

HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE

PROSPICE: OFFICIAL CAMBERWELL

COVER
KAWIRL

EDITOR: P. MILTHORPE

EXCURSIONS : M. SPENCER

LITERATURE : R. NOWAK

DRAMA : A. SHACKLETON

MUSIC : R. GAVIN

GIRLS' SPORT : D. OATMANN

BOYS' SPORT : D. TYSON

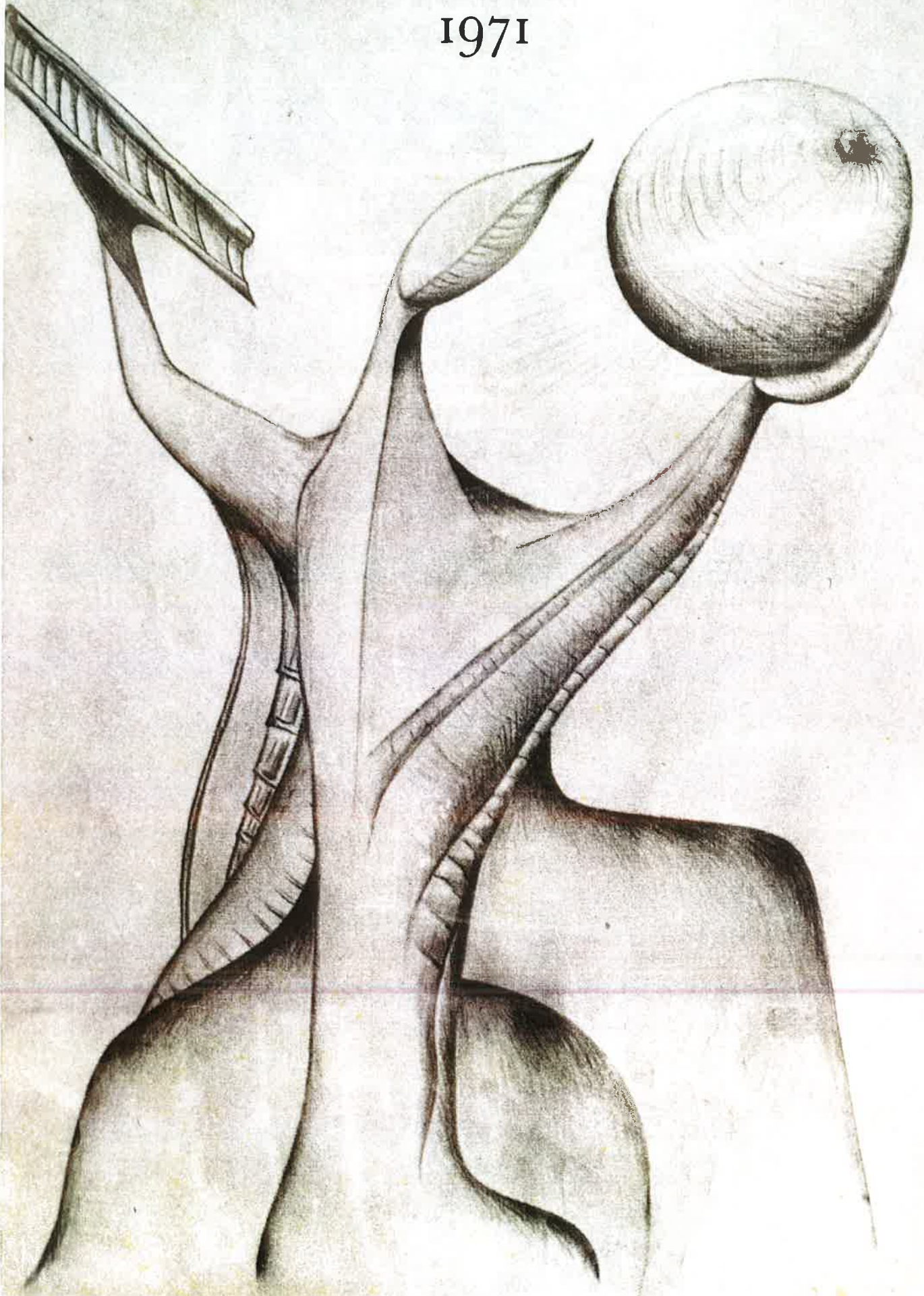
PHOTOGRAPHER : P. HANKIN

REPORTS : F. REED

TYPIST : S. ALLEN

Geoffrey Heath

1971



MY FIRST DAY AT CAMBERWELL HIGH SCHOOL

There was a shriek, a yell and a hundred feet thundered down the staircase with a resounding roar. It was lunchtime. The noise receded down the corridor leaving a trail of dust which hung undecidedly in the air. Then there was the clanging and banging of lockers being opened and shut and the dull thud of books being thrown in. There was silence inside the school once more but soon it was broken by the children laughing and playing and the clang of rubbish tins being distributed around the yard, and that commotion was soon drowned by the roar of a street cleaner going by. Then we were let out for lunch. We found our way down the corridor to the exit outside. We then explored our new environment while having our lunch.

Brian Way 1R

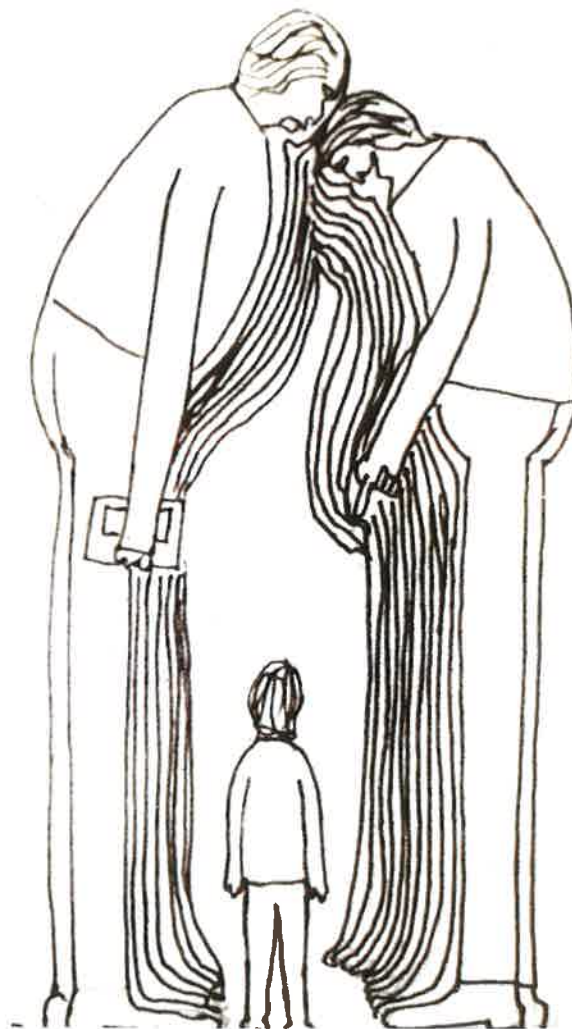
I saw two doors
To Camberwell High
And Hell.

I chose Camberwell
Instead of Hell
Regretfully.

I didn't know
A soul in my form
Called 1R

Oh, why did I
Choose Camberwell High
Instead of Hell?

Ashley Wescott 1R



My First Day at Camberwell High School.

I was looking around glumly at my new surroundings when my mother and I were split up. I stood still not daring to move. I was eyeing everyone suspiciously and everyone was eyeing me. Everyone suddenly came to a scary standstill when a teacher came to tell us to go into different rooms. We were then allowed to go around the school I encountered a great many things that day - especially how easy it was to get lost in the huge buildings. Something else that was unusual was the great many times the bell went, but I soon found out the reason for that. After we had spoken to Mrs. Moore we were allowed to go home.

Julie Sanders 1R

On my first day at school I saw an old friend whom I had known for a very long time. I also knew Con Vassos because he had been going to the same school as I had been going to the year before. I did not like the school very much because it was a very big school and I didn't know my way around and because all the teachers were different. I wasn't used to a timetable and I had never had lockers before. I liked the canteen because they had drinks and sweets. It was a very hot day and after school I went to the baths.

P. Ypatidis 1R

STAFF:

Familiar faces which returned Term 1 and survived to Term 3.



Miss G.A. Ackers



Mrs. M.C. Allan



Mrs. M.R. Button



Mrs. L. Callinan



Mrs. B. Candela



Mrs. M.J. Casey



Mr. L.G. Davies



Mrs. M.J. Davies



Mr. B.A. Dethridge



Mr. J.C. Drent



Mr. J.G. Glenn



Mr. A.A. Hardenberg



Miss M.A. Hardingham



Mr. H.R. Harvey



Mrs. L.J. Hollander



Mr. R.J. Longmore



Mr. A. Markham



Miss P. Milthorpe



Mrs. D.J. Moore



Mrs. J.E. Nichol



Mr. B.R. Paris



Mr. G.V. Pollock



Mrs. D.W. Robinson



Miss A.S. Rusden



Mr. G. Schinas



Mrs. N.A. Shaw



Mr. S.M. Shehata



Mr. K. Shipley



Mr. J.A. Sullivan



Mrs. A.V. Tempest



Mrs. R.J. Thomas



Mr. H.H. Ting



Mr. P.H. Whitcroft



Mr. A. Wilson



Mr. J.A. Cairns



Miss F.E. Connor



Mr. N.J. Cracknell



Mrs. J. Farrands



Mrs. M. Flesch



Mrs. A.B. Fletcher



Miss C.E. Flinn



Mr. P.J. McDonald



Mr. W.H. Mitchell



Mrs. H.M. Permezel



Miss N. Petrenko



Mrs. D.A. Kaspi



Miss V.A. Smith



Mr. B.L. Wilkinson



Mrs. J.E. Garden



Mrs. M.M. Sticpewich



Mrs. J.J. Hood



Mrs. E.R. Bugg



Miss N. Atkinson



Mr. M.B. Harvey



Miss J. Ricketts



Mrs. C. Crain

Mrs. J.M. Nixon

Mr. R.J. Trevare

STAFF PHOTOGRAPHS

by

MARK WEBSTER

SENIOR SCHOOL SPEECH NIGHT 1970

Tuesday 27th October, 1970

The evening's program began vigorously with the School Orchestra playing the National Anthem followed by their two carefully prepared items. "A Song to Sing" from "Yeoman of the Guard" by Sullivan and "Devertimento K270" (1st movement) by Mozart.

The items were very successful under Mr. Trevare's capable direction. Members of the audience were heard to comment on the Orchestra's mature and well disciplined playing.

The opening effects were followed by a report from the president of the Advisory Council. As the president, Mr. Key, was ill the report was given by his representative. Next Mr. Slattery, the principal gave his report remarking that this was the first school Speech Night in our own Assembly Hall. The prefects and house Captains then received their well-deserved recognition with a response from both head prefects, Nola Hart and Warwick Cavell.

The School Madrigal Singers came next on the program with their two prepared items, "Weep

O mine eyes"... Bennet and "What saith my Dainty Darling". The long and arduous practising of this small group paid off as their performance was first rate. Next, the Dance Band was thrust upon us and once again their musical "talent" was warmly received.

Presentation of awards is always a long involved procedure and last year's presentation proved to be a classic example of maximum organization and control. Thanks must go to Miss Milne and her group of organizers.

The Senior Choir then broke the program with their two items, "My Soul's Gonna Rise Again".. Hall & Romero and "Brightly Dawns our Wedding Day" from the Mikado...Gilbert and Sullivan. Thanks to Mr. Trevare, our musical director, and Michael Tyack for their guidance. Thanks go to everyone who participated directly or indirectly in the night as it was a great success and a fitting farewell to Mr. Slattery and Miss Milne, for both of whom it was the last official Speech Night at Camberwell High.

JUNIOR SPEECH NIGHT

Wednesday, 10th December, 1970

News of the decision that the facilities of our new hall would be best utilised by having separate Speech Nights for Juniors and Seniors was greeted with a mixture of apathy and moderate disgust. To the students who never attend Speech Night anyway it did not matter, but there are those to whom Speech Night is a significant part of the school year, and to us oppressed juniors striving for recognition it seemed that authority was trying to split the school even further than was already apparent.

From the first rehearsal, whether deliberately or otherwise, the unofficial theme was for a brighter Speech Night. This was carried throughout the evening for in fact the only similarity the programme bore to previous Speech Nights was the presentation of honours and awards and the singing of the Junior Girl's Choir conducted by Mrs. Wallwork.

The audience was also entertained with a display of authentic French folk dancing from second formers under the direction of Miss Milthorpe, Morris Dancing by girls from all junior forms,

arranged by Miss Croxon, and an extract from the play "Androcles and the Lion" by George Bernard Shaw which was well acted by members of form one. The Boys' Choir gave a hearty rendition of "Men of Harlech" conducted by Mr. Trevare, and Mr. Longmore's squad of Physical Educationists rolled and bounded across the stage. Add to this the competence shown by Mrs. Lavroff, and the orchestra, and the capable announcing of Miss Milthorpe and you are presented with a varied programme of interest and enjoyment.

The undoubted success of the evening could never have been achieved if not for the enthusiasm of participating students and the inspiration of many members of staff, at both rehearsals during school hours and time given outside the school. Thanks to all concerned, prominently or otherwise.

Although Speech Night may have lost its traditional sacred aura of dignity, the success of Junior Speech Night 1971 is guaranteed.

Matriculation

70



122 students from Camberwell High School sat for the Matriculation Examinations in 1970 and 68 students passed. This gives an over-all pass rate of 55.7%, the lowest for many years. Amongst the passes 45 A's and 67 B's were obtained.

The two outstanding passes for 1970 were gained by T.H. Chia with an A in Calculus, Pure Maths, Chemistry and Physics, and P.J. Davy with 4 A's in the same subjects.

The following students passed Matirc.: Allen P.J., Armstrong J.A., Armstrong K.D., Arnhold M.W., Baxter L.D., Brookes D.S., Brown C.K., Burgess A., Butler B.E., Cazaly J.M., Chan P.T., Cheah C.T., Chia T.H., Chin G.C., Chow T.P., Clements R.J., Clift G.P., Corcoran J.G., Corcoran K.F., Cottrell T.E., Davidson J.A., Davy P.J., Dye R.E., Elsum B.R., Faunce J.M., Fordham A.B., Fournier R.J., Goh S.B., Goy P.K., Hamilton D.M., Harper A., Hart N.J., Hughes D.R., Hunter G.R., Hurst M.J., Johnson N.A., Jones P.H., Katsanevakis C.G., Kellock M.J., Kilner N.J., Latti A.B., Lee C.L., Lezon M.A., Lim K.S., Long M.J., Martin M.M., McCallum S.R., Moore R.V., Moran G., Morrison J., Newman A.W., Ray A.E., Reeves N.D., Richardson B.J., Rutherford R.A., Sacerdoti M.G., Sanders T., Saunders P.W., Smith D.C., Southall J.E., Stevens R.G., Sum H.T., Urquhart J.T., Van Every G.J., Westcott I.D., Withington P.R., Worrall J.M., Young R.

The following students passed Matric. with A or B in the subjects indicated: ALLEN P.J., Aust. H. (B); ARMSTRONG J.A., Eng. Lit.(A), Aust H. (B); ARMSTRONG K.D., Aust H. (B); ARNHOLD M.W., Eng. Lit. (A), Geog. (A), Aust. H. (B); BROOKES D.S., Calc. (A), Physics (A), P. Math (B), Chem. (B); BROWN C.K., Econ. (A), Geog. (B), El-H. (B); BUTLER B.E., P. Math (A), Calc. (B), Chem. (B); CAZALY J.M., Aust. H. (A), Biol. (B); CHAN P.T., P. Math. (A), Chem. (A), Calc. (B), Physics (B); CHIN G.C., Acc. (B), Econ. (B), G. Math. (B); CHOW J.P., Chem. (B); CLEMENTS R.J., Chem. (B); CONNOR L., Eng. Lit. (B); COTTRELL T.E., Calc. (A), P. Math. (A), Chem. (B), Physics (B); DAVIDSON J.A., P. Math. (A), Chem. (A), Calc. (B), Physics (B); FAUNCE J.M., Calc. (A), P. Math. (A), Chem. (A), Physics (B); GOY P.K., Calc. (B); HAMILTON D.M., Geog. (B); HARPER A., Fre. (B), P. Math. (B); HARRIS D.A., Aust. H. (B), HART N.J., Eng. Lit. (A), Biol. (A), Fre. (B); HUGHES D.R., G. Math. (A), Chem. (A), Physics (A); HUNTER G.R., Mu-P. (A), Art (B); HURST M.J., Eng. Lit. (A), Fre. (B), El-H. (B); JONES P.H., Biol. (A), El-H (A), Fre. (B), E. Lit. (B); KATSANEVAKIS C.G., Chem. (B); KILNER N.J., Calc. (B); KOWALCZEWSKI L.M., G. Math (B); LATTI A.B., Chem. (B); LEZON M.A., G.Math. (A), Biol. (B), Econ. (B); LIM K.S., Calc. (B); LONG M.J., Eng. Lit. (A), Art (B), Aust H. (B); MARTIN M.M., Geog. (Z); MOORE R.V., Eng. Lit. (A), Art (B); MORAN G., Geog. (A); NEWMAN A.W., Geog. (A), Aust. H. (A), Econ. (B); RAY A.E., Calc. (A), Physics (B); REEVES N.D., Geog. (A), Aust.H. (A); RICHARDSON B.J., Biol. (B); SANDERS T., Biol. (B); SAUNDERS P.W., G. Math (B); STEVENS R.G., Calc. (B), P. Math (B), Chem. (B), Physics (B); SUM H.T., Geog. (B), Acc. (B), Econ. (B); URQUHART J.T., Biol. (B); VAN EVERY G.J., Chem. (B); WEBER R.M., Geog. (B), Aust.H. (B); WESCOTT I.D., Calc. (A), Physics (B); WORRALL J.M., Eng.Lit. (B), Biol. (B), El-H. (B), Art (B).

THE SCHOOL HALL

The sun beat down unmercifully on the slowly melting asphalt of the basketball courts. A weary crowd of green-blazered students, looking somewhat like a field of asparagus swaying in a breeze, milled about, all nine hundred trying to get under the shade of one leafless tree.

The motionless air was occasionally shattered as two boys, working feverishly to get the loud speakers working, sent a blast of amplified feedback echoing through the streets of Camberwell.

You may wonder why the prefects sit at the front of the assembly on Monday mornings. This is, in fact, a tradition handed down from the days when general assemblies were held out in the open air. At these assemblies the prefects' main duty was to carry either the limp bodies of those who fainted in the intense heat of the summer months or the rigid bodies of those who froze during the winter months.

In those days everyone in Camberwell knew of the goings on at C.H.S. mainly due to the fact that it was broadcast over the entire area on Monday morning at general assembly on the basketball courts...

George crunched his last piece of toast and swilled it down with some cold tea. "Hey Marge", he mumbled crumbly, spraying toast across the plastic table cloth. "'Bout time for the broadcast from that mob at Camberwell 'igh School, aint it?" "Yea". Marge turned and straightened a falling roller. "I'll open the winda' so's we can 'ear it."

The resonant voice of Mr. Markham boomed across the arid wastes of Camberwell reaching the eager ears of Marge and George. They followed the happenings at Camberwell High with even more devotion than they followed "Bellbird".

