or maybe it was the differing political views that kept them apart. Grandma and Grandpa the staunch Liberal supporters, forever the enemy against the left wing, free love values of my father. Whatever the reason, time and birth of grandchildren had somewhat lessened the gap, but there was still a distance to go.

"Thank God we're here," complained my older brother.

"Well I had a good trip," quipped Tom, the youngest of the family, clearly trying to ruffle his brother.

"Yeah because you had the front seat!" he retorted, straining over the front seat to get a clear hit at Tom. It worked.

"Right that's enough you two," came the warning from Dad. Mum changed the subject as we searched for our motel. We were the last to arrive, an unavoidable fate as Dad delayed our start by flatly refusing to leave before noon. We saw the family as soon as we pulled into the motel. There were hugs and kisses as Mum made her way through the family. She greeted her three brothers and two sisters, their partners and all twelve nieces and nephews warmly, approaching each member with the same love and enthusiasm. I soon faced the gauntlet Mum had just run with such ease, although with some apprehension but I made it through unscathed.

I enjoyed being around this family. I liked hearing about their lives and the fact that they were interested in mine. Conversation was cautiously polite to begin with, the effect of time and distance momentarily loosening the bonds, however familiarity soon returned and conversations flowed. Almost immediately it was time to make our way to the church. My brothers and I were not used to the strict conformity of the Catholic faith. Its rules and traditions stifled me, a trait passed on from my father perhaps or maybe just fear of the unknown. Either way, the claustrophobia I felt in churches meant I wasn't looking forward to this stage of the celebrations.

We met Grandma and Grandpa outside the small stone church, its cold beauty radiating a sense of sternness that made me tense. The dark blue stone against the dimming light of dusk gave the church a formidable air, its stark surrounds adding to the feeling of isolation. Grandma dressed to the nines, her white curls tight from an afternoon at the hairdressers, was beaming with excitement and the thrill of an event well organised. Grandpa emitted the low glow of pride. Over the years their physical appearance had changed significantly. Grandpa once a strapping young lifeguard on the beaches of Brisbane had withered to the small thin man before me, still strong but no longer achieving the power he once had. His thin covering of white hair brushed back with the help of pomade was the only thing that hadn't changed in my lifetime. To Grandma the opposite had occurred. Once petite, a perfect size ten, her hips had widened from the weight of six children until her figure was more barrel than hourglass.

A few weeks earlier my brothers and I had been roped into helping and it was our responsibility to hand out the programs for the church service. I was surprised to find that no other grandchildren had been asked to help and I wasn't sure whether to be flattered or annoyed. Dad came to stand with me at the front of the church.

"Why don't you go in? It's freezing out here," I suggested.

"No, no I'm alright," he said with a dismissive wave of his hand.

"Are you sure? I'm fine here."

"Yeah, thought I'd keep you company for a while. Everyone seems to be coming in through the side door." The eagerness in his voice alarmingly evident.

"O.K. thanks," I said realising he was grateful for the escape.

The church service was surprisingly short. I took in everything around me. The dark wooden pews, the staring statues and the luxuriously simple altar gave the church a homely yet eerie atmosphere. Not knowing their significance or meaning, the prayers washed over my ignorant ears. Beside me Dad shifted uncomfortably from one foot to the other as he recited the responses he had learnt by rote as a child. Tom was blank, his eyes clouded over, I was sure he was in Hawaii surfing a wave. James my elder brother seemed little more interested even attempting the responses in some prayers. I looked around feeling like a naughty school girl and noticed the implicit belief in the aging faces.

It was exposed as they solemnly bowed their heads in prayer and as they raised them in song, basking in the glory and love of their God, never once relenting their fervent concentration. I was fascinated by the faith of these people and felt guilty that my family did not believe as they did. Nevertheless I was glad not to be forced into the strict religion.

With the formal part of the evening over, we headed to the hall where dinner was to be served. As we walked across the courtyard the hall glowed with the golden light of warmth. It had once been the church, the high arched ceilings and bluestone slabs forever revealing the fact. The smell of roasting vegetables filled the hall as the buzz of conversation grew. Grandma's decorations held a simple charm and gave the room a gentle effortless atmosphere. I noticed that Dad was the first out of the church with a stiff drink in his hand. Grandma and Grandpa were more relaxed and everyone else was looking for a good time.

Soon there were bursts of laughter as people warmed, the small cousins amused themselves rushing between people, tables and food and faces shone in the soft yellow light. The drink flowed as freely as the reminiscences and as I listened to the stories around me, I realised what a wealth of experience and knowledge the older generation had. People think that the majority of old people are opposed to change but that night I realised just how much diversity they had accepted. I noticed Dad slip outside and I followed him.

"What are you doing out here?" came his surprised voice.

"I could ask you the same question."

"Just getting some fresh air." The night air was freezing and only those desperate for a nicotine hit would brave such weather: not being a smoker my father's feelings were obvious.

"It's not that bad Dad. Try to enjoy it, for Mum's sake."

"I know it's not that bad...." he replied dropping his balding head.

"Then why don't you at least look like you're having a good time. If this was your family, Mum wouldn't dream of acting the way you are." I trudged off, guilty that I had raised my voice when I knew that Dad was trying.

Dad came in a while later. He was looking for someone and I sank in my chair hoping it wasn't me. His next move surprised me. He walked over to Grandma and Grandpa, kissed Grandma and shook hands with Grandpa then stood in amiable conversation with them for the longest I'd ever seen. Grandma's surprise soon gave to happy relief. Her round face revealed her delight at the unexpected generosity of her son-in-law. Grandpa took Dad's reconciliation in his stride, laughing and patting Dad on the back as their hands met. I was amazed how easily both sides accepted the offerings of peace, as if their coming was only a matter of time. These people of different generations, beliefs and understandings were improbably thrown together and now after twenty-five years were finally discovering the love they felt for each other. A love that was inevitable, as it is the love of a family. I looked at Mum who was as surprised as me, then turned back to the conversation around me tingling from the event I had just witnessed.

The trip home was quiet and reflective as much from the lack of sleep as discomfort. Dad was relaxed as he drove and Mum had again relinquished the front seat to Tom. This trip had opened my eyes to my father and the love between my grandparents, my family and my parents. I realised that time is essential as it brings with it love, understanding and compassion.

WINNER OF THE SENIOR SHORT STORY COMPETITION.

THE CRY OF WAR.

By

GRACE PANG 10A.

The cry of war echoes, the nation's youth awakes
No able-bodied man the army forsakes
Towards the far and lonely shores of foreign lands they sail,
they see the wide horizon and they never think to fail
Of the awaiting pain and slaughter each is unknowing and naïve,
their heads are looking forward, not back to the home they leave
Did they ever wonder that they might not return?
Did they ever think of the grief that they would learn?
Later behind the trenches and the enemy's heavy fire
they will feel the growing terror and of this game of killing tire
Before their very eyes they will watch fellow soldiers die,
lying exposed, the sun scorching, while in safety they lie
Before their line is summoned to race in the deadly rain
they scribble their last letters and hope for their lives in vain
They leave behind their families to mourn for the braves,
wonder where their body lies and tend the empty graves
Only the few lucky survivors can look to a better tomorrow,
but now they know the cry of war
always turns
to the cry of sorrow

PROSPICE

Drama House Festival

Montgomery

Wins!

Daryl from Thomastown....

Hi youz all! It's me, Daryl from Thomastown, oh, I mean Toorak. Did you check out this year's House Drama Festival? It was grouse was-n't it? If you didn't you missed out big time. On a cold August night in the assembly hall, four bonza plays were shown to an excellent crowd that lapped up all of the talent that was flung at them from all directions. First up was Churchill with their grouse play 'The Smile'. It had these girls carrying around this naked bloke's head. Next the almighty Roosevelt cracked up the whole audience with their pisser of a play called 'From Thomastown To Toorak', they belched out the true meaning of being an Astrayalien. Finally it was half time where cans of meat with pasta, gravy, rice and vegies were opened up for all to scoff down. After all that nonsense Montgomery dazzled the audience with 'The Girl In The Mirror' where this chick was gonna do herself in, fully! It was full on drama, mate! Last but truly, ruly not least was Macarthur with 'Miracles'. In this one there was this crazy lady who heard a cash register talking to her! Nuts or what!? At the end of the day (well night really) there were four fan-bloody-tastic and may I say quality performances by our C.H.S. students. In the end Montgomery took out the honours, closely followed by Churchill then Macarthur. Roosevelt was set to take out the best and fairest, but ended up going home with the wooden spoon despite the audience's appreciation. There's only one word that describes this year's House Drama Festival and that is **BLOODY GROUSE!**

By Karl McNamara IID.





By David Morris

MITTAGUNDI OUTDOOR EDUCATION CENTRE



Mittagundi is an outdoor education centre set in a remote location in the Bogong High Plains. The Year 9 trip to Mittagundi starts with an overnight hike through some magic scenery in the Bogong High Plains including crystal stream waterfalls and panoramic views across Victoria's high plains. Once at Mittagundi we were divided into two groups. One of the groups would stay and work on the farm while the other would go absailing. The absailing was fantastic dropping down a 25 metre rock face onto the ledge looking down on to the graveyard rapid. Usually while one group was absailing the other group spent time on the farm helping around Mittagundi which is set out like an old gold mining town. Some of the activities we took part in were cutting trees at the mill for a new hut, feeding the animals, building a new fence and very old style cooking. At the end of four wonderful days at Mittagundi it was time to saddle up our trusty pack horses and head for home. The walkout took us to some great places including Mt. Nelse, the 5th highest peak in Australia, where we got views of Mt.Hotham, Feathertop, Stirling, Buffalo and Bogong. After nine of the most memorable days of my life it was time to go home.



MY GENERATION

NATALIE CARTER 10A

MAY 1998.

THE 40's, 50's & 60's COME ALIVE.

During May this year students and teachers relived the 40's, 50's and 60's as Mr. Pappas' musical creation "My Generation" burst onto the stage at Camberwell High School. "My Generation" is a musical that brought alive various scenarios from the three decades as well as a trip back in time to that of Socrates and his wife Aphrodite. Act 1 and the 40's brought with it singers such as Frank Sinatra and Carmen Miranda (senior and junior). Comic pairs such as John and Marsha and Abbot and Costello also appeared among many other characters.

Act 2, the 50's brought back West Side Story, Digby Fontana, Elvis Presley, the Sirelles, The Shangri-Las and Buddy Holly. In Act 3 we saw the colourful 60's bring us hippies, numerous singers including Aretha Franklin, The Beatles and Mick Jagger and finally the fireworks. Mr. Pappas kept on telling us that if you remembered the 60's you weren't really there. I wonder what he means?

