

PROSPICE



1964

P R O S P I C E



CAMBERWELL HIGH SCHOOL,
PROSPECT HILL ROAD, CANTERBURY
VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA

DECEMBER, 1964

EDITORIAL

To write an editorial for a school magazine is an assuredly difficult task. How can it be otherwise when it is a magazine which contains the literary, artistic, and physical achievements of hundreds of adolescents — a magazine purporting to cover a wide enough range of activities to be of official and historical use as a permanent record, and which, at the same time, reflects the intellectual and spiritual condition of the educated “modern” youth — a magazine compiled with the purpose of presenting a “typical” cross-section of school life (which may be to one boredom, to another interest, to another inspiration, or to another, each at various times) in order to arouse a vivid memory for the future old student, or even adults of the moment — finally, and above all, a magazine which performs the function which its name designates, dealing with the present with an eye on the future?

This principle of preparing ourselves in the present for things to come is very simple and down-to-earth. It is the purpose of education itself. Yet perhaps it is so simple and down-to-earth that we are seldom aware of it. But it is the embryo of greater things. Isn't it the principle by which every world leader with the preservation of humanity at heart functions? Isn't it also the foundation of our faith in Omnipotence? “Prospice” — I look forward — is, in fact, the embodiment of every one of our present hopes and ambitions, even of life.

Then read it!

MIRIAM SHEPPET

GRAEME JOHANSON — Editors.

THE PRINCIPAL'S PAGE



When we decide to undertake a long and arduous journey through territory unknown to us, it is essential that we prepare and equip ourselves adequately. If we are wise, we analyse the journey into stages, attempt to anticipate difficulties and note carefully the landmarks along the route. We seek the advice of others who have made the journey so that we may benefit from their experiences. Yet something more important still is necessary for its successful completion — a determination resolutely to pursue our objective despite the difficulties that we may encounter.

Having completed the adventure, we may feel, in retrospect, that the greatest pleasure was really derived from our efforts and strivings to surmount the obstacles and from our accomplishment of the laborious, but necessary, tasks that each day demanded. R. L. Stevenson probably had such thoughts in mind when he wrote in his significantly named "El Dorado" that "to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive and the true success is labor."

In our days at school we undertake a challenging educational journey which bears many points of resemblance to a physical journey. For its completion we need not only adequate preparation and knowledge, but also equipment in the form of qualities such as tenacity of purpose, self-discipline and diligence. The landmarks or signposts are educational certificates that not only mark the route and indicate the progress made, but, more significantly, point the way to the promised land ahead. But the real values of this journey, namely, the development of scholarship, self-discipline, judgment, appreciation of values and character will arise, not from our arrival, but from the spirit and determination with which we enter upon and pursue the daily round of our school work and activities.

STAFF 1964



Mr. Markham,

Miss McMillan

Mr. Andrews,

Mr. Rhodes.



Mr. Sholl,

Mrs. Uhlherr,

Miss Tuckfield,

Miss McLean,

Mr. Pugsley,

Mr. Ewins.



Mr. Hogg,

Miss Samson,

Mr. Gibb,

Mr. Edwards,

Miss Howell,

Mr. Bishop,

Mr. Press.



Mr. Dudley,

Mrs. Goldsmith,

Mrs. Bradstreet,

Mr. Gleeson,

Mr. Nash.



Mr. Grundy,

Mrs. Collopy,

Miss Pettitt,

Mrs. Crooks,

Mr. Robertson,

Mrs. Flesch,

Mr. Cropper.



Mr. Burns, Mrs. Sheringham, Mrs. Bunyan, Mr. Whitcroft, Miss Savell,

Mr. Hurle,

Mrs. Levy,

Dr. Walker.

CAMBERWELL HIGH SCHOOL

1964

STAFF

Principal: Mr. R. W. Andrews, B.Sc., B.Ed., M.A.C.E.

Vice Principal: A. P. G. Rhodes, B.A., Dip.Ed.

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| A. Markham, D.T.S.C., T.T.C. (Man. Arts) (Senior Master) | Miss D. M. McMillan, B.A., Dip.Ed (Senior Mistress) |
| K. H. McN. Robertson, B.A., Dip.Ed. | Miss N. Samson, B.A., T.P.T.C. |
| J. J. K. Rogers, M.Comm. (Writ. Exam.), B.Ed., T.P.T.C., M.A.C.E. | Miss A. E. Cameron, Mus.Bac., B.Ed. |
| P. H. Whitcroft, B.A., T.P.T.C. | Mrs. D. M. Sheringham, B.Sc. (Syd.), Dip.Ed. (Syd.). |
| L. C. Press, B.A. (Syd.), Dip.Ed. (Melb.). | Miss M. Pettitt, B.A., A.T.T.I., T.C. (Scot.). |
| L. L. Cropper, B.A. (Syd.), T.T.C. (Syd.). | Mrs. R. Thomson. |
| R. D. Ewins, B.A. (Hons.), Dip.Ed. | Mrs. N. H. Crooks, M.A. (Hons.) (Aberdeen), Tchrs. Cert. (Scot.). |
| T. J. Burns, B.Sc., T.P.T.C. | Mrs. R. E. Bunyan, B.Sc., Dip.Ed. (from April). |
| A. V. Pugsley, B.A., Dip.Ed. | Miss J. H. Orwin, B.A. (N.Z.), Tchrs.B.Cert. (N.Z.) (to March). |
| D. M. Gibb, B.A., B.Ed. | Mrs. H. M. Collopy, B.A., Dip.Ed. |
| P. F. Gleeson, B.Comm., Dip.Ed., T.P.T.C. | Mrs. M. Flesch, Dip. Phil. & Letters (Brussels), Pre.Lib.Cert. (Melb.), Tch.Train. (S.T.C.). |
| C. N. Edwards, B.Sc., T.P.T.C. | Miss R. A. Howell, Dip.Phys.Ed., T.S.T.C. |
| N. A. Hogg, B.A., Dip.Ed. | Mrs. H. Uhlherr, B.A. (Hons.) (Syd.), Dip.Ed. (Syd.). |
| R. J. Hurle, B.Sc., T.S.T.C. | Miss C. D. Savell, T.P.T.C. |
| R. O. Dudley, T.S.T.C. (A and C). | Mrs. J. W. Bradstreet, T.T.C. (Man. Arts). |
| D. Grundy, B.A., Dip.Ed. | Mrs. B. R. Levy, B.Sc. |
| A. S. Sholl, B.A., Dip.Ed. | Mrs. P. M. Widmar, Jnr.Sec.Tchrs.Cert. (N.S.W.) (to May, 1964). |
| W. C. Nash, B.Comm., Dip.Ed. | Mrs. J. G. Goldsmith, Dip.Mus. |
| W. H. Bishop, Dip.Phys.Ed., T.S.T.C. | Miss W. M. Hill (Univ. Subs.). |
| I. S. Walker, B.Sc. (Hons.), Ph.D. (Adel.). | |
| J. M. Taylor, B.Comm. (from May, 1964). | |
| J. H. Wagstaff (Lieut. Col., R.L.), Cert.Educ. (A.T.T.I.) (from May, 1964). | |
| R. J. Trevare, Mus. Bac. (Final Year) (from August, 1964). | |

Office: Miss M. K. McLean
Miss D. C. Tuckfield

ADVISORY COUNCIL

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| President: R. D. Key (from May, 1964) | Mr. H. P. Head |
| Dr. F. Duras (until May, 1964) | Mr. E. K. Horwood |
| Mr. A. G. Brewer | Mr. K. L. Noldt |
| Cr. W. M. Fordham | Mr. J. F. H. Wright |
| Dr. P. Gilbert | Cr. M. W. Yunghanns |
| Mr. H. J. Halstead | Mr. H. W. Hopkins (District Inspector) |

Secretary: Mr. R. W. Andrews

PREFECTS

Girls: Maree Harper (Head)
Helen Calder
Margaret Firth
Hani Gombinski
Rosemary Harewood
Helene Paizes
Miriam Sheppet
Keren Woolley

Boys: John Butler (Head)
Robert Allison
Ken Atchison
Trevor Bailey
Brian Beaumont
Bill Clarke
Phillip Giltinan
Ken James
Graham Rixon
Charles Suvoltos

HOUSE CAPTAINS

Churchill: Anne Forbes, Alec Kaszas
MacArthur: Sue Soutar, John Harris

Montgomery: Heather Thompson, John Tilmanis
Roosevelt: Lyn Hey, Roger Simpson

FORM CAPTAINS

Vla: Beverley Holm
Vlb: Raymond Gill
Vlc: John Eddy
Vld: Norman Jackson
Va: Louise Gilbert
Vb: Olivia Penfold
Vc: Michael Conyers
Vd: Ross Raven
Ve: Anthony Williams
IVa: Jeanette Evans
Andrew Lovitt

IVb: Ronald Phillips
IVc: Evelyn Downey
IVd: Dianne George
Ian George
IVe: Elizabeth Craig
Rodney Maddock
IIla: Donna Lancaster
Lindsay Tipping
IIlb: Grant Tokely
IIlc: Patricia Patten
IIId: Faye Lauder

Geoffrey Peck
IIIe: Christine Nish
John Weston
IIa: Prudence Williams
James Corcoran
IIb: Elizabeth Peowrie
Robert Weber
Ia: Helen Houston
Michael Lovitt
Ib: Linda Pearson
David McDiarmid

STAFF NOTES



This year Camberwell High School is losing not only its Senior Mistress, but its Director of Music — two members of Staff who will be greatly missed.

Miss McMILLAN came to us from Balwyn High School at the beginning of 1961 and during these four years she has given herself unstintingly to the school.

It was not long before the girls found in her a staunch friend who set high standards of conduct from which she would accept no deviation. Her word was unquestioned because all knew her decisions were just.

She was never too busy to talk over problems with the girls and they have appreciated her wisdom and the kindly advice she has given. She has had a profound and lasting influence on the girls of Camberwell High School.

To the women Staff members, too, she has been a loyal and firm friend, always anxious for their welfare. Her wise and kindly advice has been much appreciated, as have been her untiring and successful efforts to have additional amenities provided in Staff Room and kitchen.

Her handling of the Time Table has been the envy of all. We knew that on the very first day of the school year there on the Notice Board would be the Time Table for the year. Even the inevitable changes during the year produced no grumbles from her! The "Extra List", though not viewed favourably by the horribly healthy, was appreciated because of its fair apportioning of the work.

As Head of the French Department Miss McMillan will be sadly missed. We shall always be indebted

to her for the tireless, patient and really energetic work she has done. A perfectionist always, she has been an inspiration to staff and students. Her efforts have been rewarded not only in the excellent results in Matriculation Examinations and Alliance Francaise Competitions, but in the great interest shown by the students in their work.

With all this, she has exhibited a ready wit and our many Staff Tea Parties have been enlivened by this quick wit and lively humour.

We wish her well in her new sphere as Head Mistress of Canterbury Girls' High School.

Miss CAMERON leaves us after seven years of loyal service. During these years she has exhibited a tireless energy and demanded a very high standard of work from the young people.

Her choral work has been an inspiration to the students who have readily come along before school and worked during lunch hours for choir and madrigal practices.

Much thought and hard work has been put into her music classes and it is no uncommon thing to hear past students speak nostalgically of music classes where they learned to love and appreciate so many musical works.

The Choral Festival each year found Miss Cameron in control — encouraging, driving, persuading — a dynamic force behind it all.

From humble beginnings a really fine orchestra has been built up and we now have not only a most enthusiastic body of young performers, but a number of instrumental classes. Our orchestra has given excellent performances at many school gatherings.

The School Music Library that has been built up bears testimony to the hard work and foresight of Miss Cameron and we now have a fine collection of records.

Whenever we have needed music we knew that we could depend on Miss Cameron — whether on Speech Night, when we have enjoyed choral work by the Choirs and Madrigal Group or at our Church Service, when the Choir provided the anthem.

Besides her work in the Music School Miss Cameron has put a good deal of thought and work into helping to arrange Matriculation Courses.

Her love for the young people has been readily shown by her patience, tolerance and loyalty to them on all occasions.

We wish her well in her new sphere as Senior Mistress of Balwyn High School.

Mrs. SHERINGHAM is leaving the school to take up an appointment as Senior Mistress at Noble Park High School. During the two years she has spent at Camberwell High, Mrs. Sheringham has become one of the most popular members of staff, due to her very pleasant personality and her enthusiasm about all her duties, despite periods of ill-health. The girls of the Hockey Team and of MacArthur House, of which she was Senior House Mistress, are extremely grateful for her guidance and help.

Mr. HOGG, an Old Boy of the school, joined the teaching staff in 1962. Himself a sportsman of considerable ability, he has given a great deal of assistance to a number of sporting teams, including the Swimming Team, the Third Football Team, and even the Girls' Volleyball Team! Recently he was also given the doubtful honour of being made Master in Charge of Lockers. Mr. Hogg has received a promotion to Burwood High School, and the school wishes him every success in his new position.

Mr. DUDLEY came to the school at the beginning of this year, and has taught Art and Woodwork. We hope he will have many happy memories of the school — certainly he will take with him a certain degree of deafness induced by the constant thumps and bangings in Room 10! Mr. Dudley has been promoted to Hawksdale High School, in the Western District; but before taking up this appointment he is travelling to Italy to further his studies in sculpture.

Mr. SHOLL also joined the staff at the beginning of this year, and has given extremely valuable assistance as a member of the school's French faculty, particularly in oral work. Mr. Sholl is going to travel overseas, and his plans are still not definite; but we are certain that wherever he finds himself, he will be able to speak the appropriate language!

Mr. CROPPER, who previously taught at Camberwell High for several years, returned to the school at the beginning of 1964 for a further period of service, and found himself in the rather difficult position of sole member of the Classics Faculty. As well as his teaching duties, Mr. Cropper gave valuable assistance in operating the school's projector and obtaining films. The school will remember Mr. Cropper for the very great breadth of his knowledge, and wishes him well in his promotion to Chadstone High School.

SPEECH NIGHTS, 1963

SENIOR SPEECH NIGHT

Senior Speech Night was held in the Hawthorn Town Hall on 10th December, 1963. The first item was provided by the orchestra, a rousing Finale from the 5th Symphony by Beethoven. The Principal, Mr. Andrews, then delivered his annual report. Next a group of boys demonstrated their special brand of physical education with impressive vaultings and gyrations on the trampoline; Rod Harris made an angelic appearance from the gloomy heights of the stage. This was equalled by a girls' display, entitled

"Today and Yesterday", performed by First to Fourth Formers presenting nineteenth century and modern versions of "physical jerks".

The guest speaker was Dr. F. Duras, formerly Professor of Physical Education at Melbourne University. After his inspiring speech, prizes and awards were presented by Mrs. Duras. The Christmas Story in Music followed, parts being taken by the Senior Choir, the Madrigal Group and the whole school. The evening terminated with the singing of the School Song.

Graeme Johanson, VI

JUNIOR SPEECH NIGHT

The evening of December 4th found Hawthorn Town Hall filled with junior school students and parents, the latter seeming pessimistically resigned to the fact that speech nights were originated for speech-making. After the singing of the National Anthem, however, the school orchestra's performance pleasantly surprised the audience, and showed that speech nights also illustrate various school activities.

Dr. Duras, President of the School Advisory Council, and Mr. Andrews both spoke on school affairs, and Mr. Andrews stressed education's task of inspiring students to strive for excellence in everything.

"Today and Yesterday", the girls' Physical Education display, humorously depicted past gymnastics classes and compared them with today's teaching

of modern and Scottish dancing. Following this, the boys' representatives spectacularly demonstrated their skill in trampoline work.

Brief and direct, with amusing touches, the address of our guest, Rev. N. G. Curry, held great interest: the general theme being our need to recognise people as individuals in the world's crowded areas. After this, he presented the awards and prizes.

The Christmas story was told in music by the Madrigal Choir rendering "Carol of the Drum" and "In Dulci Jubilo"; the Junior Choir singing "Wake Gentle Shepherds", "Now Leave Your Sheep" and "Jubilate"; and the school uniting for "Silent Night" and "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing". The atmosphere of music was continued with the singing of the school song, which concluded the evening.

Lynda Campbell, IVA

PRIZES AND AWARDS

AWARDS FOR STUDIES

Form I

Helen Gordon, Michael Harewood.

Form II

John Reeves.

Form III

James Backholer.

Form IV

David Higgs.

Form V

Humanities Group: Geoffrey Miles.

Science Group: Dennis Flack.

Commerce Group: Frank Carew.

SUBJECT PRIZES

Form VI

English Expression: John Dobson.

Pure Mathematics: John Dobson.

Physics: John Dobson.

French: John Dobson, Margaret Sulzberger (equal).

English Literature: Elijah Moshinsky.

Art: Elijah Moshinsky.

Latin: Helen Daniel.

Modern History: Helen Daniel.

British History: Jennifer Brewer.

Geography: Jennifer Brewer.

Accounting: Roger Simon.

Biology: Bruce Woolley.

Economics: Ian Herdman.

General Mathematics: George Quong.

Calculus and Applied Maths.: John Meek.

Chemistry: John Meek.

SPECIAL PRIZES

Captain of Boats: Roger Simon.

School Pianists: Margaret Firth, Yvonne McLaren.

Co-editors "Prospice": Helen Daniel, Elijah Moshinsky.

Dux of School:

Humanities Group: Helen Daniel.

Science Group: Anthony McMahon.

Arts-Science Group: John Dobson.

Head Prefects: Elaine Key, Robert Morrison.

SPORTS AWARDS

Girls:

Re-Awards: (Athletics) Anne Forbes; (Basketball) Monika Bruttel; (Swimming) Jennifer Brewer, Bronwyn Savige; (General) Helen Bolza, Margaret Firth, Heather Thompson, Wilhelmina Vandenberg.

New Awards: (Athletics) Patricia Richardson; (Basketball) Helen Calder, Kaye Mitchell; (Hockey) Susan Soutar; (Softball) Pam Brayne, Marguerite Neagle; (Swimming) Glenda Newman; (Volleyball) Marisa Jadreskic, Olga Vastchenko; (General) Lynette Hey, Patricia Lloyd, Janet McLennan, Julie McMorran, Helene Paizes, Anne Rintoul.

Boys:

Re-Awards (Athletics) Rodney Guy; (Baseball) Kenneth James; (Cricket) Jeffrey Burman, Donald Martin; (Football) Robert Morrison; (Rowing) Robert Irvine, Brian Lovell, Murray Porteous, Roger Simon; (Soccer) David Cran.

New Awards: (Athletics) Brian Carne, Kevin Solomon, Roger Simon; (Baseball) Brian Carne; (Cricket) John Harris; (Football) Jeffrey Burman, John Butler, Michael Conyers, Malcolm Girdwood, Donald Martin; (Gymnastics) Raymond Ellis, Michael Jenkins, Christopher Robb; (Rowing) Andrew Caripis, Malcolm Girdwood; (Tennis) Ian Simmons; (Soccer) Stephan Taussig; (Swimming) Christopher Robb, Colin Shugg.

HOUSE COMPETITION

Girls: MacArthur. Boys: MacArthur.

Aggregate: MacArthur.

MATRICULATION RESULTS, 1963

HONOURS

Pure Mathematics

- 1st Class: John Dobson, Ian Goddard, Anthony McMahon, Stephen Wilkins.
2nd Class: John Meek, Alan Rennie, Malcolm Cooper, David Abrahams, Peter Riedel.

Calculus and Applied Mathematics

- 1st Class: John Meek, Alan Rennie, Malcolm Cooper, John Dobson, Ian Goddard, Anthony McMahon, Peter Riedel.
2nd Class: Pun Wai Kwen, Jeffrey Burman, David Abrahams, Geoffrey Gardner, Graham Hubbert, Howard Hsu, Andrew Selvay, Harry Unger, Stephen Wilkins.

Physics

- 1st Class: Anthony McMahon, Peter Riedel, Stephen Wilkins, Brian Lovell, John Meek, John Dobson, Geoffrey Gardner, Ian Goddard.
2nd Class: Robert Cotter, David Grant, Rodney Guy, Alan Rennie, Karl Schiffmann, Malcolm Cooper, David Abrahams, David Herbert, Graham Hubbert, Howard Hsu, Jeffrey Lum, Norman McKenzie, Paul Ow, George Quong, Douglas Savige, Harry Unger.

Chemistry

- 1st Class: Christine Wansbrough, John Meek, Alan Rennie, Malcolm Cooper, Anthony McMahon, Peter Riedel, Stephen Wilkins.
2nd Class: Robert Cotter, Rodney Guy, Karl Schiffmann, David Abrahams, David Carne, Geoffrey Gardner, Ian Goddard, Graham Hubbert, Douglas Savige, Harry Unger.

Biology

- 1st Class: Brian Lovell, Robert Martin.
2nd Class: Monika Bruttel, Karl Schiffmann, Bruce Woolley.

Geography

- 1st Class: Jennifer Brewer, Russell Clear.
2nd Class: Elaine Key, Patricia Lloyd, Susan Shore, Malcolm Anderson, Andrew Caripis, Michael Counihan, Linton Petersen.

English Literature

- 1st Class: Helen Daniel, Elijah Moshinsky.
2nd Class: Heather Robb, Susan Shore, Margaret Sulzberger, Christine Wansbrough, Robin Fellows, Robert Morrison, Andrew Nickson, Robert Somerville.

French

- 1st Class: Helen Bolza, Jennifer Brewer, Helen Daniel, Margaret Sulzberger, Christine Wansbrough, John Dobson.

- 2nd Class: Judith Burgoyne, Olga Vastchenko, Cherry Walter, Robin Fellows, Michael Counihan.

Latin

- 1st Class: Helen Daniel.

British History

- 1st Class: Robert Somerville.
2nd Class: Jennifer Brewer, Miriam Gombinski, Peter Doughty, Michael Knoche, Michael Counihan, Robert Morrison, Andrew Nickson, Ronald Peck, Colin Shugg.

Modern History

- 1st Class: Helen Daniel, Elijah Moshinsky, Andrew Nickson.
2nd Class: Jennifer Brewer, Helen Yap, Christine Wansbrough, Robin Fellows, John Knights, Michael Counihan, Robert Morrison, Robert Somerville.

Economics

- 1st Class: Russell Clear.
2nd Class: Geoffrey Johnson, Malcolm Anderson, Graham Clark, Peter Doughty, Frank Gibbons, Ian Herdman, Thomas Layton, Kent Lovell, Ronald Peck.