"I wonder what 'appened about those cigarette butts that was clogging up the dykes" mused Marge.

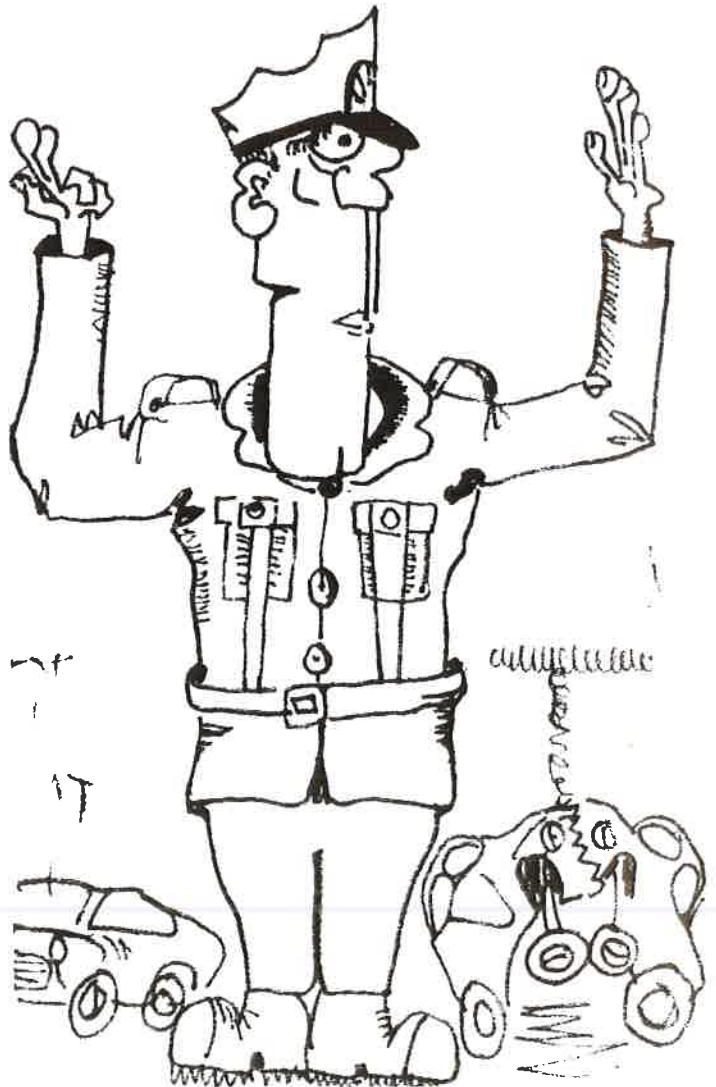
But these days there is something missing from the morning routine of George and Marge. No longer does Camberwell resound to the strains of the National Anthem. Maybe the S.R.C. is right after all in saying that the prefect system is no longer effective or necessary - any more. And the good citizens of Camberwell are left to wonder what passes between staff and students at the Monday morning get-together.

Adam

SOUNDS

The whirr of trams and cars around,
The tramping of feet along the ground,
The voice of the wind in the trees,
The buzzing of hives full of bees,
The shrilling high of a policeman's whistle,
The rustling sound of air through thistle,
The meowing and barkings of dogs and cats,
The squeaking sound of dirty rats.

Jack Robin 1M



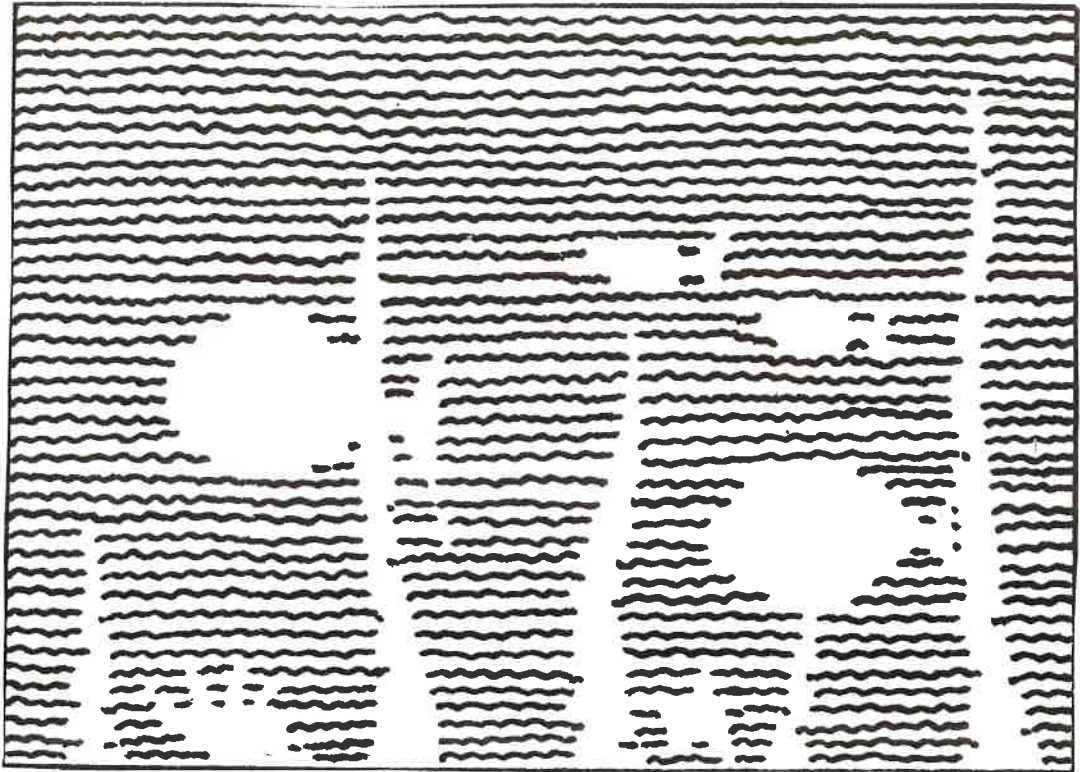
Behind the Green Tin Fence,
Children have their secrets.
Behind the Green Tin Fence,
The children giggle and play.
Behind the Green Tin Fence,
No adults are allowed
Because behind the Green Tin Fence -
The fairies play around.

Jenny Polack 1M

SEASCAPE

The sea is dark and deep and deadly
The sharks wait in the shadow of
Rocks for their prey.
The slightest movement,
A fish is blood dissolving in the water.

Terry Dennett



HAIKU POEMS

Trains ripping through the night
With the speed of a bullet
Stopping at the end of the line.

Rain falling down
Landing on my umbrella
With the strength of a mighty man.

Haiku poems are poems written by the Japanese.
They are small poems that have three lines and
seventeen syllables.

David Soutar.

INTER HOUSE SWIMMING

On Friday 26th February the inter-house swimming sports were held. The swimming standard was high. Many thanks to all members of staff who assisted in the smooth running of the sports, especially Miss Connor, Mr. Davies, Mr. Paris and Mr. Longmore.

INDIVIDUAL CHAMPIONS: Girls - Open: Ruth Stringer, U17: L. Kenny, U16: G. Pitt, U15: J. Mouser, U14: M. Gardiner, U13: C. Head. Boys - Open: Alan Murphy, Intermediate: Terry Dennett and Ian Adair, Junior: Craig Kenny.



INTER-SCHOOL SWIMMING

Camberwell High, this year finished third to Greythorn and Kew High Schools, after last year finishing second to Greythorn upon our inception to the Eastern Division from the Central Division.

There was one main reason for our drop from second to third placing. This was the complete lack of training on the boys' part. As soon as they arrived at the pool (if they turned up at all) they would start to play about, and thought they had done their training if they had done one lap!

This lack of training was evident when we competed in the sports. Boys would come up complaining of tiredness after only one race. So please boys, next year try to put some effort into your training. You never know, we may take off the shield.

Now, after the grumbles, the praise. Firstly, I would like to thank Craig Kenny for being able to step in at the last minute for the Open 400 metres freestyle in which he came fourth. Thanks Craig!

Places were gained by the following: G. Clarke, D. Harney, I. Adair, the Under 13 freestyle relay, (G. Clarke, P. Cox, N. Jeffrey, A. Harper) and the Under 15 freestyle relay (T. Dennet, M. Georgiou, P. Endberg, J. Rempel).

Allan Murphy
School swimming captain

N.B. Allan when writing this forgot to mention that he himself gained the only first placing and in doing so created a new divisional record. He also gained two second placings.





WILLIAM G. HEAD.
Geoffrey Head

THE HISTORY LESSON

Forty minutes. Thirty-nine; two thousand, three hundred and seventy seconds. "Daddycool" - "John L. 1. Helen: true!" - "Get F - " - "Sex appeal: give generously" - "Get F - " - "Shit".

There is a crack, or is it a scratch, on my desk, getting bigger and smaller and turning into an eye that's opening up and blinking at me right out loud. I scratched it out and crawled into the gaping wound. I'm crawling to the gaping womb, crawling to my gaping tomb.

Our roof is pink. Underneath the dust it is. Or should I say above the dust? In fact if I was to walk a long way and wear down my feet, would I be wearing them down or up? Not to be confused with wearing shoes. There must be a pun in there somewhere. An ant, or a small spider, at any rate a black dot is walking on/under the dust. Why doesn't he fall? If he fell he wouldn't be hurt. The spider is falling, the giant man-devouring spider is plummeting earthwards. Just before he smashes into the hard, brightly polished surface, he screams in a spindly voice and when he hits his red blood, if it is that colour, gushes all over the nice clean floor. Nobody noticed him except for me.

Beyond the wall, through a window which may be there but then again perhaps it isn't, there is a back yard surrounded by a fence of the usual suburban type. They've got a wiry clothes line and a ramshackle old shed and some scraggy grass here and there doing its best to hide from

the sun. And nothing ever goes on in there. It makes looking out of that window almost useless. Many's the time I've stared out that window hole in the wall waiting for something to happen, anything. I wouldn't care if it was some kind of perverse sexual activity. Even if the women who belong to the house would come out and string up some dripping yellow suburban underwear on the wiry line, then I'd be satisfied. Perhaps what I'm really looking at is merely a painting of a backyard on the outside of the window. How should I know?

On the room's walls, or on the wall's room there are some fading bits of vaguely square, once shiny paper. Unless I looked carefully I might never know that they were reproductions of "Eyre crossing the desert", "Leichardt's last journey" and the "Eureka Stockade". They are all the same picture. At least I think they were; I never really bothered finding out if one looked anything like its name. If I replaced them all with pictures of Winnie the Pooh in the nude (did you ever see him any other way?) no-one would ever know the difference.

A great pukey blob is on the floor, standing out from all the other crap. It could be a squashed apricot, or perhaps a secret keyhole. If I look through the keyhole I'll fall through and soar down a chasmic shaft and spread myself in a loud red blob all over the floor. I'll be too small and too far away for anyone to hear.

Thirty-five minutes.....

THE NULLABOR

Stretching ahead for miles on end,
The red dusty plains of the Nullabor.
Nothing breaking the monotony of
Stark, sunburnt plains.
But an occasional mullock heap or prickly saltbush

Then, as the train slows to a halt,
From nowhere comes the painted aboriginal,
With strange artifacts and shouting
"Two bob mister, two bob".

Where did he come from, where will he go....

Ruth Nicholls III

The bush is dark and creepy
The trees are like arms
The animals shriek like people
in extreme pain.
With no-one at all around
You dare not look around,
So I think,
The bush is dark
The bush is creepy
The bush is not for me.

Joachim Rempel.



NO MAN IS AN ISLAND

His face looked out from the canvas frame, distorted, tortured, enveloped by swirling blue waves. They flowered out of him and around him, a kaleidoscope of emotion, his own created reality. His thoughts were blue and purple, walls of writhing lines ever changing. They were the sea in which he lived, the only contact from which he drew life.

He felt alien among other men, an island drawing food only from his mind and parts of the environment that harmonized with him. Thoughts had no coherence only confused patterns of colour. Grey clouds merged with purple to form a nebulous

mass, floating on a river of lines. The lines grew white, clear and gained startling intensity. They grew hot, and glowed with fiery violence through the weaving thread of cloud. But why couldn't he break away? The lines and patterns were a confused dream of madness, bewildering him with their driving force. He tried to fight them, to go against the stream of pervading emotion, and turn to coherent waters. But he knew no-one, and could talk to no-one. He was at the mercy of a compulsive monster within him, trying to tear him apart. He needed help, he wanted help, but there was no-one to whom he could turn. He was an island, alone and confined in the prison of his creation.

MR. SLATTERY: AN ERA



During Mr. Slattery's term as Principal of C.H.S. many developments and changes occurred in the school. Some of these activities were due to his sincere and perpetual efforts; while others were basically beyond his control.

Mr. Slattery was extremely interested in the curriculum within the school. It was his desire, along with some first form teachers, to change the role of first form in the school; that is, to make the first year an intermediate step from primary school to high school. This new method proved to be very successful as the students seemed to adapt very easily. Another of Mr. Slattery's ideas was the elective system in the forms 3 and 4. He also advocated the abolition of exams.

One of Mr. Slattery's major tasks while at Camberwell was the supervising of the new building. Mr. Slattery himself, put a tremendous amount of work into the administrative side of the constructions which included continual liason with the contractors. However, unfortunately, Mr. Slattery did not reap all the benefits from his endeavours, for the improvements to the school grounds have only begun this term.

Even though Mr. Slattery did not encourage general sport at school, he took a great interest in rowing. He was instrumental in encouraging parents to donate money to the rowing club in order to purchase more equipment.

Music was another field which Mr. Slattery was interested in. He encouraged both choral and orchestral activities.

In retrospect, it is obvious that Mr. Slattery's term was a very difficult one. A great deal of his time was donated to the progress of the school. During his three years at Camberwell he helped to minimize the necessary turmoil connected with the constructions. His arduous task was not fully recognised by many students at the school. However, Mr. Slattery's reward must surely be that due to his sincere effort, the school, as a whole, has been vastly improved.

MISS MILNE



Early this year we were unfortunate to lose the services of Miss Milne, who left to take up her new position as principal of Burwood High School.

During her six years at Camberwell Miss Milne became completely involved in school life. Although she was originally appointed to the school as a French teacher, Miss Milne will be remembered for her contribution to the school, in the position of authority which she held.

As Senior Girls Mistress we found her tirelessly understanding, helpful and fair. Miss Milne was extremely efficient and capable as Vice-Principal, a position which she held in 1970, and it was not surprising to learn of her promotion to Principal of Burwood, early in 1971.

Although we at Camberwell were all disappointed to see Miss Milne leave, we were pleased that her efficiency and devotion had been recognised and rewarded, and we know that she thoroughly deserves this success.

ORCHESTRA

The orchestra has had a fairly successful year, firstly under the direction of Mr. Trevare, later at the Choral Festival under Miss Matthews and finally, with the employment of a full time instrumental teacher, under Miss Atkinson who also introduced a concert band and a junior orchestra.

At the Choral Festival Val Pyers made special comment on the improvement of the orchestra and the standard it had attained when he opened the afternoon programme with their playing of the National Anthem. Their evening performance was of equal standard when they played the "Sonata" by Corelli and the "Prelude" by Chopin.

The orchestra was more active this year in that it did not only play at Speech Night and other annual events but also, to the delight of the students, no doubt, at some of the General assemblies on Monday mornings.

Rosemary Allen Vc

CHRISTIAN STUDENT GROUP

Initially, the meetings this year were rather much on an experimental basis, taking the form of discussions, Bible studies and talks. However during the second term, the meetings were designed more for those who have come to know our Lord Jesus Christ as a personal friend and wanted to learn more of Him and strengthen each other's faith. During third term, the meetings were perhaps of wider interest in that more general topics were tackled through guest speakers, discussions and music.

We would especially like to thank Mr. Slattery Miss Essex, and all those who have given us assistance in starting and maintaining these meetings.

Kathy Lilburne
Colleen Rutherford

C.O.T.E.S.

A society was set up in the school part way through second term for those interested in the environment and the problems connected with it. After some discussion the name "Conservation of the Environment Society" was decided on. The aims of the group have been to alert the school in general and the public to the problems surrounding them; these problems refer to pollution in all its forms, conservation of the natural habitats of wildlife, environmental control and human population explosion. This programme of alerting the apathetic has taken the form of weekly meetings, discussions of what the individual can do, distribution of leaflets and pamphlets, films and talks by personalities concerned with the problems.

If the society has helped even a few more people to see the difficulties we are in and try to do their own little bit to help then it has been a success.

Thanks to Mrs. Nichol, Lynette While, Jack Gilding and a few other prominent members for their help in keeping up the standards of the group.

Ian Smales (President, C.O.T.E.S.)

CAMBERWELL CHESS CLUB

Until the beginning of second term this year, Camberwell High School was sadly lacking in mentally recreational activities, then a couple of fourth form students started the Chess Club, (with the generous help from second form and Mr. Drent). We now have about 30 members and 12 sets, with, unfortunately, little in the treasury. We hope next year will be more profitable, but we are optimistic about the club's future.

OFFICE BEARERS: A. Picoueau (President)
Treasurer: B. Hutton COMMITTEE MEMBERS:
Secretary: P. Wolfram. A. Lukies
A. Sanders
D. Stewart

THE NIGHT THAT "CHAMBER MUSIC" SWEPT DANDENONG OFF ITS FEET

The fateful night was May 4th, when Pat & Co. (a frightening combination of Helga, Linda, Liz, Trudi, Sally, Laurie, Joanna, Helene, Carrol and Robert) arrived at the actors' only door of the Dandenong Town Hall. Miss Milthorpe, that once-again adventurous producer and her buddy, stage manager Mrs. Permezel, eagerly herded their tribe down into the depths of the changing rooms and slammed the doors, with strict instructions that escape was impossible. Well, then the fun began; poor Isabella of Spain tried to cope with her rather buttonless top whilst displaying most unqueenly expressions as a fearful wig and mantilla descended upon her with excruciating force; Joan of Arc, worrying about her fate, paced the room weighed down by her armour and that rather nasty visored helmet amid the squeals of that gossamer-robed Theda Bara. In a cluttered corner a safari helmet and an extra large mosquito net chatted nervously to an even larger black helmet and goggles, while Gertrude Stein exchanged stuttering terms with Mozart's lady friend. A few faint claps announced the arrival of an audience and too suddenly we were launched for our attack. Chamber Music, that congress of eight vivacious ladies and their two doctors swung into being; the plot thickened, led by the Safari woman to the beat of the gavel and the chorus of "kill, kill," until a limp, rather dead aviatrix announced the climax. A Spanish flamenco and a paper snowfall dulled the scene to a close and applause and of course to the agonising wait for the verdict.