Auditions were held over three days after school during term 1. The following Friday all acting enthusiasts reassembled to discover the success of their auditions. Naturally there were the pleased, disappointed and confused – "Who was I again?" We were handed pages of rehearsal schedules and sent away to practise. Learn our lines, songs, dances or whatever it was our character was meant to be doing. For the rest of the term 1 and part of term 2, we ate, breathed and slept "My Generation". Rehearsals at lunchtime, rehearsal after school and then off home to look for costumes and props.

All too soon the dress rehearsal was upon us and then the our first performance. We were to give a performance to the children of neighbouring primary schools. We thought the performance was going well. That was before they all started leaving. What had we done wrong? Nothing — apparently they didn't have time to see the rest.

Thursday May 14th marked the first night of three public performances. Suddenly we were in costume and ready to perform. After a few words of encouragement from directors Mr.Pappas and Ms.Brown, we were in the wings and "My Generation" was away. Performances went without a hitch, well almost. Frenzied costume changes were still made in time, all props managed to make their way on stage. We stood in the wings, hoping we wouldn't miss our cue and running off to look for those we feared would miss their cues. The audience loved "My Generation". Some of them even came up to us to say they could remember listening to a particular group when they were young. "My Generation" was a great experience. I wonder if the rumours of "My Generation 11" are correct.



SRC REPORT 1998

What a year it's been.....

Despite small membership numbers, the S.R.C. still managed to have a successful year raising \$3000.00 in funds, the best the school has seen yet.

It was decided at the start of the year that the S.R.C. would commit itself to a set of charities. The major charity fundraiser was the Royal Children's Good Friday Appeal: a cake stall and a hamburger BBQ were held on Sports Day and we raised an astounding \$600.00. For this, we received a plaque acknowledging our efforts and hopefully next year the S.R.C. can endeavour to do even better!

This year the S.R.C. placed tables and chairs in the canteen and it is obvious to us that they are being appreciated by the students as they have not yet been damaged.

New to the S.R.C. this year was the S.R.C. conference organised by Balwyn High School. In this conference members from different schools met and discussed what works and what doesn't. Camberwell High School by far had the most effective S.R.C., balancing social occasions with fund raising, and had a bank balance that made some of the private schools green with envy.

The annual Talent Quest saw Camberwell High's gutsy and talented students performing to their best ability! (Of course this depends on your interpretation of talented!!) The quest was a success and, from

the audience responses, was a very enjoyable programme for all. The tech and sound crew did an exceptional job: after some prompting during rehearsal they really got their act together to contribute to the entertainment on the stage.

The Battle of the Bands was another enjoyable afternoon. The running of this time consuming event was complimented on by the staff as being "of a professional standard". Supportive comments like this were very well received, particularly after a job well done.

Special thanks must go to Mr. Anderson - his contributions and general running of the early morning meetings was much appreciated. Without his efforts and support many of the events would not have been achieved so successfully.

We enjoyed working with the S.R.C. in 1998 and appreciate the efforts that its members have made, and for this they are to be commended. We wish the S.R.C. a successful and enjoyable 1999.

We also wish the school community a Happy Christmas and a safe and enjoyable New Year.

Emily Gill and Natalie Wygerse.



adelaide arts festival trip

Adelaide – city of churches and cemeteries, and once every two years, city of crazy drama students. Picture it; Tuesday March 3rd 1930 hours. A pack of wild, unkempt senior drama students peruse the literary expanses of MAD magazine. (Oh! I get it, it's a toilet). We entered our train carriage, snuggled nicely next to the smoking carriage, so we were visited regularly by scary, smelly hobos. A 14 hour ride of cabin fever was to follow, all students really got to know each other while Mr. Pappas and Ms. Brown had a water fight.

On arrival we had experienced little sleep, however we still had the energy to break out the juggling equipment and party like it was 1799. We soon arrived at the Adelaide Hyatt, gazing at its beauty as we checked into its poorer cousin the Travelodge. We settled into our rooms and were soon off to explore the gig smoke. As we searched for the mysterious lost city of 'fringe' we came across 'Con, the pawnbroker' ("Hi, Con I'd like to buy some stuff"). That night we were off to see the 'Taming Of The Shrew' at the Botanic Gardens. This was a charming performance complete with interactive goblins and light-headed fairies. Ahhhhh! A taste of Shakespeare, the perfect way to begin our Arts Festival experience. That night our excitement resulted in a late splash in the hotel pool and then continuing at 0200 hours in our showers.

After a long, languid breakfast by the pool the next morning we shopped till we dropped, we would have taken it easy if we had known that we were to shatter land speed records that evening whilst trying to make it to that night's performance of 'Natural Life'. It was an abstracted homage to the "Theatre of Deliberate Cruelty." Later that night we indulged our primitive instincts with some base humour at the Comedy Club. A dozen cappuccinos later we looked forward to the day ahead. By this stage we had well and truly entrenched ourselves in the artistic community of Adelaide.

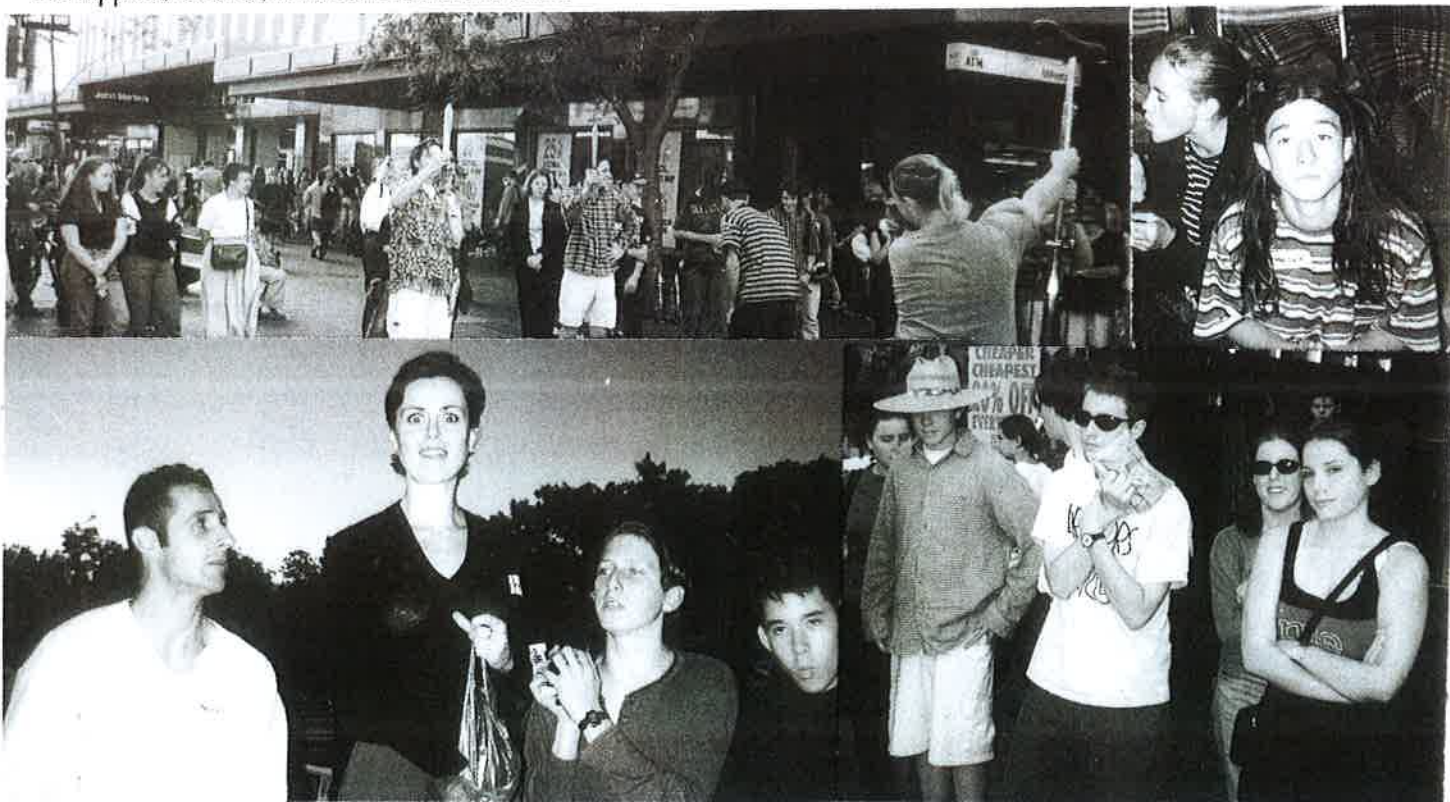
After checking out Adelaide's café scene, we strapped on our funkiest threads (not to mention a few painted moustaches) and headed to a performance of "Songs of the Wanderers". After 1000kg of rice and an intense Buddhist Monk, we still weren't sure what had just happened. To this day Mr. Pappas and Ms. Brown are still trying to give us an explanation but to no avail.

Next stop – "The Squeeze Box", a place to dance and be merry to the sounds of Ethiopian blues, jazz, funk and a zydeco fusion quintet. By this stage we were well into the early hours of the morning but were still prepared to party. Ms. Brown had a few contacts with the Adelaide organised crime syndicate and soon we were all dancing to the daggiest music in the hippiest club in town, 'The Fringe Club'. Our fatigue showed through the following day.