Art

- 1st Class: Jennifer White, Esme White, Suzanne White, Margaret Sulzberger, Elijah Moshinsky.

Accounting

- 2nd Class: Russell Clear, Peter Doughty, Linton Petersen.

Italian

- 2nd Class: Marisa Jadreskic.

German

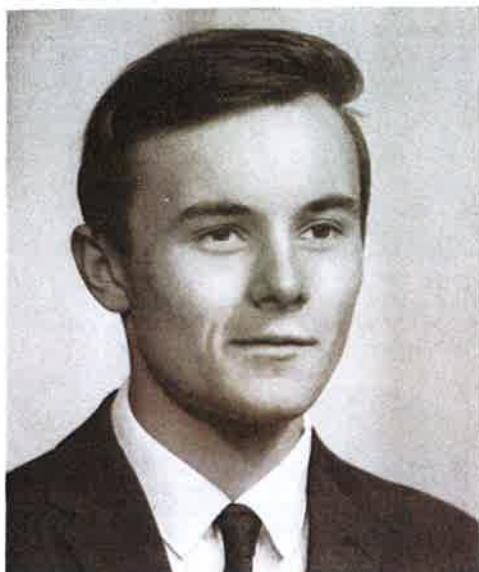
- 2nd Class: Margaret Sulzberger.

Commonwealth Scholarships:

- Girls:** Jennifer Brewer, Helen Daniel, Elaine Key, Susan Shore, Margaret Sulzberger, Esme White.

- Boys:** David Abrahams, Malcolm Anderson, Malcolm Cooper, Michael Counihan, John Dobson, Peter Doughty, Robin Fellows, Geoffrey Gardner, Ian Goddard, David Grant, Rodney Guy, Graham Hubbert, Geoffrey Johnson, Brian Lovell, Anthony McMahon, Robert Martin, John Meek, Robert Morrison, Elijah Moshinsky, Andrew Nickson, Linton Petersen, Alan Rennie, Peter Riedel, Karl Schiffmann, Robert Somerville, Harry Unger, Stephen Wilkins, Bruce Woolley.

OUTSTANDING STUDENTS, 1963



JOHN DOBSON

First Class Honours in Pure Mathematics, First Class Honours in Calculus and Applied Mathematics, First Class Honours in Physics (Exhibition), First Class Honours in French. General Exhibition, Senior Scholarship, Commonwealth Scholarship, Shell Scholarship.



ANTHONY McMAHON

First Class Honours in Pure Mathematics, First Class Honours in Calculus and Applied Mathematics, First Class Honours in Physics, First Class Honours in Chemistry. General Exhibition, Senior Scholarship, Commonwealth Scholarship.



HELEN DANIEL

First Class Honours in English Literature, First Class Honours in French, First Class Honours in Latin, First Class Honours in Modern History. General Exhibition, Senior Scholarship, Newman College Scholarship, Commonwealth Scholarship, Secondary Studentship.



ELIJAH MOSHINSKY

First Class Honours in English Literature, First Class Honours in Modern History, First Class Honours in Art. General Exhibition, Senior Scholarship, Ormond College Scholarship, Commonwealth Scholarship.

PREFECT PERSONALITIES



MAREE HARPER: We tactfully suggest that Maree abstain from further consumption of Ry-Vita Biscuits before she withers away to nothing—we like her just as she is. We are pleased to note a marked improvement in her general behaviour and attitude since her wild Second Form days!

An ardent squash player, an alto in the School Madrigals, and a would-be psychologist, Maree, with her feminine charm, has proved herself to be an efficient and popular Head Prefect.



ROSEMARY HAREWOOD:

Rosemary is recognisable not only by her rosy name and complexion, but also by her gurgling laugh. You may have noticed she wears her tunic long—this is actually a mild form of self-encouragement to grow up and not out. Despite her frequent “Oh, Flop!”, she

has the ability both to extract information from maths and science teachers and to succeed in these subjects. It is good to see Rosemary’s hair returning to its normal colour.



HELEN CALDER: We recommend a Dale Carnegie course for Helen—she worries. She is in a perpetual flutter about Art, but despite her aversion to Mrs. Bradstreet’s marking methods, she fares quite well. She is an expert basketballer, using her “length” to good advantage. Helen has a friendly

smile for everyone—except girls who take the wrong lunch at the tuckshop! She has a disciplinary advantage over the other prefects in that in times of trouble she can say, “Well, my daddy’s a policeman!”



HELANE PAIZES: Helane is the sterling captain of the Girls’ Basketball Team, where she is perpetually twisting her ankle and grunting profusely. During school hours she alternates between fits of giggles and black moods of depression, usually brought on by Applied Maths periods. Helane has the unique

distinction of owning a Pointer dog with half a tail (it was illegally lopped), and has aspirations of marrying a farmer, preferably one with a horse.



MARGARET FIRTH: Margaret, according to her fellow house-members, is the backbone of MacArthur’s swimming, singing, and athletics. She is renowned for her battered knees, which are not the wounds of battles with toughened late-comers, but are rather caused through excessive energy

on the basketball court, where she has several dents to her credit. Her grin and her “Oh, Golly!” are her chief characteristics. She is a front-row veteran of Miss Macmillan’s French classes.



MIRIAM SHEPPET: Miriam subtly wins “Prospice” contributions with her cute dimples, vivacity, and long eye-lashes. She prefaces all her complaints with “Well, I’m not complaining, but . . .”, and that she is the least placid of the prefects is well evidenced by her frequent clashes with Mr. Ewins

(a placid man if ever there was one!). Yet she cannot help feeling sorry for the villains of literature. Her success in finding Keren is quite amazing.



HANI GOMBINSKI: At 4.02 p.m. daily, Hani can be seen at the school gate with a peculiar look of glum alertness on her face as she diligently scrutinizes the passing females for any deviation from the standard school uniform. Never does a hatless head pass. After four years at Melbourne University, Hani hopes to have achieved her life’s ambition—to become a married barrister; she should look good in a wig. At the present, Hani has three

loves: her black poodle Satchmo, and General Maths!



KEREN WOOLLEY: Keren is a native of Lancashire. She has been here for fifteen years and in this time has developed an attractive mixture of Lancashire and Australian accents. She can usually be found on corridor duty near Room 1, or otherwise somewhere in the vicinity of Miriam. Keren’s

sporting interests lie in squash, and all remaining time is devoted to the serious tasks of passing chemistry and biology. Keren, we understand, is also the unofficial money-lender of the prefects.



JOHN BUTLER: John has a large pink face. Girls like John. John's hair is yellow. John plays football. Boys like John. John has a dog. It is called Snow. John can skip. Snow can run. John hates chemistry. John rides on the big green bus. He wears a green cap. John likes cricket. John bowls

fast. John likes food. He is large. John has two brothers. They are larger. John likes sums. John can add. Mr. Press likes John. John is Head Prefect. He is a good Head Prefect.



BRIAN BEAUMONT: If you see a tall, ungainly, tousled-haired young lad of moderate proportions ambling along the upper corridor, greeting every passing teacher with a raucous Australian colloquialism, and every passing pupil with an uninhibited rendition of one of his favourite songs: if you see

the same lad in the school ground, graphically describing the finer points of his latest visit to the drive-in to a large, attentive audience, or red-faced and gasping on the football field; serious in chemistry, gay in form assemblies — this is Brian Beaumont.



ROBERT ALLISON: Bob is the strong, silent man of the prefects. However, his popularity and sporting prowess have won him places in the first cricket and football teams, where he has proved himself an unselfish team man. Apart from his passion for the melodious strains of the music of

Manfred Mann, Bob is remarkably devoid of peculiarities and is, in fact, surprisingly well-adjusted — for a prefect.



BILL CLARKE: Bill is fishy. His swimming supremacy is known to all, and, in fact, he is never really at home on land. He combines quite successfully a ponderous gait, an authentic Caesarian hair style, and a crooked but convincing grin, along with a friendly "Ow are ya!" wherever his duties take

him. He looks forward to the day he will swim Bass Strait to Tasmania, but Mr. Gibb maintains that the Rip will sweep him to Gabo Island.



KEN ATCHISON: Ken's face is familiar to late-comers — he comes to school with them! He would very much like to pass economics, or even become an economist, so this explains why he travels off-peak. He is noted for his tenacity on the football field, his friendliness off the football field and his dainty

running style in any field. His vague affinity for accounting earns him his place as Mr. Nash's only hope.



PHILIP GILTINAN: Philip is renowned for his proficiency at such sports as cricket, baseball, rounders, and caber-tossing. Unfortunately, he is also intelligent. Among his other peculiarities, Philip harbours a grudge against the school orchestra — supposedly since he was refused permission to play

his Muckinese Battle Horn in their performance of the Moonlight Sonata. It was also noted that on Open Day, Philip found the junior girls' Mannequin Parade more attractive than his chemistry experiment!



TREVOR BAILEY: Trevor is a talented cricketer and may even follow his name-sake into Test Cricket. He also excels on the baseball diamond and the running track, and has had several cross-country successes. Trevor is the scourge of all schoolboy smokers; his lofty stature increases his field of

vision to include Mr. Deller's baroque edifice, behind which life is so fresh, young, and exciting. Despite his official capacities, Trevor remains a popular prefect.



KEN JAMES: Ken, the intrepid catcher and captain of the school's episcopally coached baseball team, is a conscientious student and prefect. We feel Ken would willingly lay aside his catcher's glove in order to coach the girls' softball team. Ken has the unusual hobby of collecting plastic Red

Indians from corn flakes packets for use as teaching aids. An able Managing Director of Tuckshops Inc., Ken makes sure all transactions are above the counter.



GRAHAM RIXON: Graham's maturity and vast experience along the paths of life have made him the "Dorothy Dix" of the prefects. His friendly advice has helped many members of staff to overcome their problems. His sporting talents, vibrant personality, and "stunning" looks make him a very popular prefect. He aims at a career in forestry and we have little doubt he will be quite as handy with an axe as he is with his favourite "dobbing" pencil.



CHARLES SUVOLTOS: The chief ambition of Charles is to grow his hair long; but he cannot — his cap is already too small! Charlie is a capable and esteemed member of the school's basketball team. It is thought that he gained proficiency at this game by removing large boulders from his aunt's rhinoceros farm out Backa Ballarat as a virile five-year-old. His old home town also affords him the pleasure of surfing on the big boomers of Lake Wendouree at the week-ends.

SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

INDUCTION OF PREFECTS, HOUSE CAPTAINS AND FORM CAPTAINS

Once again this year it was decided that the Induction of Prefects should be held in the school grounds. Unfortunately the ceremony, originally planned for April 8th, had to be postponed a number of times because of bad weather. On Wednesday, April 15th, a near perfect day, the Prefects' Induction was held in front of the school at 9.00 a.m. We were honoured to have as our guests Dr. Duras, then President of the Advisory Council, and Mrs. Duras; and we were pleased to see a number of parents present.

After the singing of the National Anthem, Mr. Andrews welcomed our guests. Mr. Markham, in a short address to the Form Captains, stressed the importance of their position in the school, and Mrs. Duras then presented the Form Captains with their badges of office. Beverley Holm and Raymond Gill expressed their thanks to Mrs. Duras on behalf of the Form Captains.

The House Captains were presented with their badges and a vote of thanks was extended to Dr. Duras by Heather Thompson and John Tilmanis, the House Captains of Montgomery. John, on discovering that no address was to be given to the House Captains, proved his ability at impromptu speech-making.

After the administering of the Prefects' Pledge by Mr. Andrews, Dr. Duras addressed the prefects and presented their badges. He strongly impressed upon the prefects their responsibility to their school and their fellow-students and urged them to keep up the tradition of the school. He then presented

the badges and after all the prefects had signed the Prefects' Book, the Head Prefects, Maree Harper and John Butler, extended their grateful thanks to Dr. Duras, and assured the school that the prefects would carry out their duties to the best of their abilities.

The school song provided a fitting close to an impressive occasion.

Maree Harper, VIa,
Head Prefect.

LIBRARY NOTES

Heads bowed, silent and writing furiously . . . what does this remind you of? Of course! The matriculation private study class! This is the typical library scene during any of the eight periods in the day. However, at lunch-time a faint "buzz" drifts from the room at the end of the corridor; and again on the stroke of four, as Fifth and Sixth Formers invade the library and finally stagger out, laden with volumes enough to sink any ship!

Education Day proved an exception to the normal routine, as girls enthusiastically rubbed, scrubbed, dusted and prepared for an attractive book display. To highlight all, a full set of Chambers' Encyclopaedia arrived in time to be included.

Beside this new and very welcome set of books, numerous others have been added to the library; several of which have been contributed by kindly donors, among these, Mr. Judge, Mr. Wagstaff, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Ewart, Mr. and Mrs. Chou and daughters, J. B. Were and Son, Harry B. Schooly and the 1963 Prefects, to all of whom we would like to extend our thanks.

Kathy Balaton, VIa.

SOCIAL SERVICE REPORT

The Social Service Committee lost the valued and enthusiastic assistance of Mrs. Hurnall at the end of the first term this year, but with the aid of Miss Hill, who took over her responsibilities, and the continued interest of Mrs. Bradstreet, a total of £400 is expected to be collected.

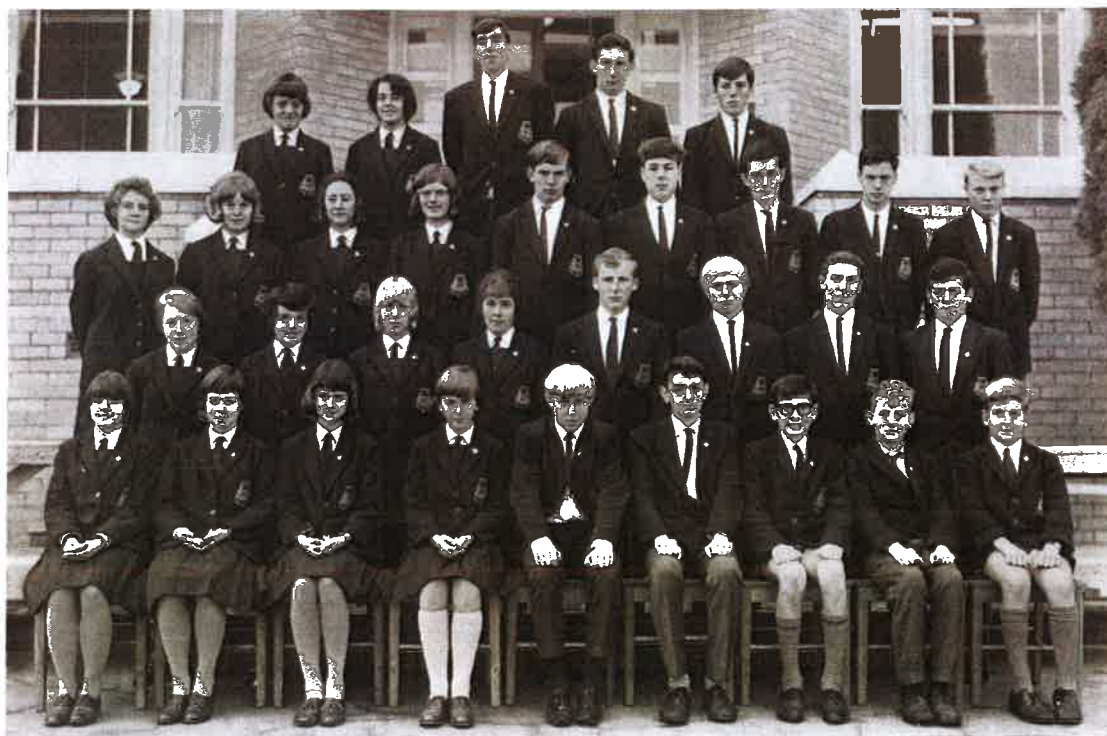
This outstanding sum, of course, is composed of the many individual contributions, which were prolific enough to raise £125 in the first half-year. In that same period, IVd set the record of individual forms, with £22.

During the period June 1963 to June 1964, just under £300 was sent to various organisations and appeals which care for needy children and old

people. Some of these were: The Blind Institute, Tally Ho Boys' Home, The Kindergarten for Deaf Children, The Queen Victoria and Mercy Hospitals, and Melbourne's new hospital for mothers and babies, The Aborigines' Advancement League, Brotherhood of St. Laurence, St. John's Home, The State Schools' Relief Committee, The Retarded Children's Society, and The Yooralla School for Crippled Children.

Although various special activities organised by individual forms have been a most effective means of raising money, the constant and not necessarily large contribution of the weekly donor account for, and will ever determine, the total sum, and make possible the most generous and diverse distribution of money.

Graeme Johanson, VIc



FORM CAPTAINS

Back Row (L. to R.): E. Craig, D. George, J. Eddy, M. Conyers, R. Gill.

Third Row (L. to R.): J. Evans, O. Penfold, L. Gilbert, B. Holm, R. Maddock, G. Beck, R. Weber, N. Jackson, L. Tipping.

Second Row (L. to R.): E. Peowrie, D. Lancaster, F. Lauder, C. Nish, R. Raven, G. Tokely, J. Weston, A. Lovitt.

Front Row (L. to R.): P. Patten, H. Houston, L. Pearson, P. Williams, R. Phillips, I. George, D. McDiar-mid, J. Corcoran, M. Lovitt.

THE WARRAGUL TRIP

At eight o'clock on Monday, 17th August, ninety-four bleary-eyed Camberwell students converged on Number One platform, Flinders Street, to catch "the Gippslander" which was to take us to Warragul. The suitcase brigade was bravely led by Miss Howell, Miss Sampson, Mr. Bishop and Mr. Burns.

Many ice-creams and sweets later, we arrived at our destination and were greeted by Warragul teachers and prefects. After receiving stern instructions before leaving to "Take-Your-Raincoats" we were surprised by rare sunshine.

Buses carried us to the school, where, after refreshments, we were welcomed by the Principal, and then introduced to our billets. Next we were shown about the modern, pre-fabricated school. We were impressed by the colourful displays in the corridors, and our prefects' eyes lit up when they were shown the special prefect studies.

After an ample dinner, our various teams battled against the Warragul students. The boys' Baseball Team continued their winning spree and the Soccer Team drew in their match. The footballers, the glamour team, judging by the crowd they attracted, were defeated after a close match. The girls' First Basketball Team won well after a hard match; however, the Second Team was defeated. Unfortunately both girls' Hockey Teams were defeated; however, one girl gained distinction by spraining her ankle. The Volleyball Team rounded off the day with a good victory.

In the evening, we attended a country-style social, complete with hay bales. The band was hard-put to cater for varying tastes; the music ranged from fox trots to rousing stomp numbers which were greeted enthusiastically. The evening came to a close with a boisterous rendition of "Auld Lang Syne".

The next morning we left for home. Pleasant memories as well as suitcases were carried back to Melbourne.

Jan McLennan, Vb

CRUSADER INTER-SCHOOL CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP

C.-I.S.C.F. at Camberwell High School is one small part of a world-wide inter-denominational youth movement which aims at developing faith in Jesus Christ among young people. Under the leadership of a counsellor, it meets in this school on Wednesdays to study some aspect of scriptural teaching and on Fridays for prayer.

This year an old student of the school, Russell Conway, has acted as our counsellor. Dulcie Conway and Graeme Whitby have led the group. Other members of the committee are Leonie Cocking, David Alsop, Elizabeth Gordon, Rosemary Harewood, Jenny Thomsen and Jill McArdle.

During the year, we have enjoyed meetings on a wide variety of topics. Mr. Clem Clack spoke at one very interesting meeting on the return of the Jewish people to the Holy Land. A number of university students have spoken to the group, including one Asian student, Mr. J. Lee, who discussed the topic "Christianity — an Eastern Religion". The committee conducted several meetings themselves, including a debate and a series of doctrinal studies. In second term the committee conducted a meeting at Strathcona Baptist Girls' Grammar School, and in third term our group was visited by committees from Strathcona and Carey Grammar School.

During the May vacation two students attended the annual C.-I.S.C.F. leaders' conference at Cowes, on Phillip Island. There they met representatives from other C.-I.S.C.F. groups in Victoria and gained some new ideas from the Bible studies and discussions given at this conference.

We would like to thank Miss McMillan and Mr. Andrews for their constant consideration of the group in everything we have attempted.

We extend an invitation to all students who have not yet attended these meetings to join us in 1965.

Leonie Cocking, VIa.

OBITUARY

It is with feelings of grief and personal loss that we record the death on 4th September of Terry Martin, a matriculation student who was in his sixth year of attendance at this school.

Throughout the whole of his course Terry displayed a most commendable attitude to his studies and to all school activities, and was held in high regard and esteem by his fellow students and by the staff.

In May last year he contracted a very serious illness, but despite the fact that on his return to school in September he was able to walk only with the aid of crutches, he succeeded at the end of the year in passing, at a high standard, all six subjects of his Leaving Certificate course. This year he returned to school, but after a short time the illness recurred and eventually proved fatal.

His courage, determination, brightness of spirit and achievement, despite severe physical disability, will long be remembered and will remain an inspiration to those who knew him.

The school also records its grief at the death this year, as the result of an accident, of Frank Gibbons, a former student of the past three years. Frank, who came to this school in 1961 from England, qualified for matriculation at the end of last year. This year he entered employment and, being keen to continue his studies, also enrolled as a part-time student at Monash University. He received fatal injuries when he was struck by a motor car as he was returning home from a lecture.

Frank was a diligent, conscientious and earnest student and his death is greatly deplored.