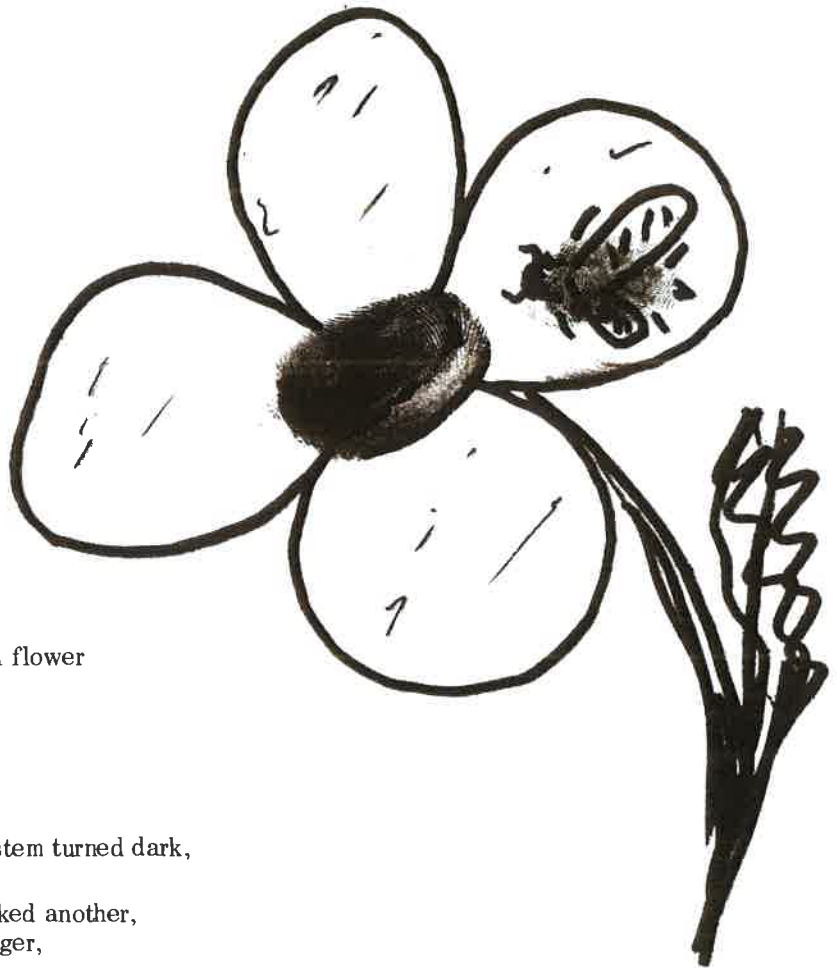


A long while later, twelve exhausted bodies with five Honourable Mentions and a well deserved score of 183, climbed on an equally tired bus bound for home. All our thanks go to Miss Milthorpe and Mrs. Permezel for the success of the production and even if our beloved "Chamber Music" was just a little too radical for the "Importance of being Ernest", we all had a ball.

Trudi McIntosh - 6P

FLOWER

The other day I picked a beautiful flower
 From our neighbor's garden,
 And left him a greenish stalk.
 I put it carefully in a green vase
 And fed it with water.
 After two days it lost its colour
 Then the petals drooped and the stem turned dark,
 So I threw it out.
 I went back to the garden and picked another,
 More beautiful this time, and bigger,
 Then I did the same again.
 And it died again.
 So I went back to the neighbor's garden,
 And found that the stem had also died,
 Leaving me without flowers or a neighbor.



SUMMER BLUES

Stabbing rays of sunlight
 Pierce the anguished eyes,
 At night there are mosquitoes,
 In daytime, blasted flies!
 Head just keeps on throbbing
 As the day drags slowly by,
 Hope that it will rain soon
 But the forecast calls a high.
 The heat is never ending,
 O, when will summer go?
 We're yearning for the coolness
 The fresh sweet breaths of Spring,
 To wash away the stench,
 That summer always brings,
 To feel the lash of pelting skies,
 The roar of angry winds,
 To see new things begin to grow
 O,
 When will summer go?

Ruth Stringer V

BALLAARAT EXCURSION FOR THIRD FORMERS

On the fourth of May, approximately two hundred third formers, the majority clad in jeans and jumpers were lined up and ready to go. Finally after many roll calls (to ensure that there were no stowaways) we scrambled thankfully onto our respective buses and began our two and a half hour journey to Ballaarat.

Chatter flowed and the noise was incessant. Fortunately the teachers (Mr. Cracknell and Miss Petrenko on my bus) put up with most of it and only intervened when, through the rear vision mirror they could see the occurrence of possible violence.

We stopped first at the "Eureka Stockade". Released, we climbed onto the cannons, eager to have our pictures taken by one of the many amateur photographers.

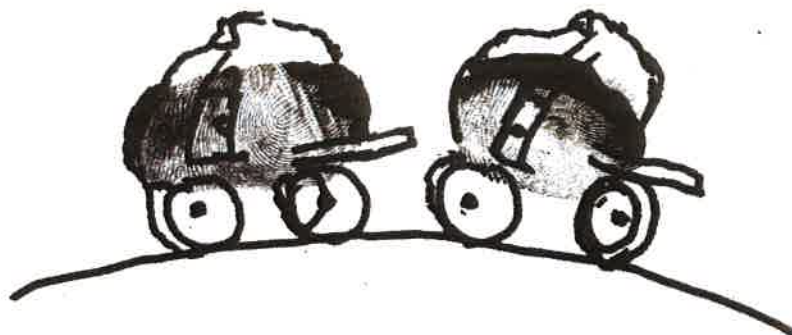
Our next stop was at the Botanical Gardens. Braving cold winds and drizzling rain, we made our way to "Adam Lindsay Gordon's" cottage.

To the dismay of many, a donation was required on entry; however Mr. Drent emptied the loose change out of his pockets, saving the day for many. After walking down the walk of Prime Ministers, we were summoned back to the buses and once more we continued our journey.

Finally we arrived at Sovereign Hill, the place we had come so far to see. So (despite the rain) we determinedly set out - making our way in and out of stables and along muddy tracks. (Many of the more adventurous students even tried their hand at panning for gold.) Muddy and dripping we returned to the buses to warm ourselves while we ate lunch.

The journey back began; gradually the noise ceased and it was not until we reached familiar territory that once again we began to laugh, talk, sing and shout.

At five o'clock a bedraggled group of students made their way home, the most part satisfied with the day's excursion.



WARRAGUL TRIP

Warragul High School visited us on August 10th to participate in several sports events to decide the winner of the shield which Warragul had held for the past year. We were very fortunate to have the Women's Auxiliary organize a luncheon for our visitors.

The matches began at two in the afternoon and were played at various venues.

A barbeque tea was prepared by the prefects and our thanks go to our ever popular dance band who kindly livened the evening with their music.

The highlight of the day came when Mr. Davies announced the results of the afternoon's events, which resulted in our winning the cup back from Warragul.

HARRIETVILLE MATHS CAMP

What a fool I was to waste two hours of freedom doing an optional exam which, if I was by some odd chance accepted, would waste six whole days of my beloved summer holidays. No wonder people laughed at me when I was accepted!

Very unsure of myself, bags bulging with useless junk, I went to Spencer Street Station at the appointed time and committed myself by having my name checked off. But wonder of wonders once I was on the train I found some real people! (even some reasonable boys. Maybe it wasn't going to be so bad after all)

Stopping only at Seymour we arrived at Wangaratta; had lunch and were at Harrierville, scene of the forthcoming disaster, within six or seven hours of leaving Melbourne.

Harrierville itself consists of a post office, a General store and a hotel (out of bounds) and of course the Hospice (our "home for the next week") only a few log cabins and a motel type of building.

As far as the maths part of the camp went we had about sixteen lectures on subjects such as relativity, Non Euclidean Geometry and Boolean Algebra (and I still don't know what they are!) to Fire Behaviour Relationships (how many of you know that fire goes 33% faster up a 5 degree

slope than it does on level ground?) Lectures really consisted of groups of about eight lying on beds, in armchairs or even on the floor trying to keep awake or thinking about last night's table tennis or card game.

Highlights of the camp were:-

- (i) Mr. X wouldn't let us throw him in the river.
- (ii) The fourteen mile hike (optional, exhausting and extremely enjoyable) from Mt. Hotham to Harrierville via the Razerback and Mt. Feather-top. You wouldn't believe the agony experienced by those game enough to finish the distance.
- (iii) The social on the last night (N.B. as it was held on the day after the hike there was little dancing and therefore I cannot call it a "dance").
- (iv) The computer which broke down before I had a chance to use it - useless machine.

The eighty students (40 boys and 40 girls) and twelve lecturers (very relieved at the end) left on fairly good terms and after one of the best holidays of my life, having made a great number of very great friends, we departed at Spencer Street to go our separate ways; until the Reunionbut....seriously, the camps, run by the Maths Association of Victoria, are open to all leaving students and believe me it is worth applying, the camps are fantastic!



INTER SCHOOL TRIPLE WICKET COMPETITION

This competition was begun in 1970 by former student and teacher David Jenkin. This year, the organiser was also a former student, Bill Good-enough. It was established by the Camberwell Cricket Club, in an effort to promote their recruiting program. Camberwell High entered a team both years. Last year we ended third in the competition, won by Balwyn High. The school was represented by Colvin Kelaart, Michael Labrooy and Russell Laws.

This year, again we were defeated in the semi-final by Marcellin College and finished third. Camberwell in the first round easily defeated Swinburne Tech. Representatives this year were Colvin Kelaart, Alan Laws and Glenn Rickard.

SCORES:

(1st round) Camberwell 46 (Kelaart 27, Laws 12) defeated Swinburne 8.

(Semi-final) Camberwell 41 (Kelaart 23 n.o.) was defeated by Marcellin 45.

Colvin Kelaart
Captain

Note for the uninitiated:

In a Triple Wicket Competition three outstanding players represent the school. They have a team in which those three are the only players allowed to bat and bowl, and the rest of the players must field for those three players.

TABLE TENNIS

The team consisted of Andrew Savige, George Chen, Chris Baker, Ronald Chin, Henry Chen and Jeremy Langford.

After wins against Balwyn High, Box Hill High and Kew High we reached the Eastern Division final, where we defeated Greythorn High to become Eastern Division premiers. We then won through to the All Schools final where we narrowly lost to Melbourne High School, 5-4. The team also had an unbeaten record in practice matches.

Thanks must go to Mr. Davies for organizing the matches, and in some cases driving the team to the playing venue, and to Mr. Pollock for his organization of the Wednesday afternoon practices.

A Savige



CRICKET REPORT

The first XI was a very settled combination. Although we only played and won two games, against Mt. Scopus and Kingswood, I feel we would have been hard to beat.

I would like to thank Mr. Sullivan for his organisation, discipline and enthusiasm during matches and at practice.

RESULTS: In the first game against Mt. Scopus, Camberwell were far too good and won easily by 55 runs. Our batting was brittle and had to be held together by Michael Labrooy, Colvin Kelaart and Doug Evans. Fortunately it was our bowling and fielding which proved outstanding. Peter Knights sent the batsmen scurrying for cover while Don McPherson collected quick wickets.

SCORES: Camberwell 115 (Labrooy 28, Evans 16, Kelaart 14) and 3/25 defeated Mt. Scopus 60 McPherson 3/1.).

In the second game against Kingswood we faced a real challenge. They batted first and were dismissed for a lowly 88 runs. Peter Knights again bowled with fire and venom. This total seemed easy to get but again our batting failed against some good bowling on a wet wicket. Glenn Rickard weathered the storm to save us from defeat with some fine gutsy batting.

SCORES: Kingswood 88 (Knights 4/28) were defeated by Camberwell 109 (Rickard 38, Van Dort 23).

Kelvin Kelaart (Captain)
Mr. Sullivan (coach)

COMBINED HOUSE CAPTAINS' REPORT

Much has been said about student apathy in recent years at Camberwell High - it has been of major concern to both the more active participants in school life and members of the teaching staff who have condemned the student body as a whole but have not even taken the time out to suggest any alternative system. There have been many comments on this subject. We, as this year's house captains, wish to give our suggestions as to possible ways to overcome this problem of gaining the maximum support from those students who are interested in house activities and competitions.

The future of the house system at this school lies in the hands of the students themselves, who should not HAVE to become a member of a particular house unless they wish to become involved in the system that exists - it should be on a voluntary basis. We feel that this is the only way in which house activities will continue with sufficient enthusiasm to be a credit to the school. A suggestion as to how the house should be organised is that each member on joining a house should make known to the house captain the activities in which they wish to participate, regardless of the degree of ability they have in that activity. Therefore more enthusiasm would be generated in the different fields because only those who were genuinely interested would participate. This has been the case with the music and drama activities which have been a prominent feature of school life, have been readily encouraged by all and which have always met with a great deal of success, on the parts of both the participants and the spectators.

We as house captains also feel that our role could be extended beyond merely marking house rolls and presiding over often unwilling house members for a quarter of an hour once each week. As leaders we feel that for any inter-school activities we should share any burden placed on prefects as regards organisation. While we feel that those who are not and cannot become in any way interested in such activities would be better off using the time allocated for sport and house activities in a way they consider more beneficial.

S.R.C. REPORT

This year has so far been an eventful year for the Student's Representative Council with a variety of failures and successes. It should be noted that the few failures have not entirely been due to the brilliance of the capable executive committee, since there have been very few enthusiastic students working in collaboration with the council.

I feel I should point out that this council was initiated to form firstly a liason between staff and the students and secondly a representative body who would provide valid suggestions for improvements in the administration and organization within the school and not, as most students seem to think, a "Give-Me-Something" organization.

During this wonderful year of progress at Camberwell High, I have found myself in an environment populated by charming (and, of course intellectual) individuals who spend a great deal of their time imparting witty criticisms of the council. However, for some undeterminable reason these dedicated critics never actually do anything constructive to assist the council. Does it ever occur to these brilliant, interested people that they are the students who are being represented by a supposedly reliable student of their own choice. Thus, if the council is inefficient then surely the students are responsible.

On the benevolent side of affairs the council arranged for students at Camberwell to participate in S.S.A.A.F. Walkathon which raised a worthwhile sum of almost \$300. The council supports the S.R.C. newspaper, FOCUS, as well as financially aiding other student publications which have developed during the year. FORUM, the political and social discussion group, was introduced through the council as well as a student cafe, which, due to vague complaints by certain members of the school was temporarily (now permanently) disbanded.

For the first time in the ancient history of this school a free day was organized by the council which proved to be a great success. However permission was not granted for a second such event. Another of our famous successes was the Snow Trip to Lake Mountain for a day.

Fiona Reed
President of S.R.C.

FILMS AND PLAYS '71

The best part of English Literature was seeing the various films and plays related to the course. The play version of the tragedy "Othello" at Monash, was a very amusing performance. It was saved by the dominating acting of the villain Iago, Ray Long. Inflections in his voice brought out the wit and irony, and his lively facial expressions created a real character. Othello imbibed his early calm and dignified speeches with excitability, heightened by restless bony fingers which seemed ever ready to magically produce a rabbit from his sleeve. He developed his passions of jealousy and insecurity by shouting louder, leaping and bounding and by thrusting his sword with violent darts and ferocious intent at his enemy. However, the costumes were rich and colourful and Desdemona's low voice floating out from a dark stage, gave the Willow Song a haunting melancholy.

In Laurence Olivier's film "Othello" Iago (Frank Finlay) showed a more villainous double-character, whilst Larry gave a manly imposing early appearance, over acted the intense emotions, but finished with gentle sadness and suffering. The colours - the black-skinned Moor, the red inside of his lip, the red rose he carried when chuckling lustily, the silver cross on the black chest symbolized the orientalism and passion vibrating below a calm, civilized exterior.

"School for Scandal" a comedy of manners - Everybody roared at the elaborate handkerchief flourishes of Mr. Surface, his pompous long-drawn face, the artificial way of speaking, and the fluttering of his eyes and flips of fans of Lady Sneerwell and Co.

"Wuthering Heights" was an atmospheric film, although characters could have been a lot wilder. However, beautiful parts were the barren purple moors, the kissing scene when Heathcliff's profile on the top half of the screen rises over Cathy's, and the poetic ending where the white phantom figure of Cathy and Heathcliff merge with the darkening hills.

The Chaucer evening was rather terrible and "Medea" minus Chariot, showed the main characters in shades of grey, rather than as extremes in emotion and rationality. "The Leopard", disappointing, boring except for handsome Alain Delon, with a rakish black eye patch, Claudia Cardinale and the good title acting of bewhiskered Burt Lancaster.

"The Summer of the Seventeenth Doll" by the Tin Alley Players was a riot. The antics of Roo and Barney provoked the audience - Roo with his gorilla movements and Barney's flashing grin. This was an enjoyable evening spent booing, hissing or clapping. Audience involvement was strong and items of special interest were R.M.'s black top hat.

LITERATURE SEMINAR

This year Warburton saw the greatest gathering of literary minds of the decade. H.S.C. students from 11 high schools got together to ruminate on the works of the great masters of the written word from Euripides to A.D. Hope.

However for the erudite students, the main attractions lay in other fields - such as the pool table, the table-tennis tables, meal times and other such activities. In the awards handed out after the seminar, Camberwell students figured prominently.

Stephen Moore, well known left-wing radical, won the Bleary-eyed Idol for early rising and the Golden Cracked Ping Pong Ball for the best table tennis demon.

Alan Laws won the Silver Cue for his devotion and selfless service to billiards. Chris Papigiotis was runner-up. Chris was very successful in the field of cavorting. Mrs. Moore herself presented him with a special award for braving the night air whilst wearing next to nothing. Well done Chris!

In the group activities section Camberwell won two of the most coveted awards. A "band" of students, armed with a guitar and numerous plastic rubbish bins won the Fractured Vocal Chord prize for their Hiyascrotum call which brought rain on no fewer than seven occasions. In the gluttony section, one of the Camberwell tables devoured almost 33 servings of each course of one meal. Each member of the team won a free glass of Alka-Seltzer.

Sleepwalker of the Weekend was well deserved win for David 'Jack' Harris. Various other minor awards were gained by our students (Weird Clothes - Robert Nowak, Erotic Dancer - Jim 'Tiger' Pilios).

Over the three days we somehow also managed to do some work on literature, and it is even possible that we may have learnt a thing or two.

METROPOLITAN HIGH SCHOOLS' EASTERN DIVISION ATHLETICS

The best performances were by our young sprinters, Brian Hirst and Michael Beasley. Brian equalled the Boys' under 16 - 100 metres record of 11.5 seconds, a 7 yard improvement of his effort a year ago. Later he easily took the Under 16 - 200 metres in 23.6 secs, and then ran the last leg of the winning Under 16 relay (Hirst, Rex Kitchin, Stephen Ramshaw and Randall Selland).

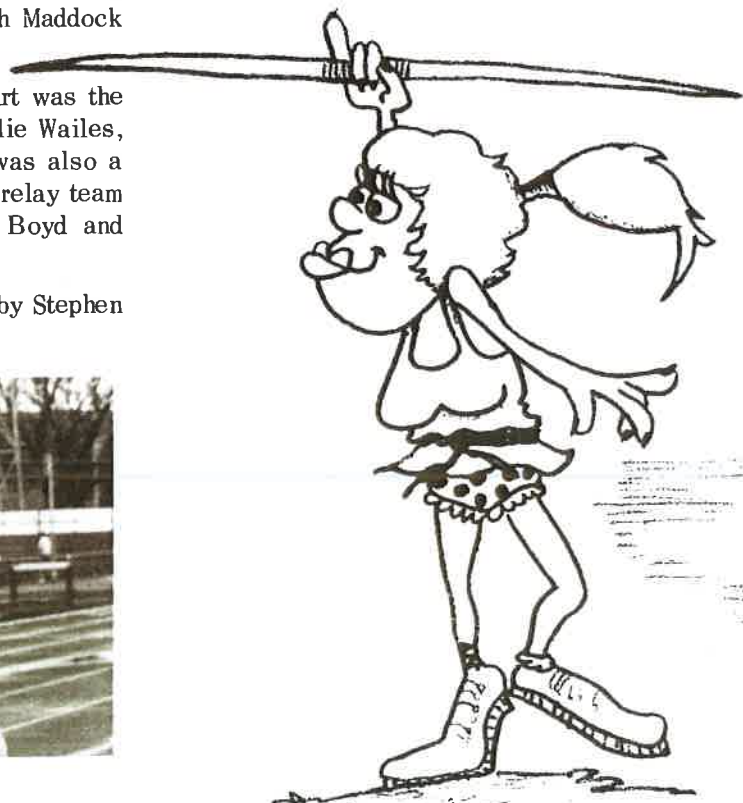
Michael Beasley clocked 25.0 secs to equal the previous best on record in the Under 15 - 200 metres and his victory in the 100 metres event in his age group was one of the more convincing of the day.