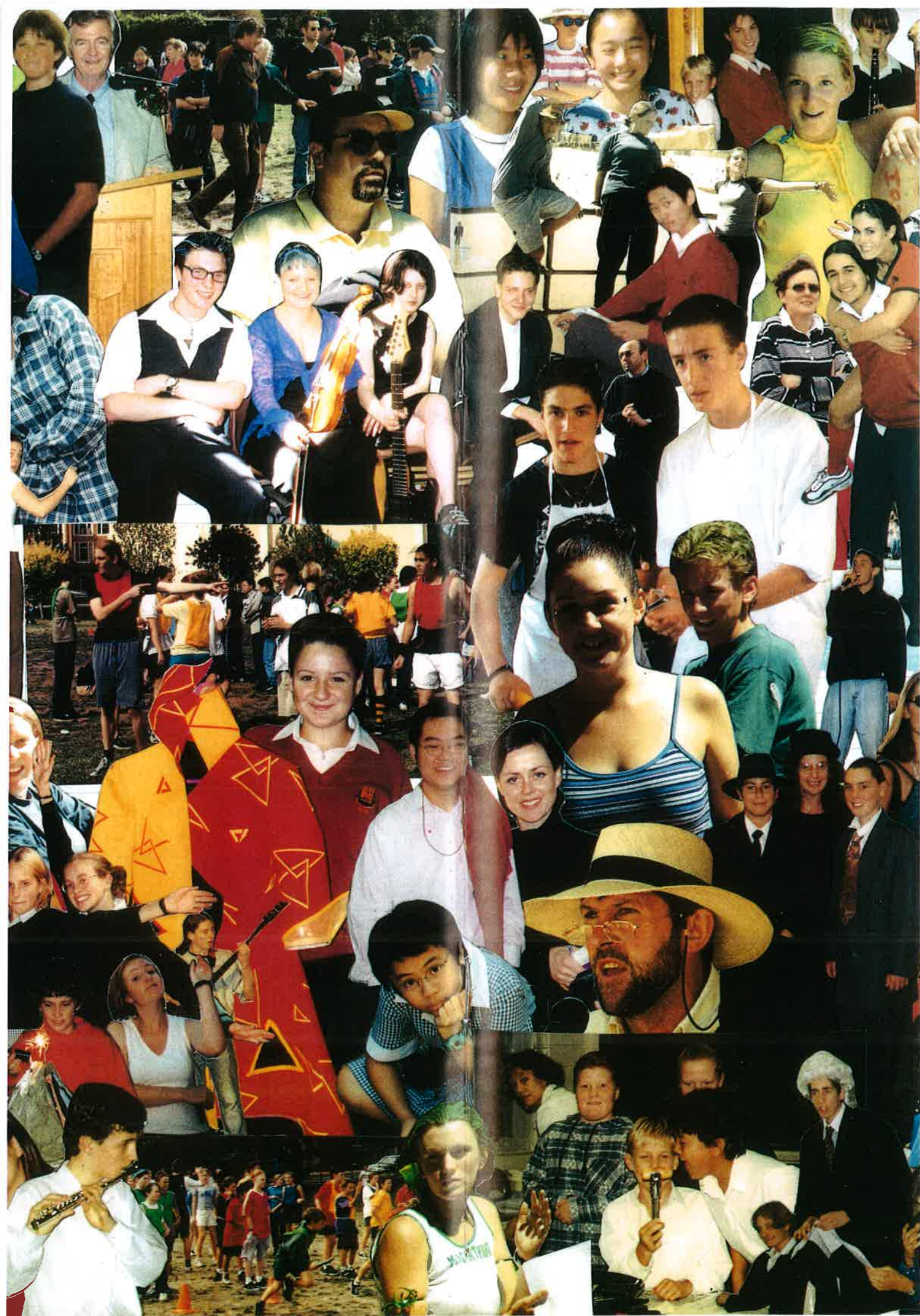
It was our last day in Adelaide and we made the most of it with a trip to Glenelg on the old rattler. Glenelg was a great way to say goodbye to Adelaide, paddling at the beach before hitting the bumper boats at 'Magic Mountain.'

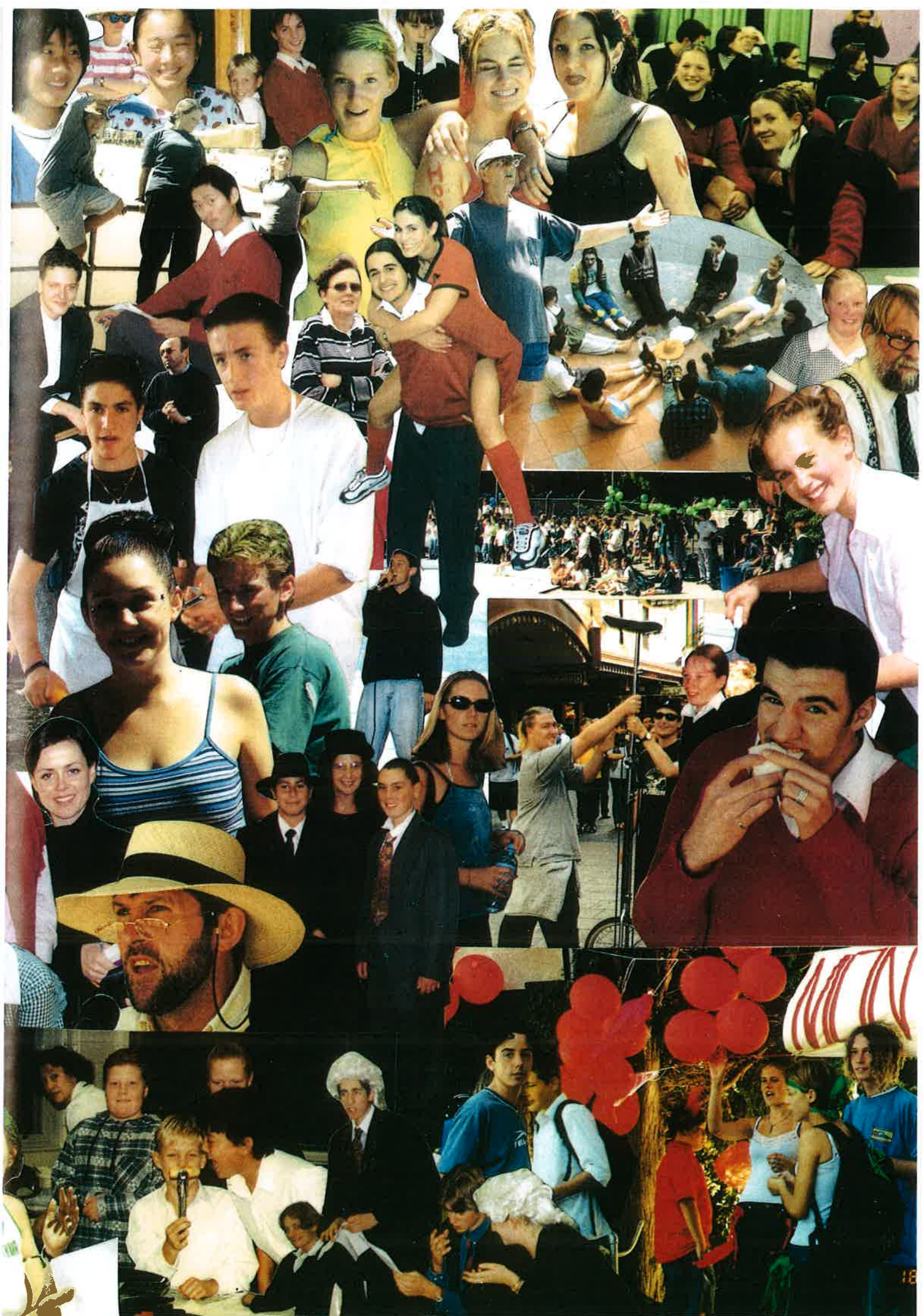
As we boarded the 'Overlander' for the long ride home sadness was the fashionable emotion. We had experienced a truly magical trip with a fantastic group of students and teachers. We were sad to part from our 'Fringe Festival', however withdrawal symptoms were soothed by our personalised lollipops. One group of students were delirious trying to suck custard tarts through chuppa-chup straws – an ugly scene.

By the morning of Sunday the 8th. of March we were home safely at Spencer Street station. For nearly a week we had experienced sleep-ins, late nights, coffee, comedy, music, drama, arts and bumper boats...we could now be classified as true thespians. All students greatly thank Mr. Pappas and Ms. Brown for organising and conducting the trip and generally being the hippiest, coolest, funkiest teachers in town.











The Sound of Music...

During 1998 the faculty of music has had an exciting year continuing with the tradition of quality music making at Camberwell High School.

There have been many changes to the faces of the faculty, the first of which has seen us farewell Mr. Tony Brookes. Tony's achievements in developing music at Camberwell High is legacy to his commitment of dedication to his students. We thank him and wish him well in his future endeavours.

Welcoming:	Jemima Bunn	Musical Director
	David Hirst	Brass
	Michael Firth	Woodwind
	Shirley Jojkity	Woodwind
	Steve Bourke	Percussion

With Ed Grigorian remaining to teach strings.

Students have been given the opportunities to develop their skills as musicians, develop confidence in performing and presenting to their peers, the whole school and wider community. Within the first few weeks the concert band, consisting of second year and above players, were approached to perform at Wheeler's Hill Secondary college to assist with recruitment for their developing music program. This was followed by performances at the Banyule Festival at the centre in Ivanhoe and school assemblies. Prior to performances at the Royal South Street competition in Ballarat and Melbourne Bands Festival in the Robert Blackwood Hall at Monash University students in the concert band attended a camp at Fern Gully lodge at Healsville. Students participated in full group rehearsals as well as instrumental tutorials with specialist tutors and a workshop with one of Melbourne's up and coming conductors, Michael Lichnovsky. The camp was a great success and brought together the concert band both musically and socially.

The beginner band consisting of our first year players began its life together early in second term at a non-residential camp. Brass, Woodwind and Percussion players from instrumental electives came together to play in an ensemble for the first time. Since then they have been involved in performances at the Open Night and at Aquinas College. The stage band also performed at the Banyule Festival and the Royal South Street competitions where they were extremely well received. Together with a year 8 Woodwind elective class they also performed at the Valedictory evening.

'Viva La Musica' at St. Paul's Cathedral saw the culmination of musical talents at Camberwell High School. With all groups involved plus smaller ensembles and soloists, parents, friends and students alike were treated to many fine performances. This year Canterbury Primary School joined us at St. Paul's. Directed by Anne Bialeckie their year 3 - 6 choir performed for the audience in an extremely professional way, later joining with us in a performance of 'Oh, Danny Boy!' The evening was a great success and it was incredibly rewarding to see so many students participating and enjoying making music together.

Achievements in the recent A.M.E.B. exams were quite notable, with students involved receiving valuable, constructive criticism and experience in solo performance.

In addition to all of this many of our students took part in ensembles performing at the Eastern Region Metropolitan Concert at the Melbourne Concert Hall. Students from all over the region came together for three rehearsals before this performance.

There were many people who have assisted in developing this year's Music Program. I can't thank the staff of C.H.S. enough for answering all my many questions, for their advice and support. In particular the Instrumental Music staff, Michael, David, Shirley, Ed and Steve for their support and energy; Jeanette Botham for just doing what had to be done and Glen Linton for his support.

Jemima Bunn
Director of Music



Musos Extraordinaire!

'Musos' (pronounced mus-o): one who has an.....unusual sense of humour, friendly and stands out in a crowd, must have a taste for plum drinks and above all know how to read music (although this is not essential).