SCHOOL DIARY

- February 5:** General Assembly for 850 sun-tanned, smiling students. The First Formers get bigger every year!
- February 6:** Sun-tans gradually fade under layers of chalk.
- February 20:** "The rich get richer and the poor get poorer" — collection of money for books.
- March 17:** Form V Commercial Class dine in style on the high seas.
- March 19:** Irate Matriculation Clear Thinkers are aroused by "12 Angry Men" at the Rivoli Theatre.
- March 23:** Miss Samson and Form V Geography students brave the wilds of the Yarra below Princes Bridge per kind favour of the Harbor Trust.
- March 27-31:** Studying students hibernate in burrows during Easter break.
- April 2:** Camberwell High plays host at Central Division Swimming Sports.
- April 7:** Form V Geography students successfully skirt dams and avoid dangerous machinery at Woodstock.
- April 10:** Rowing Regatta — "a scungy mob" (to quote coach Bruce Robb) shows form.
- April 13:** Form IIIe listens attentively to sweet strains at the Orchestral Concert.
- April 15:** After many delays the school migrates en masse to the front of the school for the Prefects' Induction. Those eighteen are now branded a class apart!
- April 23:** "It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done . . ." — First Term Exams begin. . . .
- April 30:** "It is a far, far better rest that I go to, than I have ever known." — Correction Day.
- May 3:** With shoulders back, chests out, stomachs in, the school marches forward for Commonwealth Youth Sunday.
- May 5:** Form VI Literature class has final fling at Sophocles' "Antigone" before the announcement of results.
- May 10:** Form VI Literature results. . . .
- May 12:** Literature class attempts to restore Mr. Ewins' faith in humanity by attending Anouilh's "Antigone".
- May 13:** Large numbers at the Prefects' Social prove that "It pays to advertise".
- May 15:** The teachers raise the white flag of surrender as 850 pairs of feet rush gleefully from school
- May 26:** only to return ten days later.
- June 4:** An amphibious Form VI biology class study marine life at Hastings and just manage to avoid French Island.
- June 9:** Parent-Teacher Night — "But he's really a good boy at heart!"
- June 25:** "If music be the food of love, play on!" MacArthur again warbles to victory in the House Choral Festival.
- July 6:** Form III sees "Twelfth Night".
- July 7:** Mr. Ewins has a haircut. . . .
- July 8:** Parent-Teacher Night for Form VI.
- July 13:** Laurence Olivier again captures the hearts of Form V and Form VI girls with his "To be or not to be".
- July 27:** "Time marches on" as Form IIIb celebrate Mr. Grundy's birthday.
- July 29:** Room 19 at last adopts an Open Door policy.
- August 6:** "I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you" — Second Term Exams begin with this piece of friendly advice from Mr. Pugsley.
- August 17:** "Oh what a rogue and peasant slave am I" — Correction Day and Warragul visit.
- August 19:** The school opens its doors for both Parents and Friends for Open Day.
- August 26:** The witches and bats do not frighten away any students from the Prefects' Social.
- August 28:** End of Term II. Dennis Flack works out the days, hours and minutes that are left for the Sixth Formers.
- September 14:** School begins after the longest holiday on record. The Library shelves slowly become filled. . . .
- September 24:** only to be emptied on Show Day.
- September 30:** Parent-Teacher Night for Forms IV and V. Teachers are pleased to see parents more anxious than their students.
- October 1:** "La Grande Peur" sets in for Matriculation pupils.
- October 2:** House Athletic Sports, and MacArthur again makes the victory speeches.
- October 20:** Sunburnt noses are the legacy of an exciting combined Athletic Sports.
- October 21:** The roaring rapids of Dight's Falls provide a breathtaking view for Form V Geography students.
- December 7:** Junior Speech Night.
- December 8:** Senior Speech Night.
- December 16:** Prefects' Social.

Miriam Sheppet, VIa

MUSIC

Music played a major part in school activities again this year. A very high standard has been reached in both choral and instrumental fields, largely due to the vigorous efforts of Miss Cameron and Mrs. Goldsmith. Credit also goes to the school accompanist, Yvonne McLaren, and the orchestra accompanist, Susan Hollingdale.

Senior Choir

Miss Cameron supervises Senior Choir each Thursday at lunch-time. Two items are being practised in preparation for Speech Night — "Fly, Singing Bird Fly" by Elgar, with accompaniment for pianoforte and two violins, and "The Lord Is My Shepherd", an enjoyable composition by Schubert.

Junior Choir

A new member of the musical staff this year is Mrs. Goldsmith, who conducted the Junior Choir each Monday at lunch-time. "The Dreamseller" by Markham Lee was performed at the Choral Festival evening, while the Junior Choir sang "Gipsies" by Rowley on Open Day at the school. The Choir are now preparing for Speech Night.

Madrigal Group

This year the Madrigal Group has had a most enjoyable and profitable time together under the enthusiastic leadership of Miss Cameron. Their first appearance was at the Religious Instruction Commencement Service when they sang "Almighty God, Who Hast Me Brought". The organist on this occasion was Kevin Hall, a former student of the school. At the evening performance of the Choral Festival, the Madrigal Group sang "The Silver Swan" by Orlando Gibbons and the traditional "The Blue Tail Fly". On the evening of the 24th of July, they attended the Victorian Music Teachers' Association concert and sang "The Silver Swan" and "You Stole My Love" by W. MacFarren. They repeated "You Stole My Love" for Open Night.

Instrumental Classes

Those classes which were begun last year have continued into their second year and another first-year group has begun. At present there are classes under the direction of Mrs. Southward, violinist; Mrs. Elder, cellist; Miss Graham, clarinettist, and Mr. Gunn, trumpeter. There is also a small group of flautists who work under a private teacher.

We offer our sincere thanks to all teachers who have been so helpful throughout the year, especially at school functions.

School Orchestra

Partly as a result of the instrumental classes, the School Orchestra is enlarging, and now has each section well represented. The acquisition of a set of Timpani would create a complete symphony orchestra in the school.

For the evening performance of the Choral Festival, the Orchestra played the march from "Carmen" (Bizet) and a Scottish Reel "Rachel Rae". The Chamber Music evening arranged at the Melbourne Teachers' College commenced with the Orchestra playing "Carmen". Other compositions now being practised in preparation for Speech Night are "Three Scottish Airs" and the Slow Movement of "The Clock" symphony by Haydn.

In school time, every boy and girl has the opportunity to attend music classes at least once a week. In Forms I, II and III music is counted as an examination subject, while in Forms IV, V and VI it continues as a cultural subject without any examination. A number of girls and boys are studying privately for subjects of Musical Practice in Piano and Violin.

The influence of Miss Cameron, who has laid down strong foundations in music at Camberwell, will live on for many years to come.

Yvonne McLaren, Vb
David Hicks, Vc

CHORAL AND INSTRUMENTAL FESTIVAL

Anybody walking past Hawthorn Town Hall on the afternoon of Thursday, June 25th, would have been struck dumb by the sweet music they could hear. What was happening? Camberwell High School's Choral and Instrumental Festival. Once again MacArthur warbled to first place — four consecutive wins now. The following were the items presented:

1. MACARTHUR HOUSE

House: "The Song of the Music Makers" *Martin Shaw*

Conductor: Margaret Firth.

Pianist: Elizabeth Firth.

Choir: "Laude Nomen Domini" *Christopher Tye*

Conductor: John Eddy.

House Captains: Sue Soutar, John Harris.

2. CHURCHILL HOUSE

House: "The Song of the Music Makers" *Martin Shaw*

Conductor: Miriam Sheppet.

Pianist: Jeremy Kellock.

Choir: "All Through the Night"

Welsh Traditional, arr. Robertson

Conductor: Cheryl Calwell.

House Captains: Anne Forbes, Alec Kazzas.

3. MONTGOMERY HOUSE

House: "The Song of the Music Makers" *Martin Shaw*

Conductor: Yvonne McLaren.

Pianist: Anne Rintoul.

Choir: "De Lil' King Jesus" *Negro Carol, Frank Inglis*

House Captains: Heather Thompson, John Tilmanis.

4. ROOSEVELT HOUSE

House: "The Song of the Music Makers" *Martin Shaw*

Conductor: Peter Beck.

Pianist: Penny Hall.

Choir: "Since First I Saw Your Face" *Thomas Ford*

Conductor: Dulcie Conway.

House Captains: Lyn Hey, Roger Simpson.

This year the Large Choir Section was replaced by an Instrumental Section, introduced because of the instrumental classes held after school each week. It proved to be a great success. The results of the Instrumental Section were:—

1. INSTRUMENTAL TRIO —

"The Shepherd's Farewell"
from "The Childhood of Christ" *Berlioz*
Clarinets: Georgina Adamson, Adrian Dunn.
Pianoforte: Yvonne McLaren.

94 marks.

2. CLARINET DUET — "Minuet and Trio" *Mozart*
Olivia Penfold, David Allsop.

90 marks.

3. VIOLIN GROUP — "Waltz" *Adam Carse*
Violins: Lindy Kentwell, Jennifer Gardiner, Jenny Lord, Helen Noldt, Lynette Taylor, Katina Toouli.

Pianoforte: Beryl Armstrong.

87 marks.

4. INSTRUMENTAL TRIO —

"Allegro ma non troppo" *Jeremy Kellock*
Violin: George Toouli.
Violincello: Catherine Murray.
Pianoforte: Jeremy Kellock.

81 marks.

5. FLUTE TRIO — "Terzetto"

James Hook, arr. R. Calwell
Heather Nicholas, Donna Lancaster,
John McDiarmid.

78 marks.

BRASS GROUP —

"Easter Hymn" *Tschaikowsky*

"Slovakian Dance" *Bela Bartok*

Arr. by teacher of group, Alistair Gunn

Trumpets: Andrew Dempster, Max Fraser, Alan Giles.

Trombones: Tenor, Ray Gill; Bass, Alistair Gunn.

This group was not given a mark because the teacher was playing with them.

The results of the choral part of the contest were:

	House.	Choir.	Total.
MacArthur	87	91	178
Churchill	80	81	161
Roosevelt	75	83	158
Montgomery	78	75	153

The adjudicator was Mr. Donald Britton, to whom we are indebted for his helpful and encouraging criticism.

The items were repeated at night for parents and friends, and as well the School Orchestra played, the Junior Choir and the School Madrigal Choir sang and the House Conductors plus presented "Old Mother Hubbard".

Miss Cameron and Mrs. Goldsmith worked tirelessly to make the Festival a success, and so also did the House mistresses and masters; we thank them all very much.

Margaret Firth, VIa



MADRIGAL GROUP

Back Row (L. to R.): J. Eddy, R. Hall, C. Burford, R. Weeks, P. Gyton, G. Toouli, D. Allsop, D. Higgs, A. Giles.

Second Row (L. to R.): D. Conway, M. Harper, R. Harewood, Miss Cameron, L. Harrison, J. Thomsen, W. Burr, M. Brown.

Front Row (L. to R.): C. Calwell, J. Allen, L. Taylor, Y. McLaren, B. Holm.

HOUSE NOTES

CHURCHILL

After coming second to Montgomery in the Swimming Sports for the last five years, we finally broke through with a convincing, well-earned victory. The swimming team showed much spirit, courage (particularly Michael Lovitt!) and ability in all events. Both the girls and the boys pulled their weight to win both sections comfortably. The boys gained positions in nearly all events, and the girls won almost every relay. Although being really a team effort, individual champions set the pace for the others. So our thanks and congratulations go to the whole team, including Bill Clarke, the Under 17 Champion, who captained the School Swimming Team; to Nevino Pittonet, the Under 13 Champion, and of course to the Girls' Relay Teams.

This marvellous victory put our aggregate score well ahead of all the other Houses. However, with the number of minor House competitions which followed, in which Churchill retained the lead, MacArthur narrowed the gap to a mere one point difference. So with this one point difference in mind we faced up to the House Choral and Music Festival determined and eager to win. But unfortunately this was not enough, and we were defeated by our "sweet singing" arch-enemy "green" House. Congratulations, MacArthur. This defeat, however, was a marked improvement on the previous year's effort, which signifies that we are improving and heading for success. Gratitude and appreciation go to the untiring and enthusiastic work of Miriam Sheppet, Unison conductor; Cheryl Calwell, Choir leader, and Jeremy Kellock, Pianist, who, with the help of the Churchill voices, made this improvement possible.

In the school teams the girls have been very well represented in both summer and winter sports, including the Baseball Captain, Helane Paizes. The boys were represented in all teams and showed their worth and ability in all of them. Congratulations go to all of these, especially to Ken James, Baseball Captain; Ken Rubeli, Tennis Captain, and Bill Clarke, 2nd Football Team Captain.

Special thanks go to the Juniors who, on the occasions when they were lucky enough to have sport, brought our aggregate score up to within several points of the leading House.

Our sincere thanks go to our House staff — Miss Pettitt, Mrs. Uhlherr, Mr. Nash and Mr. Hurle, who, with keen interest, offered wise and most helpful advice throughout the year; not forgetting the arduous task they accomplished in keeping "law and order" during meetings, practices and rehearsals. Our thanks is also due to Sports Mistress, Miss Howell, and Sports Master, Mr. Bishop, without whose efforts we could not have had such an enjoyable year of sport and House competition; to the

Vice-Captains, Janet McLennan and Philip Truslove, whose help proved invaluable; and above all, to all members of Churchill House who showed such wonderful spirit and gave their full-hearted support, which made our job a most encouraging and enjoyable one.

Anne Forbes, Alec Kaszas,
—House Captains.



HOUSE CAPTAINS

Back Row (L. to R.): John Tilmanis, Roger Simpson,
John Harris, Alec Kaszas.

Front Row (L. to R.): Heather Thompson, Lyn Hey,
Sue Soutar, Anne Forbes.

MACARTHUR

Our first effort in this year's sporting activities rated no better than third place in the Swimming Sports, but we at least had the satisfaction of letting another House hold the wooden spoon in this competition. After all, we have held that distinction long enough! The girls deserve most of the credit for this slight but nevertheless definite improvement, and the excellent performances of our individual champions, Helen Houston, Dale Halstead, Margaret Firth and Leigh Stewart, make us optimistic of even better results in the future.

In the Choral Contest, for the fourth time in succession, our tuneful warblers again charmed the adjudicator's ear. The excellent service given by the Firth sisters and John Eddy played no small part in our success in the final result, and the less successful but equally loyal members of the Madrigal Choir deserve congratulations for their splendid efforts.

Although the performances of our House Teams perhaps do not gain the deserved publicity and applause that representatives in the school teams receive, their efforts are nevertheless important in deciding the House Aggregate.

Considered in numbers, we may not have had outstanding representation in school teams, but, in terms of distinctions gained by both boy and girl representatives, we have done very well. Michael Conyers' selection for the second time in the All High School Football Team rates as probably the most noteworthy effort.

Finally, to those who have aided us with their practical help and moral support throughout the year, we express our appreciation.

Sue Soutar, John Harris,
—House Captains.

MONTGOMERY

For the first time in six years Montgomery's supremacy was overcome in the Swimming Sports. Congratulations, Churchill! After leading for most of the day, we lost the lead and never caught up again. However, the Swimming Team was a great credit to the House, and there were many good individual performances, particularly by Glenda Newman, Yso Shugg, Chris Robb and Mark Brentnall.

MacArthur won the Choral Contest for the fourth year running. Thanks must be extended to all those who helped in the running of rehearsals and also on the night. Special mention should be made of Yvonne McLaren and Anne Rintoul—House Conductor and Pianist respectively—and also to "Rosy" (Rosemary Harewood), who conducted the Madrigals.

On the boys' side of sport we have been well represented in school teams, especially in the football, in which we have seven representatives. The House Football Team hopes to carry off the Premiership, and looks as if it will succeed.

Although the girls have not had as many representatives as in recent years in the school teams, we have still been well represented. We have been very successful in House Sport, but every girl has done her utmost for the House. The girls take part in Corridor Duty every four weeks, and have taken an easy lead in this activity.

The House Captains appreciate the help given to them by members of staff—mainly Miss Samson, Miss Saville, Mr. Dudley and Mr. Grundy; and also Mr. Bishop and Miss Howell. Especially we would like to thank the House Vice-Captains, Sandra Bateman and Kingsley Cavell; Junior House Captains, Judy Lovell and Lindsay Tipping; prefects, and every member of the House for their co-operation.

Heather Thompson, John Tilmanis,
—House Captains.

ROOSEVELT

Although Roosevelt has yet to win a major House competition, all House members have performed most creditably and are to be thanked for their continual support and heartening enthusiasm which have made the year so enjoyable. The shortage of senior boys has been an obstacle difficult to overcome, and perhaps is a reason for lack of success.

If keenness and a "die-hard attitude" were the only things necessary for victory, Roosevelt would certainly have won the Swimming Sports. As it was, we only managed to splash our way into fourth place. Thanks to every one of our competitors and congratulations to the winners of individual championships (we had three). Due to our swimmers in the House Sports, we were well represented in the School Swimming Team.

In the rounds of Inter-House sport played, Roosevelt has been quite successful and has scored numerous victories. Due to our "all-round ability" rather than particular brilliance, there is not one school team without at least one member of Roosevelt in it (some have many more, such as the First XVIII, which has seven).

After a month of practices we gained third place in the Music Festival. The leaders of the two sections are to be especially commended for their untiring work and their enthusiasm. Under the leadership of Dulcie Conway, the Madrigal Group secured an excellent second place: Congratulations all members! Unfortunately the "ROOSEVELT BIG SOUND" didn't pull off the Unison Song; we managed only fourth place. Our thanks go to Peter Beck, who had the hardest job of all in conducting the whole House. We convey our thanks also to the pianist Penny Hall for the splendid way she performed her task. The House was fortunate to have so many talented instrumentalists who performed very well in their section. It should be noted that George Toouli, the leader of the School Orchestra, is a Rooseveltian — Congratulations, George.

Once a month the girls have brought flowers and tidied up the corridors in an effort to make our "home away from home" more attractive. Thanks to all girls who have helped in this respect.

The whole House must pay tribute to its House Mistresses and Masters, without whom all competitions would be impossible. Three hearty cheers for their organization and help to Mrs. Collopy and Mrs. Bunyan and to Mr. Burns, Mr. Pugsley and Dr. Walker.

As House Captains, we would like to record a vote of thanks to the vice-captains, Julie Macmorran and Michael Silver, for their continual assistance and encouragement. Here we must also include the junior captains, Isobel Smith and Rodney Beasy, and their assistants who governed in the lower school.

Finally, thank you to all members of the House who have contributed and helped to make the year so enjoyable.

Lyn Hey, Roger Simpson,
—House Captains.

SPORT

SWIMMING INTER-HOUSE SPORTS

On Friday, March 6th, the twentieth Annual House Swimming Sports were held at the Camberwell Baths under dull conditions.

However, the weather did not seem to affect the swimmers and once again several records were broken.

M. Brentnall broke the Under 12 50 yds. Backstroke record, T. Counihan broke the Under 15 50 yds. Freestyle record, B. Clarke broke the Under 17 100 yds. Freestyle record, and Montgomery broke the Open 4 x 100 yds. Freestyle relay record.

Probably the most successful competitor among the girls was Helen Houston, who broke two records and was 0.2 of a second away from a third. The records she broke were the Open 200 yds. Freestyle and the Under 12 50 yds. Backstroke. Other record breakers were Greta Perry (the Under 14 50 yds. Freestyle) and Jill Deller (the Under 13 50 yds. Backstroke). Both of these girls now hold two records.

The outstanding feature of the Carnival was twelve-year-old Mike Lovitt's game effort in the 100 yds. Open Butterfly, when the school cheered encouragement regardless of their respective Houses.

Thanks are extended to all Staff who helped run the Carnival, particularly Miss Howell, Mr. Bishop, announcer Mr. Ewins and starter Mr. Hogg, who helped to make the sports such a success.

It was also pleasing to note that many parents showed their interest by attending and adding their encouragement for the swimmers. The final points were:

	Boys	Girls	Total
Churchill	140	103	243
Montgomery	132	89	221
MacArthur	83	97	180
Roosevelt	86	90	176

Individual Champions were as follows:

Boys: Open: R. Simpson
Under 17: B. Clarke
Under 16: C. Robb
Under 15: T. Counihan
Under 14: L. Stewart
Under 13: N. Pittonet
Under 12: M. Brentnall

Girls: Open: G. Newman
J. Deller
Under 17: M. Firth
Under 16: G. Newman
Under 15: D. Halstead
H. James
Under 14: G. Perry
Under 13: J. Deller
Under 12: H. Houston

COMBINED HIGH SCHOOLS' SWIMMING SPORTS

(Central Division — April 2nd)

This year the boys had very little success against extremely strong competition from the other High Schools competing.

We had only two individual winners. Chris Robb won the Under 16 Diving and Bill Clarke won the Under 17 110 yds. Freestyle. Another outstanding competitor was Mark Brentnall, who was placed second in three events. The team on the whole, however, must be congratulated for its fighting spirit and sportsmanship.

Chris Robb was the only representative in the All High Swimming Sports and he was most successful in gaining first place in the Under 16 Diving.

The girls spent a very successful morning at the Olympic Pool, missing out on places in only thirteen of the thirty-five events. We had five wins:

Helen Houston won the Under 12 55 yds. Backstroke and Under 12 55 yds. Freestyle; Jill Deller won the Under 13 55 yds. Backstroke; and the Under 12 4 x 55 relay and Under 13 4 x 55 relay teams both won their events.

As can be seen from these results, Camberwell has very strong Juniors (we won the Junior Section) which means good prospects for the future.

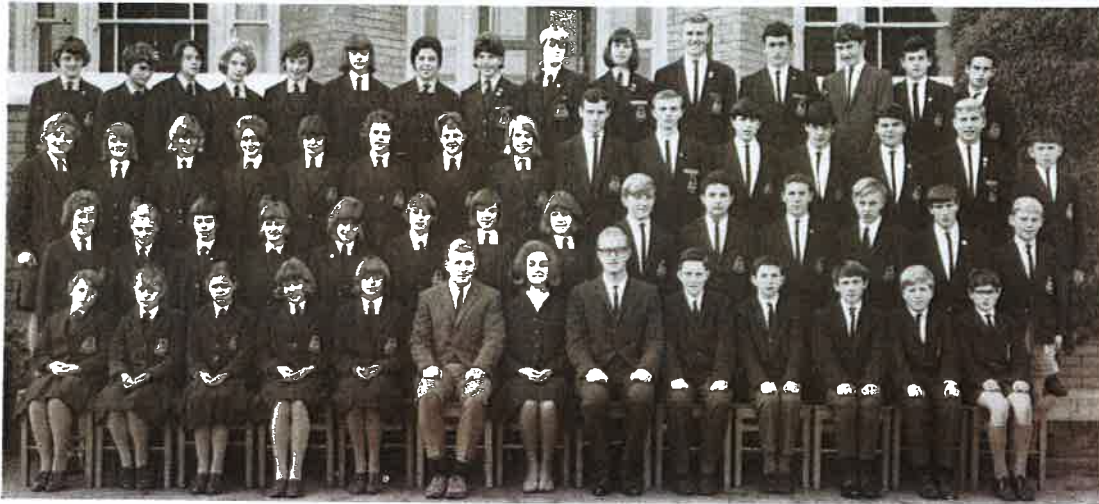
In the final results, Camberwell came third behind University (first) and MacRobertson (second). Congratulations to the whole team for such a fine effort.

