

Cover Design by JULIE PASTARS 11B

PRINCIPAL'S REPORT

Camberwell High School! What does it mean to me? Historically, it is one of the older high schools in our city, being the twelfth high school to be built in metropolitan Melbourne. Geographically, it is centrally located in a beautiful spot in one of Melbourne's most attractive suburbs. Personally, it holds an important place in my life, being not only the first high school to which I was appointed but also the school in which both my wife and I trained as student teachers.



Camberwell High School is an active school, alive with a seemingly endless programme of events to interest students and their parents. There is always something happening, or about to happen: swimming sports, summer sports, winter sports, athletics; chess contests, debating contests and choral festivals; the school musical production and the school play; concerts and speech nights; correction and curriculum days; parent-involvement evenings and parent-teacher nights; Women's Auxiliary meetings, Canteen meetings, Parents' & Friends' Association meetings, School Council and Council Committee meetings; cake stalls, book fairs, barbecues - and so on and so on.

And throughout all this frenetic activity, we have another most important activity continuing all the time - the activity of learning: learning new facts, new concepts, new ideas; learning to co-operate with others; learning to grow in maturity as intelligent young people. I have used the word "activity" here on purpose: passive learning should have no place at Camberwell High School.

But some students and some parents, it appears to me, are "passive" in their attitude to the School. A school such as ours can remain a dynamic institution only as long as students and parents are prepared to play an active part in its life and development.

Although constructed of lifeless bricks and mortar, Camberwell High School is truly a living institution. What does it mean to you?

D. J. COLLINS

PRINCIPAL

SCHOOL COUNCIL:

This year, 1977, has been the first with the new School Council, which has different powers and duties from the original Advisory Council. The Council now consists of: The Principal as Executive Officer; Deputy-Principal as Minutes Secretary; eight Councillors elected by the parents of students; three Councillors elected by teachers; two Councillors elected by students. There are also representatives of the Camberwell City Council, the Parents' & Friends' Association and the Women's Auxiliary.

As many of the Councillors are new to the Council, and because the Council procedures are slightly different, this year has been one of learning for the whole Council. In spite of this, the Council Committee has achieved quite a lot.

The Education Committee has been very active conducting evening meetings for parents. These meetings have been well attended, and the parents have benefited by them. An Open Day is being planned for 1978.

The Buildings & Grounds Committee has continued to plan the improvements to the whole school area, and with the worthy assistance of the P. & F. Association "working bees", it has continued the landscaping project initiated last year. Future projects include: upgrading of the "old" wing, increasing the administration area, extending the library, a covered walkway between the old and new wings and the progressive installation of noise insulation materials (including carpets).

The Finance Committee has continued to oversee expenditure of all funds for the school's advantage. Repayment of the Assembly Hall loan continues towards its completion some time next year.

To plan further projects for the school, a Development Committee has been formed. This Committee

is committed to the preparation of a Master Plan for the development of desirable facilities which the school does not possess at the present, and the improvement of other facilities. Among the projects in mind will be the acquisition of more land and the provision of such capital items as a new gymnasium, music centre, arts centre, and many others.

PETER RICHARDSON

President



CAMBERWELL HIGH SCHOOL WOMEN'S AUXILIARY

The Auxiliary has a working committee of twelve mothers and a small number of supporters who work hard to serve C.H.S.

In March we provided lunch for the Sixth Form Study Day at Belgrave Heights, which was a most successful event.

In the first term Mr. David Collins was our first guest speaker and at our April Meeting Mrs. Jefferies arranged an interesting afternoon in the school library with educational tapes and films.

Miss Cole from the Education Department's Counselling, Guidance and Clinical Services Branch gave us a stimulating talk at our meeting in June.

Each year this group raises money to provide a bursary for a Form 5 student and gives the H.S.C. students a farewell luncheon.

This year a very successful cake stall was the main fund raising effort, and the money will be used to support some faculty within the school.

<u>JUNE SHUTE</u>	<u>President</u>
Norma Millar	Secretary
Barbara Aird	Treasurer

PARENTS' & FRIENDS' ASSOCIATION

We are a hard working committee consisting of nineteen members (twelve women and seven men).

Throughout the year we have provided suppers on several occasions such as parent-teacher nights at the school. Earlier in the year, with the support of several parents, we paid for and painted the inside of the gymnasium.

We have a general meeting once a term with a variety of activities but the attendance at these has been disappointing.