Taking all of this into consideration I can proudly call myself a Camberwell High Muso. I have been playing an instrument since Year 7 (along with Siobhan Paterson and Ana Juric, we are the only Year 12 band members) when I started on Clarinet. Towards the end of Year 7 I swapped instruments. I was the proud owner of a Tenor Saxophone. My first touring experience was when the band went to Queensland, an interesting experience to say the least: a particular Cello player was stung by a jellyfish, we all learned how to play the card game 500 on the train on the way up there from a particular P.E. teacher, we all had a... well...different experience with a mini bus and a teacher who did not know the difference between a road and a walking track.

Then there were the St. Paul's concerts. On the day of the last St. Paul's concert, a few of us were treated to seeing where the bells are rung. Lying on the table when we entered the little room was copies of the latest issue of the Bell Ringers magazine. Front page articles included "10 ways to improve your tones" and "How to practise your ringing skills without a bell."

This year saw a new generation of music staff at Camberwell High, with the sad departure of Mr Julian Cairns and Mr Tony Brookes, great assets to the school. Ms Jemima Bunn became the new musical director and all her hard work and promoting of Camberwell's Music Program has paid off. This year has been one of the best music wise as all the band members are friendly, dedicated and enthusiastic.

My thanks and great admiration go to Jemima, Sam Cameron and David Hirst for a great year and my extra thanks to my Sax teacher Michael Firth for a really enjoyable year.

My time spent with the Camberwell music Program was great and it will be one of the lasting memories.

Emily Donkin Year 12.



THINKING ABOUT ART....

by Jarrah Fitzgerald 9c.

Art has been around for a long time, not every generation has painted or drawn the same way as the last because every generation grows up at a different time, thus seeing the world and the things in it in a different way. I see graffiti as one of this generation's art forms.

Art provides us with a unique way of seeing things, thinking and knowing about ourselves and the world. Graffiti does this just as well as any other art form because it is a reflection on our society. Graffiti is a product of a consumer driven society surrounded by logo and labels.

Graffiti comes in many forms, one being colourful aerosol art commonly found around train stations, another being social commentary and humorous anecdotes found throughout the community. Another form of graffiti is tagging (written names and titles).

I think that graffiti is art because, although sometimes it doesn't look like common, mainstream art, it is still a way of expressing yourself and showing others how you feel about society and life.

Graffiti has a subculture of its own, with its own sense of community. Aerosol artists communicate using their own symbols and language in the form of deconstructed letters.

Graffiti is art because it is a creative form of self expression.



Edna Lim Year 10.



Rachel Young Year 12.



Maureen Kiernan Year 11.



TWILIGHT HORIZONS

By

SEAMUS BARKER

It was evening now. The harsh glare and the discomforting heat of the midsummer day had receded, replaced by that extended period of dusk when the air grows cool and sweet and everything lies still and peaceful.

To the west, the venerable sun slowly, almost imperceptibly, shuffled down towards its bed. Bashfully, wearily it sneaked beneath a high row of firs which blotted out the last of its dimming radiance. It seemed almost unrecognisable from the perfectly formed circle of yellow light that had rashly beat its path across the sky earlier that day. All that could be seen of it now were its fiery and swollen edges. It was as though it had lived an entire span of life in one day. Behind and above, the sky was a colour beyond any crude labelling. Nature's backdrop was a blend of infinite shades of orange, yellow, pink and purple. The clouds, thin and high, were also tainted with sublime inks.

From where the boy stood the entire landscape appeared diffused with a gentle orange glow. On his right in the distance, endless rows of houses stretched to the horizon. Narrowing his focus, the gentle dancing of the mismatched trees could be seen on the boundary of the wide, sweeping oval. He had watched those trees nearly everyday since he had been five years old. Each was unique and together they formed the sweeping, natural enclosure that separated the school oval from the neighbouring road. He had played sport on that oval twice a day, five days a week, from the age of nine to eleven. But it was no longer his place. Now he stood on the rough asphalt that he had pelted across for seven years. He turned, acknowledging buildings which he had been inside many times, though not for years.

The environment of this primary school had altered somewhat in the last twelve years. He remembered the night of the huge storm, and the sound of chainsaws droning in the night. The next day the huge tree, seemingly designed as a climbing obstacle: scaled down battle ground for plastic soldiers: and medieval fort was gone. So too was the bike shed that had been crushed when the tree collapsed in the violence of the gale. The weight of all those five year old boys, their 'matchbox cars', 'transformers' and toys of later generations had finally caught up with the once great guardian of the school's west entrance.

Also gone was the old toilet block, this time the victim of the complaints of hundreds of students and their parents. Its successor, resplendent and smug with its spotless, brick exterior and gleaming stainless steel taps, rested directly in front of the boy. It too was now familiar.

He understood, without realising, that the school had been the one constant in his life over the years. There was rarely a day he was not there, and despite various cosmetic alterations, it retained an unchanging essence which reassured him. The school even possessed the same scent as it did years ago, a child's smell of sandwiches and plastic, eucalyptus leaves and grass.

Peering now at the small trees growing inconspicuously around the yard, he was amazed by the number of cicadas who, while unseen, were very clearly present. Their drone echoed through the school, crowding the air with waves of sound.

One of those cool, intermittent summer breezes eased through the yard, drying the thin film of sweat that had formed on his body. Smiling, he picked up the basketball from between his feet and spun it through his fingers, delighting in its sandy grip and infinite symmetry between his dry hands.

This was why he had come. He raised the basketball to the side of his head then released it in a smooth, relaxed motion. The ball arched in a gentle parabola as it passed from his hand through the netless ring, before finally thudding onto the ground with a rubbery smack. He ran and fetched the ball and observed the ring, his brain effortlessly performing innumerable, subtle calculations, before shooting again as the neurons transmitted the data to his body. These simple movements he repeated over and over, as various half-thoughts flitted through his head. Unformed worries, due date twinges, lines from songs; these filled his head, unsettling and distracting him.

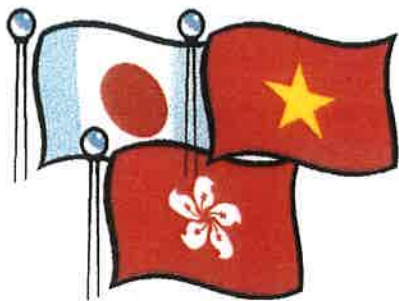
Slowly, this began to change. After several minutes of shooting, running and jumping, his mind began to cloud with pleasure. A light buzz began to course through his system. Exultantly he flexed, hopped, bent, released. Now he was free from pain, fatigue, emotions. His eyes settled into a blank gaze. Later, he would realise that this was a chemical process; his body released endorphins; adrenalin polluted his blood, temporarily altering his body's biochemistry; his brain shifted into a disassociative state. But now he could only do.....

The trees stood still; the wind had died down and all was serene. The boy still shot, drifting deeper and deeper. The cicadas eased into the mere chirping of the few still mateless. The boy had ceased thinking verbally; all ideas and words had been cut off. Flex, hop, bend, release. He saw players – faceless and undefined – but moving and reacting...to him. He ran and pushed down hard off his right foot, floated towards the ring. The players tried to stop him but he could see what they were thinking. He would strain to remember these moments at other times, cogitating over their significance, but never able to recall the sensation of the moment. He knew that his brain would adopt a more instinctive, basic, operating system.

Suddenly he was in a world of absolute quiet. Senses heightened he felt time slow, now stop. Then it started clicking forward in slow motion. He saw the whole thing in hard, bright focus. He was unemotional and content at the same time. He felt a complete sense of ease and control. He shot and shot, won game after game. The sun had disappeared now and the sky was cloudless and pale.

After an hour, two hours, maybe more, he glanced up surprised. The stars were out. Hypnotised, he stared long at the night sky without blinking. Thoughtless and intense, yet calm and completely composed, he slowly made his way back home. He felt his brain, no longer filled with the peculiar concentration required by his task, return to normal. He did not fight, did not cling to its relaxed state. As he arrived home he knew that this was impossible anyway, that the zone belonged to the night, to the school, to basketball.

WINNER OF THE DON ANDERSON AWARD.



OVERSEAS STUDENTS' PROGRAM.



Over the past twelve months there has been a rapid increase in numbers of students enrolled in the Program. There were 34 enrolled Overseas students at the start of term 4, including the Year 12 students who have now exited and nine students at Language School who are due to start here in term 1 next year. There have also been changes during the year with students transferring in or leaving school to study elsewhere or to return home. At the start of next year we expect to have 29 full time students here – from China, Hong Kong, Taiwan, Vietnam, Malaysia, Indonesia and Thailand. The majority of our students are in homestay accommodation, others are staying with family members or friends and three live independently. Our thanks to the many homestay families providing care and interest in our students.

The year at a glance:

- The March visit of 15 students from Isogo High School, Japan and the beginnings of a sister school relationship once again provided a positive experience for our school families who acted as homestays to the students. Ms Brereton and Mr Tenner enjoyed the experience of reciprocal Japanese hospitality in a brief visit to Isogo later in the year.
- A visit to Hong Kong by Mr Linton provided an opportunity to meet many parents of our current students and discuss their progress and also to interview other prospective families.
- Staff were introduced to some of the issues facing overseas students, and the impact on them of dramatic cultural change, at a talk earlier this year given by Di Gabb from the Trans-Cultural Psychiatric Unit of St. Vincent's Hospital.
- Several Camberwell students had their photographs and their words of wisdom included in the new marketing booklet produced for overseas families by the International Student Program Unit, together with a full-page spread of our Sports Hall.
- Food has again proved a winner with our students – from a lavish spread at a Malaysian restaurant to a more modest but interesting night at Sofia's Pizza (Chinese students savouring Italian food with Mexican topping!) to last week's final BBQ at school for over 30 students and homestay families.
- Students' Achievements: Several students gained distinctions or credits in the Maths Challenge, one student has gained entry to the V.C.A. to study Music, and Year 12 student Kelvin Chong gained an award in E.S.L. Many students are achieving excellent results in the relatively short time they have been at school. For others, gaining a pass at their year level is an achievement in itself. It is hard to imagine the difficulties and challenges involved in adjusting to different culture and to an entirely different style of teaching and learning, often with no family support. Our overseas students can be proud of what they have achieved during their time with us at Camberwell.

Paula Stocker
Overseas Student Adviser.



DECEMBER 1998.

Year 9 Activity Day

PROSPICE



Year 9 students were waiting at the gates, starry-eyed and ready to go, at 9.00 a.m. sharp.

We arrived at the Myer Music Bowl ice-skating rink. We were handed our skates, impatient to get on the ice. Music and games were played which were enjoyed by all as laughter constantly filled the air. There were tumbles aplenty including the cool Mr Loveday! (Ha! Ha! Ha!)

After one and a half hours of skating we jumped back on the bus to go to the Botanic Gardens. Everyone was provided with a scrumptious lunch which we ate sitting amongst the willows. With the sun beaming down upon us, we gazed over the colourful, blooming gardens. After a spirited non-contact game of British Bulldog, we headed off to the pools.