Nearly a week later the All High Schools' Swimming Sports were held, in which winners from the Central Division competed against winners from the seven other Divisions. Our girls did very well. Helen Houston came first in the Under 12 Freestyle and fourth in the Under 12 Backstroke, and the Under 12 relay team (Joanne Robb, Brenda Jones, Susan Armstrong and Helen Houston) came third. Jill won the Under 13 Backstroke and the Under 13 relay team (Jan Kleiman, Judy White, Jill Deller and Tina Whitehead) came second. Congratulations to all of these girls. They helped the Central Division come first.

The All High Schools' Swimming Championships were held on April 4th. Anyone at all in Victoria (attending school) can compete in these Championships. Several girls from Camberwell entered and we had one success. Helen Houston, Jill Deller, Greta Perry and Yso Shugg swam in an Under 14 relay and they won! and in the record time of two minutes twenty seconds! This means that Camberwell High School has the best Under 14 relay in the whole of Victoria, which is a really great effort on the part of these four girls. Congratulations!

All the members of Camberwell's Swimming Team would especially like to thank Miss Howell and Mr. Bishop for the time and work they put into all the Sports. Thank you very much.

Margaret Firth and Bill Clarke (Captains).



SWIMMING TEAM

Back Row (L. to R.): E. Craig, C. Smith, D. George, H. Noldt, C. Conyers, J. Dellar, S. Stringer, M. Firth, J. McLennan, L. Hey, J. Tilmanis, W. Clarke, T. Counihan, A. Lovitt, R. Meads.
 Third Row: K. Henrikson, H. James, Y. Shugg, M. Clarke, J. White, E. Firth, M. Jones, C. Burford, C. Atkins, C. Suvoltos, J. Borensztajn, N. Langford, C. Robb, J. Butler, D. Kennedy.
 Second Row S. Porter, J. Robb, H. Houston, D. Halstead, G. Newman, J. Wickham, R. Brayne, R. Trebilcock, L. Stewart, N. Pittonet, J. Weston, J. Maddock, R. Ellis, C. Moore.
 Front Row: B. Jones, C. Whitehead, S. Armstrong, J. Klieman, G. Perry, Mr. Bishop, Miss Howell, Mr. Hogg, M. Brentnall, J. Winch, D. Dodd, N. Harrison, A. Reeves.

ANNUAL CROSS-COUNTRY RUN

Due to Mr. Bishop's placing the accent on youth, this year's Cross-Country was one of the best yet. Instead of boys in all age groups competing against one another, as in previous years, the competition was held within each age group. This was a very successful scheme, as it enabled the younger boys to score well for their Houses.

Andy Lovitt, who is only sixteen years of age, turned in a really great performance and proved to be the hero of the day. He ran a dogged race, leading for most of the distance, and topping it off with the honour of crossing the line first. Andy is certainly living up to the big name that his brother created for the Lovitts in running at the school just a few years ago.

Theo Watt, with his bright red shorts and his matching complexion, was the symbol for the state of most of the competitors after the gruelling gradients of the route.

The results were:

MacArthur	—	153 pts.
Churchill	—	143 pts.
Roosevelt	—	130 pts.
Montgomery	—	105 pts.

Individual performances:

Open.	T. Bailey (Churchill)	—	21 mins. 19 sec.
U. 16.	A. Lovitt (Churchill)	—	21 " 46 "
U. 15.	J. Weston (MacArthur)	—	23 " 55 "
U. 14.	A. Gigas (Roosevelt)	—	25 " 33 "
U. 13.	J. Beryman (MacArthur)	—	26 " 54 "

Trevor Bailey, VIC

HOUSE ATHLETIC SPORTS

This year the Athletic Sports were held on the 2nd October, and despite a damp track, twenty records were either broken or equalled. MacArthur was again successful, recording their third successive win, due mainly to the evenness of both their boys' and girls' teams.

Probably the most outstanding individual performance was Michele Foster's record-breaking 8.6 secs. for the Open 75 yards. She was also mainly responsible for MacArthur girls breaking the Open Relay record by 2 secs.

Alex Gusbeth was the most successful boy, breaking three U.17 records: the shotput, javelin and discus. Of the other outstanding efforts, John Tilmanis added 20 feet to the open Javelin record, Andrew Lovitt lowered the U. 16 Mile time by 14 secs., and Lindsay Tipping broke the U. 15 Javelin record and equalled the High Jump record.

Although he did not break any records himself, Kevin Solomon turned in a very creditable performance, winning the Open 100, 220, 440 and 880 yards; and was instrumental in MacArthur boys breaking the Open Relay record.

Record-breakers were:

Boys:

John Tilmanis, Open Javelin, 197' 5"
 Alex Gusbeth, U. 17 Shot, 51' 9"
 Alex Gusbeth, U. 17 Discus, 164' 6"
 Alex Gusbeth, U. 17 Javelin, 149' 11"
 Colin Pettigrew, U. 16 440 yd., 56.4 (equal)

Andrew Lovitt, U. 16 Mile, 4.56.8
 Lindsay Tipping, U. 15 High Jump, 5' 0" (equal)
 Leigh Stewart, U. 15 High Jump, 5' 0" (equal)
 Lindsay Tipping, U. 15 Javelin, 127' 5"
 John Tonkin, U. 14 220 yd., 27.7
 John Maddock, U. 13 High Jump, 4' 5"
 MacArthur, Open 4 x 110 Relay, 48.3
 Roosevelt, Open Mile Medley Relay, 4.14.0

Girls:

Michele Foster, Open 75 yds., 8.6
 Heather Thompson, Open Javelin, 104'
 Beverley McGowan, U. 15 High Jump, 4' 3½"
 (equal)
 Jenny Gardner, U. 14 High Jump, 4' 2" (equal)
 MacArthur, Open Relay, 55.9
 MacArthur, U. 13 Relay, 63.3
 Churchill, Senior Diamond Throw, 17.1

Individual Champions were:

Boys		Girls
Open	Kevin Solomon	Anne Forbes
U. 17	Alex Gusbeth	Elizabeth Firth
U. 16	Colin Pettigrew	Greta Perry
U. 15	Lindsay Tipping	Jennifer Phillips
U. 14	John Tonkin	
U. 13	John Maddock	

Final Points:

	Boys	Girls	Total
1. MacArthur	207	145	352
2. Churchill	143	163½	306½
3. Montgomery	198	103½	301½
4. Roosevelt	149	117	266

Sue Soutar, John Harris.



GIRLS' ATHLETICS TEAM

Back Row (L. to R.): M. Firth, M. Fristacky, J. Richardson, L. Hey, B. McGowan, E. Bate, I. Wardenaar, J. McMorran.

Third Row: E. Firth, C. Conyers, J. Lovell, M. Foster, A. Forbes, J. Gardner, L. Sinton, D. George.

Second Row: L. Cornwell, H. Thompson, J. Phillips, L. Farthing, Miss Howell, H. Noldt, F. Lauder, H. Paizes, S. Lauder.

Front Row: S. Oliver, J. Robb, B. Beaumont, R. Gordon, G. Lucas, R. Baldwin, I. Hoggard, J. Kleiman, R. Crossman.

METROPOLITAN HIGH SCHOOLS' ATHLETIC SPORTS — CENTRAL DIVISION

The Combined Athletic Sports were held on Tuesday, 20th October, and despite intense com-

petition, Camberwell acquitted themselves really well, the girls finishing fourth and the boys third.

Michele Foster was the most outstanding individual performer, winning the Open 75 yds., 100 yds. and 220 yds. Running the final leg of the Open relay,

Michele came from 15 yards behind to coast home a clear winner. Her fantastic time of 8.4 for the 75 yds. equalled the record held by Olympian Pam Kilborn.

John Tilmanis, with a tremendous throw of 203' 7", broke the Open Javelin record by 17½ feet.

Other creditable performances were recorded by Belinda Beaumont, Alex Gusbeth and John Maddock, who each won two events.

Kevin Solomon was the unluckiest competitor, being narrowly defeated in the Open 100 yds., 220 yds. and 440 yds. events.

Outstanding individual performances:

Girls:

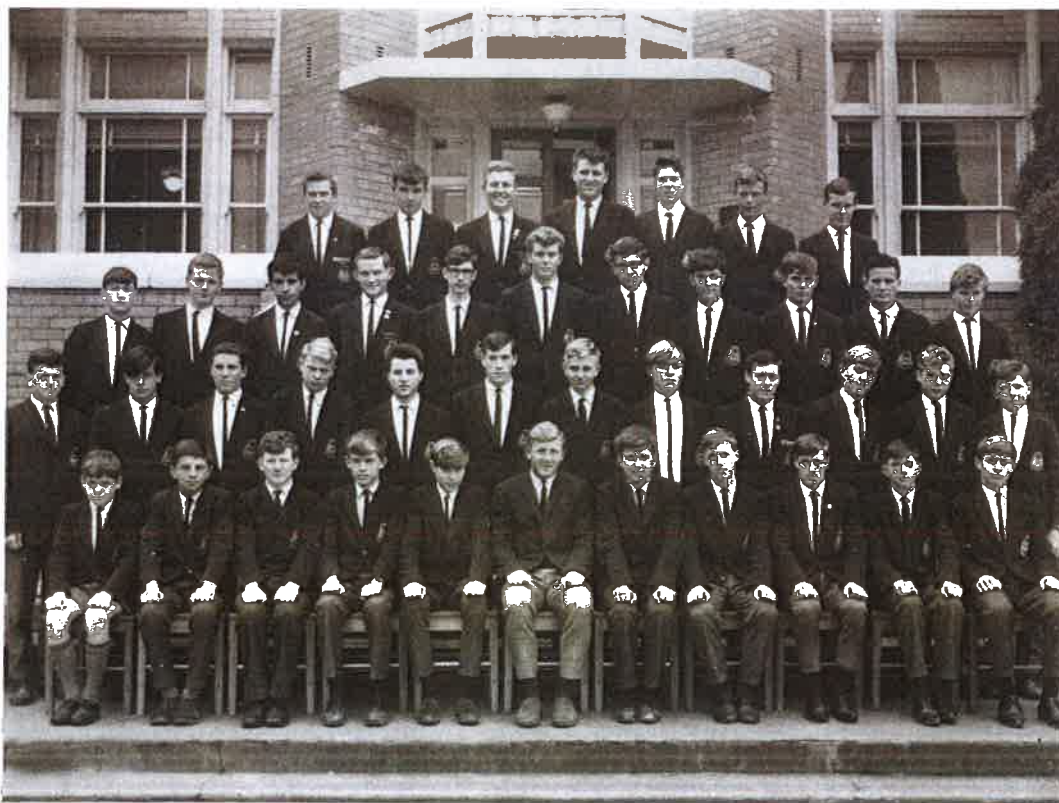
M. Foster — 1st Open 75 yds. — 8.4 (equal record)
 " " 100 yds. — 11.5
 " " 220 yds. — 25.5
 H. Thompson — 1st Open Javelin — 104' 2½"
 Open Relay — 1st — 54 secs.
 E. Firth — 1st U. 16 Javelin — 81'
 B. Beaumont — 1st U. 13 High Jump — 4'
 " U. 13 Broad Jump — 13' 4"
 2nd U. 13 75 yds.
 L. Hey — 2nd Open Hurdles.

J. White — 2nd Open Discus
 A. Forbes — 2nd Open High Jump
 3rd Open Long Jump
 U. 14 Relay — 2nd
 J. McMorran — 3rd U. 17 75 yds.

Boys:

J. Tilmanis — 1st Open Javelin — 203' 7" (record)
 A. Gusbeth — 1st U. 17 Shot Put — 54' 7½"
 " U. 17 Discus — 174' 1"
 2nd U. 17 Javelin
 J. Bradstreet — 1st U. 16 Broad Jump — 15'
 3rd U. 16 Hop, Step and Jump
 A. Reid — 1st U. 16 Javelin — 158' 1"
 J. Docking — 1st U. 16 Discus — 125' 8½"
 L. Tipping — 1st U. 15 Broad Jump — 17' 10½"
 J. Maddock — 1st U. 13 75 yds. — 9.5
 " " 100 yds. — 12.4
 2nd U. 13 High Jump
 " " Broad Jump
 K. Solomon — 2nd Open 100 yds.
 " " 220 yds.
 " " 440 yds.
 Open Relay — 3rd

Margaret Firth, John Harris.



BOYS' ATHLETICS TEAM

Back Row (L. to R.): T. Bailey, L. Morton, J. Tilmanis, A. Giles, T. Watt, J. Bradstreet, C. Atkins.
 Third Row: J. Robin, J. Reynolds, K. Solomon, J. Harris, R. Savige, B. Griffin, P. Gronn, A. Messer, R. Maddock, A. Gusbeth, C. Pettigrew.
 Second Row: A. Lovitt, N. Langford, J. Weston, L. Tipping, P. Jacovou, K. Cavell, J. Maddock, J. Docking, K. James, L. Stewart, G. Adair, S. Bates.
 Front Row: A. Griffiths, A. Gigas, K. O'Donnell, I. Rhodes, Mr. Bishop, J. Tonkin, R. Beasy, R. Ellis, J. Winch, A. Reid.

GIRLS' SPORT



BASKETBALL TEAM

Back Row (L. to R.): J. McLennan, A. Forbes, H. Calder, H. Thompson, Miss Howell, J. McMorran.
Front Row (L. to R.): E. Downey, H. Paizes.

BASKETBALL

We feel this has been Camberwell's greatest basketball season ever. This is shown, not only in the exceptional results, but in the enthusiasm which has kept the team "keyed-up" throughout the season, with the result that, once again, Camberwell were premiers of the Central Division. The girls would like to thank Miss Howell, who gave up much of her time, not only to coaching us, but also to organizing our "fitness campaigns", and who, with her goal of "perfection", provided the stimulus for the team's efforts. Highlights of the season were our matches against Brighton and University; the mad panic on the way to MacRob. when we discovered one member of the team had missed the bus; and the accuracy of our goalers throughout the season. Camberwell scored a total of 344 goals to the opposition total of 154.

Now that Camberwell has established itself as a basketball force we can only hope that future teams will keep up the standard. Judging from the Second Team's performances — three good wins and two losses — some of the younger players, with a little more experience, will form a strong backbone for the team in the future.

Results of Matches:

Practice Matches:

Camberwell 36 defeated Mt. Scopus 9
Camberwell 35 defeated Ashwood 10
Camberwell 30 defeated Strathcona 20

Competition Matches:

Camberwell 51 defeated Preston 18
Camberwell 38 defeated Canterbury 30
Camberwell 62 defeated Brighton 20
Camberwell 43 defeated MacRobertson 21
Camberwell 49 defeated University 26

The Team:

Goal Shooter: Helen Calder — basketballer with a fine sense of judgment.

Goal Attack: Anne Forbes — a confident goaler.

Wing Attack: Heather Thompson — a fast, consistent player.

Centre: Julie McMorran — a quiet, but effective, player.

Wing Defence: Helane Paizes — obviously loves Chinese food.

Goal Defence: Jan McLennan — the team's "high-flyer".

Goal Keeper: Evelyn Downey — will never miss a bus again.

The team finished a very successful season with a Chinese meal at "Kwong Tung's", followed by a film at the Metro.

Helane Paizes (Captain)

Anne Forbes (Vice-Captain)

HOCKEY

The First Hockey Team this year was fortunate to have the assistance of an experienced outside coach and of Mrs. Bunyan, whose interest in our progress was never-ending.

Of the five matches played, we won three, drew one and lost one.

The team members were:

Goalie: Olivia Penfold — every time she stopped a goal, she tried to hide her face behind her pads.

Left Full Back: Sue Stringer and Jo Wickham were friendly rivals for this position, both displaying competent stick work.

Right Full Back: Heather Nicholas — somehow being a flautist gave her courage to always tackle through.

Left Half Back: Diane George — a persistent recruit who didn't know what a whistle sounded like.

Centre Half Back: Pat Lloyd — if she stops any more balls she won't have any stick left at all.

Right Half Back: Trudy Thomter — although a wing couldn't get past her, she insisted on wearing armour.

Left Wing: Dulcie Conway — will one day win a dribbling contest.

Left Inner: Robyn Baldwin — found herself at home in an inner position and used centre forward tactics to bluff the opposition.

Centre Forward: Ingrid Hogger — "It's aba't time I got anoother woon."

Right Inner: Ilsa Wardenaar — had good judgment in picking up the ball and passing to either wing or centre players.

Teamwork, which developed with experience, was the large factor in our success. The introduction of war cries had the desired effect on the opposition and much of the spirit thus developed will certainly add to the success of the team next year.

Second Hockey XI

On the whole, the Second Hockey Team had a successful season this year. Of the five competition matches played, three were won, one was drawn and one was lost. The results of the matches were:

Camberwell 3 defeated Preston 2
Camberwell 0 drew with Canterbury 0
Camberwell 3 defeated Brighton 0
Camberwell 1 defeated MacRobertson 0
University 1 defeated Camberwell 0

We also played a social match against Strathcona G.G.S., which resulted in a 3-0 win to Camberwell.

Enthusiasm and determination made up for the lack of skill and organization in the team as a whole. Though lacking in experience, half-backs Gaye Tregellas, Sue Jones and Chris Smith played well in all matches. Jeanette Evans and Elizabeth Camins were steady, reliable inners, Jeanette scoring two goals against Brighton and one against Strathcona. Leonie Cocking (who scored goals against Brighton and Strathcona) and Bron. Higgs played consistently, though Bron's stick tended to wander on occasions. Sue Stringer played very well, and she was promoted

to the First Team, but her place on the back line was adequately filled by Dianne Moseley. The goalie, Margaret Miller, is improving with experience and had only three goals scored against her. Mrs. Bunyan, our coach, gave us plenty of moral support and encouragement, for which we are very grateful.

Mary E. Brown (Captain)

SOFTBALL

The First Softball Team had a very good season, with three good wins and two losses. Perhaps the highlight of the season was the closely fought match against University High, in which three extra innings were played before a final result was attained. As the team included many young players, experience will be gained for next year's team.

We greatly appreciate Miss Howell's tireless work throughout the season.

Results:

Camberwell 13 defeated Preston 6
Camberwell 26 defeated Canterbury 21
Camberwell 20 defeated Brighton 8
University 13 defeated Camberwell 12
MacRobertson 22 defeated Camberwell 4

Social Match

Camberwell 11 defeated Strathcona 8



GIRLS' HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row (L. to R.): I. Hoggard, T. Thomter, O. Penfold, D. Moseley, R. Baldwin, J. Wickham.

Front Row (L. to R.): Mrs. Bunyan, D. George, H. Nicholas, I. Wardenaar, S. Soutar, S. Stringer, P. Lloyd, D. Conway.

The Team:

Pitcher: Anne Forbes — left behind a trail of frustrated batters.

Catcher: Helane Paizes — frightened us into believing she was suffering from acute appendicitis.

1st Base: Heather Thompson.

2nd Base: Carol Conyers and Stephanie Lauder — competed all season for this position.

3rd Base: Elizabeth Firth — didn't have any trouble in impressing the coach from MacRobertson.

Short Stop: Jan McLennan — found it hard to get down to the low balls.

Left Outfield: Margaret Firth — always wondered if her throws would reach the infield.

Centre Outfield: Margaret Reilly — good, consistent player.

Right Outfield: Chris. Smith — will always hate bowls.

Heather Thompson (Captain)

TENNIS

The Girls' Tennis Team had a rather disappointing season this year, for in every match we were defeated. The team, however, was young and inexperienced, as only a few had previously played in the School Tennis Team, and although we did have a few practices just before the start of the season, we had very few practices with the girls who would actually be our final partners in the doubles matches. The pairs were:—

1. Pat Lloyd and Hilary Goyen
2. Dale Halstead and Diane Moseley
3. Eryl Westrup and Anne Rintoul
4. Sue Soutar and Diane George
5. Sue and Anne Miles
6. Kathy Balaton and Olivia Penfold.

Despite our disappointing record, we had a marvellous time travelling around to the other schools — MacRob., University, Brighton, Preston and Canterbury — and actually playing the matches, and I am sure we made a lot of new friends.

At the beginning of Second Term two pairs were invited to visit Mt. Scopus College for a social competition, and here, in contrast to the school competition matches, we played singles; but were again defeated. I think that next year, now the girls have had more experience of competition tennis, we will do really well because our enthusiasm throughout the season was always high.

Pat Lloyd, VIa

VOLLEYBALL

Despite the fact that most of the experienced players left at the end of last year, the Firsts still managed to win three out of six matches, while the Seconds won three, lost two, and drew in one match.

Scores for the Firsts:

Preston High defeated Camberwell 3-0

Canterbury High defeated Camberwell 3-2

Camberwell defeated Brighton High 5-0

Camberwell defeated MacRobertson High 3-2

University High defeated Camberwell 3-2

Camberwell defeated Warragul High 4-1

As the season went on, we gained confidence and developed into a successful team.

We would like to thank Mr. Hogg, who agreed to coach us, although he already had the responsibility of coaching another team.

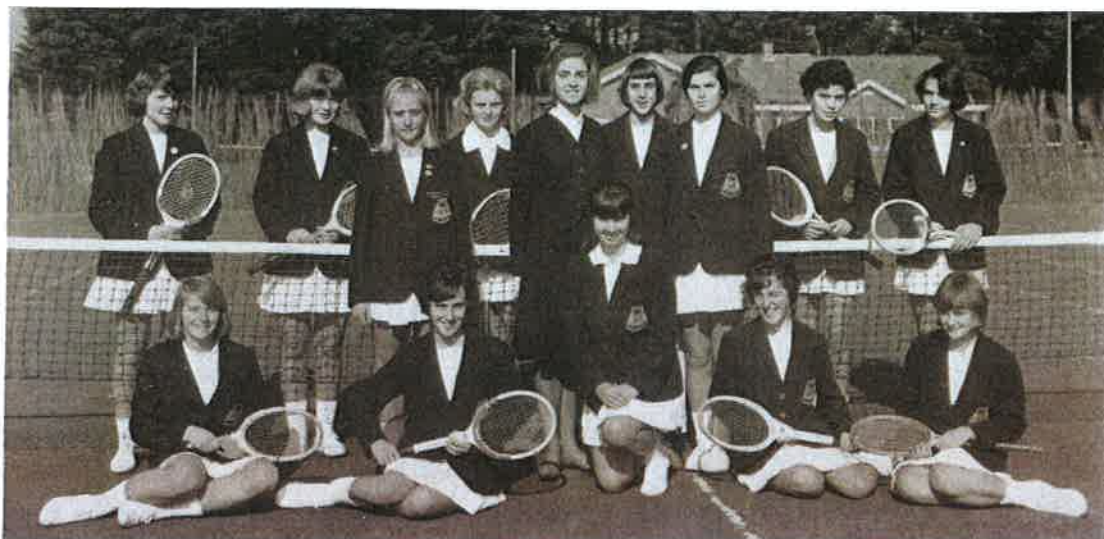
Margaret Proszynska (Captain)



SOFTBALL TEAM

Standing (L. to R.): Miss Howell, S. Lauder, M. Reilly, C. Smith, E. Firth, C. Conyers, M. Firth, A. Forbes, J. McLennan.