'Working Bees' are held every second month, and though the attendance at these has been disappointing, valuable work has been done by the few.

WILMA WEBSTER

President

SCHOOL COUNCIL - STUDENT REPRESENTATIVES

During this school year we have attended meetings of the School Council. On the Council there are parents, teachers and students.

The Council handles problems and projects intended for the future. The Council is divided into Sub-Committees: Building & Grounds; Education; Finance; Canteen Management; Development Committee.

At the beginning of the year the first elected student Council members were Michael Wilson and Paul Redman. Michael left C.H.S. a short time after he was elected.

Students were asked to put in more nominations for another student Council member. As a result, John Hearn joined the Council.

This year we have tried our best to serve our fellow students.

Requests from students received by us have led to the erection of wire fences to protect the bike area from balls and other sporting equipment. We would like to thank Mr. D. Webster for his work on this project.

PAUL REDMAN & JOHN HEARN 10D



ACADEMIC AWARDS - YEAR 12

Principal's Prize: for all-round contribution to school life

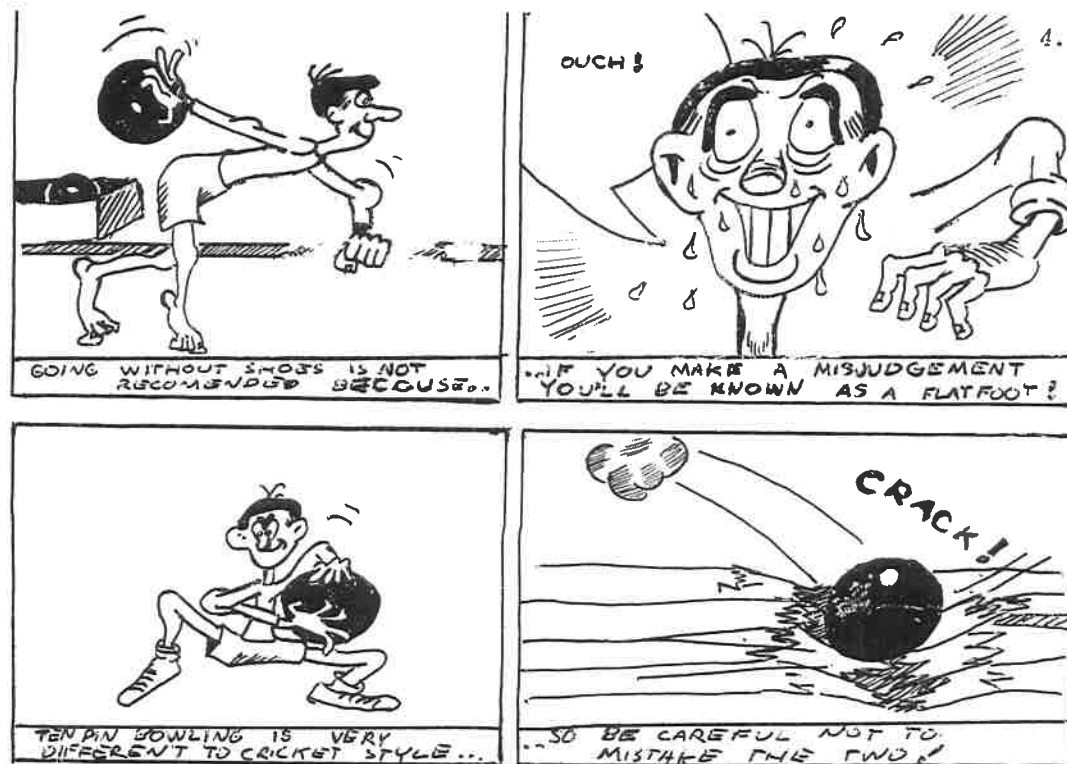
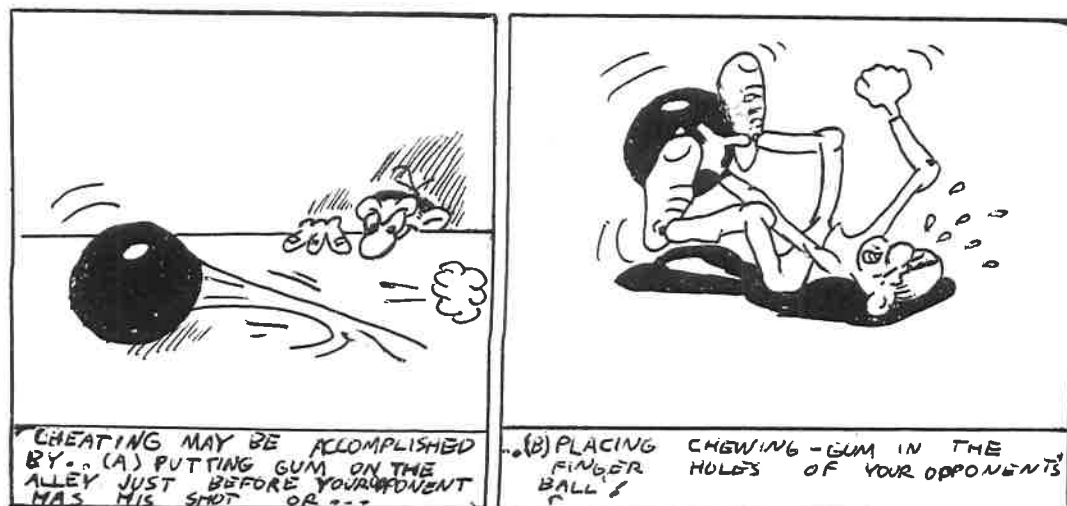
Rosemary Dormer