David Harris ran a beautifully judged race to clinch the boys' Open 400 m. after completing the last leg for the successful senior boys' relay team in which the other runners were Rob Davey, Phillipe Dodin, and Paul Guggenheimer.

We won both the boys' and girls' under 15 long jumps with Gary Pickett and Elizabeth Maddock respectively.

In the senior girls' section Lyn Towart was the victor in the under 17 discus, and Julie Wailes, who was first in the Open long jump was also a member of the successful senior girls' relay team along with Glenda Marshall, Fiona Boyd and Sue Kitchin.

Numerous minor placings were gained by Stephen Moore and Geoff Wade.



SCHOOL ATHLETIC SPORTS

Once again the mighty men and women of Camberwell High take to the Athletic track (lump of tufted grass) at the Camberwell Sports ground. After the long trek down from the school (with many suffering from exhaustion of some kind), we arrived at the ground only after a superb piece of traffic-directing by Mr. Whitcroft and we were left asking ourselves, was he just trying to get on HOMICIDE.

The day began with the voice of the masterful Mr. Harvey. We settled down to a day of great sporting efforts both by the competitors and the barracking of Sue Kitchen and her vocal friends. The track was a little chopped-up from the football and didn't help produce any fast times.

The big event of the day (other than the appearance of our former principal H.J. Slattery) was the great run by Jimmy Jakes (Mick Jagger) in the 800m. This was a memorable event because it was the first time in six years Mick had participated in the school athletics let alone won an event. (Well done Jake.)

In the girls events Colleen Rutherford was superb in winning the open 200 and 400m.

One of the most outstanding contributions to the sports was by sportswomen, Julie Wailes and Ruth Stringer. These two girls between them won for Montgomery all the Open Girls' Field Events

as well as competing in the track events.

Wendy Kelaart, one of the outstanding junior girls representing MacArthur in the Under 14 section and Elizabeth Maddock of Churchill in the Under 15, put in some fine efforts for the Junior school. And in the girls' Under 14 field events Julie Houston's effort was outstanding. (High jump and long jump.)

The boys showed their masculine prowess with great efforts by Michael Beasley (form 2) in the Under 15 events, moving onto Brian Hirst (form 3) a Victorian Champion showing his style in easily winning his races (400m, 200m & 100m). Then moving onto the Dynamic Duo for MacArthur being Johnny Boyd and David Harris in the open 200 metres and 400 metres.

To me one of the most outstanding efforts was by Charles Bastecky (form 5) of Churchill who in the Under 17 age group won the 200 metres, High jump, Shot put (41'7½'') and Javelin (138'9'') this boy would be one of the most outstanding athletes in the school.

The whole afternoon was a good spectacle of what the students of CAMBERWELL High-School can do. Throughout the day MacArthur was in the lead but Montgomery, trailing slightly, got up to win by 20 points, which shows how high the standard was, neck and neck all day.



MONTGOMERY HOUSE

Montgomery began 1971 with a disappointing 4th place in the swimming sports. All competitors tried hard but Roosevelt came off with first place.

As the year progressed, so did the enthusiasm and in the Athletics, we took out first place. After the disappointing Swimming Sports, this was a terrific effort.

In second term, everyone did their best in the Choral Festival. We came equal first with Roosevelt in the overall result and this was mainly brought about by us gaining first place in the Special Choir section. This result surprised everyone except us. Our success was largely due to the enormous amount of work done by conductors Sue Kitchin and Rosemary Allen and also pianist Ross Davies.

The girls have been working well in corridor duty, and the boys contributed greatly by winning the senior cross-country run.

We would sincerely like to thank House Mistresses, Miss Milthorpe and Mrs. Permezel, and House Masters, Mr. Cracknell and Mr. Drent. They were the people who added enthusiasm and were largely responsible for our success after first term. The Junior House Captains, Lesley Head and Ivan Rizio are also to be thanked for their co-operation.

Concluding, Montgomery had an extremely successful year and all members are to be thanked for their help and enthusiasm, which made our job a lot easier.

Pam Spear & Colvin Kellaart
(Montgomery House Captains)



CHURCHILL HOUSE

The overall results of the major events this year are not truly indicative of those who contributed to them. The amount of enthusiasm and co-operation shown by these particular students has been most encouraging.

Our achievements for 1971 are as follows: Swimming 2nd, Athletics 3rd, and Choral Festival 4th, results which leave much room for improvement in 1972.

Sincere thanks must go to: house teachers Miss Rusden, Miss White and Mr. McDonald for the support and encouragement they have given us throughout the year; vice house-captains Dianne Ortman and Tony Coulepis, and junior house-captains Liz Maddock and Harry Panagatits for their valuable assistance; and finally, to all those students who have contributed in any way at all. We hope that the enthusiasm of these few will spread to encourage the more lethargic members of the house in the future.

Rosemary Conrad
Stan Kalogerakis

ROOSEVELT HOUSE

The victories of this House belong to those who participated in their events. They were the people who overall decided whether we won or lost a competition - to these people who completed their events in Swimming, Athletics, to those in the Choral Festival, and the Cross Country, and the girls who helped in corridor duty, we thank you for your efforts and ask that you continue the same high standard shown. To those who for whatever reason they can think up, did not compete in the above mentioned events (except the Unison) we ask you to consider your house first and then yourself. You may be able to make a valuable contribution to the House, and this you will only know when you try.

Not many students realise the importance of our House Teachers. As House Captains, we owe them both our own and the whole House's sincere appreciation for their service, advice and enthusiasm we received from them. To Mrs. Allen, Mrs. Thomas, Miss Smith and Mr. Schinas, Mr. Dethridge, Mr. Sullivan and Mr. Whitcroft, we thank you for all your help and dedication towards Roosevelt House, both in the past, present and future years.

Our Deputy House Captains Merrin Sutcliffe and Rob Hodgson (Senior), Jenny Moss and Owen Clarke (Junior) deserve much of the credit in the running of the House, and their active participation in many events. They have set both a high standard in their roles, as well as good examples to Roosevelt members.

To future House Captains, we ask you to take a large interest in the juniors. They are our foundations for the future. Always set an example, expect maximum results from everybody, and ask your House Masters and Mistresses for advice.

Lynne Towart
Stephen Moore



MACARTHUR HOUSE

The improved standard of MacArthur's ratings in the swimming, athletics, and Choral Festival is mainly due to the enthusiasm of the CHILDREN who made the EFFORT to compete in these activities.

Although the Humdrum House Assemblies are relaxing, the students show great discipline in not co-operating with the captains' disciplinary power. Special mentions: The girls who braved the icy water of Camberwell baths by competing in all the events when the temperature was only ninety degrees.

The effect of the continuous enthusiasm of house pianists and conductors despite frustration and disappointments was incontrovertible.

The house thanks thee, Jim Davidson, Carolyn Lock, Janet Davy and Jane Phillips.

The supererogation of the house teachers is a credit to themselves and to the house in which they helped to restore INFINITESIMAL SPIRIT which has been lacking for many years.

Congratulations to those boys and girls who eluded the house captains and those teachers by not competing in any events this year. The school NEEDS children like you, and MacArthur's House Captains are proud of YOU.

We thank those children for our success this year and hope the future will be as bearable.

Finally the people who competed in the house activities shouldn't need any thanks, for they will derive the benefits in future years.
(HOPEFULLY)

M. Jageurs
C. Newman



JUNIOR NETBALL REPORT

As most of the sports minded scholars of Camberwell High know, during the year the Junior Girls' Netball team played four games. With perseverance and GREAT team effort to achieve a winning score, we managed to win two games. The scores being: Kew defeated Camberwell 25-16, Camberwell defeated Balwyn 21-18, Camberwell defeated Canterbury Girls 12-11, Strathcona defeated Camberwell 34-17.

The team comprised: K. Mitchell: 1st defence, J. Moss: 2nd defence, J. Lightfoot, D. Wing, B. Kowalczewski: Centre, K. Pavier, A. Wing, O. Turner: 2nd Goaler (vice-captain) J. Lyon: 1st Goaler (captain).

As with most other schools, social matches are arranged. We were no exception for we had three. But with lack of co-operation from these schools found the matches were to be cancelled. O well! All we can do is wait till 1972 and hope for better things!!!!

Joyce Lyon



JUNIOR SOFTBALL

The Junior Softball Team consists of enthusiastic players who practise hard and try their best when competing in a match. Although we have had only two social matches the whole team could notice a distinct improvement in ability and teamwork. More confidence was also gained.

The scores being - Kew 13 defeated C.H.S. 3
Balwyn 23 defeated C.H.S. 15.

Players: Pitcher, Sue Movis; Catcher, K. Trembath; 1st base, A. Panettieri; 2nd base, A. Lukies; 3rd base, S. Ujvari; Short stop, L. Ward; Left outfield, A. Stephen; Centre outfield, L. Van Every; Right outfield, D. Armstrong.

The ability is definitely there; it only has to be developed further. In this term we want to play more matches and obtain better success.

A. Panettieri - Captain



HOCKEY REPORT

1971 Junior Hockey team might have been more successful, had it had more encouragement and organized practices. Because of this we did not succeed in winning any matches, although we drew three. Players were not as enthusiastic as they could have been. The skill was there, but as there was no coaching involved, the girls did not use it to the best advantage.

The team consisted of C. Forward - V. Hunter (captain) C. Half - J. Mouser, R. Wing - L. Smith, L. Wing - L. Maddock, R. Back - J. Tyson, L. Back - H. Newman, R. Inner - V. Hutton, L. Inner - C. Reeves, R. Half - L. Head, L. Half - S. Newman, G. Keeper - B. Allen. Emergencies: Julie Ortmann and Jenny Doyle.

ADVISORY COUNCIL

The business of the Advisory Council for the current year has been mainly concerned with site works following completion of the new building and the equipping of these buildings with furniture and fittings necessary to their proper functioning. Funds have had to be found to pay the school's share of the cost and the design and selection of the most suitable equipment have been matters of prime importance.

After many years of very loyal and efficient service to the school we learnt in June, at the end of the Council's triennium, that several councillors would be unable to continue serving on the Council. We regret the loss of these friends, but would like to express our appreciation of the valuable contribution that each has made during his respective term of office, these varying from three to fifteen years. The retiring Councillors are: Cr. J.S. Head, Dr. W.M. McKenzie, Messrs. A.G. Brewer, E.K. Horwood, R.S. Harper, D.G. McBain and E. Newman.

To the following new Councillors a very warm welcome is extended: Cdr. P.J. Richardson, Dr. J.H. Wilson, Mrs. J. Phillips, Messrs. W.M. Dempsey, D.O. Thompson and D.T. Webster.

R.D. Key
President.

CANTEEN REPORT

It pleases me to report that in our first full trading year at the new canteen we have had a very satisfactory year and wish to thank Mrs. Campbell, the manageress, and her willing band of volunteers for the excellent way in which the canteen is run, thereby ensuring that all who use the canteen are offered an excellent service in pleasant surroundings.

The committee expresses appreciation to The Principal (Miss Essex) Vice Principal (Mr. Kloeden) Senior Mistress (Mrs. Moore), members of staff and all students,

OLD STUDENTS

The year commenced with a large attendance at the Annual General Meeting which was held in February at the Camberwell Theatre. A new committee and office bearers were elected, the new President being Nigel Harrison. After the meeting, "The Italian Job" was screened and enjoyed by all.

In March, a car trial was held in the Dandenongs, terminating with a barbecue at Kallista. This function was well attended and the day was a great success. The lucky winner was Kevin Bailey - The Prize? - a portable barbecue. And the booby prize? - a map of the Dandenongs.

Other functions organised throughout the year include a theatre night, a square dance and the Annual Ball which was an enjoyable evening, although fewer than expected attended. The music of "The Motivations" and "The Fantasy" provided the necessary entertainment.

This year, for the first time, a bounceball team was organised, consisting of ex-students. They won all their matches and became premiers in the Golden Bowl Bounceball Competition.

The membership of the association has reached an all time high with approximately 150 financial members. The association would like to expand its membership, and will welcome all students leaving C.H.S. this year.

MEMO TO ALL STUDENTS LEAVING SCHOOL:
Due to the success of the night at Poppa's Pizza Parlor last year, it is hoped to hold a similar function at "Poppa's" at the end of this year.

Ian Carlsson
(Committee Member C.H.S.O.S.A.)



PARENTS' AND FRIENDS' ASSOCIATION

President - Mr. R. Brentnall

Secretary - Mrs. E. Webster

Treasurer - Mr. R. Backholer

Our aim this year has been to involve more people in the activities of the school and in current topics and trends in education. We have attempted to do this by increasing the number of general meetings and by seeking to provide subjects and speakers of particular interest. Our first meeting presented "An Forum for School Parents!" and was followed by "Student Unrest", "Meet Miss Essex", "Single Parent Families", and "VSTA Policies". Two Careers Film nights and a Careers Counselling night were also provided for the benefit of students and their parents.

Generally speaking, attendances at meetings have improved but in relation to the student population, the interest shown by parents remains at a low level. Why aren't people interested?

We have a feeling that greater benefit could be gained from a closer link with the teaching staff with perhaps the students as a group, and to this end we have initiated some discussion and investigation.

"Disco" has been produced each term under the guidance of Mrs. H. Ewart and distributed to all parents to keep them informed of school news and coming events. As in the past, a small band of dedicated parents, and a few students, have attended Saturday working bees and materially assisted in school maintenance and improvements.

The P.F.A. exists for the benefit of the school to aid the administration and staff in the performance of their function and to assist in collaboration with other school organisations, in the improvement of education received at C.H.S. May I emphasise this point - the P.F.A. wants to help, and its Committee is always available for discussion and advice on any matters affecting the school and its students.

Our thanks go to all those who have participated in any way during the year and we look forward to a new year of greater interest and involvement from our large school community.

Ron Brentnall - President

WOMEN'S AUXILIARY

The auxiliary has continued to meet regularly, at the school, on the fourth Wednesday of each month, at 1.00. Guest Speakers have usually been Staff members who keep us well informed of all school activities and trends in education.

Early in the year, we farewelled Miss Milne and Mr. Slattery. Their interest in the Auxiliary was gratefully acknowledged.

We endeavour to give mother opportunities to meet the Staff informally. A Coffee Morning for Form 1 mothers was held at the home of Mrs. R. Key. We also arranged a Staff Luncheon to which all mothers were invited.

At the end of the year, we arranged a farewell luncheon for Form 6 students.

Fund raising activities have included two film luncheons at the Rivoli. We also assisted the Rowing Committee with a Fashion Parade.

The spiralling cost of school uniforms causes us concern. We try to help parents by selling several items from the uniform list, as well as school bags, at very reasonable prices. We also sell second-hand uniforms. As a further service, we now have patterns for the summer dress and gym-tunic. These may be borrowed for a limited time.

On behalf of the Committee, I would like to thank our members for their constant support. However, it is a matter of regret that many parents do not participate in school activities and do not avail themselves of the services we offer.

We are most grateful to Miss Essex, Mr. Kloeden, Staff members and the office staff for their help and encouragement.

P. Brookes - President

NETBALL REPORT

Goal shooter: Lisa Cowdell, Goal attack: Julie Wailes, Wing attack Colleen Rutherford, Centre: Fiona Boyd, Wing defence: Gayle Gregory, Goal defence: Sue Kitchin, Goal keeper: Glenda Marshall.

1971 has been a relatively successful year for the team. We played many matches in which we were very successful, but unfortunately we won the friendly matches and lost two important competition matches thus ruining our finals chances. It is difficult to name best players as it was good team work which won our matches for us.



1971 was a very successful year for the 2nd netball team. Even though we started poorly, through endurance and enthusiasm displayed by all members of the team, we were able to complete the season with a premiership. Having defeated Balwyn and Kew High Schools in Eastern Division, we then played Glen Waverley High School in a divisional semi-final. Success came our way and when we met Wattle Park in the grand final we defeated them by 11 goals, the final scores being 32-21.

I would like to thank the entire team as I feel I am unable to name any star player as it was the consistent team effort which gained us our success. Also, on behalf of the team I would like to thank Miss Hardingham for her interest in the team and the time she gave to umpiring and training us.

SENIOR SOFTBALL

FIRST SENIOR SOFTBALL TEAM

Well, believe it or not we do have a senior softball team (even if it isn't very good).

Our temporary pitcher is Karen Hitchin, Ania Goncharova is our catcher, Margaret Menere is our short stop, Joan Lucas is on first base, with Kay Faunce on second base and Sue Movis on third base. Debbie Armstrong is our right outfield along with Anne Fisher as centre outfield and last but not least Jenny Moss as left outfield. Some of these positions are more than likely to be changed about in the future as soon as I know who is better where.



HOCKEY REPORT

Star season 1971, line up of stars including: Starring Stringer, Able Armstrong, Power Powell, Killer Kerry, Fearless Farrands, Slamming Sutcliff, Ruthless Reed, Toughy Towart, Great Grieveson, Roughy Rutherford and last but not least...The Unbeatable O'Han.

This hockey season, the senior team was similar to a super-human machine sweeping all before it. (well nearly all anyway.) The team was superbly drilled to a cohesive machine by Karen Armstrong and Ruth Stringer.

We swooped down on our opposing teams like birds of prey, managing to defeat at least three-quarters of those we played. The whole team starred throughout the season *** (twinkle, twinkle). Unfortunately enthusiasm and morale began to wane (beside the fact that nobody could be bothered).

Our loss in the second round against Balwyn lost us our chances in the finals, as final's chances are taken on percentages, not on actual wins and losses. All in all a great year.



H.S.C. GEOGRAPHY EXCURSION

In the first week of Term 2, the annual geographical pilgrimage to scenic Harrierville was undertaken. After four days of depravity and debauchery, Harrierville high society was so outraged (Harrierville has a population of 65) that they asked that eminently unbiased and non-sensational paper the Sun to send an intellectual reporter to investigate. Finally Lou Richards arrived and the following is a completely unabridged and unexpurgated diary of events that rocked the broadminded and cultured society.

"Harrierville is 350 beers and 35 hotels from MelbourneWasting no time I hunted up my informant, the bosomy, but delectable Mrs. Edna Everage, who immediately established her credibility by saying, "I really despise people who pry on others, but when I was looking through my 12" Mt. Stromlo brand telescope you should have seen the goings on..."