Kneeling (L. to R.): H. Thompson, H. Paizes.



GIRLS' TENNIS TEAM

Back Row (L. to R.): A. Rintoul, O. Penfold, S. Soutar, K. Balaton, Miss Howell, H. Goyen, P. Lloyd, E. Westrup, D. George.

Front Row (L. to R.): H. James, A. Miles, D. Moseley, S. Miles, D. Halstead.



VOLLEYBALL TEAM

Standing (L. to R.): E. Bate, M. Proszynska, Mr. Hogg, D. Stals, J. McDonald, C. Burford.

Kneeling (L. to R.): A. Rintoul, G. Newman.

BOYS' SPORT

BASEBALL

After a slow and somewhat nervous beginning, by the end of the season the Baseball Team had been moulded into a well-disciplined team. Although not as victorious as in previous years, the team nevertheless had a successful season and maintained the high standard which has been a tradition of C.H.S.

Of the seven competition matches played, the team recorded four wins, three of which were convincing, and lost three, the results being in the balance until the closing stages. Typical of this was the match against Coburg H.S., the eventual competition winners, in which we lost in the last innings to a more experienced team.

Our outstanding performance was against Warragul H.S. in the annual social match, the Baseball Team being the only boys' team from Camberwell to register a win.

During the season we "blooded" some boys from the junior forms, giving them valuable experience, which augurs well for the future. Of these juniors the most prominent were the First Formers John Cayless and Mark Payne and Third Former Warren Coles. An innovation this year was the playing of

a team of juniors in the Victorian Baseball League under the sponsorship of the Melbourne Cricket Club. This team will no doubt form the nucleus of future successful Camberwell H.S. teams.

The Baseball Team is deeply indebted to sports-master Mr. Bishop for the time and energy he has put into the teams, and we would like to say "Thank you".

The results were:—

Competition Matches:

Camberwell H.S. defeated University H.S. 11-6.
Camberwell H.S. were defeated by Melbourne H.S. 5-3.

Camberwell H.S. were defeated by Heidelberg H.S. 7-4.

Camberwell H.S. defeated Northcote H.S. 13-1.
Camberwell H.S. were defeated by Coburg H.S. 6-3.

Camberwell H.S. defeated Strathmore H.S. 9-2.
Camberwell H.S. defeated Essendon H.S. 17-0.

Social Matches:

Camberwell H.S. defeated Mt. Scopus College 10-0.
Camberwell H.S. defeated Warragul H.S. 14-10.

Ken James, Graham Cook.



BASEBALL TEAM

Back Row (L. to R.): J. Harris, P. Giltinan, T. Bailey, A. Lawley.

Front Row (L. to R.): M. Payne, P. Truslove, K. James, Mr. Bishop, G. Cook, D. McBain, W. Coles.



CRICKET TEAM

Back Row (L. to R.): J. Patrick, D. Farquharson, M. Conyers, C. Barry, M. Gillies.

Front Row (L. to R.): P. Truslove, Goh Hock Jin, J. Harris, Mr. Bishop, K. James, R. Allison, I. Coles.

CRICKET

FIRST ELEVEN

Although the First Eleven did not meet with the success of previous years, for a relatively inexperienced side they acquitted themselves well. The experience gained by our promising young players makes our chances of victory seem brighter for next year.

Camberwell v. Northcote High

Camberwell won this match through some good individual batting performances, tight bowling and excellent fielding. Sent in to bat, Camberwell lost 3 quick wickets, but a fighting stand between Allison (48) and Harris (27) was mainly responsible for the final total of 158.

Northcote appeared to be in a winning position when 5 for 112, but a fine spell of bowling by Coles and Truslove saw the last 5 wickets fall for 11 runs.

Camberwell 158 (Allison 48, Gillies 30 n.o., Harris 27, Conyers 11, Patrick 10) defeated Northcote 133 (Truslove 3/23, Coles 2/13, Harris 2/31, Patrick 2/34).

Camberwell v. Box Hill High

Batting on a slow wicket, Camberwell struggled from being 4 for 5 to finish with 85. With the exception of Patrick and Conyers, who put on 42 for the 9th wicket, the remainder of the batting was very disappointing.

Although Box Hill were able to pass our score with 5 wickets in hand, the Camberwell bowlers kept a good length and bowled tightly without luck.

Box Hill 129 (Harris 3/48, Coles 2/16, Goh Hock Jin 2/25) defeated Camberwell 85 (Patrick 28 n.o., Harris 19, Conyers 13, Gillies 13).

Camberwell v. Brighton High

Brighton batted first and, with the aid of several dropped catches, scored 7 for 203. Coles was the only bowler to trouble the Brighton batsmen and finished with the excellent figures 5 for 28.

Camberwell could only manage 175, despite a sound 48 by Allison and a brilliant 42 by Patrick, which included 6 fours and a tremendous drive for 6.

Camberwell 175 (Allison 48, Patrick 42, Farquharson 30, Harris 21, Goh Hock Jin 14) lost to Brighton 7/203 (Coles 5/28).

Camberwell v. Melbourne High

Camberwell batted first and were given a good start by James and Coles. After the dismissal of James, Coles dug in and, with the help of the tail-enders, took the total to 148. Coles' innings of 64 n.o. was highlighted by superb concentration and patience.

After losing several quick wickets, Melbourne recovered, and gradually got on top of the Camberwell bowlers. However, with a brilliant exhibition of spin bowling, Goh Hock Jin wrecked the Melbourne innings and finished with the amazing figures of 4

for 5. The last 7 Melbourne wickets fell for only 11 runs, giving Camberwell victory by 79 runs.

Camberwell 148 (Coles 62 n.o., James 37, Farquharson 11) defeated Melbourne 69 (Goh Hock Jin 4/5, Harris 3/24, Coles 2/4).

Camberwell v. University High

In a high standard game, University proved to be just too good for Camberwell, and outclassed them in all departments, particularly batting, where they scored 6 for 250.

To their credit, the Camberwell batsmen kept their heads down and at stumps had scored 9/140 against a very good attack. Third Former Warren Coles figured in a 5th wicket stand of 30 in just over an hour, and although scoring only 3 runs himself, displayed great courage and sense, an example which a few of his more experienced team mates could follow.

University 6/250 (Truslove 2/48) defeated Camberwell 9/140 (Harris 28, Allison 25, Farquharson 22, Patrick 14 n.o., James 13).

John Harris, VIb

SECOND ELEVEN

The Second Eleven enjoyed a very successful year, coming equal first for the premiership. The team played well together, and this was the reason for most of our successes. Philip Giltinan took the most wickets and also scored the most runs, while the rest of the team, with their keen spirit, were fairly even.

The team would like to thank Mr. Nash for his support and guidance throughout the year.

Results:

Camberwell 6/112 defeated Northcote 59 (Giltinan 46, Jakobovits 21, Rixon 19 n.o.) (Giltinan 7/27, Butler 2/8).

Camberwell 6/85 defeated Box Hill 82 (Giltinan 38) (Rixon 2/8, Giltinan 4/39).

Camberwell 7/91 lost to Brighton 5/95 (Jakobovits 45 n.o.).

Camberwell 9/99 defeated Melbourne 5/91 (Bailey 23, Giltinan 15) (Papigiottis 2/17).

Camberwell 110 defeated University 9/107 (Gillies 34, Beaumont 22, Jakobovits 20). (Papigiottis 2/4).

Graham Rixon (Captain)

FOOTBALL

FIRST EIGHTEEN

This year the First Eighteen, although not winning many games, proved to be a strong combination. The side's greatest asset was its refusal to give in, this quality being most evident in the games against Northcote, Box Hill and Melbourne. We almost scored victories against each of these sides, and if we had succeeded, as well as defeating Brighton, Camberwell would have tied for first place on the Central Division ladder.

The pleasing feature within the side itself was the keenness of each individual, and the ever-present desire to win. All players gave of their best, although on some occasions our concentration flagged somewhat at an all-important point in the game, invariably costing us our win.

There were many players to stand out during the season. These included:

John Butler — for his drive and unrelenting brand of football.

Graham Rixon — for his elusive forward-line play. Bill Harding — a rover with uncanny skill in the forward line.

Ian Coles and Mike Silver — two skilled and invaluable wingmen.

Roger Simpson and John Tilmanis — for their strong, sure play on the back line.

Brian Beaumont — for his fiery, excitable ruck play.

Finally, on behalf of all members of the team, I would like to thank our coach, Mr. Burns, for giving up much of his time and energy to mould us into a side. Thanks must also go to Norm Jackson for his work during the season as Head Trainer.

Michael Conyers (Captain)

Results of games played:

Practice Games:

Camberwell H.S. 16-18 defeated Brighton H.S. 2-8.

Goals: Hubert 4, Rixon 3, Giles 3, Harding 2, Atchison, Beaumont, Cavell, Conyers, Solomon.

Best: Conyers, Butler, Cavell, Rixon, Beaumont.

Ashwood 6-1 defeated Camberwell 5-5.

Goals: Giles 2, Beaumont 1, Papigiottis 1, Harding 1.

Best: Butler, O'Connor, Farn, Giles.

Camberwell 16-8 defeated Balwyn 6-1.

Goals: Kelly 5, Harding 4, Conyers 3, Atchison 3, Hubert 1.

Best: Conyers, Atchison, Harding, Kelly, Butler, Silver.

Home and Away Games:

University 14-19 defeated Camberwell 5-9.

Goals: Conyers 2, Giles 1, Kelly 1, Solomon 1.

Best: Conyers, Butler, Harding, Hubert.

Northcote 9-12 defeated Camberwell 6-12.

Goals: Conyers 1, Butler 1, Farquharson 1, Giles 1, Jacovou 1, Solomon 1.

Best: Harding, Conyers, Rixon, Butler, Farn.

Box Hill 9-12 defeated Camberwell 9-11.

Goals: Beaumont 2, Conyers 2, Farquharson 1, Giles 1, Harding.

Best: Butler, Rixon, Silver, Conyers, Beaumont, Simpson.

Melbourne H.S. 10-15 defeated Camberwell H.S. 5-9.

Goals: Beaumont 2, Cavell 1, Giles 1, Rixon.

Best: Rixon, Simpson, Butler, Conyers, Papigiottis, Silver, Coles.

Social Game at Warragul:

Warragul 13-6 defeated Camberwell 9-10.

Goals: Rixon 3, Atchison 2, Beaumont 2, Butler, Kelly.

Best: Rixon, Butler, Farquharson, Cavell, Coles, Atchison.

Michael Conyers was a thoughtful, hard-working captain; he was ably assisted by vice-captain, John Butler. Both boys gave valuable assistance to less experienced players, and their selection in the All-High Schools' team was a fitting reward for good play during the season.

T. J. Burns.

SECOND EIGHTEEN

The school's Second Eighteen completed a very successful season, sharing the premiership with University and Melbourne High Schools. Of the eight matches played, we were defeated in only two. The team combined well and, with their excellent team work and determination, managed to offset any height disadvantages to win most matches convincingly.

The Second Eighteen would like to thank Mr. Nash for his fine work and encouragement during the season.

Results:

Practice Matches:

Camberwell 17-12 (114) defeated Brighton 3-7 (25).
Best: Bradstreet, Peach, Lovitt.

Goals: Reid 4, Kelly 3, Townsend 3, Brayne 2, Fulton 2, Bradstreet, Griffin, Jenkins.

Camberwell 9-12 (66) defeated Ashwood 3-3 (21).
Best: Griffin, Bradstreet, Cuthbert.

Camberwell 12-9 (81) defeated Balwyn 2-3 (15).
Best: Reid, Lovitt, Byrne.

Goals: Brayne 5, Reid 4, Townsend 2, Cuthbert.

Competition Matches:

Camberwell 5-15 (45) defeated University 4-4 (28).
Best: Pettit, Bradstreet, Reid.

Goals: Brayne 2, Reid, Fulton, Atkinson.

In a game marred by strong wind and slippery conditions, a more determined Camberwell came from behind in the last quarter against the wind to beat University by 17 points.

Northcote 9-10 (64) defeated Camberwell 8-12 (60).
Best: Jenkins, Lovitt, Peach.

Goals: Brayne 3, Jenkins 2, Townsend, Morton, Barry.

In a rugged encounter Northcote proved too strong in the last quarter to hold off some determined attacks by Camberwell to win by 4 points.

Camberwell 15-12 (102) defeated Box Hill 6-5 (41).
Best: Jenkins, Reid, Simms.

Goals: Brayne 3, Reid 3, Jenkins 2, Cuthbert 2, Fulton, Simms, Townsend, Bradstreet, Atkinson.

This large win was the result of a superb display of team work, with everybody backing one another up well and playing their best for four quarters.

Camberwell 26-15 (170) defeated Brighton 0-2 (2).

Best: No individuals could be picked, the whole team was outstanding. Credit, however, must



FIRST XVIII

Back Row (L. to R.): P. Kelly, I. Coles, A. Giles, J. Tilmanis, B. Beaumont, G. Rixon, A. Farn.

Second Row (L. to R.): N. Jackson (Trainer), P. Jacovou, R. Allison, R. Simpson, P. Stafford, P. O'Connor, K. Solomon, M. Silver.

Front Row (L. to R.): B. Harding, K. Atchison, M. Conyers, Mr. Burns, J. Butler, K. Cavell, D. Farquharson.

be given to Geoff Brayne (full forward), who kicked six of the many goals scored.

Goals: Brayne 6, Townsend 4, Simms 3, Pettit 3, Lovitt 2, Cuthbert 2, Griffin, Peach, Bradstreet, Clarke, Atkinson, Byrne.

This match was an exhibition in football — players won in every position and co-operated with their team mates all over the ground. Precision hand-ball and accurate passing to position highlighted the display of football at its best.

Melbourne 10-4 (64) defeated Camberwell 3-10 (28)

Best: Griffin, Jenkins, Raven.

Goals: Brayne, Jenkins, Reid.

In the last match of the season Melbourne proved too strong in most positions to run out winners, after a determined fight back by Camberwell which was just not quite good enough.

Bill Clarke (Captain)

HOCKEY

After a one-year recess the Hockey Team made a very successful come-back, gaining second place in the Central Division.

The highlight of the season was the match against the top team, Essendon High, at Matlock Park.

The Essendon forwards attacked early in the game, but were repelled again and again by the Richard Northrope, Gordon Campbell back combination.

The Camberwell half line soon became stabilised and began numerous attacks which were carried through by the forwards. An early goal by Goh

Hock Jin resulted and the team was spurred on to a 5-1 win.

The team's success was due to the enthusiasm of all players and systematic team work. Both these factors were the direct result of Mr. Taylor's interest and coaching. The team would like to thank Mr. Taylor for his valuable assistance.

With the success of the 1964 Australian Olympic Hockey Team in Tokyo, interest in Hockey will undoubtedly increase. Consequently, it is hoped that Warragul High School will field a Hockey Team in following years, thus making the inter-school visits complete.

Members of the team:

Forward line: Arthur Gigas, Ian Barker, Ray Gill, Goh Hock Jin, Ron Phillips.

Half line: Rick Benson, Marek Malter, Lindsay Swinden.

Back line: Gordon Campbell, Richard Northrope.

Goalie: Robert Ewart.

Results:

Practice Matches

Camberwell defeated Mount Scopus College 1-0

Camberwell drew with Carey Grammar 1-1

Competition Matches

University High defeated Camberwell 3-1

Melbourne defeated Camberwell 3-0

Camberwell drew with Heidelberg 3-3

Camberwell defeated Northcote 8-1

Camberwell defeated Brighton 6-2



BOYS' HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row (L. to R.): L. Swinden, A. Gigas, I. Barker, R. Northrope, R. Phillips.

Front Row (L. to R.): R. Ewart, Goh Hock Jin, R. Gill, Mr. Taylor, M. Malter, G. Campbell.

Reservoir defeated Camberwell 2-1
Camberwell defeated Essendon 5-1

Goal Scorers in Competition Matches

Barker 3, Gill 16, Goh Hock Jin 2, Malter 2,
Phillips 1.

Ray Gill (Captain)

ROWING

The 1964 Rowing season began with the usual excitement, concentration and effort evident in previous years. This year's boat club, however, was the most inexperienced that the school has known in recent years.

The season started with preliminary boating, from which two eights and one four resulted, under the guidance of Mr. Gibb. To Mr. Gibb's assistance came former rowers Mick Penfold, Brian Lovell, Colin Barnett and Bruce Robb.

Using once again Banks Rowing Club as headquarters, Camberwell High School was on the Yarra for the 1964 season, light of heart and especially light of crew.

FIRST VIII

Rowing settled down to a steady rate for the first few weeks, but then the First VIII suffered a few upsets which hampered the progress of a now

gradually settling crew. Mr. Gibb, however, continued his efforts to form a crew worthy to represent Camberwell High School at the High School's "Head of the River". Altogether a happy crew was formed which during the season covered about 300 miles in training.

All three crews gained good racing experience in the Scotch-Mercantile Regatta, in which the First VIII came third to University Extra Collegiates and Xavier Seconds. The First VIII also was entered in the 5½ mile "Head of the River", in which it came third in the high schools section behind Melbourne High School and University High School. A special mention must be made of Rick Jennings's spirited coxing which defended our lead from University High School. However, we lost on time.

HIGH SCHOOLS' HEAD OF THE RIVER

Before the actual races for eights the nine crews from M.H.S., C.H.S. and U.H.S. were privileged to meet the Governor-General, Lord De Lisle.

The seating for the race was as follows:—

(Bow) A. Blundell, (2) R. Maddock, (3) P. Gyton, (4) B. Ellis, (5) R. Holloway, (6) A. Dunn, (7) J. Pop, (Stroke) J. Ives, (Cox) R. Jennings.

Melbourne High School and University High School got away to a good start on an excellent day for rowing. Camberwell, after a little hesitancy, trailed by about 1½ lengths at the ¼ bridge, where



FIRST XVIII

Back Row (L. to R.): R. Maddock, B. Ellis, Mr. Gibb, P. Gyton, A. Blundell.

Front Row (L. to R.): A. Dunn, J. Ives, R. Jennings, J. Pop, R. Holloway.

we were caught in University's wash. Using what rating we had, we hung on in the middle distances trying to make up the leeway in a good finish. Melbourne's more experienced crew used their strength and the conditions well to row a splendid race, winning comfortably by three lengths.

Settling down, we began to make up the distance between University and ourselves, but despite our efforts, University managed to defeat us by half a length and so come second to Melbourne.

SECOND VIII

The Second VIII, like the other crews, had little experience of regatta racing, but were nevertheless good enough to win their race and bring home at least one trophy.

Seating for the race was:—

(Bow) J. Robin, (2) J. Torrens, (3) D. Higgs, (4) L. Hubert, (5) A. Williams, (6) P. May, (7) A. Messer, (Stroke) R. Harris, (Cox) P. Kellock.

The Second VIII gained some experience rowing against the First VIII and became embarrassingly good. M. Penfold and B. Robb must be congratulated for their effort and success as a coaching team. Camberwell won by a margin of two lengths from Melbourne, with University in third place.

THIRD VIII

Unfortunately the Third VIII were not able to be seated as an eight until very late in the rowing season, making the task for both rowers and coaches very difficult. The Third VIII was actually a combination of two fours.

Lacking experience as a composite crew, the Third VIII lost to University, with Melbourne in second place.

Seating for the race was:—

(Bow) R. Hogan, (2) J. Rouhan, (3) R. Fisher, (4) I. McBroom, (5) R. Pettit, (6) R. Paunovic, (7) R. Cochrane, (Stroke) J. Calmer, (Cox) B. Brown.

Unfortunately very little in High School rowing is heard of the coaches who put their time and effort into fashioning boys into a disciplined unit. The material which Mr. Gibb had to work with was an unusually light set of boys, who had to face an experienced and good crew from Melbourne High School. All appreciation and thanks go to Mr. Gibb for his spirited coaching.

Thanks and recognition must go to Banks Rowing Club for making available their facilities and equipment during the 1964 season.

And finally thanks must go to the parents for their interest and support in providing transport.

J. Pop (Captain)

SOCCER

Although the Soccer Team had a disappointing season in the High Schools Central Division competition (1 win and 6 losses), it finished the season with a good draw in a "friendly" game at Warragul. After starting the year with only four players from the 1963 team, it was encouraging to see how well



SOCCER TEAM

Back Row (L. to R.): P. Wilkins, B. Ellis, R. Dixon, G. Robinson, I. George.

Front Row (L. to R.): S. Lew, J. Kellock, G. James, Dr. Walker, S. Somogyi, P. Kellock, S. Lew.

many of the "first-year" players performed. Sammy Lew, the Kellock brothers, Peter and Jeremy, and Ian George proved to be "natural" soccer players, and Peter in particular starred in his first game.

Captain George James did some brilliant work in goal; had he not been there, the thirty-one goals scored against us might well have been doubled. George even came out of goal to score the team's first goal for the season in the match at Heidelberg.

The King-pin of the team was vice-captain "Steaming Sam" Somogyi, an indefatigable centre-half who covered more ground than the referee. On the left-wing Gary Robinson played a constructive game and was unfortunate not to have had a "stack" of goals to his credit after the Box Hill game. The back-line, consisting of Richard Dixon and convert from Australian rules football Barry Ellis, played solidly. The half-backs, two of the "new boys" mentioned before, assisting Stephen ("Steaming Sam") Somogyi, worked well with the forward line after some match practice. The forward line, consisting of a nucleus of "older" players, did not fire too well early in the season, while the new players were settling down, but showed their worth at the end by scoring nine goals in the last three matches.