Subject Awards:

Cynthia Wardle	English
Tan Lye Aik	English for Asian students
Chew Mui Chun	Geography
Lee Kok Leong	Pure Mathematics
Khor Hoe Chai	Physics
Choo Geok Yong	Chemistry
Christina Chen	Biology
Jeffrey Saker	Art
Christine Hill	Music
Margaret Millar	Literature
Keith Jackson	Politics, and 18th Century History
Patrick Stewart	French, and Australian History
Trevor Brooks	Accounting, and Applied Mathematics
Johnson Yip	Economics, Legal Studies and General Mathematics

GUIDE TO TEN PIN !!

BY ANDREW MEZEI. 3A.



Congratulations to these, and other members of the school, for their achievements during 1977.

To all sports teams and individuals who reached Regional, All-High, and State Finals whilst representing Camberwell High.

To Alfie Dell'Orso - who did so well in the Australian Taekwondo Championships.

To Marilla Cooper - for obtaining her Queen's Guide.

To Jenny Becker - a member of the Victorian Under-Twenty Volleyball Team (recent winners of the National Championship).

To Mr. Mander - for participating in seven shows in the last three months.

And, a dubious distinction - to 8B - for remaining throughout the year, the noisiest class in the school.

Lastly, a tribute to all those who gained distinction and have been so quiet about it that they remain anonymous.

PREFECTS 1977: AN OUT-MODED SYSTEM

1977 again saw the collapse of the prefects at Camberwell High School. It was an elitist system that was bound to fail as an effective S.R.C. - a function for which it was not designed. The inevitable happened when a group of the more idealistic Prefects resigned to push for a new system. We might add that those who constituted the split were the Year 11 Prefects and they deserve credit for their effort. However, it did leave the school with a Student Representative Council consisting entirely of Year 12 - truly elitist and out-of-touch with needs of junior forms. It was therefore decided to disband the system and start afresh.

Then a rather cynical young gentleman arrived from Germany as part of an exchange system. He deserves mention here because without his work at translation we would never have been able to set out a new scheme. Ulrich Hohn suggested that we base the new S.R.C. on the German Student Representation System. After much thought and comparison with what we had, we decided that the German scheme was superior to anything we had seen. After considerable 'mumbo-jumbo' and pulling of subsections out of top hats, we devised a constitution.

By the time this goes to print, it is hoped that the new system will have been in operation for some time on a trial basis. Next year, if all goes well, its meetings will become an accepted and interesting part of student and staff life at Camberwell High School.

Just to prove that it is something special, we have given it a new name: Student Representative Association. Here's hoping!

JOHN REID 12D

KEITH JACKSON 12D



L I B R A R Y

The library has suffered loss of staff this year, but as yet has not curtailed any of the services it offers.

Use of audio visual material by staff has increased markedly during the year. In one particular week as many as eleven television programs were relayed to class rooms.

According to our statistics, fiction borrowing has increased. Student use of the library at lunchtime is showing an upward trend. Overnight loans by students have soared this year and at times as many as 200 loans have been issued after school.

The library now has a voluntary worker of its own and Mrs. A. Moore comes once a week to work in the library.