It was discovered that Alan Laws, a highly religious young man, who violently denounces gambling, smoking and possibly drinking, late one night, in attempting to walk across the swirling waters of the Ovens River, reached half way but then his Jesus like powers deserted him and he started to drown. Fortunately the Harrierville Surf Lifesaving Club was on regular patrol and a rescue was effected. A conflicting report said Alan was thrown in but this has been dismissed as merely a malicious rumour.

A great personal tragedy occurred when Mary

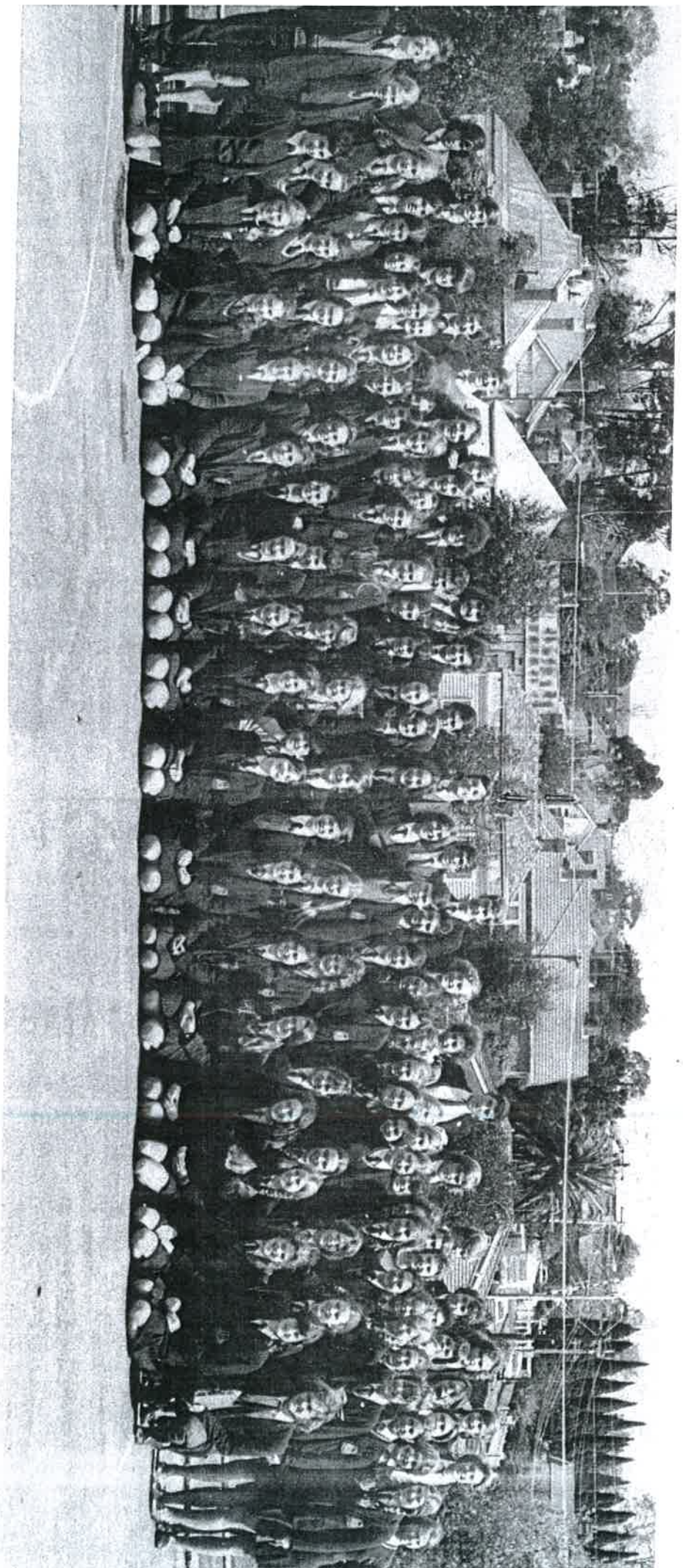
Phillips lost her lemonade bottle which doubled as a hot water bottle - this seemed to upset her psychological equilibrium for the rest of the excursion. Eventually the bottle was returned, but not without a harrowing and at times pathetic scene. Our beloved leader, "Great White Boss" Bernard Corser, who was most intent on perpetuating an "iron man" image by wearing jeans, a flimsy short sleeved shirt and thongs (no socks) in the freezing Alpine conditions, mysteriously was last to depart for bed each evening - then came fateful discovery - Bernard was seen pouring hot water into Mary's stolen hot water bottle. In a moving scene of chest heaving, sobbing and hair pulling, he confessed saying he couldn't stand the cold.

Peter Knights, not noted for his sporting prowess, received innumerable thrashings at table tennis. Such was the depressing effect on his personality that when playing for Hawthorn on the following Saturday he received only two Brownlow Medal votes instead of his customary three.

That enthusiastic supporter of Army life, Robert Davey, took the fashion points on the trip - his exquisite Rudolph Nureyev, double breasted, pleatless, cuffless, safari-style fur coat from the Chelyabinsk fur farms of North Central U.S.S.R. won many admiring glances. His whole ensemble was delightfully complemented by a newly imported \$200 pair of Christian Dior jeans, and an old pair of Burwood United football socks.

Would you believe we did some geography too?

SENIOR CHOIR '71



SENIOR C



The Choir began the year with great determination and enthusiasm. Our first main performance was at the Annual Dandenong Eisteddfod on April 29. Rehearsals for the event began exceptionally early in the year (just 1½ weeks after school commenced) and ended at Dandenong with the same gratifying fervour it had begun with. Up until the performance not a minute was lost with each and every voice contributing fantastically. Thanks must go to the senior members of each group for their willing co-operation and excellent leadership prior to the event.

Unlike past years, we sang in the afternoon rather than the evening with some twelve school choirs competing in our section. Our two items were "And the Glory of the Lord" from "The Messiah" by Handel, and "Go tell it on the Mountains", a traditional Christmas Spiritual.

Our early rehearsals paid off and we tallied some 173 points to come second, just 3 points from the winners. Possibly our first item "And the Glory of the Lord" left one of the biggest imprints in the adjudicator's mind for he congratulated the choir and Mr. Trevare on our effort, with such honourable comments as "unperishable masterpiece", "highly satisfactory", "splendid diction" "not that of an adult choir" - but what the heck! We thank Richard Thew, the adjudicator for his kind words.

Our following performances consisted of singing our first item at the Assemblies farewelling Mr. Slattery and Miss Milne, hopefully leaving them with something to think about! Then came Speech Night....

Rehearsing for Speech Night proved to be one of the greatest experiences in maximum organization

SENIOR CHOIR '71



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and enthusiasm. Our primary thoughts senior choir for speech night stem right the Choral Festival in July. Many participating for their houses during th became aware that they could enjoy r its expression. This feeling was so w many pupils approached both myse Davies, Michael Tyack and a number people to ask whether they could pos included in the senior choir for term many people did approach us that v thinking along lines of a much larger speech night, so we published lists (who had approached us and were asto find over 100 students eager to partici began to organize ardently and it was before we began rehearsals in the last tv of term two. Unfortunately though, the more obstacles to overcome than we had

R CHOIR '71



and enthusiasm. Our primary thoughts about the senior choir for speech night stem right back to the Choral Festival in July. Many students, participating for their houses during the festival became aware that they could enjoy music and its expression. This feeling was so widespread many pupils approached both myself, Ross Davies, Michael Tyack and a number of other people to ask whether they could possibly be included in the senior choir for term three. So many people did approach us that we began thinking along lines of a much larger choir for speech night, so we published lists of people who had approached us and were astounded to find over 100 students eager to participate. We began to organize ardently and it was not long before we began rehearsals in the last two weeks of term two. Unfortunately though, there were more obstacles to overcome than we had counted

on, such as the Drama Festival and Dance Band rehearsals, both of which we worked around. Thanks especially must go to those who realised the situation and did use common sense in organizing themselves. I think at this point it is wise to thank Ross Davies for becoming our pianist during this troubled time and with his help well deserved progress was made.

Term 3 was now upon us and rehearsals did not let up. We decided to learn three numbers: "The Rhythm of Life" and "Swing low, sweet chariot", Special note and thanks must go to our choir master Mr. Trevare, whose unerring direction led us to many victories and to our resident accompanist Michael Tyack who, I'm sure is one of the finest and most accomplished people to work with.

Robert Gavin . Form 6

THE FALL

Creeping, slowly,
Carefully, lowly,
Creeping up the
Steep hill's side.
One step, two steps
Three steps, four
Climbing faster, faster more -
Slide.
Rumbling, tumbling
Falling fast
Speeding, flashing
Rocks and branches,
Rushing, rising
As I plunge past.
Fast, then slower
And slower still,
My feet stop missing,
My arms cease flailing
And I'm not sailing through
The air.
The ground is rising as
I fall nearer to the earth.
Creeping, carefully, lowly.....

TO MY FRIEND, A ROUND, HOT DIM SIM

Dear
Dim Sim,
Hot and Warm
Dear friendly little
pal, a word before I
gobble you all....up.
What is that green,
stringy stuff in you?
And was the fleshy meat
in you the guts of a
neighborhood cat? I don't
really care you know,
you chunderstand, just
wondering.

Anon.

SURFING

On he rides
Along the wave
Swerving and turning
Across the surface
In Graceful motion
Comes to the beach.

Courtland Oakes III

CATALYSTS OF WORLD DESTRUCTION

War,
Hatred,
Violence,
Prejudice,
Selfishness,
Inconsideration,
Narrow-mindedness,
What else goes on in the perverted minds of man?
Live for Love,
Friendship,
Happiness,
Peace
Build a pleasing world of freedom
And save future generations from destruction.

John Nichols V

A LOVE POEM

I have trod the thorny paths of sorrow,
I have meandered through the gardens of
precious love.
I braved the stony, blast
blasts of hatred,
I have seen the hidden traits of kindness
in the one I love.
I have heard the cries of those I left behind,
And scorned the tortured hearts of unknown
sorrows.
I laughed,
While they wept
But now I weep;
For you.
You have taken all the joys of living.
You have stolen the delights of life.
Now I find no solace in sleeping.
Now I find no happiness in life.
I miss your touch of tenderness,
Your rough, brusque ways of dealing.
Your kiss, like rainbows meeting
With a dazzling
Conglomeration of light.
Your love that waxes and wanes
From the depths of
Icy craters to
Pinnacles of regal splendour
And I love you still
With all that I possess
I love you.

Anon.

CHORAL FESTIVAL.

This year's festival was our 25th and one of the most keenly fought. For the first time since I've been at this school (the last five years) interest was taken by most students in the unison song "Jerusalem" and the high standard of the Special Choirs inspired the school greatly.



HOUSE REPORTS -

1st PLACE MONTGOMERY: This year was our most successful year since 1962 and the house spirit seemed greater than it has ever been. The unison song under the capable and sometimes amusing leadership of Sue Kitchen and accompanist Ross Davies, received 2nd place in this section with 38 points. In the special choir section Montgomery excelled with "Some folks do" capably conducted by Rosemary Allen and accompanied by Ross Davies. We received first place with 43 points, commended by Val Pyers for conveying the spirit of the song to the audience. Therefore we were equal victors with 81 points.

1st PLACE ROOSEVELT: Under the flamboyant conducting of Malcolm Linsell and accompanist Michael Tyack, Roosevelt received 1st place in the unison section with 40 points. However in the special choir section Roosevelt only fielded 3rd with 41 points. We sang "In these delightful pleasant groves" under the dynamic leadership of Robert Gavin and accompanist Michael Tyack. Thus, equal 1st place with Montgomery was gained with 81 points, our first win in a decade.

3rd PLACE MacARTHUR: In the unison section MacArthur tried hard but we didn't succeed. For the 2nd year in succession Jim Davidson conducted the unison song. The pianist Janet Davey put



in a valiant effort, being the youngest person ever to have been an accompanist at the Choral Festival. We received 3rd place with 36 points. The special choir under Carolyn Lock's bouncy leadership and accompanist Jane Phillips were favourites but with an equal 3rd place, 41 points were gained with an overall of 77 points.

4th PLACE CHURCHILL: In the unison, Churchill tried to innovate "Jerusalem" by having the girls singing one line and boys the following; however, this conflicted with Mr. Pyers definition of unison and even though the choir was enthused by the conductor, Tony Coulepis, and pianist Gayle Gregory only fourth place was obtained with 33 points. In the special choirs we came second with 42 points, singing, "Dem Bones" conducted by Janet Dormer and accompanied by Carolyn Muntz. Total marks were 75 points.

Both in the afternoon and evening the Dance Band, The School Senior Singers and the flute duet performed with flying colours, and to finish the whole day off there was a scintillating performance of "Shortnin' Bread" by the conductors and pianists.

Ross Davies

CAREERS 1971

It is accepted that schools today have a greater awareness of their responsibilities in providing careers information and guidance for students. This year, through the work of Messrs. Brentnall, Tyson and Phillips of the Parents and Friends Association and the staff, Camberwell has done its utmost to prepare students for a satisfying occupation.

The school has, during the year, built up, and is continuing to increase, its library of careers literature. A large number of students have availed themselves of this material through Miss Flinn and Mr. Cracknell.

At other times during the year careers film nights, vocational guidance interviews, conducted by the local Commonwealth Employment Office, the "Opportunities for School Leavers" seminar conducted by Mrs. Allan and the Professional Careers night have aroused much interest. Each appeared to help many students, at least to think of their future, and in some cases perhaps to decide on a particular career.

However it appears that a number of students still have not thought seriously of this major decision which will play such a part in their future in terms of time, financial reward and happiness at least. It is hoped that next year all students of form 4 and above will make use of at least one of the opportunities provided by the school to consider what their future career will be.

On September 17th a Seminar "Opportunities for School Leavers" was held in the school hall, for the benefit of the senior body of the school. The enthusiasm and good-will necessary to organise such a Seminar deserved a better attendance than it got. For those that attended it was a day which clarified many aspects of careers open to them. There were a variety of speakers, each well informed on his topic. To cater for the individual is virtually impossible. However, it was efficiently and wisely handled in that we were given a good insight into opportunities available.

Of the speakers I was particularly impressed by Mrs. Rickards from the Gas and Fuel, and Mr. Toomey from the S.E.C. Mrs. Rickards dealt mainly with careers for the Home Economist, Catering, Dietition and Nutrition. Mr. Toomey

showed slides on various fields open for training and a number of Departments of the S.E.C. We also received some insight into student life, especially the "pitfalls" from Mr. Ian Morrison of the S.R.C. of R.M.I.T. For those interested in the Armed Forces, they were represented by two efficient speakers of the RAAF and WRAAF.

The Public Service, the Bank of N.S.W. were represented as well, and Training Officers, Research Officer and the Assistant Director of the Technical Teacher Education. All speakers gave a very comprehensive and informative discourse.

Throughout the day I was continually being made aware that to succeed nowadays in any field requires initiative, dedication and hard work, qualities that potential candidates often lack.

On behalf of the students I would sincerely like to thank Mrs. Allan, the school staff, Mrs. Sheila Moore, for her cheerful words, Mrs. Fletcher and the Home Economics girls who made a wonderful effort in organising the tea breaks. I hope similar Seminars will be continued in the future for the benefit of the students.

Thank you,
Evelyn Scheltus
VI

TALENT QUEST 1971

Early this year 6R decided to organise a talent quest to be held over several lunchtimes to raise money for our Social Service fund. Three dates in September - 20th, 21st and 24th were arranged. Posters were painted and put up, entry forms were printed and applications received. Entrants came from different levels in the school and included groups, soloists and comedy acts.

The Dance band, the Crossroads, the Goons, Chopsticks Incorporated and the Beatles made the finals, with the 2A revival and Henry Chen withdrawing. Owing to a last minute hitch the Goons were unable to appear.

When the votes were counted the Crossroads came out on top and were awarded first prize. Altogether we raised \$130 which was sent to aid the Pakastani refugees in India.

Mary Potter

ROWING

Camberwell High School can say that it had a very successful season in Rowing this year. A First Four, Fifth Four and a Third Eight were boated, but the severe lack of coaches limited these crew's capabilities.

The first four, who trained for six months for the Regatta, were confident of success after winning in the Scotch Mercantile Regatta. In the High Schools' Regatta, the crew took an early lead and did not falter in a win estimated by spectators to have been over 300 yards. The Fifth Four were unfortunate to be defeated in a close race and be placed second. The margin was 1 foot. All crews could have been successful if coaches were available.

The attitude at Camberwell High appears to be that rowing is an inferior sport, and is a waste of time. The dedicated First Four, gave up their spare time to train, and the results speak for themselves. The win was very disappointing when only a quarter of the school came to see so much hard work result in a win for the school.

Until the staff and students change their attitude regarding rowing, the school will stay in the doldrums regarding this sport. There is no rowing at present, and there are less than ten students taking an interest in it.

If not for the help from the Parents' Rowing Committee, rowing would have disappeared from Camberwell High, but more enthusiasm is needed to keep rowing alive. If you cannot participate in rowing, you can show your support by contributing to the many functions the committee holds.

Our thanks go to David Crawford who was the only person willing to sacrifice his time to coach the crews. He was dedicated to the task he had before him and I think he enjoyed the Four's win more than the crew did. Thanks to Mr. Davies for the work he did in organising the Regatta.

Stuart Lodington, Captain of Boats



TENNIS REPORT

Team: C. Baker

A. Backholer

A. Hutchinson

P. Seibler

G. Head (2 matches)

P. Wingfield (1 match)

Results: Eastern Division Matches

1st Round vs. Balwyn

Won 6 Sets 36 Games to 0 Sets 13 Games

1st Round vs. Kew

Won 6 Sets 37 Games to 0 Sets 7 Games

2nd Round vs. Balwyn

Won 5 Sets 34 Games to 1 Set 20 Games

2nd Round vs. Kew

Won 6 Sets 36 Games to 0 Sets 6 Games

Practice Match vs. Melbourne High

Lost 0 Sets 15 Games 0 Rubbers to 8 Sets 48 Games 4 Rubbers.

SEMI-FINAL versus Glen Waverley High

Lost 0 Sets 16 Games to 6 Sets 48 Games.

The tennis team this year performed very creditably, making the semi-final of the Eastern Division. Admittedly our progress to this final was made very easy by there only being three teams in our section. One of them was us! We easily won this section with all players playing well.

Our practice match against Melbourne High is better forgotten as all players had a bad day and we couldn't crack it for even one set. Our performance was hindered by very blustery conditions.

Then we came to the semi-final when we were quite confident of doing well. But we came up against a very competent team which easily disposed of us.

One disappointing factor this year has been the lack of interest in this sport by teachers and students. Almost every week we had to scratch around for a team if we were playing a match. On the lack of interest by teachers, we didn't have a teacher helping to supervise any matches as other schools did.

Finally, thanks to the players who showed great enthusiasm to get the team going.

We look forward to a good season next year.



S. R. C.



FORM CAPTAINS



PREFECTS



AN ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE TELEPHONE



As recently as the nineteenth century communications depended on physical transport - legs, or if you were on water, sails. This was O.K. if you had plenty of time to spare, but if you were in a hurry and wanted to communicate urgently it was impossible - there were no telephones.