One must not forget those players who, although not often selected to play in the team, willingly ran the sidelines as reserves and sideline referees and came regularly to practice. They should get their chance next season and, with some of the young hopefuls a year older, greater success can be looked for next season.

TENNIS

This year the Tennis Team performed better than last year, but were still not very successful. The First Team won only one match and the Second Team scored two victories. The results are not a true indication of form, as many of the matches were very close. As the majority of the team will be returning next year, we can look forward to better results in the future.

The Team

John Tilmanis was our No. 1 player this year. His booming service and strong forehand drives enabled him to win all but one of his matches through the year.

Chris Godfrey only played with us for one term, but this was enough to establish him as our No. 2 player. Chris was one of the most steady players in the team.

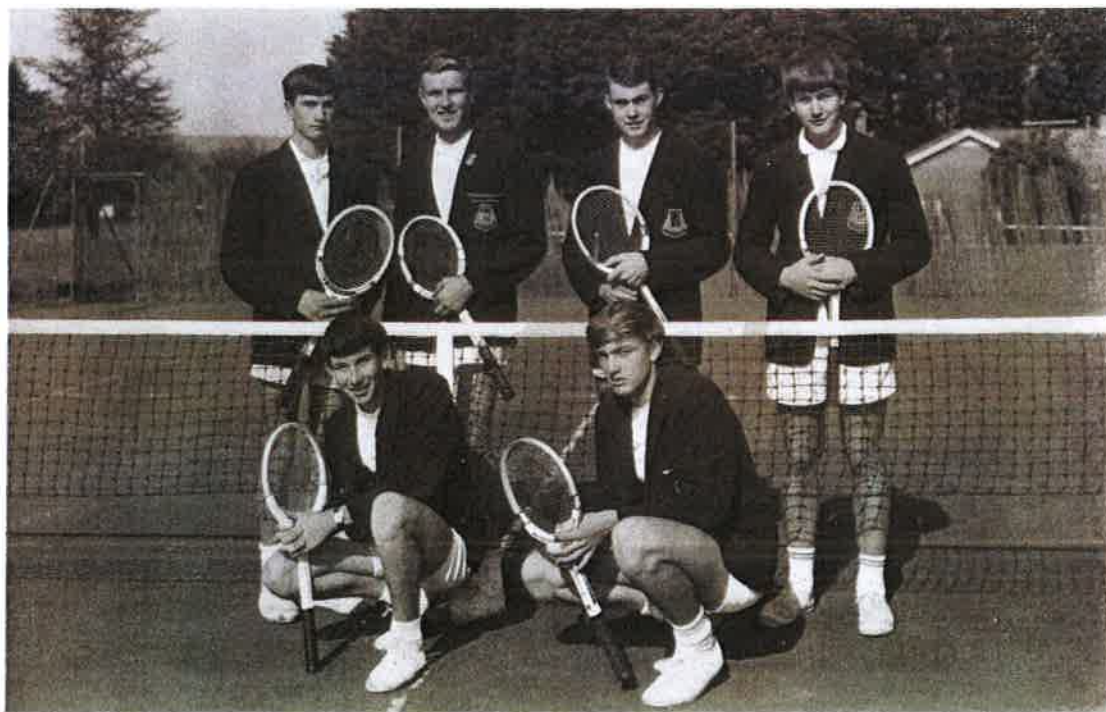
Geoff Hoskin played No. 4 and showed himself to be a potentially brilliant player. His backhand passing shots were a fine feature of his game.

Alec Kaszas showed himself to be a good, steady player with a great deal of potential.

Ken Rubeli played in the team in the second term and was a fine example to the younger players with his never-say-die spirit.

There were others who played during the year, and to these the team owes a lot.

Richard Dixon (Captain)



BOYS' TENNIS TEAM

Back Row (L. to R.): G. Hosking, J. Tilmanis, D. Tucker, C. Godfrey.

Front Row (L. to R.): K. Rubeli, R. Dixon.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS

MIDNIGHT SOLITUDE

The night is dead.
 No longer do the clanking trams
 Spin out their sparking, steelish thread.
 The dog has turned it's twice, curled up,
 And dropped asleep. Housewives have bought
 Their bargains. Restless schoolboys dream
 Of revelry, of how they fought
 A weakling, throttled and bashed him —
 (That's what their friends said, anyway).
 Without, cats howl accompaniment
 To midnight tolls, which give the fray
 Apparent strange solemnity;
 As though the buttoned priest, hearing
 The lusty, wild confession,
 Separated, calmed the leering
 Malcontents.

And so the world is quiet, now —
 Blooming activity lopped off.
 And poison poured into each bough.
 Bud, and root, of potent solitude.
 Only myself; and that thin clad
 To bear the onslaughts of tasteless,
 (Yet, I fear, brewing ominous bad),
 Impalpable, soundless
 Yet no! That mounting
 Buzzing in my ears, it presses
 Hard like rolling drums, as counting
 Twitches of this drooping eyelid.
 An odour, too, a sweaty stink
 Of my repulsing, straining self.
 Of more — my nostrils twinge — I think . . .
 No! I am sure . . . of lurking death!
 Where, where is he? Beneath this tray?
 In this cup, in that dark shadow
 Under the bed, behind the door?
 Let's out! Away!

Graeme Johanson, VId



"Ophelia"

Elizabeth McDonald, VIa

THE END

Softly, noiselessly, the dripping rain
 Turns the earth to mud, and
 On the sea-grass covered dunes
 The rain drips silently on to the sand.
 The cold sea wavelets
 Splash soundlessly 'gainst the rocks.
 Seaweed, dead and brown,
 Floats and sways like a woman's locks.
 The black and aged cliffs
 Grumble and fall into the sea;
 No sound, no one can tell
 That this is the end, only she
 May see the end, for she is Death
 Standing cold, solitary, alone,
 Her gaze is death,
 Turning living things to stone.

Adrienne Miller, IIIe

THE SEA

Its turbulence is fascinating
 The foam meets now and then;
 A resounding crash,
 And flying spray show the
 Strength of its way.
 It rushes in and knocks around,
 Wearing away the rocks.
 It is restless, never ever still,
 And rolling in all day,
 Creating marvellous patterns
 In the rock pools and the bays.
 It slides up the sand and
 Cleans the beach and seems
 To refresh my mind;
 When I see its mighty
 Strength come crashing down
 In spray.

Annabel Walter, Vb

A WINTER MORNING

This morning, when the cold mists lifted,
 Made way for slowly falling rain,
 Which lightly flew and softly drifted,
 Joined in puddles in small splashes,
 Followed by a silver ring:
 I tramped across the damp asphalt
 Of the silent, dampened school,
 And as I reached the door I felt
 Some lonely feeling, one of freedom,
 As of this kingdom I was king.
 Before this strange place of dark forlorn,
 Striped with silver by the drizzle,
 The silence of a winter morn
 Touched me, and I turned to it,
 To bid farewell before entering
 The yellow warmth of the waiting rooms.

Nanice Thomter, IIIe



"Still Life"

Peter Lacey, IVb

AN ALIEN CAMBERWELLIAN

Arrogant, austere and high
 'Twas a sombre picture which desolated a future son
 On a humid and unfamiliar Melbourne summer
 evening
 When he first glimpsed Camberwell High.
 For seven eventful calendar months,
 Day in, day out; five days a week
 In weather bright or weather bleak
 He sought sanctuary at Camberwell High.
 Fondness grew with time!
 Mid-winter. Icy winds bite an alien, bearing a heavy
 load
 As he scampers briskly to that haven,
 Yet glad is he that he is at Camberwell High.
 Now that he is, the time is short
 Soon will he leave behind
 The portals of this institution,
 The dedicated staff of Camberwell High.
 Thiocynate ions and Geiger-Muller counter,
 Tetanus toxoid and statistical probability
 And the art of detecting a fallacy.
 Moments of mirth, of sadness, at Camberwell High;
 Hand-shakes and headaches, play and study.
 Through the years he'll cherish these golden mem-
 ories
 And "Disco Consulere Aliis".

Goh Hock Jin, VIId

MOTOR ACE

He rides a fiend and he's a fiend.
 He scoffs at skids and jeers at death,
 The monster screams into a bend
 And from the track begins to rend,
 Yet swings round, by a breath.
 His hot nerves feel its tearing pulse,
 He and his car, the rest is none;
 With deadly lash the track uncoils,
 He swings the wheel, the left tyre boils,
 The flag, and all is done.

Theodore Watt, VIId



"Study"

Lorraine Reeve, Vb

THE CHAMPION

We sit and watch —
 We have no mounts, yet we can feel
 The thrill of a horse's pounding hooves
 As it feels the touch of its rider's heel.
 We cannot ride —
 But oh! We know the ecstasy of flying,
 Flying effortlessly over jumps
 Which seem so enormous we feel like crying
 "He will not make it!"
 But — yes! He does!
 A whisper in his horse's ear,
 The jingle of bits and snorting nostrils as the
 glistening horse
 Approaches, prancing, to the jump at the rear
 Of the tightly packed stadium.
 He is over!
 We sigh with relief like many others
 And then some person gasps and says —
 "I know that horse's rider's mother."
 The rider wins the golden cup —
 The only clear round achieved that day.
 He smiles and bows and pats his horse
 And feels extremely proud and gay
 That he has such a horse as this
 Who will jump a mountain for a kiss,
 A pat, or a friendly word from his master,
 And live his last days in peace thereafter.

Marilyn Hodgson, IIa

THE PRISONER

When I am born of strange and different thoughts,
 Ideals, desires, and needs from out this life,
 Then I am shunned, despised, and said to be
 The source of evil, maker, too, of strife.
 And when I have a mind so bold and free,
 That I cannot be satisfied with life,
 When ruts and earthly living, rank and foul,
 Become so sharp they cut me like a knife;
 When my soul cries within me to burst free,
 And when my mind sees visions, not of earth,
 And I grow huge, too huge to fit my shell,
 I spit upon mankind and curse my birth!
 And when the whole world cramps me like a cage,
 And it is wont to rob me of my breath,
 My thoughts swell up and surge into my mouth,
 I swallow and their poison tastes of death.

Anonymous, Va

DARK COMFORTER

Night,
 With arms of darkness,
 Wrap yourself around me
 And bring oblivion.
 Blot out the ugliness of the city —
 Its gutters and chimneys,
 Grey, narrow streets
 Leading to mediocrity.
 Conceal the squalid houses
 And their shutterless eyes —
 The harsh glare of a single globe
 Illuminating poverty.
 Hide the stark, bare trees,
 Killed by the deadly breath
 Of purring cars.
 Keep from sight the city's slaves,
 Helplessly bound with concrete chains.
 Night,
 Bring rest to my eyes,
 For they are weary of these sights.

Jan McLennan, Vb

FREEDOM

When rosy patches tint the sky,
 I love to hear the wild birds cry,
 I wander slowly in the breeze,
 My heart and I are then at ease.
 I'd love to listen all the day,
 But still I have to go my way.
 If I could live a life like thee,
 A life of peace and harmony!

Bronwyn Powell, Ib



"Beat"

Pat Lloyd, VIA

BLACK AND WHITE

The beat of the drum, the notes rolling through;
 The people, the talking, a table for two;
 And the darkness: how it whispered, how it churned,
 As the shadows all turned
 To the beat of the drum, the trombone so blue.
 An ebony statue etched out near the wall,
 So perfect each feature, each line,
 As the shadows entwined;
 The whites of the eyes peering through.
 How they watched, just a statue,
 That only a master could make,
 And the shadows moved round it, still swaying;
 And yet a mistake!
 'Midst all the laughter, outcry,
 A nerve seemed to flicker just below its right eye.
 The light seemed to darken, then lighten,
 But still all the shadows were swaying
 To the sound of the trumpet, its scream wild and
 long,
 And the nerve moved again, stopped, twitched;
 The tips of the fingers all itched
 For some strings, a guitar, and a song.
 The whites of the eyes reflected the light,
 Then they moved and were soon lost to sight.
 For the black eyes were searching, were watching
 the crowd,

And a dark heart was beating, was throbbing aloud;
 And he searched for a face he had seen.
 Near the door she stood watching
 And the black nerve flickered again;
 A dark heart was beating, the notes were vibrating.
 And a song whispered through a black brain.
 A foot started beating against the hard floor;
 One two, one two, it beat harder for more;
 And the fingers strummed over the strings, the
 vibrations.
 His black body rocked to the rhythm, the song
 And the half-covered eyes searched the room for
 the whiteness
 With the hair that was long.
 She was gone.
 The trombone was quiet,
 But the piano kept quietly pulsing;
 The black lips moved
 And the white teeth flashed in the light;
 All was not right;
 And the shadows were flickering
 Like black spirits escaping from a tortured black
 mind;
 Still the abstracts, the concretes
 Were moving entwined.

"Josine Willis", VIA

MR. CARTER'S CAR

There once was a man named Mr. Carter,
Who had a car, but couldn't start her;
He wanted to get to the bottom of this,
So he started to pull the whole thing to bits.
He pulled out the clutch which in oil was drenched;
Then from under the fuel pump a filter he wrenched.
A carburetter came out pretty quick,
Followed then by the battery with a slight little kick.
Then like Sunny Liston he knocked out the tank,
A screw and a piston, a spring and a crank;
He got hold of a coil, and out it came,
With the help of a hammer he pulled out a chain.
Out flew the spark plugs one by one,
A couple of nuts and a rusty brake drum;
A fan shaft and belt came out with a jolt,
And a crank shaft came out with a pushrod and bolt.
Now the car was covered in grease,
It didn't look much like a masterpiece;
And his face was red from the scorching sun,
When his wife came out to see what he'd done.
She looked in the window and glanced around,
When something of great importance she found;
"You forgot to put the key in," she said,
So poor old Carter dropped down dead.

Adrian Rhodes, IIIe

DEAR AGGRESSOR

If you drop a bomb on me,
Of what earthly use to thee
Is the place where I would be,
Had you not dropped the bomb on me?

Rod Harris, VIId

TO A TOMATO SAUCE BOTTLE

Oh! noble red and glassy bottle,
Standing tall and stately,
Even when the sauce is gone
It doesn't matter greatly.
The sauce it is that makes you red,
And you are really glassy,
Gleaming clear and shining clean,
I think you're rather classy.
How can you bear to be so nice
And look on humble me?
How oft I wish that I could be
Noble and tall like thee.
For I'm unhappy in my lot.
When I look upon thee there,
I wish that I could pour out sauce
And have white screw-on hair.
So pity me and be my friend
And wipe my weeping eye,
And comfort me when'er you can,
And kindly sauce my pie.

Cheryl Calwell, VIa



"Music Makers"

Jan McLellan, IVd

TELL-TALE SECRETS

I can hear whisperings in the grasses,
Secret whisperings of yesterday,
That now are hid to one who passes
Ankle deep in seedy spray.
I can hear rustlings in the weeds
That rustle in a secret scorn,
That tell of all those not-done deeds:
Bert, get out and cut that lawn!

Trudy Thomter, VIa

A HARD DAY'S NIGHT — WITH THE BEATLES!

A strange, exciting sensation gripped me as I entered Festival Hall for the first time. I was to see the last performance in Melbourne of the celebrated Beatles. My feelings were a mixture of curiosity and excited expectancy as I took my seat and surveyed the packed rows around me.

Through the smoky haze, the electric tension and excitement were almost visible. It seemed to me to represent the "lull before the storm", as everyone was talking quietly, naturally about the Beatles, and the girls at this stage appeared quite normal. Suddenly the stage lit up and "The Phantoms" were announced, their entrance instigating a crescendo of screams, cheers and clapping. Quickly swinging into their numbers, they were obviously setting a pattern for the night's entertainment—I thought the girls were, too; however, I was to be sadly disillusioned.

This was a new experience and I could not quite settle down to appreciate what was before me. The audience was urged to clap, stamp and join in—some did, but some, like myself, were wary and perhaps a little shy. The artists, however, obviously having experienced this hesitancy before, were quite capable of overcoming it, and soon I was clapping and generally enjoying myself as I watched the minor part of the performance that I had paid 27/- to see.

Next appeared "Australasia's King of Rock and Roll", Johnny Devlin—in a tight black leather suit. To him the audience was very responsive, especially when he lay on the floor during the presentation of one of his numbers. "Victoria's own Johnny Chester" was next in the mounting excitement leading to the Beatles' performance, and he was greeted with the customary noise. Finally as a forerunner to the Beatles, an English group called "Sounds Incorporated" were introduced and proved wildly popular.

At a quarter to ten, and with a half an hour until the end of the show, the other acts were over and there was a slight break in the programme. I prepared myself to listen to and enjoy the Beatles; but my hopes were quickly shattered as my head was filled with hysterical screams greeting a manoeuvring of policemen to the front of the stage. The Beatles were announced and appeared, and I witnessed the most incredible spectacle of my life. The screams were comparable to nothing I had expected or previously experienced. Individual screams were not distinguishable, as they had been transformed into one unanimous shriek. The welcome was indescribable—to say "tumultuous" was a complete understatement. The Beatles were obviously affected, as these conditions reigned for two or three minutes. Comparative silence was finally obtained and one of the Beatles introduced their first number.

Before he had finished speaking, the screaming resumed, perhaps even on a wilder scale, and from then until the end of the performance scarcely a note could be heard. Strangely enough, however, I found myself thoroughly intoxicated by this most hysterical and amazing experience.

As I left the hall, quite deafened, I surveyed the wondrous effects of "Beatlemania". Girls were crying and fainting, and boys were often similarly affected. Returning home, I was very slow to recover from a most profound and starkly revealing evening.

Bill Harding, VIC

FAIRY BUBBLES OF LIGHT

My fairy bubbles of light are compelled to follow the sun whenever it goes. They come suddenly in the morning with a flash, and slide down on threads of dew, landing with a tinkle on the grass. Never a cross word is uttered between them and they play in swaying willows which reach up to the sky. They are part of children's laughter and fun, but where there is sorrow, they are there also, for there is never complete darkness. My fairy bubbles are tossed on the wind, but they never become breathless, for they are immortal.

They belong to all the world. In purple Arabia, where all is mystery and romance, where musky forms flit in and out of dusty streets, the fairy bubbles of light play with orphans in the gutter. The children's rags and tatters fall away and they are clothed in radiance, their smiles belying the sadness in their eyes.

In orange-green Africa where all is stripes and wilderness, it is there the bubbles play with brown children in blazing heat and bush growth.

There is one land the bubbles rarely visit, and that is the ice mass at the two poles, for fairy bubbles dislike cold, and there is no children's laughter there. The only play-mates are squawking penguins which dive into icy, green water.

The bubbles follow the sun and when it is going to sink below the horizon, they must leave playing and go with it. That is twilight, for some bubbles are reluctant to follow, and they keep swinging on golden threads, and so there is not complete darkness. Then the chariot of night comes, chasing away the lingerers, streaming after it a velvet, starry cloak, the only adornment a sphere—the moon.

Wendy Young, IIIa

THE FIRST SNOW

A few chunks by the roadside, then sheets of cotton wool on either side, like an unseasonal Christmas Card with dirty edges.

Silence, utter silence. Not even a bird-call breaks the silence. The very breezes are hushed, the swishing of snow-laden branches is muffled. Awed, you turn and gaze into the silent, mysterious gullies. Then, "Pouff!" a snowball shakes the snow from a bush's thorns and the valleys echo with your ringing laughter, echoing and re-echoing, dying away.

No mysterious depths now; a movement among the trees in the gully, a little lyre-bird, pecking for her breakfast, sees you and runs silently back to her nest.

Feathery tree ferns, their fronds pushed askew by the snow, look like forlorn palm trees in the wrong climate.

A snow man beams at you from the roadside. Stony buttons fasten his cold overcoat, and the stones on his face turn miraculously into smiling eyes.

A break in the clouds and frosty, brilliant sunshine sparkles on the snow. Tall, snow-capped peaks rise into the black clouds. The snow man grins at them and they smile sombrely back. Their splendour once more turns the gullies into silent, mysterious depths and the valleys echo your disappointment as the clouds close over.

The car purrs away and the snow man snuggles deeper into his overcoat and grins after you.

Adrienne Miller, IIIe

THE OVERLANDER

The first of the periodical cattle herds had just come through our little town, Nullagine, the last stop before they moved on to the air field at Marble Bar for transportation across the country to the markets in the east. Every three months the herds would come thundering down, and before the dust had settled, the drovers would come striding into the pub, and have a long beer and chat with the locals.

As usual, the first figure to be seen making his way into the bar was "Bluey" Johnson. A giant of a man, he stood six foot four, and weighed around a hundred and eighty pounds. He would wander in, dragging his beaten-up guitar behind him (one string was always broken, the other five always out of tune) and, in his well-known routine, would dust himself off completely, sit back in a chair, lift his booted feet on to the table, and tipping back his dented hat, thump on the table with his huge fist and order a beer. He would then busy himself with tuning the guitar, and as he did so, all would watch with interest and respect as his nimble fingers and loving hands moved over the battered instrument.

This done, he would take off his chappis, revealing the well-faded blue jeans which covered the long, yet powerful legs, and then his jacket, showing thick arms and his big chest, whose lungs could sing the sweetest of ballads as easily as they could bellow out the harshest order. His head was large and round, or at least it gave that impression because the mop of straight blond hair (hence the nickname) that fell over his eyes, and reached half-way down his bull-neck. Yet his facial features contrasted with the smooth lines of his body. His chin (always clean-shaven) was square, and the high, jutting cheekbones and prominent forehead outlined his deep-set eyes, which glowed like coals in a dark hearth, or twinkled like stars — according to his mood. Thick, bushy eyebrows converged upon the bridge of his hawk nose, and the wide nostrils were like a protective umbrella over the sensitive, full mouth. The skin on his face and hands was brown and weather-beaten; lately wrinkles had appeared, and the boys joked about him getting old, yet nobody really knew his age. It was estimated at between twenty-five and forty, and everybody had their own opinion. Some of the older fellows remember when he first came in, ten years ago, and even then he said he had been droving for quite a while, so they all say he is over thirty.