There are two groups of students within the student body who work hard for the rest of the students.

The first group is the Year 11 and 12 Library Committee. This group of students has functioned as a self-governing body, and has been notable for its liaison work between students and library staff. Quite a few issues have been discussed and agreement has been reached on solutions to problems. The library staff has found this group most supportive.

Another group of students who have given service to the school is the library monitors. They perform many tasks e.g. desk duty, covering books, accessioning, and registration of periodicals.

During the year there have been many displays of student work. This has created a lot of interest in the student body.

L. JEFFERIES (Mrs.)

Librarian



LIBRARY COMMITTEE 1977

This year the Library Committee has been run entirely by the committee members. Some very interesting results evolved from this, especially the fact that most students do not know who or what we are.

Next year we hope to rectify this situation by having more publicity.

Only four meetings have been needed this year, which reflects student satisfaction in using the library.

Certain experiments have been tried throughout the year, including a very successful exercise in Year 11 self-discipline.

It was put forward by a Year 11 student that the Library staff should cut down on staff 'prowlers' during a private study lesson.

The Library staff agreed to this project and the noise level gradually decreased.

This goes to show that the committee CAN and DOES bridge the gap between staff and students.

During third term there will be a trial period on Fridays allowing Years 11 and 12 only into the library, both to study and for Year 12 to borrow books for the weekend.

We have had many student suggestions throughout the year, most of which were interesting, although some were impractical due to the shortage of staff.

GILL RICHARDSON 11B

Chairman

Rotary Exchange Student

G'day! For those of you who haven't met me yet, I'm Shelley Chapman, a Rotary Exchange student from Quesnel, British Columbia, Canada. Look for Quesnel sometime on a map. Move to the West coast of Canada, and follow the Fraser River into the mountains (but then again, maybe the map won't show it).

I arrived in Melbourne on August 22 and will be staying here for almost a year to taste the Australian way-of-life. The first things that struck me upon arrival, besides the cars on the wrong side of the road, were the colourful bricks and the many varieties of trees. Another part of Australian life that I approve of is the milk bar. The trams are great fun too. Imagine the shock/panic of a newly arrived Canuck (Canajun) rattling down the road in a crowded tram unsure of where her stop actually was. I've almost got the hang of it now but for awhile it was chancy.

I come from a small town. Rotary usually does this, sending small town kids to big cities and vice versa. Quesnel (kweh-nel) is mainly involved with the lumber industry, with some beef ranching and mining. My school, Correlieu, (where friends meet) teaches only grades eleven and twelve, and has no uniform. It is interesting for me to have a uniform now. It effectively solves that problem of what to wear each day.

As I mentioned before, Melbourne is quite a change. It seems to me to be such a large city. It is also a very beautiful city with its 'old English charm'.

I have found the kids at Camberwell High to be very friendly. They have made my fitting into a new country ever so much easier. Very friendly yes, but also rather devious. Yes, I was surprised when the gift that I helped to pick out under the pretext of giving to a sister was in fact for me. If I was intended to get it unwrapped at all! Those twenty-five layers of paper and notes, with half the kids in the schoolyard watching me struggling helplessly, were almost impossible. For another present, a stuffed koala, I think that I found

the perfect name, "Camberwell".

Yes, I confess to be the source of the tiny maple leaf pins floating around the school. My district M.P., Len Marchand, sent them to me as gifts to the natives. You will probably see that pin again and again. Canadians are spreading them throughout the world. I first saw that pin when a girl from Saskatchewan gave it to me in Russia.

As I write this, looking back to last year at this time, how little did I think that I would now be enjoying a 'year of two summers' in Melbourne, Australia (down under). But I am, and I do. Cheerio,

SHELLEY CHAPMAN 11B



A MALAYSIAN NIGHT SCENE

Night falls swiftly in Malaysia. The crisp, crystal-blue shadows of night spread over the sky like an ever-growing dot of ink on a blotter.

In the final burst of radiance of the dying day, the orange-coloured clouds flared violently on the horizon, the white buildings, the trees, the fields, and the crowds of people who strolled gently over the esplanade. There were a few young couples who perched themselves on the knee-high concrete dykes which looked out to the sea - a sea which was vast, yet calm, brimming with silvered facets of tiny wavelets which broke into a spray on the rocks at the foot of the dykes. The night air was cool and refreshing, originating from the sea to brush against the gentle trees, flowers and the faces of those who ventured out on the esplanade that night. At the heart of the esplanade was a rectangular field, at the far end of which stood a lighthouse with its solitary beam of light circling endlessly on top of it.