As the business world got more and more busy, businessmen became increasingly agitated. And so it came about that in LONDON an urgent meeting was called of the Inner London Capitalists Benevolent Society, to which a number of eminent inventors were invited. Sir Hugh Bumchummer, spokesman for the group, (since he was a big wheel) put the situation bluntly: "If you chaps," at this point he prodded the air with the end of his pipe for effect, "can invent the telephone, we'll give you £3.10.6 and all the licorice you can eat."

All the inventors went off determined that they would do their best to ignore the offer. All except one Alec Bell, who didn't have £3.10.6 and wasn't averse to a spot of licorice.

Our story picks up two years later when Bell looked up Sir Hugh, an enjoyable experience for both of them, and said, "See here Sir Hugh, it's a telephone!" Bumchummer saw before him a mysterious black box, with a double headed handle. He approached it cautiously, gave it a prod with his pipe and tried to feed it some tobacco. "Yes, it's a telephone alright," he finally admitted. "Good, good!" he said at length, "I'll call some of my associates."

Bell carefully placed the telephone on a vacant desk and waited for the others to arrive. Presently some ten or fifteen men entered. They all took their seats and waited for it to hoot. Nothing happened. (Dear Reader, you and I know that the

first telephone was useless until the second came along, but they didn't know it.)

They waited.

And waited.

And waited.

Three years later Bell broke an uneasy silence by saying, "I'm feeling hungry" and he left the room, presumably to get some food. Seconds later he bounded back into the room, a sandwich in one hand, a palm in the other. "I have it!" he joyously cried. It woke the others.

"What dammit, what have you? Speak up then!"

"Instead of waiting for someone to hoot us up, we shall hoot someone."

This brilliant idea was acclaimed on all sides by enthusiastic cheering. What a mind. One of the junior office boys went to get a telephone book and they all gathered anxiously around the telephone. The book passed through many eager hands to Bell, whilst Bumchummer took up his position by the telephone. Bell started thumbing through the book, passing page after page of nothing. Three hours later he came across the first number in the book. The excitement was mounting. Bell held the book reverently, Bumchummer lifted the receiver with religious care. All mouths were open in expectation - a revolting sight. "We have it, we have the dial tone!" cried Bumchummer, and wild cheering from the ever increasing crowd greeted his announcement. It was too much for some who fainted in the corners; men danced with each other - what an occasion! In deathly silence Bell began to read out the number slowly and precisely, and Bumchummer dialled.

Engaged! What superb comic relief, what an anticlimax! "Well," said Bell, "at least it proves that there's someone there!" Because after all if it was engaged it must mean that the person at the other end was hooting somebody else up. They tried again with the same result. For three weeks they tried to get through, but it was always engaged. Bumchummer was carried off to hospital, sobbing, with severe digital dialling sickness, muttering curses about gossiping housewives as he left.

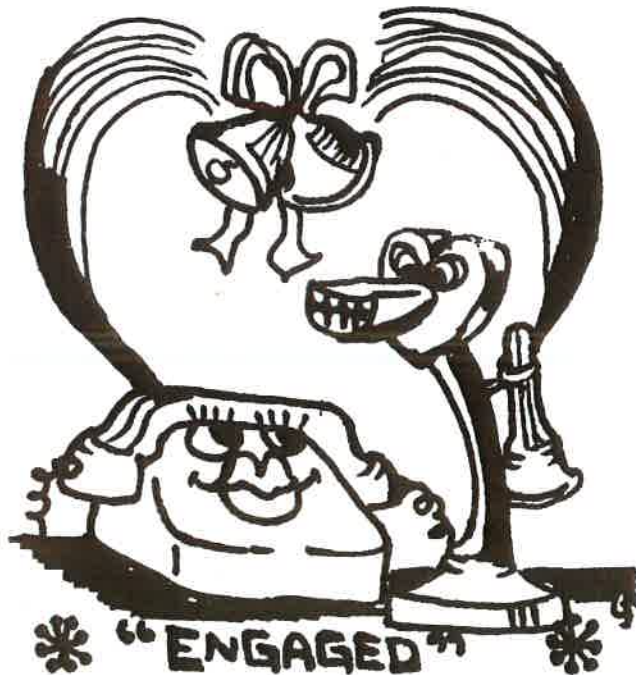
Then, just as all seemed impossible, a lowly office boy obviously after promotion, burst his way into the centre of the group, telephone book in hand and made a startling revelation.

"Gentlemen," he began, "I have been studying the telephone book and the telephone for some two weeks now, you see, and I have made an amazing discovery." You could have heard a pin drop. "The number in the telephone book and the number on our telephone are the same number!" The titter of several seconds ago became thunderous. There was clapping, whistling, stamping of feet. Bumchummer from his wheelchair immediately offered him a raise and promotion. The excitement was at fever pitch. What a moment.

Slowly the noise died down and settled into an uneasy silence. A few mumbling voices could be heard. Then a frantic voice desperately cried out, "What does it mean?"

All eyes were now focused on office boy Dak Dracker. He visibly shrank and choked out, "I don't know," and ran from the room hysterical. It would have been disaster but for the brilliant mind of Bell. "Wait," he called out, and now all hopes rested on his shoulders. "I think I have it. This means we have been hooting ourselves up all this time!"

This was too much. Everyone in the room broke down, wrecked by the ordeal. Men sobbed aloud, hugged and kissed each other unashamedly. They swung from the light bulbs and ran out screaming into the streets below. At the height of the tumult the incredible intellect of Bell came to another mind rocking conclusion. "I have the solution too," he screamed above the uproar. "We must build another telephone." Did that brain ever rest?



Three weeks later, after the men had recovered themselves, they set about plans for a new telephone. It was unanimously decided that it should go somewhere where the public could see it, and, in view of the true greatness of the machine, it deserved some kind of shrine. The best architects of the day worked non-stop to produce a masterpiece suitable for housing Bell's great work. Something delicately beautiful, yet massive and impressive was called for. Thus we now have the familiar telephone box. The ILCBS also added its own contribution - a device for collecting people's money, without which the telephone would not work.

Arrangements were made, the people of the city came out in force to greet the day of the first telephone call. Bell was to hoot Bumchummer at exactly ten a.m. on the 17th July, 1874 from the newly constructed Shrine to the Telephone (as it was then known). Apart from the fact that he phone was out of order when he went to use it, Bell and Bumchummer made the first successful telephone call on that day, and the telephone was an established fact.

Since then the story is as common to you as I. Once there were two of them, they multiplied like rabbits (metaphorically speaking that is), and the 'phone book gradually filled. The telephone has lasted almost unchanged since then apart from one minor alteration. After Bell's death it was generally felt that some recognition of his greatness should be made. Thus the familiar hoot of the nineteenth century telephone was replaced by a ring - a bell was inserted.

SOCCKER REPORT

This year our school soccer team had a very successful year, winning 16 out of 20 games and also winning two premierships. The first premiership was for the Eastern Division series and the second was for the Saturday morning competition. We were narrowly defeated by Fitzroy High 2-1 for the All High premiership. Even though we missed out on this premiership it was still a good achievement getting as far as we did. It is the first time in Camberwell High's history that the school soccer team has won two premierships and even been runners up in a third one. Most of the credit goes to Mr. Drent, our coach. He gave up his time after school to coach us and arrange our matches and he also made the arrangements necessary to fit us into the Saturday morning competition. On top of all of this he sacrificed his Saturday mornings to provide transport and to umpire our games. If not for Mr. Drent, I doubt whether the team would have got as far as it did.

Mention should also be made of our captain, Philippe Dodin. Philippe also did a great deal for the team. Apart from his inspiration and leadership, he played well in our last line of defence. In the twenty games that we played Camberwell kicked 85 goals and had only 13 goals kicked against us. These figures are a good summary of Camberwell's performances. The centre line gave a good drive up to the forward position where the forward players did their job well while our back players kept a tight defence.

The team included: Philippe Dodin, Ali Kemal, John Tamas, John Winarski, David Smith, Andrew Nowak, Chan seong Kai, Lee Sun Hing Chin, Goh, Michael, the Snow brothers, Ken O'Connell, and Tony Coulepis.

We also played a practice match against our old rivals Melbourne High. Melbourne beat us 2-1 but they were very lucky, seeing that all of our Asian players could not be present on that day. (Melbourne, in previous years would normally beat Camberwell with a score of 10 or more).

We hope that next year's soccer team can do just as well and bring back another couple of premierships to Camberwell High.

Tony Coulepis



BASKETBALL TEAM

The season began during the 1st term vacation when a senior, under 18 side was entered in the Shell Metropolitan Basketball Championships at Albert Park Stadiums. Camberwell defeated the three teams in its division by large margins and thus went into the Divisional Finals. After winning fairly comfortably by 10 points, we played off in the grand final amid a crowd of 2-300 spectators (none from C.H.S.). Playing against Prahran High, considered one of the best schools sides in Victoria C.H.S. ran out winners by only one point. Best players being: D. Tyson, R. Tan, W. Chan, L. Moon Whai.

Later in second term, playing in the South Eastern Division, the side defeated Balwyn and Kew High Schools away and at home. Entering the Divisional finals Camberwell drew with Niddrie High School 38 points all, after a torrid and bad tempered match, in which the captain of the opposite side threatened to strike both referees. A week later a re-match was arranged, and mainly because of lack of concentration on Camberwell's part, Niddrie ran out winners by 2 points, the scores were - C.H.S. 38, Niddrie 40. Overall best players - W. Tan, L. Moon Whai, K. Hon Foo.

Other games played throughout the season included matches against Camberwell Grammar, Melbourne High, Kingsley College and Mt. Scopus College, Camberwell only being defeated twice, by Camberwell Grammar and Melbourne High.

Generally Camberwell played very well throughout the season, however with a little more organised practice would have done much better. I also think that all players should be congratulated on their excellent sportsmanship throughout the season

G. Toomey

V - THEATRE

"Next year I think you should keep in mind that point about audience-enjoyment, but of course not to the complete denial of "problem plays", I suggested. "We'll keep it in mind," they said.

D. Murdoch V-Theatre 1969

Well we kept it in mind and I feel that we proved Mr. Murdoch's point. This years selection of plays directed more to the humorous side, and even those not intended humorously came out that way - thanks to a very receptive (?) audience.

This is the first year in which V-Theatre has been held in the school hall. At first we jumped for joy at the prospect of using our own school hall. But, bit by bit, our enthusiasm dwindled.

"No curtains!"

"No curtains?"

"**No** curtains!!"

"Well we can dim the lights...."

"No lights!!"

"No lights? Suppose we supply the front row with torches?"

Then from the depths of despair shone a glimmer of hope. Don Harrop stepped in and saved the day. He put a great deal of time and energy into organising a temporary lighting arrangement and, with a wave of our cue cards, the show went on. (with traditional theatre spirit)

"No steak for tea."

The first formers play was a great success. The play, written and produced by the first formers, (with help from Mrs. Permezel) combined humour, satire and social comment, quite an effort for first form. I hope that their interest and enthusiasm will continue through the school, and it is quite obvious that there will be an abundance of talent for future V-Theatre Productions.



"Ride a Tiger."

"Ride a Tiger, ably produced by "The Lovely Trudi" was probably the most rehearsed play in the festival. After disappearing for several weeks, rehearsing, Trudi and her cast made a spectacular entrance on opening night and surprised us all with a brilliant production.



"The Bookshop" and "The Ant".

The sketches, written by Marty Feldman, were both ably and humorously acted by "straight man" Dick Roberts and "amorous" Adam Shackleton. Both sketches lived up to our expectations by involving the audience and placing them in a state of hysteria. We would like to see more sketches of this kind in the future. Thanks fellas.



"The Applicant"

"The Applicant" is typical of Harold Pinter's theatre of the absurd. The short play is about a man (Phil Hankin) being interviewed for a post as a physicist by an attractive secretary, (Margaret Corcoran). Both Margaret and Phil did an excellent job of portraying the parts, and the whole production left many people guessing.



"Another Way Out"

"Another Way Out" was an extremely difficult play to tackle, but under the excellent direction of Jim Braithwaite, it was successful. The cast did a fantastic job of portraying roles which required a high degree of acting experience.



"The Man in the Bowler Hat"

The main thing that was evident about "The Man in the Bowler Hat" was the way that the cast obviously enjoyed the play. Nobody was really quite sure what to expect as there were still major changes being made hours before the performance, in fact the performance varied from night to night and even the actors were surprised by the outcome.



COMMENTS

CAST AND CREW COMMENTS

The sound crew were good. It was just their equipment that blew up.

Why wasn't any coffee left for the poor cast and crew members dying of thirst.

The stage manager deserved a medal but he got thrown down the stairs instead.

The stage hands should have taken a bow for their excellent scene shifting.



STAFF COMMENTS

I liked the emphasis on humour.
What about curtains next year.
Sometimes too soft, sometimes too loud.
The acting was very, very good.
Aesthetically pleasing.



PREFECTS COMMENTS

Bloody marvellous.
Best ever.
Great voice projection.
Commendable.
High standard of acting.
I might go to the next one.

STUDENTS COMMENTS

I liked the humour.
Everybody should have seen it.
Pretty good.
Well organised.
Fantastic.
How did the guy who played "Apollo" in "Another Way Out" keep so still?
How do you get someone so musical to play the tuba?
Who was the pretty fellow in the bowler hat?
Did Charles Dickens really write "Ethel D. Aardvark goes Quantity Surveying" or is it just a myth?
It was unique.
"Too many kissing" Chin.



OTHERS

The first form play was extremely well done.
What drama Festival?
What does V stand for?
The Ant was best.
Is Mr. Lamb really VIRGO INTACTA?
More students should attend.
Remember that vase that wouldn't break on the Friday night performance of Ride a Tiger - Well it made a nice hole in my table - Sorry Mum.
How about having V-Theatre during school time so more students could attend.

FOOTBALL

Season 71 was the most successful football season that a Camberwell High Football team has ever had.

Because of the tremendous enthusiasm during the season by members of the team and the school, Camberwell entered the Eastern Division Grand Final which unfortunately we lost, in a very close and tiring game.

Camberwell after great financial and clearance difficulties were able to recruit Rob Davy (Army) Greg Hoskin (Bank of England) Craig Brown (Camberwell Grammar) and Peter Knights (Hawthorn) for the football season. Camberwell also were very fortunate in having Tiger Pillios, a dynamic full forward. The versatile Triggar brothers, M Jageurs who captained the team this year on looks only, and Mr. Glenn, Camberwell's most successful coach since Bob Rose.

The credit for the team's great success this year is mainly due to our coach Mr. Glenn who in the last two years has taken the football team from the bottom to the top in inter-school sport and has shown the team what is meant by the words, "determination" and "enthusiasm". If there were six pages available then, only then could you understand the amount of time and effort he has put into the team. There is only one regret that the football team has and that is not winning the grand final for Mr. Glenn and the school.

HIGHLIGHTS: Knights played like a Victorian Champion. Guggenheimer was ever, never reliable in defence. An encouraging speech by Mr. Glenn, regenerated the team's spirit at Balwyn High. Tiger Pillios' cheer squad - a lot of hysterical children.



The defence of Brown, Major Rickard and Triggar causing numerous attacking opportunities.

The lone supporter for this first match and number one member Mr. Tim Sullivan gave us a phenomenal boundary umpiring exhibition. The plan, of Dakis, Barton and Kelaart who controlled the centre line was unpaceable. Rob Davey's magnificent effort to score two goals and twenty points for the season. Knights' eight goals six points against Warragul for a half was a good team effort. Finally our five goals loss to Melb. High instead of our usual forty.

Results of Matches in order of playing scores:
Practice: Camberwell def. Mt. Scopus 17.11.113

2. 6. 18

Practice: Camberwell def. Carey Grammar 8.12.60

5. 6.36

Competitive: Camberwell def. Balwyn 9.13.67

2. 2.14

Competitive: Camberwell defeated Kew 11.16.82

2. 1.13

Practice: Melbourne def. Camberwell 12.22.94

9.11.65

Competitive: Camberwell def. Balwyn 9. 7.61

6. 5.41

Competitive: Camberwell defeated Kew 15.16.106

2. 5. 17

Semi Final: Camberwell def. Waverley 14.12.96

9. 6.60

G. Final: Blackburn Sth. def. Camberwell 12.8.80

8.14.62

Social Match: Camberwell def. Warragul 18.20.128

6. 3. 33

M. Jageurs
Jim Pillios



WHY MUST I DIE?

What is the philosophy of life? To be born, to live and yet, inevitably die. Life must offer us in her outstretched hands a gift more valuable than that!

Life perhaps is a river, an eternal tide of rhythmic strength pulsating waves back and forth in a seething torment of movement, relaxed at times by a sweeping sea of serenity and calm found only in those isolated depths of a sheltered bay.

Must I travel that long journey, from the first sharp squeals and sobs of infancy to the day-dream world of playtime childhood? Do I have to wander, bewildered and yet excited through the tall, dark corridors of adolescence, seeking at each closed doorway an escape back to childhood?

But yes! I must run, run, walk, stumble, and then crawl down on my bare bony knees, cold and blistered from the long journey, to that shaft of light, once only a pinpoint but now broadening out into a full beam of stark reality. A warmth floods my body; tingling, exciting, passionate. Life is there, her beckoning outstretched arms have touched my fingertips; but too quickly does she pervade my body and in no time she has left, spirited away to yet another life-seeker. A chill invades my defenceless body, the cool touches of whispering death playfully linger over me. The light almost tender, touches suddenly fasten their grip with ferocity and with one mighty pang of agony, the flame is extinguished.

Please, I want to live always, for ever. To experience the idyllic happiness of a long, hot summer, to be revived by the fresh, rosy hue of Autumn. Let me see the showers of autumn leaves falling, falling; the rich red wine of plum, amber, and mellow gold, the warm tender evenings of lingering twilight dancing softly on huddled rows of pansies, their darling faces upturned to the golden sun.

Oh! Autumn, Keat's season of mellow mists and fruitfulness, of mossed cottage apple trees, laden to the core and that ceaseless drone of humming bees. Apricots of amber-gold, full to the brim with the sweetest nectar of life. Autumn, a time to stretch your warm, bronzed limbs and laze in the remaining days of the dying sun.

And then with a mighty rush, Winter, that god of ice born as a roar of wind; a wind so cold, so raw and chilling and yet so tantalising. Ah! The pain of stiff, numbed fingers chilled to the bone, the scrunch of feet on frost-sculptured lawns, the biting southern winds, always howling and blowing with tormented rage! Winter, so cold and cruel, but I love you. I love the stark, bleak landscapes, both town and rural, bathed in a sheen of greymist; oaks and ashes, poplars and bracken now stand, naked and proudly defiant against you. Their glorious golden garments are shed aside, while the early morning showers caress and wash them. Dewdrops, so delicate and translucent, reflect the green, brown black blanket of winter. Shafts of light escape through the mist and frolic childishly on clusters of glistening evergreens. Winter, the season of the sleeping sun.

Suddenly Spring, the season of life, growth and ambition arrives, the silent invader. Juicy shoots, sharp and green against the opaque light, show their heads through the upturned, frozen earth. Mists fade, frosts melt, darkness becomes light, death transcends into life. The dazed sun, painted in winter white ice, yawns and awakes with a wonderful deep sigh of contentment. Beams of warmth filter through your soul. Nature thrives, flourishes and outbreaks into such a confusion of colour, that I only an admirer, must stand aside in awe. Spring - the season of sensuous love, of beauty and harmony, so soft, soothing and bursting with such fresh vitality and vigour!