Upon arrival, we quickly changed and broke up into groups of around fifteen people. There were four activities which were diving, inflatable water obstacle, wave pool and water slides. The inflatable water obstacle was the most popular because it involved running across a slippery, jungle path without losing your balance or getting sprayed off.

We headed back to school feeling tired after an energy filled enjoyable day. We look forward to being part of many more days like this. From all the Year 9 students THANKS to all the teachers who made this day possible and to the canteen staff who provided us with a great lunch.

Emma Williams & Anna McLean 9B.





MONASH UNIVERSITY LEGAL CHALLENGE

C.H.S. was fortunate enough to be invited to participate in the Monash University Legal Challenge. The competition was divided into an internal school and an inter-school competition involving 22 schools. It was aimed at increasing legal awareness in students, to encourage students to pursue formal legal training and improve students' oral presentation skills as well as their analytical skills. Our school conducted a number of preliminary rounds to determine the finalists. Sixteen senior students undertook the challenge as competing lawyers and eleven other students provided their services as witnesses.

Our school grand final between Elyssa Henery and David Wolstencroft was closely fought out with two guest lawyers, Ms Elspeth Strong and Mr Barry Fitzgerald judging a close contest where David was the ultimate winner. Strong witness support was provided by Christiaan Betros and Sally Horn. David went on to represent our school in the inter-school competition making it through to the semifinals. We can all be very proud of David and all the other students who took part in this exciting new competition. Thank you to all involved.



ACADEMIC AWARDS

MAJOR AWARDS

SENIOR WRITER'S AWARD
ALICE MOLAN.

DON ANDERSON AWARD
SEAMUS BARKER.

C.H.E.S.S. AWARD
BROOKE COLBERT.

ALL ROUNDER AWARD
SEAMUS BARKER.

CITIZENSHIP AWARD
CHRISTIAAN BETROS.

JURGEN TAUCHERT AWARD
REBECCA MCLELLAN.

DUX OF THE SCHOOL
MING KALANON.

PRINCIPAL'S AWARD
EMILY GILL.

EXCELLENCE AWARDS

David Kovic:	Accounting
Natasha Duckett:	Art
Mary Phan:	Biology
Ming Kalanon:	Chemistry
	English
	Maths Methods
David Wolstencroft:	Classics
Lauren Barnes:	Drama
Lauren K. James:	Economics
Seamus Barker:	English
	Literature
Minh Nguyen:	ESL
Scott Gangell:	Further Maths
Joe Zhang:	Geography
Liz Stringer:	German
Ian Ngo:	History
Kathy Varellas:	Human Development
Alice Molan:	Indonesian
Melissa Ngau:	IPM
Mark Hatton:	Information Systems
Rebecca McLellan:	Legal Studies
	Media
	Political Studies
	Psychology
Jonathon Giddings:	P.E.
Simon Lui:	Physics
Maureen Kieman:	Studio Art
Kristen Walker:	Specialist Maths
Sarah Saw:	M&T Food

ACHIEVEMENT AWARDS

Brook Colbert:	Classics
	Legal Studies
	Politics
Stephen Rawlinson:	Chemistry
	English
	Maths Methods
Amber Auld:	Accounting
	Further Maths
Kelvin Chong:	ESL
	Indonesian
Elyssa Henery:	Legal Studies
	Psychology
Alice Molan:	English
	Literature
Seamus Barker:	Maths Methods
Andrew Bereza:	Physics
Andrew Frawley:	IPM
Mark Hatton:	Maths Methods
Sally Horn:	M & T Food
John Islip:	Studio Art
Coralie Jocin:	Psychology
James Kemp:	Physical Education
Simon Lui:	Specialist Maths
Tristan Walker:	Media Studies
Nicole Mattingley:	Further Maths
Karl McNamara:	Drama
Dana Moussaoui:	English
Minh Ngyuen:	Economics
Aaron Nicholson:	Human Development
Sophie Richards:	Geography
Salome Romero:	Biology
Geoffrey Tsai:	Chemistry
Stuart Wilson:	German
Steven Wu:	ESL
Rachael Young:	Art

SPORTS AWARDS

Athletics: Sarah Kerr, Tahli Shields, Seamus Barker, Ilias Dimitropoulos.

Baseball: William Zheng, Geoffrey Tsai, Steve Wu.

Basketball: Eric Owen, Rick Turner.

Football: Sarah Kerr, Tahli Shields, Andrew Bereza, Gavan Hayes, Julian Bugg, James Withers, Kirsten McQueen-Parton.

Hockey: Jonathon Boyd, Kirsten McQueen-Parton, Jeremy White.

Netball: Nicole Mattingley, Tahli Shields.

Soccer: Ilias Dimitropoulos, Shannon Aland, Dana Madkhul, Dennis Valetic, Kathy Varellas, George Varellas.

Swimming: Jonathon Boyd, Sally Horn, Bill Brownell, Scott Gangell.

Tennis: Rebecca McLellan.

Cricket: Andrew Bereza, Gavan Hayes, Matthew Collins.

Softball: Sarah Kerr, Elyssa Henery.

Squash: Rebecca McLellan, Marilou Flores, Brook Volfsbergs, Sally Horn.

Cross Country: Seamus Barker, Kristin Walker.

Badminton: Daniel Lin, Jamie Tee.



WHAT A YEAR

by
DAKHYLINA MADKHUL

The past nine months I've been honoured, proud and absolutely buggered experiencing life as a Year 12. The first time I walked down the corridor as one, I felt good - that is, until three seconds later I noticed half the Year 7 population were taller than me. Then term by term, you discover the anticipated elation of being a senior in school is highly overrated. It feels like the whole school is looking better, sleeping better and feeling better than you - generally enjoying their wonderful lives.

Basically, the last thirteen years of your schooling life is compacted, calculated, shoved around somehow (see, the thing is, no one really knows how it's all worked out) into two digits that a V.C.E. grows accustomed to hearing time and time again - the big fat T.E.R. Oh, that's right. They've changed it to E.N.T.E.R. - to make it sound friendlier, more welcoming, according to a friend's theory. You tend to theorise EVERYTHING come Year 12. In fact, my theory is, that the Victorian Certificate of Education (yeah, you forget what it stands for after a while,) was created by several ex-teachers hell-bent on revenge. And what's more I don't even think V.C.E. stands for that at all. Embossed in the corners of numerous yellowed ageing papers deep in the TOP SECRET filing cabinet in the murky basements of V.B.O.S. (another acronym - Victorian Board of Studies if you're not yet fluent in V.C.E. lingo) I'll bet are the words 'Victoria's Crackdown on Endurance.' And endured we have.

To the fresh faced, wide eyed Year Elevens - I was like you once. Brassy, confident, pumped...naive. OK, so you think you've got Year 12 pretty much covered. Yeah, that Unit 3&4 subject wasn't so bad you say to yourself, and besides I've seen enough advice to last me a lifetime of V.C.E. A few late nights...how bad can it be?? Let me tell you through experience: nothing, and I repeat NOTHING prepares you for your last year of secondary school. Don't think I can't see some of you shaking your heads in disapproval. Never mind that most of you who are, are over the age of 40 (Watch it! - Ed.) and believe that compared to their days of H.S.C., we've got it easy. Hah, I'd like to see you try.

I remember, every year, in the month of November, I'd look down from the third floor windows, at the mass of red jumpers waiting to be called in to their exam, wondering when it'd be my turn. Now I wish I could be that curious little Year 7 looking down instead of dreading to enter the hall and sit a terrifying three hours to write four English essays.

Alright, alright. I may be exaggerating just a tad. Seriously, I'm fine. I mean, my heart palpitates furiously, my stomach ties itself into knots and the rest of my vital organs shut down temporarily at the thought of exams, but besides that, I'm feeling just peachy thank you. And you don't have to wish me good luck or pat me on the back. Don't even think about asking me, 'So how do you think you'll go?' because the only thinking I'll be doing is whether I should heed to the urges of my bladder and go to the toilet NOW only to totally stuff up the beginning of my exam, or risk being absolutely busting later and having to be accompanied to make sure I'm not reading any Chem. equations off any places unseen to the common eye. The same goes with asking any other Year 12 student what course they'd like to do next year, because really, any answer they give you is probably a last minute thing because they couldn't find their dream course in the V.T.A.C. guide - 'Bachelor of Beach Bumming / Full-time Skateboarding / Melrose Place Analysing / - [and a popular one] - Hermitting-away-from-world civilization-in-Antarctica.'

What's there to miss about C.H.S. anyhow? The freezing cold mornings up at the portables, your body sparsely covered with green check material and teeth chattering violently? Or how about thirty-eight degree days, walking up the stairs, squashed amongst a group of Year 9 boys who have yet to discover the benefits of anti-perspirant...or even showers? Being absolutely busting to relieve yourself, only to find that e-v-ry single square of toilet paper has mysteriously gone walkabouts? Mornings of CAT due dates where you seem to possess 'Murphy's touch' - everything that could possibly go wrong does; printer breakdowns, MET delays, long photocopying queues with every available computer occupied by some Year 8. No longer will day to day events be ruled by bells and booming announcements. No longer will the school walls protect to provide a safe haven. Now, I'm treasuring the last few moments I have, especially with people you've finally learnt to put up with and grown to love.

Honestly, I can't wait to be up there in front of the school singing "Disco consulere aliis" for the very last time in the school hall, in my school uniform at my very last assembly. Often I have to stop and remind myself that my years of schooling are nearly over. Wow, three days to be exact. And that's when a really empty feeling comes over me, like I'm about to lose a huge chunk of myself. Finishing high school is nothing compared to your final primary school days. Every person is headed in different directions. Some may be looking forward to several options while others have narrowed down their paths to a few. At the moment my future looks somewhat very similar to those spaghetti loop highway intersections in Malaysia.

Big bad world, here we come.

Farewell to the class of 1998.



A new chapter.....

Now that the Year 12's are leaving us to pursue different paths, dear reader, have you ever wondered what goes on inside their heads? This year's presentation involved the headline, "THE STUDENT VOTED MOST LIKELY TO....." and Dakhylina Madkhul and Dana Moussaoui had the thankless task of quizzing every Year 12 on their thoughts to this question. The best part is that after each student gave a self-assessment, their peers were invited to give their input as to where their friend would end up. So share with me their most intimate thoughts as we bid farewell to the class of '98.

P.S. The personal opinion appears on top, followed by the peer appraisal underneath. -Ed.



JOAN MAULE
Starring in 'Grease' the musical.
'What's Cooking' with Joan Maule.