It was in this field that elderly couples reclined in wooden benches placed by the City Council at the edges of the field. The children were left to their own amusements, and a group of them were playing hide-and-seek. The 'seeker' had leaned face-front to a palm tree with his hands over his eyes as he counted from one to a hundred in his shrill and childish voice. Meanwhile his friends were busy scurrying in every direction within the field in the hope of finding a perfect hiding spot. Some hid behind benches and some behind cars parked on the fringes of the field, while others could be detected behind trough-shaped flower pots and behind the many beautiful rows of palm trees.

Groups of women chatted incessantly, each group conversing in a different Chinese dialect. Their husbands, not being as keen as they were in the art of gossip, discussed business and matters of Chinese philosophy. As they talked, the men and women cracked melon seeds with their teeth and chewed the white fleshy heart of the seeds, while some favoured the various types of salted nuts that can be bought for a mere five-cent piece from the Indian peanut seller.



Others could be seen sinking their teeth into the many delicious tropical fruits such as the mango, pineapple and durian, while standing in clusters beside the many fruit hawkers lining the esplanade. An interesting feature of these fruit hawkers was the way they cut and sliced their wares with such skilful and artistic movements of the hand and the carving knife. One only has to look at any fruit seller holding a papaya in one hand with the edge of his knife on the skin of the fruit, while he twirls and rolls the papaya in his other hand and finally, after a complete circle, the skin of the fruit would come off in one long, veneer-thin continuous strip. They were particularly skilled in carving pineapples, giving it stripes which spiralled around the fruit, making their profession an art in itself.

In the nearby coffee-shops which offered the street hawkers stiff competition, the ceiling fans whirled continuously sending cool sprays of air downwards. The night flies attacked and attacked the bright lamps again and again. Some crawled on the white clay lampshades. The coffee-shops had many small eating stalls in them,

each with its own individual odour and taste. The variety of food offered in these places could surely have filled any gourmet's heart with the joy of gluttony.

As one approaches the eating-stalls, one had less and less of a choice of odours. The smells were so terribly and intricately mixed; the good and bad smells became almost indistinguishable. Despite this, the business was so profitable and the crowds were so thick that a vacant chair could scarcely be found. It was almost impossible to move freely in these surroundings. The rough wooden tables, marble-top tables, midget stools, four-wheeled stalls with zinc roofs, long and low like those of the quayside shed, and tiers upon tiers of meat-balls, fish, noodles, garlic, red-chillies, bottles of seasoning were neatly stacked in pyramids, and storm-lamps and oil-burners in cylindrical frames flashed out like beacons - all these transformed the stalls and coffee shops into busy night-harbours as the lights glinted and slithered across the glossy concrete floor.

Countless family groups were, without doubt, having big and hearty Chinese dinners. The young ones lifted their chopsticks in a clumsy manner and shoved the food down their throats as fast as they could. Their parents handled their chopsticks with a little more charm, engaging in ceaseless conversation even as they ate, for to the Chinese people, 'to eat is to prosper' and conversation goes hand in hand with the food. The women, some of whom were second wives of rich and prominent businessmen, sucked iced-coffee carefully through straws till their glasses were drained dry, leaving fat chunks of ice on the bottom. Mouths were delicately rounded to receive bales of noodles and dumplings. When they had finished, they licked their lips softly and looked at their masters.

Groups of four engaged themselves in a game of cards or Mahjong and all the Chinese dialects could be heard inside the coffee shops. It was more of a ringing of voices, with occasional bursts of exclamations when somebody had won a hand or a suit. They all seemed to want to talk at the same time and succeeded in doing so.

Like starlings, twittering and wheeling in a mass, the chatter of the gamblers, the idle gossip of the women and the business propositions and debate of the men stretch through the night until closing time, which was not until midnight, and for some coffee shops, not until the wee hours of the morning. This life style of the Chinese people repeats itself every night and though the groups of people may change every night, night-time will always be the same all-too-familiar sight in the major cities and towns of Malaysia.

TAN LYE AIK 12B

Asian Students



Lee Seng-Soong, Lee Kok Leong, Tan Seow Heng, Danny Lim Hock Chuan, Stanley Yeung Chi Ming, Khor Hoe Chai, Tan Lye Aik, Johnson Yip Ching Shiong, Choo Geok Yong, Evelyn Khor Sook Hiang, Ong Chong Soo, Evelyn Chan Wan Nee, Ong Lay Mooi, Chew Mui Chun, Christina Chen Fui Choo, Chan Guat Keng, Yeap Siew Choo.