Life on the trail makes it hard to judge a man like "Bluey". His temper and mood are easily susceptible to change, according to many factors. Bad weather, unco-operative cattle, any accidents or loss of direction on the trail can, and usually do, make him very temperamental. The slightest "crack" or off-colour joke will land the same person a "shiner" or a sore jaw. Yet if the going is good, and the pay envelope heavy, there will be "drinks all round", and everybody will join in singing — usually the old favourite "The Queensland Drover". Instead of the sulking, down-in-the-mouth derelict, there will be the

frivolous, back-slapping, joke-cracking, "usual-self" Bluey Johnson, who usually ends up drunk, dead to the world, and has to be carried to his room, mumbling about cattle, or singing the chorus of "The Queensland Drover".

When dawn breaks, from somewhere in the direction of the cattle-yards comes the cry "Mount-up!", and from the depths of Bluey's room come the dragging footsteps to the wash-bowl, the sound of splashing as he washes the sleep off and, with new life in him, his guitar tied on his back, with great leaps and bounds he thunders downstairs.

Anyone who is awake will lie on his back and count the fourteen thuds as he thunders down the stairs, missing every second one, the ten or twelve short steps for the running take-off, the silent split-second as he glides through the air, and the thud as he lands in the saddle. Then, with a "Yahoo! Higo Silvia!" (his ageing mare) he is gone in a cloud of dust, which does not return for another three months, when the time-worn routine commences all over again, — a ritual for the locals of Nullagine.

Joe Robin, IVA

OUR COLOURFUL WORLD

Colour is something we all take for granted. Practically everything we can lay our eyes on is robed in glorious colour.

Some of the most breathtaking views on our Earth are what they are only because of colour. Beauty can be expressed as colours put together to form something which is more outstanding than most other things of its type.

Many people say that the country is at its best in colour during both autumn and spring. I do not agree with this. Certainly autumn, with its russets and golds, and spring, with its pinks and blues, are extremely beautiful, but summer produces blazing, burnt-out colours, and winter brings forth cool, refreshing colours just as inspiring and wonderful as their sister seasons.

Every year millions of pounds are spent on tints, dyes and paints by man for brightening homes, bridges, commercial buildings, park seats, trains, trams, cars and — oh, there are so many things that it would be impossible even to mention a tenth of them.

If all maps were just black and white, you would become so confused with all the lines and contours running into each other that you would not know if you were looking at Italy or New Zealand. Oceans would appear to be land, and vice versa.

How dull the school room would be if its walls were grey instead of blue, and its ceiling black. Surely students would not feel like work. Perhaps they don't now; but without colour they would probably feel much less like it.

If I were to mention all the different aspects of colour I would probably still be here writing at the turn of the next century. So instead I will finish up on the note, "Colour is that which is either lustrous, vivid, or luminous."

Helen Gordon, IIA

THE STORM

The sheep were baah-ing, the cows were moo-ing, the dogs were barking, and there was a general state of confusion, as the men shouted, and hurried to get their livestock past the forest, and under shelter, before the approaching storm broke out. It was only five o'clock on a summer afternoon, but the thick, solid, dark clouds already shut out from the earth any traces of daylight. The atmosphere was so thick and heavy that it could almost be cut with a knife. The trees whispered to each other in hushed, panic-stricken tones, and wrapped themselves in their leafy arms defensively.

There was a feeling of gloom in the air. The mother birds covered their chicks protectively. The wild animals ran for dear life. . . . Then, complete silence descended.

Suddenly, there was a clap of thunder, and lightning flashed across the dark, dismal sky, ripping it in two. The atmosphere was now extremely humid and dense, almost to the point of suffocation. Abruptly, the rain began to pour heavily, as if intent on thrashing and beating up the now defenceless earth. Then, one flash of lightning was followed by another, and another, lighting up the grim, relentless sky, and making the stunted trees appear like monsters.

The raging wind howled menacingly — and at times almost humanly — shaking the poor, helpless

trees, till they cried and creaked in anguish. The whole night was eerie; the wind, the rain, the thunder and the lightning, all seemed to unite in a wild, weird dance, to mock and laugh at the wretched, miserable creatures they were tormenting. Yet the weirdest and most terrifying thing of all was that though there were no live creatures as we know them to be seen, the whole forest seemed full of a strange, supernatural life. That unforgettable night was worse than a nightmare, for it was far too real to be dismissed as a mere hallucination.

Then dawn began to break. Slowly but surely the lightning became less and less frequent, until it ceased completely; the thunder died out; the trees stopped creaking, and the rain no longer poured, but fell gently and caressingly — as if trying to wash away all traces of that previous night of horror. The sky cleared, and was once again a gay blue, with friendly, golden rays of sunshine lighting up the earth. The air had a fresh, clean tang about it, and everything seemed to have been washed clean and pure again by the now cool and cleansing rain. The animals emerged, happy at no longer having to hide in terror. Even the little birds began to chirp gaily. Anyone looking at that peaceful scene now would have found it impossible to imagine the dismal sights of the night before.

Agnes Dezeny, IVa



"Macbeth"

Ken Boucher, Vc

AN ATTEMPT TO DISCOVER WEATHER OR NOT SOCIETY VIEWS THE TIMES IN THEIR TRUE COLOURS

(NOT A CLEAR-THINKING PASSAGE)

He bounded down the steps into the misty drizzle. He stood in the light of the pavement canopied by flickering, glittering, sensuously-coloured neon lights, and a stream of saucer-eyed cars swished and stopped: and lurched on. He looked at his watch, checked it; 10.45 it was. . . .

No, it wasn't; because time is non-existent. He did not stand in the rain at all — rain, hail and shine are myths. Neither did he see the brilliant colours, because there are no colours to be seen.

Like him, each of us knows what colours look like. Even from our earliest days on this colourful earth we have recognized them, even if not named them. But it is very difficult to define what we see. It is generally accepted that the sea is blue, grass green, and clouds white. The colours are colours by common agreement. That is, human society has named certain definite responses in its members' eyes. But when we look beyond ourselves we have decided that other animals and insects, the dog for example, are "colour-blind". By our own definition of colour they are; but is it not possible that dogs have a completely different definition of colour — that they see blue for what we call red? In fact, our "colours" may not be true colours at all. And if every animal has its own definition of colour, what is "colour"? Is there such a thing?

Weather, we are told, is the condition of the atmosphere at a given moment. By convention, this means the recordings of temperature, atmospheric moisture, winds, and other oddments, and their effect at a given moment. But effect on what? Surely on a community. A community, however, is composed of many individuals. No one would dispute the fact that each individual person is affected differently by the same weather. Each person in this environment has his own standards, his own measurements of the elements of "weather". In other words, we all have a psychological thermometer, rain gauge, and weather-vane peculiar to ourselves. Then can we speak in general terms about "weather"?

Since no one has been or will ever be able to define "time", I will not attempt it myself. We could call it a duration, or a moment, or an event, or a day, or a season, but by that we are merely saying time is time. We can look at our watches, as our gallant did at the start, and imagine that here is another of our social conventions, one carried over from Babylonian civilisation, somehow co-ordinated with the universe and the celestial bodies. But suppose we were a little more daring than the watch-makers and the Zodiac interpreters, and took a trip in a satellite. We travel in the opposite direction from that in which the earth is revolving, and at twice the speed. If we could maintain this for twenty earth "years", by the time we arrived back the earth would only be ten years older, while we who have been chugging through space would be ten years younger than when we left. If we humans, whose convention it is, cannot define time and if "time" which is so often supposed to wait for no man, more than waits, in fact goes backwards, for a space-man, does "time" exist?

The answer to the three concluding questions is No.

. . . . He walked to the next intersection and crossed on the "red" light (it was green in his opinion). For the last few moments he had been dreaming of a tropical island and warm-sanded beaches. He took off his raincoat because he felt hot. He did not bother about when he would reach home. He walked east until the sun began to rise, and as it did, he turned on his heels, and ran in a westerly direction in order to keep the sun at its zenith for ever. He is still running.

Graeme Johanson and
Ian Messer, Vid

THE OLD CASTLE

One day my friend and I went for a ride on our bikes. As we went up a country road we saw a cave on the side of a hill. We decided to investigate, so we parked our bikes, and climbing up the hill-side, we entered the cave. It was dark inside, but we decided to go further, and found that the walls were made of stone blocks, meaning that it was man-made.

Then I remembered I had some candles in my pocket, and my friend had some matches. We lit the candle and advanced. It was full of bats and cobwebs. We walked for more than half an hour and it got narrower and lower till we had to crawl.

We went on for ten minutes and we got tired and scared and cold. We brushed past cobwebs and we were as black as coal miners, but it was too late to turn back, for the tunnel was too narrow. My third candle was now half-burned down and I had one left. We turned a bend and we found ourselves at a dead end. My friend who was in front pushed a loose block of stone, and as soon as we had cleared a hole in the wall we crawled out and looked around.

The candle-lit room looked eerie and we wished we had not come. We guessed we were in the dungeon of a castle, judging by the chairs and filth. We found the dungeon door; it was locked. We put our shoulders to it and pushed. It gave way as the rusted lock snapped. Trembling with fear, we climbed up the slimy stairway and arrived at a rusted metal door in which a hole had rusted through the side. Managing to squeeze through it with lots of effort, we went on. My last candle was nearly burnt out when we thought we heard voices. I blew out the candle and we stood still, holding our breath and trembling, half-expecting to see a ghost or some horrible shape go by. We heard the voice come closer. Then we heard the voice distinctly. It was a human voice, and it said, "These, ladies and gentlemen, are the dungeons, but the other half had to be bricked off because of the danger of collapsing walls."

The voice was that of a tourist guide. We yelled for help. We heard a scream, for we probably startled some of the tourists. The guide, having more sense, contacted the police, and soon we had been dug out of the smelly dungeons. We were brought home, where the officer had brought our bikes which had been found outside the cave. We had a hot shower and cleaned ourselves up and then went to bed with a hot cup of cocoa.

Nevino Pittonet, Ila

AWAITING THE VERDICT

Everyone rose as the judge, followed by the jury, left the court-room. Before long it was almost deserted, and the man who had been in the dock all morning looked about him at the empty, unfriendly benches which only a few minutes previously had been filled with inquisitive spectators. That morning the room had been crowded and the windows closed, so that the atmosphere had become almost stifling and the heat nearly unbearable. The man's nerves had become frayed.

Then he was led away, back to his bare, lonely cell until the time should come when he would return — this time to hear the jury's verdict. The man felt more lonely that morning than he had on any of the preceding days, and in his miserable state had lost all interest in the progress of the case. He had grown weary of all the business in court and had often let his attention wander as new witnesses were continually called to the stand. He had felt sorry for some of those witnesses, though, as they, sitting there before so many people, under examination and cross-examination, had had their words twisted until they didn't know if they were testifying for or against the accused.

He remembered all this as he sat there, and then suddenly, for the first time in the past few days, felt a little afraid. He wasn't so much worried about whether the verdict would be in his favour or not, though he knew how greatly it would affect his life, but he just wanted a decision to be reached, just wanted this suspense to end, just felt an urgency to know what was going to happen to him. He stood up, took a couple of steps, then turned and sat down again. He recalled having noticed his wife, calm but white-faced, a few friends and a few enemies out there in the morning, but the rest of what seemed a multitude had been complete strangers to him. He knew that most of them had no direct interest whatsoever in the case, but simply wished to see something novel as an entertainment. How the man had loathed them as they had sat there staring at him in the dock, as if he were a strange animal in a zoo, their undisguised curiosity plainly shown in their expressions. They hadn't really cared whether he was found guilty or not.

His thoughts turned to the jury. He hadn't pondered over it before. Now he wondered what being a juror would feel like — sitting calmly on a hard wooden bench, like one of a row of all-powerful gods ready to determine the fate of a man. Perhaps some of the jurors sympathized with him, perhaps others thought him the blackest of criminals; but he had no possible way of knowing. He knew only that he would give anything to have even the faintest idea of what was going on behind those locked doors.

He looked through the bars of the door at a clock on a far wall. The man now felt still more depressed and lonely, and as if it had been years since he had worked with his old friends or breakfasted in his own home. He remembered the morning court-room again, and wondered what the stout juror with the mole on the left side of his chin was doing now, if the prosecutor had tied up his shoe-lace and whether his own defence counsel had realized that

his wig was not straight. He thought of the superb speeches which both of these barristers had delivered as conclusions at the end of the morning — the defence crying aloud for justice and humanity — a verdict of "Not Guilty"; and the prosecution also crying for justice, but his way was a verdict of "Guilty".

Suddenly the man's thoughts were disturbed as the door was unlocked, and he knew that the time had come to go back to the court-room. His growing fear was almost completely over-shadowed by a feeling of vast relief, but as he took his place in the dock he prayed that the jury would not be long in arriving. Once again the court-room was almost filled, but as the judge and jury entered, a deathly hush fell over the crowd. The man waited for what seemed to be an eternity and finally heard the judge say, "Gentlemen of the jury, have you reached a verdict?" and he heard at last the words he had longed to hear — "We have, Your Honour."

Lynda Campbell, IVa



"Lockers"

Sue Goddard, IVd

AN S.R.C. FOR CAMBERWELL HIGH?

Here is the editor's reply to a letter concerning the efforts of students to have a drama club established, published in the 1961 edition of "Prospice".
". . . if the school continues the battle something must be done."

In fact, by the end of 1964 a Drama Club is probably a more remote possibility than it was in 1961. Although musical activities, fostered by Miss Cameron's strong direction, are well developed, and sport plays an important part in the school's routine, there is still a great scarcity of other extra-curricular activities. There is ample opportunity, in fact great necessity, for a school such as C.H.S. to so increase activity so as to cater for the entire student body. It is most probable that a student who is neither musically nor sportingly inclined would spend his or her years at the school barely participating in the school's activities. Apart from sport and music, clubs within the school could cover such things as crafts, debating, drama, chess, stamp and coin collecting—even jazz and folk-song record gatherings.

From experience I would say it was neither staff apathy nor lack of student interest that has retarded the growth of these types of clubs, but rather a lack of centralised student opinion, coupled with a certain senior student attitude of defeatism, or more precisely cynicism, that has led to a subsidence of agitation.

This cynicism, common to many senior students, has been brought sharply into focus, in my mind, during the efforts of a number of friends and myself to institute a Students' Representative Council at C.H.S. This attitude is not surprising! It belongs to pupils who have spent up to six years in a school where a tremendous number of concrete proposals have slowly gone to dust. And yet it is because of these same set of circumstances that we of the S.I.C. (S.R.C. Investigation Committee) believe it essential for the school to have a student representative body.

The aim of the S.R.C. as we envisage it is to put forward new proposals, as well as suggestions as to the improvement of accepted functions, by the centralization of student opinion. Despite cynicism and criticism, we are sure that the S.R.C. can be a useful and responsible body. It will neither replace nor reduce the functions of the prefects or form captains, but will act in a distinctly separate and novel way.

It will consist of students from every level of the school, chosen proportionately, and will have, primarily, the power of making suggestions to the staff which, however, must be answered in due course. Its spheres will be varied, embodying almost all aspects of student activity but not conflicting with matters considered to be exclusively within the jurisdiction of the principal or staff.

However, before the S.R.C. can become a working reality, it requires student acceptance of the idea, and student action. To use the cliché — "It's up to you."

R. Manne, Vd (Member of S.I.C.)

THE BEACH

The air was fresh and crisp; several bulky white clouds hung motionless in the pale but slowly brightening sky. The smooth, clean sand was marked only by scattered shells here and there and also by

sparse clumps of pas-palum grass intermingled among the rolling dunes and boat-sheds. Small, curling waves caressed the whitened sands and the huge expanse of dark blue-green sea stretched to the far horizon. All was peaceful; but soon this placid scene would change when humans would launch small fishing craft to take from the sea what nature had put there.

The sun was rising slowly, and footprints had now broken the serene picture. Groups of men, dressed heavily because of the cold onshore breezes at this early hour, forcefully pulled at boats of varying shapes and sizes to launch them into the waiting sea. The roar of out-board motors filled the air as several boats ploughed surgingly over slight, choppy waves, leaving a trail of bubbling froth and foam. After a short time the engines were cut and silence reigned once more. The boats dotted the enormous expanse of flat, unbroken water, bobbing up and down as small swells lifted them occasionally while they drifted peacefully. The fishermen could look over the side of their boats and see their lines go straight down, down into the deceptively shallow depths of the crystal-clear sea.

The sun had been high in the sky for several hours and many people had come down to the beach to swim, bask in the sun and in general relax. The intense heat had caused the previous pale, white sand to change to a golden yellow, and it was not smooth and unbroken as before, but churned up by running feet and the continual movement of people over it. A hot, onshore wind occasionally blasted the shore, picking up sand, coloured beach umbrellas and other articles, tossing them along the beach. Lonely sea-gulls cawing loudly often traversed the blue, cloudless sky, hovering or soaring on motionless wings. The hot, blazing sun beat down, scorching the churned-up sand and causing a brilliant reflection on the surface of the flattened sea, resulting in an unbearable glare. Heat waves shimmered in the distance, and the inhabitants on the beach had sought for "shadier pastures".

The sun set into the fading horizon as if sinking into the sea, and ushered forth deep, brilliant colours which reflected and magnified themselves across the turning tide of the deep green surface of the sea below the slowly darkening sky. The beach stretched forth deserted; distant objects slowly became obscured and the sea rushed in.

Stars twinkled in the black velvet sky and the moon's reflection showed the darkened, intruding sea pounding on the hardened sand, wave after wave, crashing furiously on the shore, spraying froth and foam high into the air. A warm, off-shore wind crossed the deserted expanse of semi-dark beach and all was at rest with nature.

Michael Jenkins, VId

OVER-HEARD WHILE PASSING MR. MARKHAM IN THE MORNING

"I'm sorry I'm late, but I lost my book. Honest, Sir. Yes, Sir. I know I've lost it three times this term, but this time it's true. No, Sir. The others were really lost, too, Sir. I am forgetful. Yes, Sir. I will forget my head one day. What, Sir? You'll let me off this time, too, Sir? Thank you, Sir. Good-bye, Sir!"

Alan Giles, Vc



"Suburban Quiet"

Ann Markham, VIA

AUSTRALIA — OR SOUTH IRIAN?

Is President Soekarno going to over-run Eastern New Guinea and eventually attack our homeland?

In my opinion the answer is yes. I think the Australian Government has realized this point, and evidence of this can be found in the fact that Malaysia has allied with Australia and we have sent arms and men to the trouble spots in Borneo. Especially on the border of Borneo, which is Indonesian Territory, and Sarawak, which is Malaysian Territory, the fighting between the two forces is bitter and very fierce in some places.

The breakdown of the Tokyo talks between the leaders of the warring nations seems to indicate that the fighting will continue and intensify in some places. The visit of the Soviet Foreign Minister, Mr. Mikoyan, suggests that Indonesia will receive Russian aid in the near future. This obviously means that Tunku Abdul Rahman will call on Australia to give more aid to Malaysia. This could continue until we have another "Korean War" — the Communists against the United Nations.

Perhaps the fighting in Vietnam is connected in some way with Soekarno's ambitions of over-running Malaysia. If the Communists win their guerilla warfare in Vietnam and drive the Americans out, the Communist forces could join with the Indonesian forces and really crush Malaysia.

Presuming that the Communist North Vietnamese forces do drive the Americans out of Vietnam and that the Indonesians crush Malaysia, the two forces could join together and begin to spread Communistic propaganda throughout the rest of Asia. This would place Australia in a difficult position. But under the Anzus Pact, America would support Australia to fight the Communists. If this does happen, it brings the old foes, America and Russia, face to face once more. Also, as Khrushchev failed in Cuba, he could be trying again in South East Asia.

It seems that Russia is behind Indonesia and that Red China is behind North Vietnam. But since the talks between Khrushchev and Mao Tse-tung ended in a heated argument, then it seems that Russia and Red China could finish up fighting each other for possession of South East Asia.

Graeme Elliott, IVd

THE LOGGING TOWN

An hour before dawn. The mist contained a silence full of noise, a stillness full of movement. It would not be long before the early morning breeze started to lift the mist, to unveil the moist grass, the tyre marks left by the "jinkers" in the small hours of the morning, then the dogs would start to bark and

smoke would slowly spiral upwards from the chimneys and collect in small, motionless clouds. You could see the scattered houses now, not a spot of colour on them anywhere, amongst the timber mills; it's cheaper to rebuild a house than to paint it.

The mist has gone completely now and the settlement is starting to wake up. The silence is no longer, as the sound of petrol generators carries for miles in the cold, crisp air. There are three mills in this little cleared section of the bush valley, and soon the combined noise of two Diesel engines and a steam plant suffocates the valley. Smoke starts to drift to nowhere from the furnace where the sawdust and useless off-cuts are burnt. The scream of metal against wood races to and fro across the valley as the first log goes through.

Three hours later the men have "knocked off" for a "smoko", the "jinkers" are starting to arrive back with the smaller logs, their drivers anxious to get another load in before the roads become wet and useless. The bigger logs are further out and most of the "jinkers" will only get one trip in. The sun has melted away the cold and the men loading the cut timber on to trucks for Melbourne are stripped to the waist. Across the road the back yards are filled with the white of newly washed sheets contrasted against the surrounding drab brown, due to the eternal rain of sawdust.

The last of the "jinkers" are back as night falls, and generators sound louder as lights are turned on. In some of the more dilapidated houses a kerosene lamp burns in the window. One by one the generators are turned off, and by midnight the mist is slowly settling in the silent valley, hiding the dull red glow of the dying furnace fire.

Rod Harris, VIId

HURRICANE HANNY

"Yakabu! Yakabu!" cried Kito. "Quick! Big wind, she come!"

"Ayee! Bad spirits!" replied Yakabu with terror in his voice. Hurriedly, Kito and Yakabu ran over the sand towards a grass hut at the edge of a clearing of palm trees.

Yakabu and Kito are natives of a small but beautiful tropical island just off Java. Kito, a young girl of seventeen, lives here with her husband Yakabu. They often experience hurricanes such as Hanny. Kito hastily snatched up a few necessary supplies, mainly fruit and a few rough blankets (made of coconut fibre). Together they fled towards a cliff face. It was here they sought refuge. There were many caves in one side; Yakabu had prepared for emergencies like this. A large cave was stocked with supplies and dry firewood.

Yakabu reached the cave just as a mighty force hit the coast with a foreboding roar. Winds roared and torrents of rain beat on the outside of the cliff. The wind set up an eerie tune through several pot holes and cracks in the uneven surface of the cliff. Water started to seep through the roof, so Yakabu decided to shift into an inner cave. Kito took a quick

look outside; sand, debris and water were flung all over the island. Great trees were bent and tossed about in the wind's wrath. Suddenly a great whoosh of wind tossed Kito backwards.