KATRINA MILAS
Busting drug rings as a Fed. Cop...well, anything that involves the line 'This is a bust!' Hogging karaoke machines all over the world/lead singer of police band.



MARK HATTON
Boring computer programmer in tight black jeans and a red woolly jumper.
Writer of 'Catch Phrase' phrases.



NATHAN WONG
Business man/rich lawyer driving a nice car.
Living on the dole/the first to break the silence...(whinge, whinge, whinge).



JONATHON BOYD
Pennant A player destined never to play state league.
Superstar for the Hockeyroos.



KRISTIN WALKER
No comment.
Stand up comedian with his own cassettes and videos.



MELISSA COROVIC
Primary school teacher.
Most likely to laugh herself to death.



NICOLE MATTINGLEY
Working on an island resort.
Cheap wine taster.



JOYCE HSU
Kindergarten teacher.
Sign language teacher.



LINDSAY GEORGE
To own a recording studio and make heaps of money.
The next boxer shorts model for Calvin Klein.



MIRINDA HOFFERT
A rich successful belly dancer.
Tanning by a pool in a Greek villa.



REBECCA MCLENNAN
Employed in the media or legal profession.
Running for the hills!



SALLY HORN
Hotel manager/chef.
Farmer.



SHANNON ALAND
Marrying Marky Mark, a professional dancer, good friend and a full time bitch.
Hairdresser/beautician/air hostess while married to George T.



TAM HONG
Travelling around the world as a pilot.
Rich, VERY successful and working hard/food transport worker for Chinese shop.



SARAH TEE
Doctor.
Everyone's favourite doctor is keeping Jamie out of debt.



SALLY HSU
Don't know.
Still being mistaken for her twin sister.



SIMON JACOMBS
Pilot.
Hanging around airports checking out planes and chicks.



TARREN PETERS
Living on his own island in the Caribbean.
TARGET manager driving a rusty Datsun 120Y.



SCOTT GANGELL
The next Kerry Packer (with looks .)
Enigmatic business socialite/fashion consultant/gossip king.



STEPHEN RAWLINSON
Physicist.
Unassuming world domination.



STEPHEN BRADFORD
No comment.
Tester for Dunhill.



TAHLI SHIELDS
WCW wrestler.
Captain Australia's netball team.



SALOME ROMERO
Violinist for an international orchestra.
Orchestra violinist sponsored by Vidal Sassoon prone to spending sprees.



SANCHO PANETTIERI
No comment
Long hair.....



SIOBHAN PATERSON
Astrophysicist.
Famous pilot travelling the world.



WILLIAM ZHENG
Working in the airline industry or as a stock broker.
Third word war depends on you!



SERGIO NAVARRO
Successful businessman, travelling overseas.
World's biggest porn collector



ANDREW BEREZA
Smart-ass.
The Demtel man with four wives and nine children.



CALUM BRENNAN
Prestigious businessman owning a marketing firm.
Dole bludger watching 12 hours of TV a day.



DANIEL HOBBA
No comment.
Oh so quiet.



GEOFFREY TSAI
I don't know.
World famous Methods lecturer.



ALICE MOLAN
Solving the world's environmental problems.
Marine biologist by day,
lounge singer by night, star of
the musical 'Hair'.



BROOKE COLBERT
Representative of the United
Nations.
Full time Bumblebee Dundee,
sponsored by Stressheads
Anonymous.



CHRISTIAAN BETROS
Premier of Victoria.
Jeff Kennett stalker.



EMILY DONKIN
Australia's PM with Christiaan
Betros as opposition leader.
Judge EM with her own tele-
vised court cases replacing
Judge Judy.



SARAH KERR
Solarium instructor.
Dinosaur.



SOPHIE RICHARDS
Park ranger.
Socrates, with a bust to be
talked about for decades.



SARAH SAW
Raiding Giorgio Armani shops,
spending huge amounts of
cash.
A Jennifer Saunders wannabe
from "Absolutely Fabulous", still
carrying her backpack!!



STUART WILSON
No comment.
Making film clips for nine inch
nails.



AMBER AULD
Marketing executive.
Own a chain of Cafes, suc-
cessful lawyer.



BROOKE VOLFSBERGS
TV journalist.
Skiing on the mountains whilst
chucking a sickie.



DAKHYLINA MADKHUL
Running around like a mad
woman as usual, content with
life, love and food.
Founder of world's first Weight
Gainers Association/hired out at
parties to finish food leftovers.



EMILY GILL
A famous Broadway director,
Primary School teacher.



JULIAN BUGG
Do anything.
Naturalised Aboriginal.



MAN WAI LAW
No comment.
Bus driver.



NANCY CALORE
Social worker.
Running a counseling help-line
cum bakery, still keen on black
guys.



REBECCA PETIT
Living in the Australian bush,
working behind the camera in
a huge movie.
A forest ranger/camp leader.



ANA JURIC
Biomedical engineer/bass
player.
A hermit naturopath/
aromatherapist with her own
fungi and herb garden in the
bush.



BYONG KIM
Relaxed and happy living in a
beach hut.
The 'Asian Sensation' on the
WWF circuit sponsored by Sony.



DANA MOUSSAOUI
Swimming in a pool of money,
international Architect for the
filthy rich.
The next Donna Karan, master-
ing the art of high horse jumping
in spare time.



GAVAN HAYES
Don't ask me.
Still smiling.



JOSS PEAKE
Sound producer.
Catwalk model/test subject
for hair styling products.



LAWRENCE LEUNG
Mummy's boy.
Still stressing about nothing.



MING KALANON
A crazy business man with a
degree.
A crazy business man with a
dog.



RACHAEL YOUNG
Famous film director and pro-
ducer (even better than
Quentin).
Media editor for Spielberg/
married to Fabio with ten little
Fabio juniors.



JONATHON GIDDINGS
Astronaut but most probably a
Teacher.
Waste tax payer's money on a
rescue mission when he's lost
in the snow.



LACHLAN WALKER
No comment.
Fall asleep/appear on
'Australia's Funniest Home Vid-
eos.'



MI NGUYEN
Rich and successful.
Chinese shop owner.



PAUL GRAHAM
Homeless, unshaven.
Owning the largest and loud-
est sub-woofers in Melbourne
or porn director.



ELYSSA HENERY
Where anything takes me.
Stanley Wine production man-
ager.



EMILY BAXTER
Owning a huge luxurious resort
on a tropical island.
A professional shopper.



DAVID WARNOD
Electrician.
Own a French restaurant.



ILIAS DIMITROPOULOS
Telstra worker.
Dimi-Simi maker or stripper.



ANDREW HIBBERT
No comment.
Still grinning.



CASSANDRA CHEAH
Successful and married with
children.
Living in the Sahara Desert.



DAVID HINCHEY
Manager of Mike Patton.
Owning a prime time TV show
named 'Simply Hinchy'.



GEORGE VARELAS
Running Guess? Promotions.
Owner of a club.



BRANDON TAN
Finance broker.
Advertiser.



CHRIS RAYNER
Rock star.
Jesus crucified/Priest.



DAVID PERRY
Software engineer/programmer.
White-out manufacturer.



HIEU NGYUEN
Butcher or Doctor.
Jockey.



KATY ROOSE
Professional music theatre actor.
The singer on those cheesy commercial theme songs.



MARYLOU FLORES
Work behind a desk and wear suits everyday.
Manager of McDonalds.



NATASHA DUCKETT
Retiring on a mountain after making low budget films and driving a BMW convertible.
Dating AFL players/painting.



RICK TURNER
Paleontologist.
Famous Globetrotter.



KATHY VARELAS
Social worker.
Marry a Hawthorn player.



MARIA TORRES
Be abducted by an alien.
Hopefully be abducted by an alien.



NATALIE WYGERSE
Teacher.
Secondary teacher in the country, hopefully taller than the students.



RENAE WHITE
Sports Administrator.
Supplying her own NBL team with crispy, greasy potato cakes.



JOHNNY DAO
Successful international trader.
Successful international pimp.



KELVIN CHONG
Computer specialist driving a shiny Porsche.
Engineer kind-of-guy, you know whatever.



MARK ROSTHORN
Professional pastry chef.
AFL star.



NICK BODY
Astronomer.
Lumberjack or Nuclear Physicist.



JOHN KRAVARITIS
Rally driver.
Criminal/owner of 'Playboy.'



KIRSTEN MCQUEEN-PARTON
Famous sports personality.
First person to become deaf by her own voice/still obsessed with black men.



MATTHEW POC
Chasing Uni girls (wicked!)
Chasing all types of girls.



NICK DUNSTAN
A beer baron/ecologist owning my own planet.
Live on a ranch and own a monster truck.



JONATHON KEATS
Hotel Manager/Restaurant owner.
Mafia man.



LAUREN BARNES
To live and work in New York.
Broadway star.



MICHELLE CHIANG
Fashion or industrial designer after studying 'Advertising-Creative.'
Look out Paris!



POPPY EFSTRATHIOU
Primary school teacher, married to a gorgeous Greek/Italian and two kids.
Florist, award winning long hair stylist.



KIM KWOK
Married with kids, become fat, take ten years to do a TAFE course.
Kicked out of Uni. sleeping on the streets



LUCAS KOTROS
World D.J. champion.
Fat bloke driving a Volvo.



MATT COLLINS
Appear on 'Almost Football Legends' - a professional punter.
The fattest man ever to play Amateur Footy.



MICHAEL McCLELLAND
A mercenary.
Guerilla fighter with a good eye for targets.



DYLAN HAUSER
A world famous director.
Optometrist.



CHRIS RATHGEN
Professional mountain bike ranger.
Just staring.



DAVID KOVIC
CEO of some big international firm.
Loud.



GUY MARTIN
Musician.
Multi dimensional muso.



JAMES WITHERS
Own a Pub with a Beer Gut from Heaven.
The calmest, happiest, most stress free man in the world.



JAY READING
Atomic Physicist.
Sharing a house with Paul.



DAVID PRESCOTT
Married with kids, toolmaker.
Mechanic/Mini specialist.



IAN SHERMAN
Run my own company.
Most likely to be injured in action.



SIMON LIU
Dentist.
Professor Liu at Melb. Uni.



TIM WOOD
Wrapped around a tree in my Dad's statesman.
Crash test dummy.



SEAMUS BARKER
Secret agent.
Super raver and an Astro Boy collection leader. (Prince Planet was better- Mr.Barut.)



SIMON MOLAN
Guest presenter on Blockbusters.
Cigar junkie.



ANDREW FRAWLEY
Successful.
Sit in pubs all day arguing about the footy.



CARNEY KUCHARSKI
Latte worker, wants to have a gay time.
Santa Clause.