Come Spring, Autumn and Summer despair; timeless seasons, a time to live, to love and a time to die. No, No, I yearn to always live. Life why do you taunt me, why do you always run away, elude me? I chase in fervent pursuit but a sudden gust of wind carries you aloft and you are gone. You have escaped, deceived me with your elusive vivacious moods and now I have lost you, lost you. So I must die, my appetite ever hungry, my thirst for life unquenched. Please why must I die, why?

EXCHANGE STUDENTS

5603 66th Pl. S.E.
Snohomish
Washington
98290

Dear Miss Essex and my friends,

I've been here in Snohomish for nearly four weeks now and I am having an absolutely marvellous time! School started last Tuesday with a lot of things being different, but the kids are so nice and friendly that you can't go wrong.

When I enrolled at the Senior High I had to choose the subjects I wanted to do and, honestly, they have a huge variety of subjects to choose from. I selected things like U.S. History, Current World Problems, Literature, Latin, Oceanography, Swing Choir and Band. It sounds pretty easy but it's very different from what I had taken in Australia and I think it will be an interesting course.

School starts at 8 a.m. and as there are nearly 1700 students the lunches are split, one being later than the other. My lunch is for half an hour beginning at 10.32 and we all eat in the cafeteria, being served a pretty good hot meal. This lunch costs 40 cents each day. We get out at 2.30 in the afternoon, after which many of the Seniors have jobs.

The day is divided into seven periods and as everyone has seven subjects, we have one period of each subject each day. It's hard to get used to the idea of coming to school each day in casual clothing. But as most people are neat and tidy I think it's a good thing.

Like Camberwell High things like sport and music are very popular in the school. They are well represented in things like football, baseball, basketball and running, with trophy cases all over the place.

Last year as well as this the School Stage Band toured Europe very successfully and when we went to hear a concert upon their return a couple of weeks ago they sounded really great.

Finally I would like to thank you people who put up with me for another half year, especially Miss Rusden. I was beginning to think August would never come!

Jim Davidson
Exchange Student in America

Major cities all around the world are more or less the same, but the major differences come when like school systems are compared. Like I'm used to wearing almost anything I like to school and studying completely from a textbook. The classes are harder here and so is the grading. I'm not used to people getting so nervous about an exam - as we get tested over material as we go along and the grades are all kept and evaluated at the end of the semester. But it's all in what you get used to. Slowly I'm learning to speak Australian and use the right words at the right time, believe me, it's not only the accent which is different!

I feel that being an exchange student is the best experience that any student can have, as it gives that person such a deep insight into world and human relations. A person can never see what life is really like in another country until he had actually lived there. Before I came here I had visions of every family having a pet kangaroo and 60 foot gum trees full of koalas. Oh yes, and streets full of aborigines.

I have made so many friends here at Camberwell that I'm going to hate to leave. But I certainly will have a lot to tell them when I get home.

Mary Baxter

In the history of Camberwell High, 1971 sees the largest number of students from Asia. All of these students, seventeen boys and a girl, are the products of different states in Malaysia.

I can still remember vividly the scene during the first few days in the school. We were total strangers to each other as well as to the Australian students. Though mutual acquaintance among ourselves was not yet profound, we preferred to group together rather than to mix with the Australian students. Gradually, the seed of friendship and a better understanding amongst ourselves and the school was established and developed unnoticingly; soon we no longer found ourselves lonely in the school.

In school, we have done comparatively well both in academic subjects and sport. We take part in games such as basketball, table tennis, and soccer etc. We are proud of our only Asian lady student. Miss Linda Chong (Suik Fong) who is the 1971 Victorian Women's open Table Tennis champion.

Warrence Chan
(Kok Peng)

WAR

People everywhere; blood running in the street
like water; the crunch of boots on flesh and
bones: horror! Troops raiding the community not
even sparing women or children crying for their
dead parents; old men and women screaming
horribly as they are trampled to death by troopers.

People with cheekbones jutting above sunken
eyes, with thin lips and looks of hunger; rags
hanging from their bony bodies; disease or
slaughter - Death!

Joanne Smith 1R

PEACE

Peace is a corner in a crowded room.
Peace is the first flower of spring
That blooms and dies so soon.
Peace is a smile from a city face,
That goes before it comes
Yet stays in your heart forever.
Peace is an unfound, unspoiled stream,
Haboring creatures hiding from man.
Peace is a small star
So distant, yet still in reach, for with
A thought we may touch it and escape our
Earthly cells.
Peace is a death at the end of a life
That brought few pleasures or reliefs.
Peace is around us everywhere.
Why can so few find it?

T. Sheridan IV

THE GREAT MACHINE

We are cogs with teeth alike,
Forced to turn to any height.
The great machine has said today.
That we shall turn to his way.

We have no face or identity
One in a million we are said to be
Turning and falling our whole life through
Death is the only escape for you.

Constructing, destroying our life is spent
No time to think or just repent
To live and die is why we are sent
Is hell a reward or an equivalent?

The great machine will die one day,
Rust and falter and soon decay.
With the work we all put in
The whole of the toil ends in the bin.
Geoffrey Head.

THE END OF WAR

It's a slogan full of folly
From the beginning of first time
Calling the end of cities
Which were once yours and mine

So the final battle 'tis ended
Killing in war no more
The dove of belov'd peace has come
There'll never be another war

Like the folly of the revellers
In Babylon's great halls
While eating and drinking -
Ignoring the writing on the wall

Again no more armies
Since the great battle 'tis won
And again to pacifists
We trust to guard our home

They'll return to futility
As quickly as before
Though TRUTH and HISTORY vainly shout
"THERE IS NO END TO WAR"

Stephen J Moore VI
Citizen Soldier

THE PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

Prospice imperatively bids us of Camberwell High School "Look Forward", yet turning its pages we are more likely to dwell on events that shaped our 1971 school history.

For myself, the highlights evoke pride and satisfaction in successes beyond the classroom, in the various activities that enriched those who participated in them and that opened up delightful prospects for future leisure: that splendid first, a triumph of our Fours Crew in the All-High Schools Rowing Regatta; the Twenty-fifth Annual Choral Festival renewing our traditions of music and song, and memorable this year for outstanding student leadership and organisation; the Drama Festival at which so much talent revealed itself and at which the pleasure of players, producers and back-stage teams infected the audiences; those Monday assembly sports reports which led eventually to the presentation of shields, cups, pennants, all proof of premier-ships in Table-tennis, Soccer in Eastern Division, Football Seconds in Eastern Division, Soccer in Saturday Competition; the excursions, tours, field studies, the cross country run and the Warragul visit, the Form VI Art Exhibition, the Literature and Careers Seminars; the Talent Quest. Those who involved themselves and gave generous service, gained most valuable educational experiences. Camberwell High School has rich cultural lodes indeed.

Now looking forward, I hope that "the sun shines warm and the rains fall soft" upon all leaving school whether presently they undertake tertiary education or enter the business world of commerce and industry. May they succeed, using their talents to fullest capacity and accepting their responsibilities to themselves and to the community. To those students who are returning, I urge them to renewed endeavour that their studies may become a source of satisfaction, enjoyment and achievement.

Best wishes to all,

M.J. Essex.



S.R.C. SNOW TRIP

At 8.30 on a pleasant Sunday morning we all fronted up at the school, some vivacious, some half asleep and some...well they woke up later. The buses (there were two) left approximately at 8.45 a.m. and so our sortie began. The journey was taken without incident except that the first bus was extremely fortunate in acquiring a pilot (with real fighter pilot's headgear), a co-pilot and an air hostess (disguised under his pig-tails). After one stop at Healesville we arrived at Lake Mountain at midday.

On our arrival our illustrious bus drivers produced two barbeques on which we successfully cooked a sizzling lunch. The more enthusiastic and energetic members of our gang then embarked on the five mile hike to the actual snow. On reaching the top (which was really three miles from the summit) most of us began to engage in a riotous snow-ball fight from which many emerged slightly wetter than when they arrived.

We were to be back at the buses at 3.00 p.m. but some of us managed to be a little late, due to no fault of our own, as the time elapsed so quickly.

A grievous event occurred just before we left; our pilot lost his flying gear. Thus, great turmoil was caused in finding and procuring it. However, having all our aviators under control, we left the mountain at about 3.30 p.m. After stopping once, for a "breather" we arrived back at school in a state of slight physical fatigue, just after 6.30.

Apart from the obvious lack in abundance of snow, the trip was a great success and to quote a notorious Australian, "A great time was had by all!"

I would sincerely like to thank Mr. Sullivan, Miss Hardingham, Mrs. Permezel and especially Mr. Harvey (who was given only one day's notice) for extending their extra-curricular activities to supervise the trip.

CANBERRA TRIP

August 18, 1971

The day started with sleepy-eyed people boarding the bus which was to take us to Tullamarine. The excitement was high then because for most of us it would be our first view of Tullamarine and for others their first flight. On boarding the plane we were given instructions for the emergency equipment which started some of us thinking the worst was to happen. Now the thrilling moment as we accelerated down the tarmac and the wheels left the ground. Oh boy! What that did for your heart, and then the pilot dipped the wing and turned to find his course. It was almost worse than the Big Dipper.

Once in Canberra it was hard to imagine that it had taken longer to get from Camberwell to Tullamarine than from Tullamarine to Canberra. The morning in Canberra was spent looking at memorials, Duntroon and the other sights Canberra has to offer. But the afternoon proved to be the best part of the day. The first thing that amused us all was to see the front steps had been blown off the Russian Embassy. Our next laugh was to see the upper house in parliament argue like children, but what amused us was to think the night before we had had a class detention for doing the same thing.

Also we were made to feel so important when our member Mr. Staley left the Lower House to come and talk to us and explain to us what we had viewed from the public balcony. It was not the first time we had met Mr. Staley for he has visited our school and explained voting and such to help us with our studies and it was good to see him again.

From Parliament House we rushed back to the Canberra Airport, and when I say rush, I mean rush; we were no sooner on the plane than it took off. The flight on the way home was just as exciting and just as colourful. It was beautiful to see the sunset from above the clouds.

Thanks go to Mrs. Allan for her help and her time given. Thank you.

SENIOR SINGERS

The school senior singers began the year as the madrigal group, but due to lack of interest etc., the format changed to a more swinging outlook.

Rehearsals began early 1st term in preparation for the Dandenong Eisteddfod, however we didn't quite make it.

Second term began extremely slowly, new members were found and the numbers of the group increased. Enthusiasm was waning to the depths of despair until a few weeks before the Choral Festival. Under the masterful hands of Robert Gavin, the difficult piece "The Very Last Day" was finally polished, to some extent anyway. Retaining some of our original format we sang the madrigal "Welcome Sweet Pleasure", and then threw in a vocal trio consisting of Ruth Stringer, Robert Gavin and added attraction Ross Davies ably accompanied by Michael Tyack on piano and guest flautist Rosemary Allen. After this major publicity campaign we gained once lacking confidence and fervour. For "The Very Last Day" thanks must go to the instrumentalists in Alistair Marlow and Adam Shackleton as guitarists, and Richard Roberts on bass with Michael Tyack playing his own capable arrangement on piano.

We hopefully fly into Term 3 with many ideas for Speech Night such as singing ballads, spirituals and the occasional madrigal.

Much thanks must go to Robert Gavin who arranged rehearsals and managed all affairs, without him none of this year's accomplishments could have been...

Also to Michael Tyack our patient pianist.

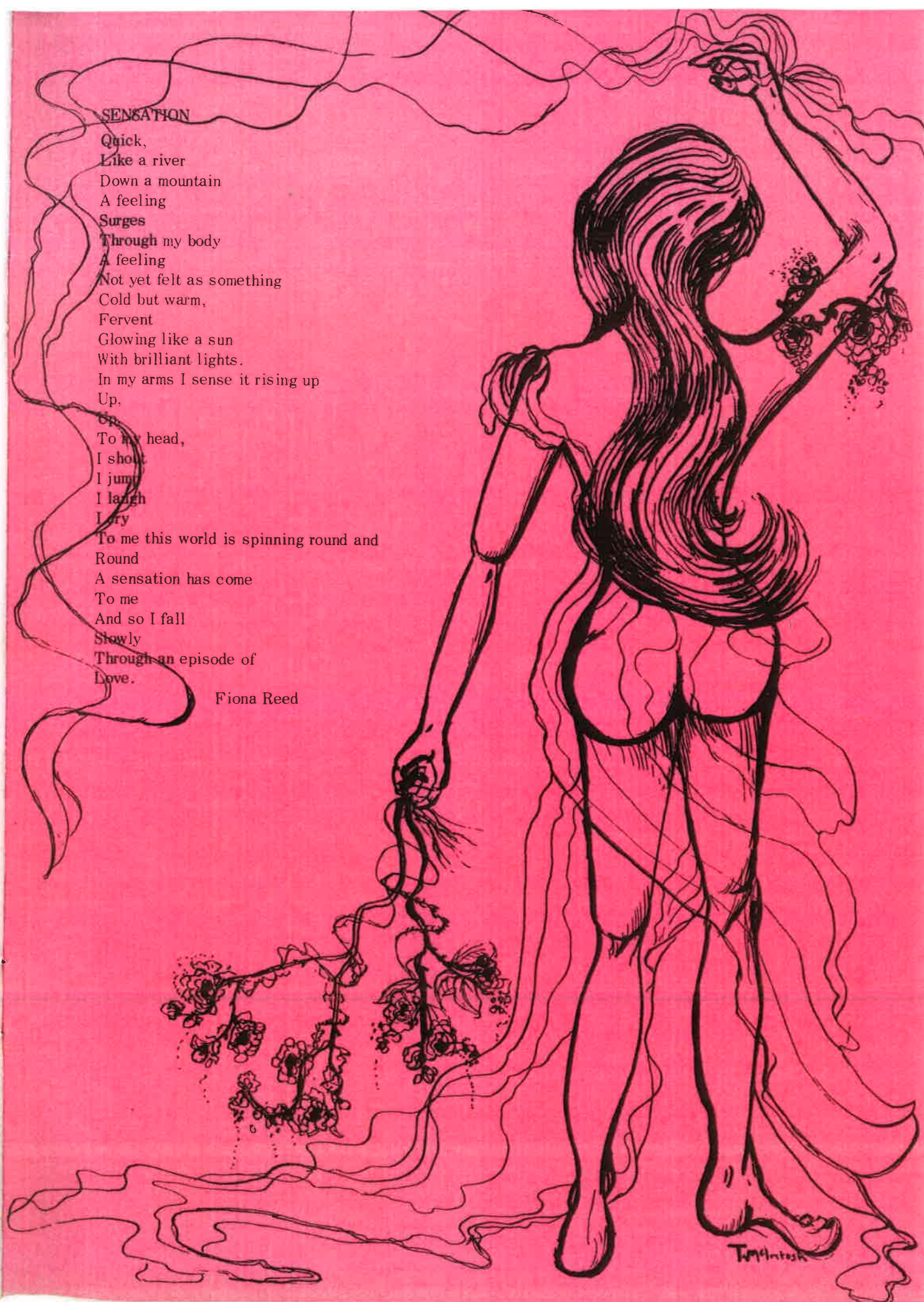
Ruth Stringer



SENSATION

Quick,
Like a river
Down a mountain
A feeling
Surges
Through my body
A feeling
Not yet felt as something
Cold but warm,
Fervent
Glowing like a sun
With brilliant lights.
In my arms I sense it rising up
Up,
Up
To my head,
I shout
I jump
I laugh
I cry
To me this world is spinning round and
Round
A sensation has come
To me
And so I fall
Slowly
Through an episode of
Love.

Fiona Reed





Tell me why i'm here at all? he said to me with tears in his eyes, tell me why it is i'm so small and too young to know of such lies; i'm only a child in a big man's world, and i know too much of life's bitterness,
Against such demons as these i am hurled, and i know too much of life's tenderness;
as he lay down to die, such pathetic young lad, i knew we'd all have to perish;
the questions he asked were so real and so sad, he burnt through to the world that i cherish;
Why is it so? he went on with a gasp, did you build such a world as this?
that we should suffer? and pay when things go amiss?
we will pay all we have, but we have not much more to give
(in my heart already i knew he couldn't live)
And did you ever have children that had to suffer so? and cry for your own evil doings?
and did you ever kill children like this? and watch them die like me? in such ruins..
And did you ever pray that such things would cease, and we could all go free?
and did you ever say that we couldn't exist in this way, death is all i can see?
Then he lifted himself up and cried: Is the god that we pray to dead? and then with his body wracked with pain he said "Come on down from

your cross, now lord, where are your people in pain? daily they're crying out to you, daily they refrain; Come on down from your cross, now god, show us who you really are,
Come on and show us that you even care, we who have travelled from afar;
Then he rested his head for a while, then he sat up, and gave a smile,
He's dead, he cried, does not exist any more, oh, this god, you do defile,
He's dead, He's gone, He's no use to us, we've got to make it alone
He's gone, he cannot prove to us, he can't even move a stone,
The god we relied on for so much help has been dead and gone for who knows how long,
Stop that praying, it's no good you hear, we've got to sing our own song,
Then the boy, he could not stand any more and his feeble body collapsed from him,
he'd gone to wherever a man does go, and all i could remember of him
Was, Come on down off your cross, oh lord, tell us you are here,
Oh, come on down off your cross, oh lord, and stop our needless fear,
and let us know you are here.

Pete

THE PRODUCTIVITY OF FERTILE MINDS...

(For want of a better title)

One would expect that putting a few words into sentences would be a relatively easy task for a Matriculation English Expression class! What could these angelic students possibly do to destroy an exercise in putting a few words into a paragraph? One poor unsuspecting teacher decided to find out. We do not think she will attempt such a daring experiment again for quite some time.

Below lies the reason. No changes or corrections have been made whatsoever.

The *abduction* of the little girl caused her father to turn to tea.

The continuous *agitation* was upsetting me so I had a cup of tea.

The *apparition* of the man, caused everyone to ask for a cup of tea.

The *authentic* document smelt of tea.

Bedlam was caused because there was not enough tea to go round.

He wrote away for a *brochure* on how tea was grown.

He was always *cantankerous* until he had his first cup of tea in the morning.

The new *clique* that was formed drank only tea. For *condolence* he drank a cup of tea.

It is very *crucial* that I have my cup of tea in the mornings.

The *cynic* liked his tea black.

It is a *delusion* that tea makes you sterile.

The *abduction* of the flea by two bad men caused the old lady's corset much loneliness.

The *acquisition* of four new ears made the snake's head rather appealing, depending on your taste.

The *cantankerous* garden snail was so unbearable that his wasp wife left him to his bad temper.

The *clique* of exclusive octopuses was the only group of people allowed to drink Jim Pillios' tea.

Condolence for the death of the teapot was appreciated very much by the tea leaves.

A *crucial* situation arose when the sea slug grew too obese for its birth-day suit.

The worst thing the *cynic* could say was that Jim's tea was too hot.

Jim Pillios was *deluded* into thinking that his tea was drinkable.

By Dianne Ortmann

(with a little help from her friends)

REFLECTIONS

The echo of an everlasting silence amid a clamour of thoughts,

The thoughts of a person against a code of human behaviour,

The ripples on the ocean scorched by the burning rays of the sun.