COMMENTARY: STAFF/STUDENTS' HOCKEY MATCH

And now, for the moment you've all been waiting for, the 'Prospice' running commentary!

We bring the match as it happened, the way it happened!

The game starts with a bang, as the ball is immediately hit out of play ... Now for a superb golfing shot by Mr. James who misses! Rules are broken left and right and the first player to fall asleep is none other than a male member of the P.E. staff (who shall remain anonymous).

Who's this brilliant player in blue who still believes he's golfing?

In the heat of the scrimmage, the students seem to be revelling in the perfect chance to avenge their detentions and extra homework.

The latest craze appears to be rolling off Mr. James's back, and, debating the principles of accounting, Mr. Wigg delivers a flying shot.

As Richard Gray lands flat on his face, an on-looker observes, "He should have stuck to 'The Mikado'".

More audience comments: "Hey Goose!" "What's he done now?" "Absolutely nothing".

Players don't seem to be answering though, despite the moans of delight, derision, admiration, and horror that arise, although the ground itself is suffering from a certain Accounting teacher's frustration.

Stacks on the mill again, as yet another problem arises, but Mr. Bertram solves it by slugging the ball towards the goal. I advisedly say, "towards", as his accuracy remains in extreme doubt.

The perfect student, Richard Gray, is again in



the limelight as he apologises for tripping up yet another teacher!

Danger zone: the players avoid Miss Campbell's camera only to trip headlong into Marilla Cooper's.

"Hey!" come shouts. "Who threw the footy into the field?" Laughter arises and an embarrassed junior goes to retrieve it.



And the game ends! One of the students watching (Julie Pastars) counted five goals and stated dismally "The teachers beat us", but, on enquiring, it was discovered that only one goal was scored and the winner was obvious, the students, despite the unmentionable fact that Mr. James scored our goal!

GILLIAN POLACK 11D

ROOSEVELT HOUSE

Roosevelt has had quite a successful year so far, coming first in the swimming sports and equal second in the Choral Festival.

However, it has been the girls who have carried us through again, particularly in the Choral Festival. More participation is needed from the boys if we are to have any greater success.

We would like to thank the teachers who supervised the choral rehearsals, especially Mrs. Allan, Miss Knudsen and Mrs. Beer, and also the pianists and conductors, and all those who participated.

SUE WATSON 11C JOERG SCHNELLE 12A

house reports

MONTGOMERY HOUSE

Montgomery this year had mixed success in the Choral Festival, and the swimming sports.

In the swimming, we managed a creditable second about 100 points clear of third place. Good performances by Peter Head and Ron Gazdowicz made this possible.

Peter swam well, gaining four firsts and a second, and Ron, also, gaining five firsts from five races.

In the Choral Festival, we did not do as well, coming fourth by ten points. Thanks must go to our conductors, Penny Poulrier, Laura Trivisonno and Malcolm Simpson. The pianists, Priscilla Corfield, Evelyn Khor and Malcolm Grumach also deserve a mention.

Special thanks to Sue Mason and Miss Keenan, without whose help we would have lost by a lot further.

MALCOLM SIMPSON 12A

CHURCHILL HOUSE

Again this year Churchill excelled in the swimming sports coming a victorious fourth for the third time running. We should be congratulated on our faultless record.

In the Choral Festival another repeat of last year's performance - an equal second. A special thanks to Mr. Mander for all his help during the tedious lunch-time rehearsals.

Unfortunately, this year the rehearsals were held during lunch-time which partially explains the sizeable drop in the number of students participating. Apathy is the other contributing factor.

As everyone is well aware the "house spirit" is sadly lacking in the school. Each year fewer people participate in the events. The sports events are swinging towards being form organized - a needed change - but surely as far as the Choral Festival goes students could take an interest and participate.

Perhaps the rehearsals will take place during form assembly time next year, then it would not be so much of a hassle to round up the necessary numbers.

Thank you to all the Churchill students who made the effort and took part in activities throughout the year.

Good-luck for next year.

JILL STEELE 12C

MACARTHUR HOUSE

The performance of Macarthur House in this year's activities has been excellent.