DANIEL LIN
Pilot/Engineer.
Professor Lin/stuntman.



SAM CURRIE
No comment.
Permanent computer technician for CHS.

FOCUSING ON ASIA

Camberwell High School has made a commitment to students experiencing learning in the Studies of Asia over the past three years. What does this mean? Recently we developed a policy that defines our learning emphasis across all learning areas in the school, and focuses on the following:

- Developing concepts of Asia
- Challenging stereotypes
- Being informed about contemporary issues in Asia
- Understanding contributions made by the people of Asia to the world
- Considering the likely implications of closer Asia-Australia relationships

Two of our major events this year were:

1. A visit from Isogo High School from Yokohama in Japan with many families in our school community taking students from Japan into their homes and making friendships that I am sure will last a life time.
2. Our celebration of Asia Week. During that week all learning areas addressed contemporary issues in Asia. Student groups provided lunchtime activities, movies, games and demonstrations. One of the most successful activities was a joint project with the Science and Arts learning areas "Kites and Flight" which involved all Year 8 students exploring flight in their Science classes and design in Japan in Art and Graphic Communication. The final day of building and demonstration flying of kites took place in Asia Week with assistance from Joanne Baker, a professional kite maker. Mr Anthony Sum, Chinese brush painter also made a return visit to the school to instruct students in painting and once again it was a great experience.

We look forward to 1999 activities and we love to hear from anyone who could assist us in broadening our experiences.

Gail Frost – Asian Studies Coordinator.



POETRY WINNERS

NEIGHBOURHOOD KIDS by Jez Hunghanfoo.

The little kid from down the road likes to hand around the big kid from up the street.

The big kid is cool.

The big kid does stuff,

like when the Asian kids from near the park were fighting,

the big kid stepped in and told the kid from North Avenue to quit

picking on the kid from South Avenue.

Then everyone started and got hurt and went home.

The big kid plays basketball.

The little kid decided he wanted to play basketball,

but he didn't play as well and no-one knew he played anyway.

And when all the kids in the neighbourhood argue the big kid always steps

in and he seems to know so much stuff,

or he thinks that he does anyway.

Last week someone stole the big kids SuperMegaUltraTransformerDeceptorWithSpecialGunsAndRealSounds

and when he found out he got really mad,

and started to throw rocks at the other kid who doesn't speak English and who has dark skin.

All the other kids said

"Yeah."

when he did it, but some said he did it just 'cause his Mum got mad at him when she caught him kissing that girl two doors down.

No-one said anything about it but they all knew.

And the little kid from down the street stood behind the big kid and said

"Yeah."

SOAP OPERA

by Allison Burt.

Wrapped in dressing gown and moccasins sit

Large, romance and adventure starved women;

and children home sick from school

Collectively they slump into their well worn couches

In homely TV rooms around the world,

To stare and escape into the romantic and excitement

filled lives of the daytime soap stars.

Will *handsome* Gary really leave *simple* Shirley for *luscious* Gladice?

Or *sexy* Steve tell *boring bald* Barry about his affair with Barry's ex-wife Marie?

Will *bustful* Betty finally realise her true feelings

for Dr. Michael '*what-a-nice-guy*' Stone

Who has so obviously been in love with her for the past five seasons?

Or will we find out if Heather

'*never-been-alone-on-a-Saturday-night*'

Brown, is pregnant to *handsome* Gary or *sexy* Steve?

Anticipation hangs in the air like smog over a big city

As extremities of dirty clothes surge from the overflowing

washing basket.

Dr. Stone's *handsomely square* face leans over the reception desk to ask the

bustfully beautiful Betty out for a drink;

As the dishes form new types of mould in the sink.

Shirley finds out about *luscious* Gladice and her *handsome* Gary;

as the two minute noodles overflow and burn on the stove.

Shirley rushed to the hospital and is treated for amnesia after sustaining a sharp blow to the head;

As a small fire starts in the kitchen.

As *bustful* Betty finally realises her true feelings for the *handsome* Doctor;

the intruders into this romantic and excitement filled episode smell something burning.

Dr. '*what-a-nice-guy*' Stone treats, *simple but sexy* Shirley for her injury,

As a slight earthquake rocks the TV set.

Dr. *handsome* Stone and *sexy* Shirley exchange a smile: as a large tree crashes through the kitchen ceiling.

The violins play and build the suspense and Gary and Betty walk in on

Dr. '*cheating-on-bustful-Betty*' Stone and '*simple again*'

Shirley kissing:

And the tree burns in the flames now consuming the kitchen.

Sexy Steve is welcomed into another scene by a round of canned applause,

but it was difficult to hear his first line;

due to the sound of small meteors plummeting into the backyard.

Shocked Steve is informed that Heather's baby is his;

As the fire brigade quench the flame that have now savaged the house.

The half hour episode ends with a solemn look from Gary.

The shorts for the next exciting episode roll

accompanied by the deep sound of the voice over;

As an alien craft hovers towards the meteor.

The voice over assures the dissatisfied viewers that they will find out more in the next episode;

As creatures from both the laundry and sink march outside to join their kind in the spaceship.

The women and children pry themselves out of their chairs and make a beeline through the rubble for the bathroom.

They hurry back, dodging falling trees, flames and meteors in time to catch the last of their much loved telemall ads

which always seem to have more;

Before the next startlingly different soap continues from yesterday –

Will *handsome* Greg really leave *simple* Shelley for *generous* Gina?

Or will *sexy* Sam tell *boring* Bill about his affair with Bill's ex-wife Mary?

Will *breasty* Bonny finally realise her true feelings

for Dr. Mal '*what-a-hunk*' Stocker,

Who has so obviously been in love with her for the past five seasons?

Or will he find out if Helen '*Never-been-alone-on-a-Saturday-night*' Bright, is pregnant to *handsome* Greg or *sexy* Sam?

Stay tuned to the next reality defying brain numbing episode of daytime soap....

A NEW DAY

By

Katie McCormack.

*Their silent faces
Scream so loud,
Inside they cry,
Their hearts are made of glass,
And their faces are of stone.*

*The words inside them
are protected from all
the hatred and bloodshed
spilled in the world.*

*If they speak these
words,
Like those before them,
They'd go missing too.*

*Yet another endless cause.
What can but one person do?*

*These are the washerwomen
of South America.
A country in turmoil,
Death, Corruption, Rape,
Another day is born.*

*But as a new day breaks,
The future becomes the present,
And with the future comes its' virginity,
A clean slate.*

*These women are the mothers
of the future.
Bearers of the newborn.
And all its innocence
For theirs was lost a long time ago
The future is their only hope.*

Winner of the Senior Poetry Award.

THE ATHLETE

By

Rania Margaret Spooner

She stands heart pounding breathing deeply.
Waiting waiting for that sound that familiar
sound that exciting sound that gunshot.
She hears it and her heart stops but her legs
go.
Foot by foot until she is breathing again.
Running for gold, running for country, running
for pride.
Plunge by Plunge Lunge by Lunge until it
happens

She is in front.
It feels like an hour but when she sees the
finish line
she feels stronger.
She passes the finish line, first place, it feels
like it only took a split second now that it's all
over.....

the most important split second of her life.

WINNER JUNIOR POETRY AWARD

SOMETHING THAT ALWAYS DISTURBS THE SCENERY

By

Lee 9B

Here
I sit still

Listening

To the sounds of the nourishing nature
To the distant conversations of people passing
To the shuffling of shrubs
To the soothing music playing inside my house
To moaning motor engines passing
And listening to the neighbours howling hounds.

Watching

The trees tumble under the shining sun
The rose bush rustling in the wind
A Pulsar pulling away from the curb
A bunch of little kids kicking a football
And the dog digging a hole in the garden

The pong of poo passes my nostrils
As I stand up and scream, "Benny, you bastard!"

Trapped to me

By

Rania Margaret Spooner

Trapped to me is different to everyone else.
When I think of trapped I see myself sitting in gi-
ant fields
I feel free at first
I can see nothing but fields
No farmhouses
No cows
No fences
Just fields
I can run for hours in one direction
But when I stop and look around I see nothing but
fields
So have I moved at all or am I going crazy?
Crazy
I could go crazy out here
I run more and more and nothing but fields
I stop one last time and I start to feel sick
I can't breathe
I gulp what feels like a golf ball down my throat
Now my lost freedom feels like an illusion
But I don't feel free any more
I think I feel
I mean I must feel
No, I know I feel

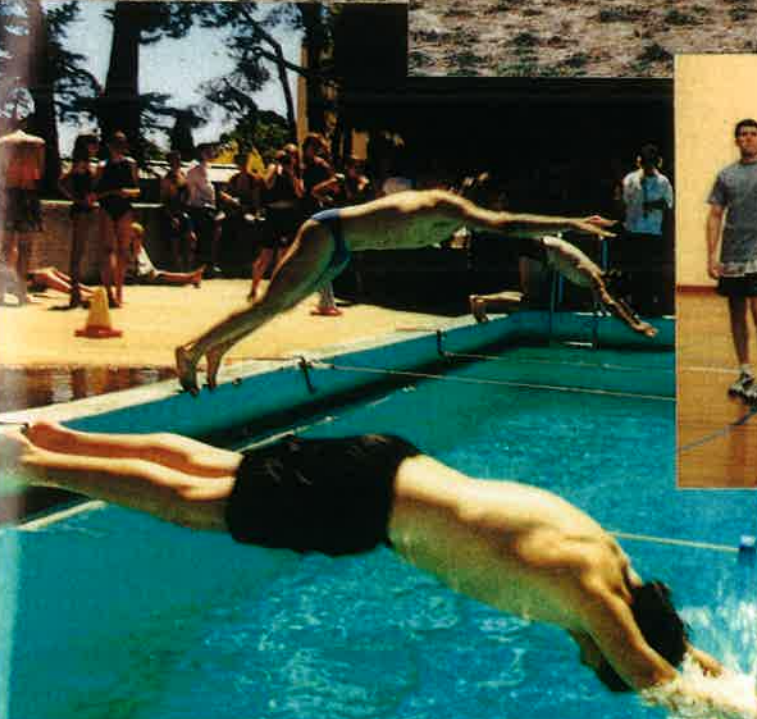
Trapped.

Sport at Camberwell in 1998.....

what will we remember from this year?