A body lying naked, a man alone.

The glory of knowing, of seeing, of believing,

The helplessness of a sinner, a disbeliever

A riot in the streets, a man bleeding

The loving of one for another.

The mysteries of life - concealed

The thoughts of another with greed

The lusts of a man for a woman

The conquest of self, for another.

The roads on the highway neverending

The depths of the ocean limited

The lies of one to another.

The fulfillment, the joy of repenting

The life of a helpless soul

The worry, the anger of falling.

The major event of one's life

The caressing of a lover.

The tenseness of a big occasion

The calmness of silent waters

The silence and peace of sleeping.

Enza Morano

When she's near me

I feel small

I want to crawl into

A crack in the wall.

And she knows it.

When I think of Love

Or work, or the sea and the sky -

I see her face in my mind's eye.

And I'm sure she knows it.

When I'm far away, in my bed,

And dreaming of tigers coloured red,

She's all of them.

She roars at me in the mornings.

When I beg God or Satan for peace,

I know what it is that I won't release,

The memory of her.

And she'll know it.

I love the bloody bitch.

Laurie Barton VI

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

September 10th - The skies were overcast. Light drizzle was falling - Hope the weather is better at Fall's Creek.

4.30 - 27 matric. students, Mr. Longmore, Miss Ricketts and busdriver for the third year Norm piled acres of luggage onto the bus before departure. When are we going to leave?

We left - on time. Drove to Box Hill to pick up the skis and boots. Cries of "My boots don't fit" "My skis are at the bottom of the bus."

5.45 - Finally got under way. "How far are we going before tea?" "I'm hungry." "When are we going to eat?"

7.45 - Arrived at Seymour. Made use of facilities provided. Bought the grottiest hamburgers ever for tea. Were given thirty minutes to be back on bus.

8.40 - Left Seymour. (7.45 & 30 minutes = 8.40!) Journey spent cat-napping and-or singing.

1.15 - First sighting of snow. Everyone awake.

2.20 - Wide eyed and alert? Arrived at Chorki Ski Lodge. Unloaded bus. Found a bed each.

3.30 - Most go to sleep - "I'm an old woman and I need my beauty sleep." "Quiet upstairs!" Last to bed - Norman and one of our fair damsels at 6.00 a.m.

6.45 - First sleepy heads began peering above the tops of sleeping bags. Girls set task of making breakfast and washing dishes. What ever happened to Women's Lib?

9.00 - Sun shining brightly. Grabbed skis, socks, and boots. Began exhausting trek up mountain-side - "Ready to brave all."

All enthusiastically put on skis and tried skiing? "We must have rocks in our heads" Progress was anything but marvellous. Mr. Longmore decided we needed his expert tuition. Lessons in the finer points of skiing followed. "So that's how Fall's Creek got it's name!" Numerous falls led to lessons in how to stand up again. Back to Lodge for lunch. All ate and ate and ate. "The doomed man ate a hearty meal."

2.00 - Up to the slopes again - by chair lift. Experienced skiers Mark Loren, Bernard Corser and Jack Brabin, ventured to brave the higher slopes.

Skiing was great on Sun Valley and Valley of the Moon slopes. Joined on Sunday by Mr. Longmore, Michael McCloskey, Gordon Allison and John Rottman. "John Rottman awarded most improved skier."

2.30 - Mr. Longmore's class to beginners' slopes. Experience told. Took 1 hour getting to bottom - 2 minute slope. Some took 5 minutes - "Show offs."

Remainder - not good enough - not brave enough. Stuck to road. All as bad as each other.

4.30 - All back to Chalet - listen to football. Tea time Boys set the table - first victory for Women's Lib.

11.00 - Most sound asleep.

12.00 - Last to bed. Fought snoring and 80° heat. "You'd be surprised how many people talk in their sleep."

Up bright and early Sunday morning.

9.00 on slopes for last 4 hours. "Another award to John Rottman. Best dressed man on snow - tails and all."

1.30 - Regretfully left slopes of Fall's Creek for last time. After lunch greeted by piles of dishes and cleaning up. Boys helped again. "The glare must be getting to them."

2.30 - "Let's build a snowman." We did. Resulting creation - one pregnant snow witch. Decrepit soul came to abrupt end. Decapitated during vicious snow fight.

4.30 - Tears in our eyes, smiles on our sunburnt faces. Happy but sad. Wishing we could stay. Departed. Leaving ½ snowman and memories to last a lifetime.

Reduced to physical wrecks we say thank you to Christine Mouser. "Thanks for the work you did in organization." "I wouldn't have missed it for the world." "Let's come back next week." "Goodbye Fall's Creek."



SURVEY

71

This survey was undertaken in order to ascertain opinion within the school. Because of the different trends according to age, we decided to tabulate our results in three sections, seniors, juniors and teachers. We hope that these divisions were sufficient to give us a future survey which can be compared with this one to observe the changing trends.

It is interesting to note that teachers disagree with the government more than students and are yet more conservative than the students in social

attitudes and music. In national problems and in most cases on the topic of school, seniors and teachers feel very much the same way. The choral festival seems to be very popular but there is a speculation to whether it's because of the singing or because of the time off from school.

Sincere thanks go to P. Henderson and J. Braithwaite for their assistance.

Phillip Brabin, Geoff Head, John Hughes.

SCHOOL

1. Should secondary school students wear uniform?

Seniors: yes 50	Juniors: yes 60	Teachers: yes 52
no 46	no 36	no 8
unsure 4	unsure 4	unsure 40

2. Is a student's union necessary?

Seniors: yes 26	Juniors: yes 72	Teachers: yes 60
no 38	no 20	no 28
unsure 2	unsure 8	unsure 12

3. Is the Victorian Secondary Student's Union adequate?

Seniors: yes 26	Juniors: yes 20	Teachers: yes 18
no 68	no 20	no 28
unsure 6	unsure 60	unsure 66

4. Do you think it has a chance of success in the future?

Seniors: yes 54	Juniors: yes 74	Teachers: yes 48
no 40	no 18	no 12
unsure 6	unsure 8	unsure 40

5. Are teachers justified in striking over teacher qualifications?

Seniors: yes 70	Juniors: yes 24	Teachers: yes 48
no 30	no 74	no 36
unsure 0	unsure 2	unsure 16

6. Do you think the S.R.C. fulfills it's duty to the students?

Seniors: yes 18	Juniors: yes 70	Teachers: yes 12
no 82	no 24	no 56
unsure 0	unsure 6	unsure 32

7. Does our education system give us a broad enough education?

Seniors: yes 28	Juniors: yes 62	Teachers: yes 24
no 70	no 34	no 72
unsure 2	unsure 4	unsure 4

8. Do you think there should be separate senior and junior highschools?

Seniors: yes 44	Juniors: yes 24	Teachers: yes 72
no 56	no 70	no 28
unsure 0	unsure 6	unsure 0

9. Should we have a Choral Festival?

Seniors: yes 90	Juniors: yes 76	Teachers: yes 96
no 10	no 20	no 4
unsure 0	unsure 4	unsure 0

10. Would you play sport if it were optional?

Seniors: yes 50	Juniors: yes 86
no 46	no 12
unsure 4	unsure 2

POLITICS

1. Which political party do you support?

	Snr.	Jnr.	Teachers
Liberal- C.P.	32	16	8
Labour	28	24	64
unsure	16	28	12
D.L.P.	4	4	4
Others	12	10	4
None	8	18	8

2. Do you support our involvement in the Vietnam War?

Seniors: yes 32 Juniors: yes 32 Teachers: yes 4
 no 66 no 62 no 80
 unsure 2 unsure 6 unsure 16

3. Do you support the Moratorium?

Seniors: yes 54 Juniors: yes 64 Teachers: yes 40
 no 46 no 26 no 40
 unsure 0 unsure 10 unsure 20

4. Do you support the Womens Lib. Movement?

Seniors: yes 36 Juniors: yes 46 Teachers: yes 40
 no 62 no 48 no 44
 unsure 2 unsure 6 unsure 16

5. Do you support the Sth. African sporting tours?

Seniors: yes 50 Juniors: yes 70 Teachers: yes 28
 no 50 no 28 no 52
 unsure 0 unsure 2 unsure 20

ARTS

1. Is the Art Centre worth its cost?

Seniors: yes 62 Juniors: yes 48 Teachers: yes 76
 no 30 no 42 no 12
 unsure 8 unsure 10 unsure 12

2. What type of music do you prefer?

	Seniors	Juniors	Teachers
Rock	28	20	4
Pop	16	52	12
Blues	12	2	4
Classical	10	6	60
Jazz	14	10	4
Folk	4	4	4
C & W	2	0	0
Mod. Class.	14	6	12

SOCIAL ATTITUDES

ALCOHOL	Seniors	Juniors	Teachers
Good	14	6	4
Bad	26	24	0
OK in mod.	44	66	96
unsure	16	4	0

CIGARETTES

Good	12	0	0
Bad	58	70	68
OK in mod	18	24	32
unsure	12	6	0

POT

Good	10	4	4
Bad	60	82	68
OK in mod.	18	14	16
unsure	12	0	12

COMMUNISM

	Seniors	Juniors	Teachers.
Good	12	0	4
Bad	62	82	64
OK in mod.	14	10	16
unsure	12	8	16

DRUGS

Good	6	0	0
Bad	72	84	88
OK in mod.	12	16	8
unsure	10	0	4

ABORTION

Good	42	32	20
Bad	32	48	20
OK in mod.	20	6	52
unsure	6	14	8

HIPPIES

Good	44	32	12
Bad	6	26	32
OK in mod.	28	12	44
unsure	22	30	12

CENSORSHIP

Good	8	44	0
Bad	62	34	48
OK in mod.	26	18	48
unsure	4	4	4

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

Good	20	28	0
Bad	62	40	80
OK in mod.	8	10	0
unsure	10	22	20

TRAVEL

1. Which country would you most like to see?

U.S.A.	16	32	4
Australia	4	6	4
U.K.	16	12	36
France	14	10	16
South America	6	10	4
U.S.S.R.	24	8	8
China	6	4	12
Japan	4	6	0
Africa	6	8	8
India	4	4	8

2. How would you like to travel?

Ship	38	38	40
Plane	24	46	28
Walk	18	8	4
Train	2	6	8
Car	12	0	16
Ride	6	2	4

FRENCH THEATRE EXCURSIONS

This year French students saw three of Ionesco's plays - *La leçon*, *Les Chaises*, and *la Cantatrice Chauve*, produced by the bi-lingual theatre group at Melbourne University. The English and French versions of the plays were produced independently, the English one being useful as far as understanding goes, and as a contrast with the more modern, different version produced by Igor Persan.

"*La Leçon*" shows the relationship between master and pupil. The atmosphere of gay enthusiasm develops to a build up of tension, pitch and movement. The staccato rhythm of the hypnotic "couteau, couteau, couteau"! ends with the physical knife stab, the murder of the fortieth pupil that day, and a new movement begins, starting the play all over again with a new pupil. Igor's version had a stage set of three white simplified blocks forming chairs and table. The tilted table face helped show the play of hands. A huge red and yellow eye, the inner vision of the mind, hung on the backdrop, looking down at the scene. The climax of the master dominating his student was shown in symbolic positioning of rape. The red pants of the pupil, the red eyes and handrubbing of the Professeur, the flash of white light on the knife drawer all held symbolic significance.

"*Les Chaises*" is an absurd farce where objects assume dominance. An old couple revert to primal instincts, that of mother to son and vice versa. *Le Vieux* has a message for the world, and realising his inability to communicate, has engaged a professional orator to speak for him. The two people live in a moving dream, *la Vieille* sets out rows and rows of chairs for apparently arriving guests. The couple become apparently arriving guests. The couple become one person in thought and action. In flirtation,



SOURIS !

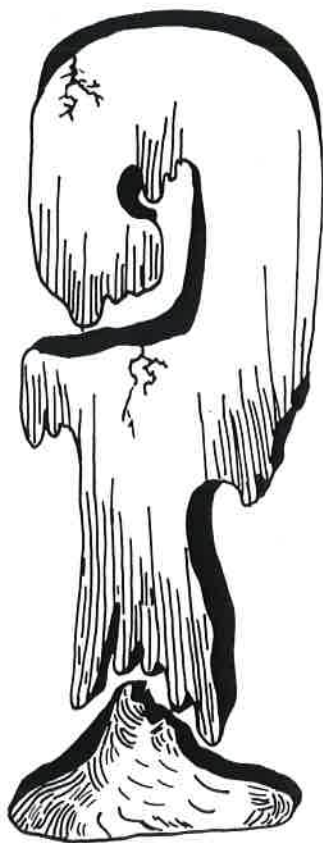
the old woman in red stockings, laughs like an old prostitute and shows the revolting indignity of seduction at ninety-four. The anti-climax was the mute *Orateur*: in the French version an unwinking human face, aqua, gazing at nothing, and emitting unintelligible sounds; in the English version, a frightening thing, head covered by expanding and contracting silver paper, the noise of suction and blowing out seeming like a strange frustrated power. The acting here was more realistic, but the play was a lot longer than the French version.

"*La Cantatrice Chauve*" - the English version of this had to be "scrubbed". The French interpretation used clear plastic armchairs symbolising the transparency of the plot. This play was perhaps the most enjoyable - the characters of "O, mon Dieu", Mr. Martin in his checked socks; the dressing-gowned Mr. Smith, reading the transparent hole in his newspaper; the bottom-pinching fireman, his boots on the wrong feet, and the cute little maid who jumped into his arms, gave him an impulsive kiss and came away with a smudged nose. The theme of this play was lack of communication and the interchangeability of characters.

To me, *La Revolution du poeme* was an exciting revelation in the art of poetry - French and English poems came alive, their messages of sensuality, bitterness, satire and gentle love flowed rhythmically through the swaying forms of the dancers, in black tights, and out to the audience. Igor Persan and Pat Milthorpe should be commended for this interesting and efficient production, their streaks of stark originality and vivid imagination permeated the whole night. Poetry subjects were varied, from the coyness and youthful beauty of adolescent love, from the bitter mockery of the old prostitute to the drama and oppression of the Spanish Civil War. The speakers told their individual poems as personal experiences. Everchanging light effects and the dark recession of the stage produced altogether an atmosphere of action, of drama, of comedy, of emotion, a look at poetry as it really should be!

Our sincere thanks to Igor Persan and his brilliant French group for the exciting theatre he has made available to us this year.

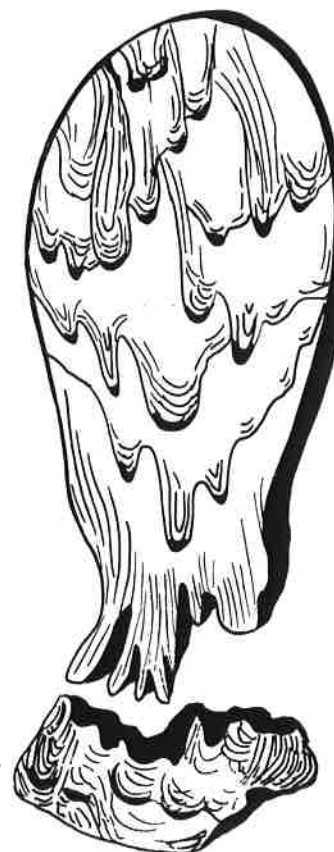
H. Beilharz and T. McIntosh



Will we introduce sex education and Drug education? When will sport become optional for all Senior Forms? When will girls get the same privilege of wearing their hair loose that the boys already have? When will we stop starting the week with the National Anthem? When will we abolish Examinations? Abolish Examinations? Examinations?

When will the heating always be working when it's needed? When will the site works lie finished? Will we ever be given the freedom of our school building at all times? When will this school become a place for learning rather than a detention camp? When will we be allowed to wear what we like to school socials? When will we be allowed to wear what we like to school?

Will we ever become a Senior High School? Will Forms 5 & 6 ever get out of uniform? Will students? When will students be free and responsible? When will the Warragul visit be over-night again? Do the remaining uncut trees around the schoolground provide enough shade for about 1000 students? Aren't seedlings somewhat inadequate? Shouldn't there be more emphasis on student leadership? When will students become less apathetic about the apathy of the student body? Do students need a common room? When will students be allowed into the park at lunch time?



WHERE ARE WE GOING?

Changing attitude, we don't knock things as much as we used to. Getting more over-crowded, billions of bodies bursting out of the building, kids will be swarming out of the ceiling. As an individual I want to be here. I would like to join the old students. We are going to hell, six feet under!

Creative urges are stifled, firstly because of the Principal and secondly because of the apathetic masses.

Out of the place at last. Out into the big bad world. Backwards, they ask people not to wear long hair; they shouldn't worry about the image all the time. At school, nowhere, because we are progressing backwards quickly, this school is too restrictive. Worries about insignificant things, nothing here excites your imagination or helps you to develop as a person. We are going down the drain. This school should be run by

students where general duties are concerned; teachers should stick to their academic duties.

School life offers protection, whereas in society you are on your own. I think that this is a very good school, I am going to remember this school, but I don't know whether the school will remember me. The relationship between the staff and the students is really good, especially with the new principal. After a tremendous amount of deterioration, it has shown the beginnings of a new life. Downhill rapidly, and poor facilities are eroding away educational advancements.

Sorry to leave, there won't be the same sort of relationships with everyone, we shall lose our friends. This is the first time ever that I got to the Principal. Matric. has more enthusiasm, you are not frowned upon, you feel that things are beginning to come alive. Matric to me is just preparation for further studies.



EDITORIAL

Having belatedly taken over as Editor of "Prospice" 1971 at the end of Term II, in the midst of vaguely organised chaos, I would like to make the following suggestions for the organisation of next year's school magazine.

I feel very strongly that the Editor should be a student and not a staff member, and that any teachers should be involved only to give help and advice where necessary.

The school magazine should be representative of every aspect of school life at all levels. The material for it should be submitted to the Magazine Committee throughout the year, to avoid the usual last-minute rush. The school photographer, a student, should be available to take photographs of all interesting events as they occur and of sports teams when they are playing matches. All captains of sports teams should be aware of the responsibility they have to write an interesting and informative report on the activities of their team.

In collecting and collating this material, I have been amazed by the extremes of optimism and pessimism, enthusiasm and defeatism revealed in it. However this is a fair reflection of attitudes prevalent in the school. I think the pessimists and the grumblers have a lot to learn from the people who tackle every sort of activity (social, athletic, cultural or academic) with enthusiasm and gusto.

We are all well aware that no Department school in Victoria at the moment has all it needs in the way of staff, facilities and equipment. Despite all the difficulties of the current education crisis we, the teachers and students of Camberwell High School, can make this a school worth being in and remembering if we all care enough to try. If the talent and enthusiasm revealed in so many aspects of our school life could be extended to *all* activities, could in fact be as widespread as student apathy seems to be at the moment, then we could each be proud of our own contribution to a worthwhile school.

The small committee which has been responsible for this magazine has been an excellent example of what is best in our school. They have willingly given up leisure time to work hard at a job we knew nothing about, and the atmosphere has always been cheerful and industrious in the various areas of the school where this magazine was put together. My sincere thanks to all those enthusiastic people whose photo appears at the top of this page.

Good luck to the student editor for 1972. The first Prospice '72 Meeting will be held in the first week of first term.