Gradually the wind receded, the rain died down and soon all was calm again. Unless one had been present it was not obvious, from the look of the sky, that there had been a hurricane, but the ground was strewn with broken trees and remains of huts, fish were washed up along with seaweed, and an unusual amount of water was trickling down to the sea.

Disconsolately Yakabu looked at the ruins of their paradise. So together, Kito and Yakabu started to clear the debris. Other villagers also cleaned the places where their huts had been.

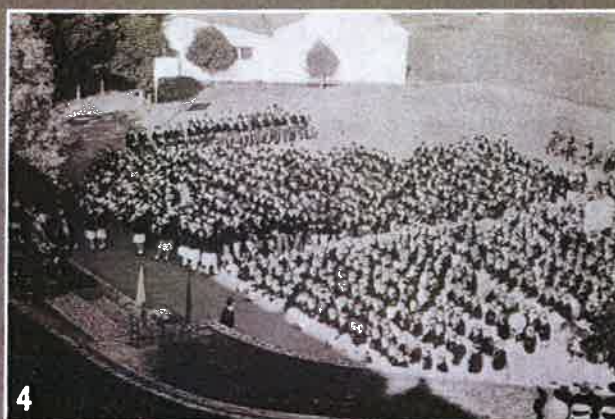
After they had finished, their island was a wonderful paradise again — but they were also prepared for the next time a hurricane passed their way.

Judith White, IIa

ENGLISH VILLAGE CRICKET

Boiling afternoon . . . deck-chair under the spreading . . . the muted coo of pigeons in the immemorial . . . delicate tracery etched against blue . . . gently undulating emerald velvet sward . . . cucumber sandwiches . . . distant tinkle of ice in lemonade jug . . . satisfying, clunk of pad against willow . . . distant, insistent click of curate's false . . . "Oh, well played, Peter! . . . Run, Doctor, run!" . . . Doctor's reflexes not what they were . . . short single . . . hair's breadth . . . flutter of applause . . . soporific hum of bees in . . . white figures moving in ancient ritual against time-honoured backcloth . . . part and parcel of cherished national heritage . . . warp and woof of very fabric . . . Peter caught in gully by a person who looks as though he ought to be wearing braces, black trousers and snake-fastener belt . . . "Nice little knock, Peter!" . . . helped put us into double figures, anyway . . . 22 for 3 . . . not bad . . . not bad at all . . . clatter of crockery . . . drowsy murmur . . . shadows imperceptibly . . . smell of freshly cut . . . democracy in action . . . squire and labourer toiling side by side for the common . . . glorious uncertainty . . . all sorts and conditions of men . . . regardless of race, colour or . . . young thingummybob in next . . . all pimples and Brylcreem . . . hopeless . . . notice out of corner of eye Mrs. Bisset struggling with tea-urn . . . ought to help her . . . wonder what she ever saw in old . . . hypnotic drone . . . stray dog . . . harsh cawing of rooks high in . . . six by young whatsisname . . . sheer fluke . . . plumb through old Granny Murchinson's lavatory window again . . . enthusiastic ripple and sporadic . . . distant tinkle of broken glass . . . hypnotic click of knitting . . . satisfying clunk of bat meeting . . . crimson orb setting in . . . wonderful cloud effects . . . just like galleons . . . shadow of church spire imperceptibly . . . boiling afternoon . . . white figures moving like ghosts in ancient . . .

Peter Kellock, IVa



1. Mr. Bishop takes a well-judged mark in the Staff v. Students' Football Match.
2. Park Football — and the Big Men Fly again!
3. The Man Behind the Rowing — hotly pursued by Marek Malter.

4. The School assembles as Prefects, House Captains and Form Captains are formally inducted.
5. Tony Townsend and That Awful Smell!
6. A happy Hurle and a whimsical Walker.

MY FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF CAMBERWELL HIGH

As I alighted from the train at Riversdale Station I could see the school building. It looked quite attractive, but it also had a resemblance to a modern prison.

As I walked through the doors to the main office I saw a mean-looking teacher walk past. I think the thing that made him look really mean was his long, black, sinister cloak.

I took a seat while waiting to see the Principal, then all of a sudden I heard a shrill bell ring, and I nearly hit the ceiling.

After about an hour of waiting, I was finally allowed to see the Principal, and at that moment I felt like running all the way home. The only thing which stopped me was that I didn't know which way to run. The first words said to me by the Principal were, "What's your name, boy?" My reply was "Er!"

Raymond Wines, IIIe

My first impression of Camberwell High School was not very good. At my last school I was in the top grade and I was not used to being bossed around, but I soon got used to it. When I walked through the gate of Camberwell High it seemed to me that all the people in the playground were staring at me. To me it seemed that there were thousands of teachers all ready to pounce on you if you made a mistake. The main building looked very forbidding and dark and to me it seemed to tower up to the sky. Also the classrooms were rather confusing.

In high school I was quite familiar with some subjects, but many seem to me very strange. I certainly didn't like my first impression of Camberwell High School.

Simon Gardiner, Ia

My first impression of Camberwell High School was that it was much larger and more confusing than my previous school. Lockers and text books were a new experience. It was rather frightening at first, as I didn't know very many people, and walking through the corridors and searching for rooms was very confusing. The time-table was very hard to get used to, as in the primary school we took only two or three books into the same room all the year. Exams were the hardest thing to accept because previously we only had small tests and the marks were out of ten. The uniform was different because at the other school we could wear anything we liked.

Denise Smith, IIIe

My first impressions of Camberwell High were that I was amazed at such a large school and the gym. I was scared because many of my old friends had gone and all those big boys seemed as if they were bullies, and did anything they liked. And there were many more teachers than we had last year. I hardly knew anyone, and all the school seemed black and deserted; I was trembling very much and scared to do anything; I felt so sick I could not eat my lunch. At the end of the day I was glad when we went home.

Russell Martin, IIIe

Entering the school gave me the feeling of smallness against the immensity of the grounds, the main building and the oval.

Everything was spaciouly set out with shrubs and trees everywhere, not like the gravel area we had for playing at Primary School.

The first General Assembly was fairly long and became tiring after a while, but the knowledge that soon we would be divided into classes and go to our rooms to gain our first impressions of school life in a Secondary School maintained my interest in the speech by the headmaster.

My first day at school was most bewildering, as we had to change rooms after almost every period and also had to remember where our lockers were.

Although it was most confusing, my first impressions of school life were very enjoyable.

Jenny Lord, IIIa

I came on the old bus which stops outside the school. We had a jolty ride which didn't calm my nerves at all. I was not petrified, just a bit nervy. The new building looked a sky-scraper compared with our minute school. Mother made me put my arm through her arm to be gentlemanly. I would have hated it if a boy had made a remark like "Sissy!"

I went with Dominic, an old school friend, to the room allocated for the new pupils. All my friends were already there. This made me feel late.

I sat behind John, a school mate from last year. Another boy from Canterbury didn't impress me at all. He had three rings on his fingers.

Next Mr. Markham, the Senior Master, read out names. After he had read the names out the Chatham boys all went red. I know because I was one of them. This made me shiver a bit.

Eventually we got everything straightened out. We were told the date on which we were to come to the High School next year.

Soon we were on our way back home. The bus ride was better since we now felt we knew something about the school.

David Gyton, Ia

I walked boldly in through the gate and eyed the school over. At the time I felt "just it", all dressed up in my new school uniform, but after seeing four hundred others dressed just the same, my opinion was soon changed. I stood for a while, no one noticing me, though nearly everyone else was chatting and laughing as if they had been at Camberwell High for years. I was very impressed by the formality of the school, but I still couldn't get used to the idea of having a small tin cupboard (about the size of one and a half shoe-boxes) to keep all my books in. Nor could I understand the idea of changing rooms for different periods, barging down the corridor (which, I might add, seemed the usual procedure) and then rushing into the room to get that very special desk.

Now I am one of the four hundred others who stand around on the first day of term, chatting and talking, not even noticing the brave little girl who comes walking boldly through the gate in her new school uniform.

Jenny Phillips, IIIe

STORM AT SEA

My family was on the "S.S. Orsova" on a voyage to the United States. The liner had stopped at New Zealand, and we were on the long, tropical stretch between Fiji and Hawaii. We were gliding through deep blue, glassy-smooth waters, occasionally sighting tiny coral islands. The sun burned down through constantly empty skies, and it was oppressively hot, so we spent our time swimming and sunbaking or playing deck-quoits.

Then one morning I felt a change when I woke. I hurried from the cabin, up the stairs, and on to the deck, to find that the sea was no longer so smooth, but waves now broke quite choppily. Yet the heat was even more oppressive and dark clouds hung on the horizon, piling up as the day wore on. I swam as usual, and I noticed that the water, which came directly from the sea, was much warmer than before. As I basked in the warmth the clouds, now a dull mustard colour, closed over and the sea went a murky grey-green. Everything, even the oily sea, seemed still. The atmosphere pressed heavily. Suddenly there was a puff of wind, then another, and another. Then the wind came roaring through everything, leaving salt stinging in everyone's eyes. The wind had been very warm at first, but became cool, then cold. People rapidly started leaving the deck. I climbed from the pool, just caught my towel

before it sailed away in the wind, stumbled against the now gale-like force to the door, tripping neatly over the high doorway ledge. My sister was coming up the stairs.

"I was just coming to tell you to come inside," she said. "There's going to be a storm!" she added unnecessarily.

"You don't say," I answered sarcastically. "The salt's stinging my eyes."

"Have a shower," she suggested.

"You," I said, in a sour mood.

The next day the wind had jabbing rain added to it, and the ship was rolling quite heavily. Some people stayed in their bunks down below; but most people, including us, unpacked some warmer clothes and went out on the leeward side decks to watch the storm. I thought the storm was beautiful, with the sharp, savage sea biting into the flashing fury of the sky. It remained like that for two days, and on the third day I woke to find a gap in the clouds and an easing wind. It quickly became warmer and the sea calmer. By lunch-time the sky was nearly clear, so everyone came out on deck to breathe the freshened air and to find the ship cutting through a subdued sea.

I have always thought that storm came especially to blow us away from the sultry tropics into the refreshing sub-tropics.

Margaret McKenzie, IIA



"Happiness"

Tony Cowdell, IIA

THE ROTTEN APPLE

Ever since early childhood, so my parents tell me, I have shown an inordinate passion for throwing things. Anything which would fit into my hand, from the small stones off our driveway, to the large, freshly turned clods of earth from our vegetable garden, I would pick up and throw. I was similarly indiscriminate about my targets. Every tin roof in the street had at some time resounded to a hail of stones; and the old lady's parrot down the road was not spared an occasional barrage of plums.

When I was about eight or nine, this love for throwing brought about an incident which has since been very important to me.

Next door to us was a large house, which was divided into two flats. The kindly old couple who owned the house, and who lived in the far side of it, had rented the other half to a middle-aged woman, who was irascible and highly strung. My younger brother and I had discovered this about her nature when she had caught us sneaking into her place to retrieve our football. A reprimand of some sort was clearly justified — but she had dismissed all our apologies, and threatened to call the police if it happened again.

On one Saturday morning, having finished my breakfast, I went to the laundry, in whose dingy recesses was our box of winter apples. I remember that my eyes were not fully accustomed to the dark and I reached down to where I thought the box was. These apples were of varying quality; my fingers penetrated the soft skin of a particularly rotten one, and I had the unpleasant feeling of sticking my fingers into soft mud.

More out of a spirit of vengeance than anything else, I raced outside with apple in hand, intending to pelt it against our dilapidated side fence — perhaps having the satisfaction of knocking off a few palings as well. To my helpless horror, however, the apple cleared the fence, tore its way easily through some tall shrubs, and smashed through the dreaded neighbours' kitchen window.

Although I was temporarily exhilarated by the sound of smashing and falling glass, the neighbour's scream, quickly followed by her quick step up the side path, awakened me to the realities of the situation.

It quickly became clear to me that I should give my mother first news of the incident — perhaps salvaging some prestige out of honesty. However, my mother's lack of sympathy, and the neighbours' loud knocking on the back door, made me wish I had taken the opposite path, and run away somewhere. My mother let the woman in; and she, red-faced, bedraggled, and very upset, immediately launched upon a staccato account of how a rotten apple had come flying through her window, spreading itself and broken glass all over her evening meal. My mother tried to console her with promises of quickly replacing and paying for the window-pane, but these did not seem to help at all.

At first, I remember, my only emotion was plain fear. But from my place of partial concealment behind our kitchen table, the contrast between my mother's calmness, and this woman's very brittle personality, awakened in me a feeling that was completely new.

Admittedly she had reason to be angry — but as long as I had known her, her face had always been red, her hair always untidy. This striking contrast between a basically happy person and an unhappy one, I think I can say, brought about my first experience of feeling genuinely sorry for someone. I had quickly squashed this emotion at the time, for it had seemed presumptuous to pity someone as old as our neighbour. Later in my life, however, when faced with similar situations, I was able to treat people with more understanding because of the memory of this experience.

Lindsay Tipping, VId

"Out of himself like a thread the child spins pain And makes a net to catch the unknown world."

Lim, Chui, and I met Tung and his little brother Ko by the sea-shore. It was a lovely morning. The sun was right above the horizon, decorating the sea with bright twinkling diamonds. White, feathery clouds floated in leisurely fashion in the sapphire sky. Tung's father was a fisherman, possessing his own handsome fishing junk. This morning, as usual, he and his wife had gone to the city shopping, leaving Tung and his brother to look after the boat. And today was the day we were going to carry out our big plan — to sail from Hong Kong to Singapore in a fishing boat.

Besides Tung and his brother, none of us had any experience of the sea. So we appointed Tung as our captain. Under his directions, we hauled the sail up the mast and we saw the shore gradually receding. The swelling sail then helped the junk forge on towards the horizon.

We had been discussing and planning for a week and using up all our savings to buy food and other supplies necessary for the journey. Now we all were standing on the bow, encouraged by the breeze and the serene sea, thinking what opulence and adventure we would have as we landed in Singapore.

★ ★

We could see no land now. All round us was the deep green water, and above us the bright blue sky. Tung was steering, his eyes looking ahead, but I could see some worry in them. Ko was scowling at the sea. Lim and Chui stood mutely near Tung. Looking round, I began feeling scared. I had never known before that the sea would be so solemn and stern. It seemed to me that it stretched out everlastingly and was ready to swallow the junk at any moment. Suddenly Ko cried out, asking to go home. We looked at each other. All of us wanted to go back, but none was willing to speak first. But our silence was broken by the sound of a motor; it was a police patrol coming towards us.

★ ★

I was not allowed to go out for the rest of the summer vacation. But I did not care, for I had found that nowhere else was as safe and comforting as the place where I was sitting now — my home!

Siew-Chung Tong, VId

"The arty critic scoffs — dismay;
But still, for philosophes — Prospice."

Ian Messer, VId

CAMBERWELL HIGH SCHOOL OLD STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION

Once again this year the activities of the Association were limited to our Annual Ball which was held at "Stanmark" on Thursday, 30th July. The Ball was an outstanding success and was thoroughly enjoyed by the 300 past students, friends and guests, including Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Andrews, who were in attendance.

Several past students of Camberwell High School have distinguished themselves in various fields —

BARBARA FLETCHER and **IAN MILLS** were selected in the Australian team for the Tokyo Olympics — Barbara's sport is Gymnastics, while Ian plays Water Polo.

IAN CLARKE was placed in the Victorian Gymnastic Championships held earlier this year. Ian is an enthusiastic member of the Y.M.C.A. team.

IAN JENKIN was married this year, and we wish Ian and his wife all the best for the future.

GEOFF JAMES, who was a Prefect in 1962, was most successful in the Victorian Winter Swimming Championships. He won the Individual Medley, came second in the 220 yards, and was a member of the winning 4 x 100 yards Relay Team. Geoff is also Captain of the Inter-Varsity Swimming Team and a member of the Victorian Surf Team.

DAVID JOHANSON, B.A. (Melb.), has now completed his University course at Oxford, obtaining First Class Honours. He was recently married in Oslo, and has returned to Melbourne, where he will probably join the staff of Melbourne or Monash University.

GEORGE DEUTSCH, who completed his Bachelor of Civil Engineering degree last year, obtaining First Class Honours, has been granted a Commonwealth Post-Graduate Award to continue his studies in Engineering. He also won the Argus Prize, given to the student who gains first place in his degree course.

DIANE TUCKFIELD recently announced her engagement to **FRANK PASSAMANI**. We wish them every happiness for the future.

Many past students contend that the activities of the Association are too limited. This may be so; but until we become firmly established and increase our membership, we cannot afford to plan too ambitiously. However, the committee is hoping to organise several more functions next year. Some of the planned activities are car trials, barbecues, theatre nights, sporting events and several more.

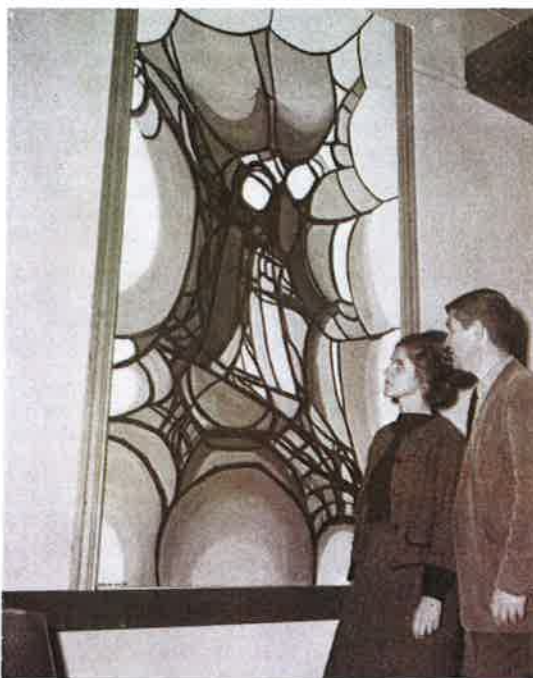
Any present student who is leaving school this year and who wishes to join the Association will be made to feel very welcome.

Remember, with your support, the Association can go on to bigger and better things in the future.

J. W. Waters,

Secretary — C.H.S.O.S.A.,

P.O. Box 56, Ashburton.



Katrina Walter looks at her prize-winning mural in the University Union Coffee Lounge with the judge, Leonard French.

CAMBERWELL HIGH SCHOOL WOMEN'S AUXILIARY

The Women's Auxiliary has continued throughout the year to provide further amenities for the school, and to create opportunities at its meetings for members to form new friendships, and to be entertained by interesting speakers and demonstrators.

Meetings are held on the fourth Wednesday of each month, at the Highfield Road Methodist Church Hall, at 1.30 p.m. Talks have been given by Mr. McLeod from the Psychology and Guidance Branch of the Education Department, by Dr. Rankin on "Cancer", and by Miss Swift from the Gas and Fuel Corporation, on "Cakes, Recipes, and Hints". Demonstrations included "Hints on Sewing, Alterations, and Repairs" and "Beauty Aids".

On July 22nd, at our Sixth Birthday Celebration, we presented a cheque to the value of £10 to the school, for the purpose of buying a picture or pictures. Mrs. Fosdick and her assistants delighted guests at this function with a display of puppetry.

In April, the Auxiliary provided luncheon and afternoon tea for officials and guests at the Combined Swimming Sports at Olympic Park. New mothers

and scholars were entertained to afternoon tea before the end of Third Term, and in May the Staff were similarly entertained. Members and friends enjoyed a Theatre Night to "Carousel" in July.

Our thanks are given to Mrs. Key, at whose home an Apron Parade and most successful Mini-fete were held, and to Mrs. Pettigrew for conducting a "Beetle" morning at her home.

A luncheon was given to Matriculation students on their last day at school, and at the Inter-House Sports the Auxiliary conducted a sweets and drinks stall, and served afternoon tea.

The amenities purchased by the Auxiliary for the school include a drying cabinet, a stretcher, pillow and blanket for the boys, fifteen garden seats for use in school grounds, and a refrigerator for the Staff.

Second-hand uniforms have been sold on the first day of term, and the first Monday in each month from 12 noon-1 p.m. in the School Gymnasium. This service will continue next year.

The Auxiliary are very appreciative of the help and co-operation given by the teaching and office staff, and the committee would like to thank all the members for their loyal support throughout the year.

Office-bearers elected in March were:

President — Mrs. J. Gilbert
 Past President — Mrs. V. Noldt
 Vice-President — Mrs. W. Kleiman
 Hon. Secretary — Mrs. M. Harper
 Hon. Treasurer — Mrs. F. Mouser
 Committee —

Mesdames N. Ellis
 J. Armstrong
 M. Bates
 D. Cameron
 J. Farthing
 J. Gordon
 V. Garrard
 N. Houston
 V. Williams

M. Harper, Secretary.

CAMBERWELL HIGH SCHOOL PARENTS' AND FRIENDS' ASSOCIATION

Owing to the changed Constitution of this organization the Annual Meeting is now held in the November of each year, and the Office-bearers for the year 1964 are as follows:

President — Mr. B. Pettigrew
 Vice-Presidents — Mrs. H. Ewart
 Mrs. L. Robb
 Mr. H. Holstead
 Treasurer — Mr. K. Noldt
 Secretary — Mr. H. Messer

With the co-operation of Mr. Andrews and members of staff, the number of Parent-Teacher nights was increased to three — to cover Matriculation, Forms IV and V, and Junior Forms. This has made it much easier for parents to speak to teachers, as there are fewer parents at each night and more time can be spent talking to teachers.

A notable event this year has been the introduction of the monthly issue of "Disco", the newspaper of the Association. This has replaced the term-ending issues of the previous newsletters and brings information to parents and pupils more quickly than before.

The Parents' and Friends' Association, with the assistance of the Advisory Council, have formed a Co-operative to organize finance for an Assembly Hall for the school.

On October 19th Professor Frederick will address the parents of the school, and a record number of parents is expected to attend this meeting to hear one of the most knowledgeable persons in Melbourne talk on Education.

The Committee expresses its thanks to Mr. R. Andrews, our Principal, and our Senior Mistress, Miss D. McMillan, and all the members of staff in assisting us in our efforts to interest parents in the activities at the school.

H. Messer, Secretary.

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