- ♦ Leigh Williams breaking swimming records - Under 17 butterfly Under 17 breaststroke
- ♦ Twenty families billeting swimmers for the national titles at M.S.A.C. in September - thankyou to all
- ♦ Jesssica Monaghan winning the age group medal at District swimming
- ♦ Brother Ben does the same
- ♦ Sarah Botham, Alana Quinn, Lauren James, Marcaill Arbuthnot rowing down the Yarra at Henley with Finella Arbuthnot coxing and Ms.Evans cycling and screaming at the same time. Well done girl!
- ♦ The first XVIII competing against Box Hill Senior Secondary at Eastern Zone football. trounced, but a brave, spirited, heart-warming performance
- ♦ Cross Country runners up for early morning training. misty, foggy mornings would greet them
- ♦ The year 8 boys Hockey team in the district final against Balwyn: a great first half 0-0, and a better second half 0-0; time on, 0-0; penalty strokes, oh no! we missed one! A great game and certainly better than any at Victorian zone level
- ♦ The year 7 girls hockey playing Sienna on a clear sunny winter late afternoon. A great little team with Kirsten McQueen-Parton coaching
- ♦ Alain Yachov cool controlled putting the shot at state finals- a silver medal and well done
- ♦ James McQueen lining up in, and competing in the Girls U21 200M, getting out, standing up and winning the boys 400m. James, this is swimming and we are all in bathers! We have had a long talk
- ♦ James is now state/nationally ranked at 1500m M.F.S.
- ♦ The year 8 boys' Table Tennis, last year's state champions, going down at Eastern Zone, but magnificent in defeat
- ♦ Tahli Shields plays State Netball
- ♦ The Inter boys Soccer team with Sam El Hage playing his heart out to get them into the Zone Metro finals
- ♦ Every runner in every event at the House relays
- ♦ Every House Captain at the Swimming making sure we had competitors in every event
- ♦ Senior Boys XI dominating District Cricket for the second year
- ♦ Andrew Bereza's outstanding captainancy of Cricket
- ♦ Luke Jeffery winning the individual age champion medal for Athletics with 4 excellent performances at District Athletics
- ♦ They do it again, Senior Girls' Squash get to the Zone final, Mary-Lou Flores, Rebecca McLennan, Brooke Volksberg, Sally Horn
- ♦ All those Year 7's running around in the rain at Frog Hollow playing some great soccer
- ♦ Marcel White diving for another spectacular save in goal
- ♦ Dennis Valetic screaming at the boys to get going in his final year as Captain of soccer
- ♦ Seamus Barker in the mud at Eastern Zone Cross-country, and Kristin Walker looking aghast at the prospect
- ♦ The girls Football teams, resplendent in full strip - kicking, tackling, shepherding. Great stuff!
- ♦ David Morris, Nicole Leathem, Lauren James, Leigh Williams, age swimming cahmps at District level in '98
- ♦ William Zheng and Jason Tsai at the Senior Baseball
- ♦ Rachael Hands makes the state U 13 Netball team
- ♦ Matt Jarvis represents the state in the Rugby Union U 16 team
- ♦ **Camberwell High School, winner of the inaugural Eastern Metropolitan Region Sport Award for the "Best School in Sport and Physical Education."**

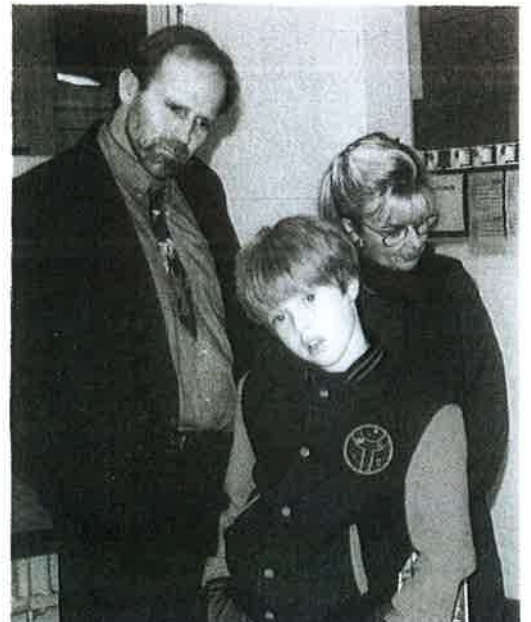
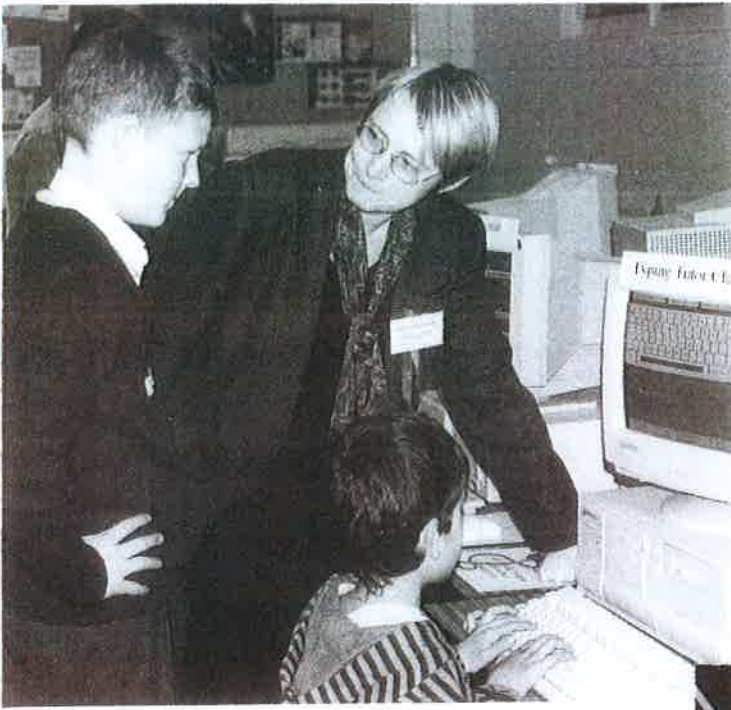
(Congrats. Bruce - Ed.)



Open Night

Open Night was a great success with over 700 parents and children in the Hall for the Information Session and up to 900 visitors touring the school from 6.00 p.m. Our student volunteers (at last count nearly 250 students) who conducted the frequent guided tours of the school under the leadership of Richard Geddes were an ornament to Camberwell High School: they ranged in year levels from 7 to 12 and attracted genuine and unsolicited praise from many visitors. The staff worked extremely long and hard, in many cases assisted by students, to ensure that the displays of student work and demonstrations by students showed best the excellent learning activities and quality of work found at C.H.S. During the night, students cooked for our guests [thanks to students and Denise Taylor, Charmaine Macdonald and Marcia Fowler for the pizzas and soup] [special thanks to Salty for running around the entire school trying to find me to sample his wares - thanks Michael.....Ed.] and thanks to Sue Greenough and helpers for the Indonesian food. The newly formed Junior Band led by Jemima Bunn performed in the Hall and the "legendary" Shangri-las, Mamas and the Papas, Shirelles and James Brown appeared as a special treat for the visitors. Unfortunately the magnificent Aretha Franklin was unable to be present: she was at home finishing off a C.A.T. We are all looking forward to next year's Open Night and we hope to see you there.







YEAR 10: TERMS 1 & 3

ANGLESEA YOUTH, SPORT AND RECREATION CAMP.

A two day/night field study camp looking at the coastal and recreational resources of the town. Morning seminar and field-work technique sessions were followed by five hours in the 'field' each day. Apart from the Gym, table tennis, outdoor chess, ropes course etc., the highlight was Trevor's new 'swing', all 20 metres of it.

Geography students at C.H.S. are introduced to fieldwork through a graduated program from Years 7 - 12. Beginning with fieldwork around the school and local area, students are introduced to further skills which lead to fieldwork activity over longer periods, away from the school and with growing independence.

GEOGRAPHY FIELDWORK AT C.H.S.

Year 9 Term 4

Cape Schank and Bay Beaches.

An investigation of coastal processes, beach formation and management that looked at a number of bay beaches on the way to lunch at 'The Lines' and the afternoon at Cape Schank. First class lunch and video for the trip home.



Year 11 & 12 Term 1:

Mt. Stirling.

Both classes spent three nights and four days camped up on the mountain. The Year 11's were investigating the 'Changing Environments' of the mountain and the impact of people, while the year 12's used the site for their C.A.T. investigating the issue of Mt. Stirling's potential future.

CAMBERWELL HIGH SCHOOL STAFF – 1998

Mr Bruce Anderson
Mr Richard Arnold
Mr Andrew Barrett
Mr James Barut
Mr John Beard
Mr Stephen Beck
Mrs Joy Blournis
Mr Steven Bourke
Ms Elida Brereton
Ms Jillian Brown
Mr Michael Bucklow
Ms Jemima Bunn
Ms Sandra Cameron
Mrs Julie Campbell
Ms Caterina Cincotta
Mr Stephen Cranby
Mr Matthew Davis
Mr Rudy Dobron
Ms Jane Drew
Ms Meryll Evans
Mr Michael Firth
Mrs Marcia Fowler
Mrs Gail Frost
Mr Peter Frost
Mr Richard Geddes
Mrs Olwyn Gray
Ms Sue Greenough
Mr Edward Grigoryan
Mrs Barbara Gronn
Mrs Brenda Halverson
Mr David Hirst
Mrs Fiona Howson
Ms Kim Jackson
Ms Shirley Jojkity
Mrs Adrienne Kavonic
Mr Brendan Kevans
Mr Hong Koo
Ms Helen Koutsougeras
Mr Brian Laffin
Ms Corinne Lajoie
Mr Glen Linton
Ms Patricia Litchfield
Mr Mark Loveday

Ms Margaret Ludowyk
Mr Ed Macaulay
Ms Charmaine McDonald
Ms Isabelle McKenzie
Mrs Gail Martin
Ms Anita Michell
Mrs Margaret Naughtin
Mr Paul Newman
Ms Marion Nimmervoll
Mrs Patricia Nosedo
Mr Vic Pappas
Mrs Glenice Porter
Mr Robert Poyntz
Mrs Rosemary Ramage
Mrs Felicity Renowden
Mrs Kaye Rice
Mr Greg Rickard
Ms Lisa Rodek
Mr Gary Ross
Mr Dean Russell
Mrs Agnes Ryan
Mrs Faye Scott
Mrs Nola Schlegel
Mrs Heather Shawcross
Mr Drew Smith
Mrs Melinda Sparkes
Mr Peter Stephens
Mrs Paula Stocker
Ms Amanda Stone
Mrs Denise Taylor
Mr Ken Tenner
Mrs Caroline Thomas
Mr Michael Towner
Mrs Angela Velos
Ms Karin Warne
Mr Henry Wasniewski
Ms Megan Watson
Mr Neale West
Mrs Von Wiebenga
Mrs Jan Wight
Mrs Betty Wilson
Mr Terry Ymer
Ms Jackie Young