Macarthur's greatest achievement was winning the Choral Festival and great thanks must go to the conductors, musicians and choirs who participated for Macarthur. In the swimming sports, Macarthur came a creditable third. This year Macarthur has had a fine year and holds great expectations for 1978.

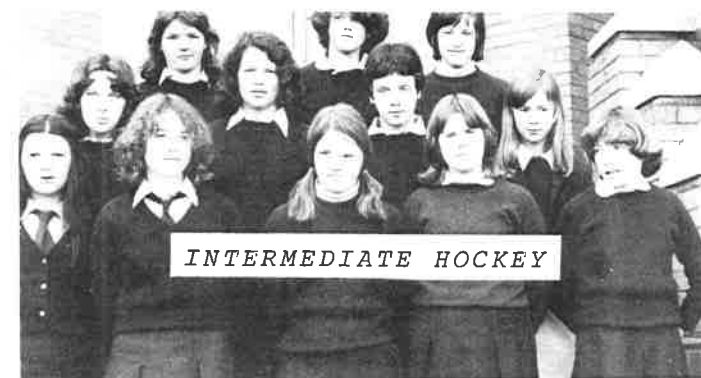
GEORGE SOPIKIOTIS 12B



JUNIOR HOCKEY

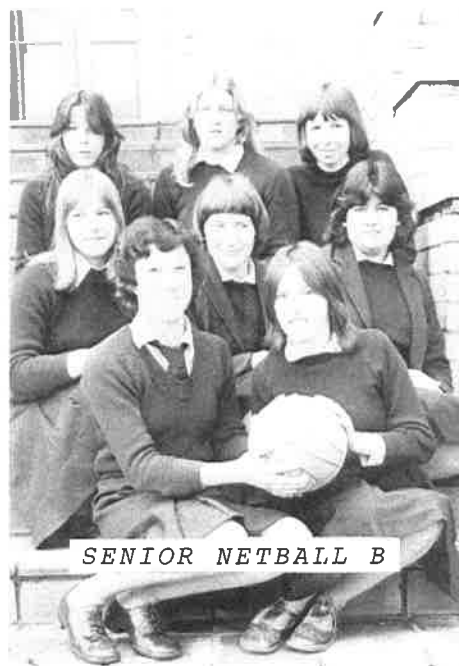


SENIOR HOCKEY



INTERMEDIATE HOCKEY

12.



SENIOR NETBALL B



SENIOR NETBALL A



SENIOR SOFTBALL



SENIOR BASKETBALL



JUNIOR SOFTBALL

RESULTS

Senior Basketball - had a good time, but didn't win any matches.
 Intermediate Volleyball - second out of six schools.
 Senior Netball B - won one game.
 Intermediate Netball B - third overall.
 Junior Netball A - third overall.
 Intermediate Table Tennis - won seven games, lost thirteen.
 Junior Table Tennis - drew for first, but beaten in the rematch.
 Senior Hockey - runners up.
 Senior Tennis - came a close third.
 Intermediate Tennis - came last, but won one game.
 Senior Softball - third overall.
 Intermediate Softball - only second, unfortunately.

SENIOR NETBALL

This year was unfortunate for netball, mainly because there was only one day on which any inter-school netball matches could be played. This was the day of the Round-Robin of the school matches and for this to constitute a season's netball was rather disappointing. The netball team won their first match but were defeated in the four other matches of that day.

SALLY HENLEY 12B

INTERMEDIATE NETBALL A

In the team we had some fantastic players but we just didn't get to the top. Actually we came fifth out of six teams. We won against Nunawading.

MANDY SCOTT 8D

INTERMEDIATE GIRLS' HOCKEY

The Intermediate hockey team was very successful this year, winning the All High Final 4-1. Our thanks to Mrs. Berry for helping us through the season.

JENNY BECKER 9E

JUNIOR GIRLS' HOCKEY

The team, led by Sabina Schnelle, played extremely well in the Round Robin, winning all their matches except the finals.

The team was coached by Miss Champ.

We would like to thank Mrs. Berry for showing us how to play hockey.

SABINA SCHNELLE 7D

GYM CLUB

There are at least thirty keen girls who come to Gym Club regularly. At the moment we are practising for the form and inter-school competitions. We are learning the level three sets for the floor, uneven bars, beam and box.

There are many enthusiastic girls in years seven and eight who will make up very good teams for the competitions.

Last year we practised very hard and all performed well on the night. We competed against Oakleigh, Ashwood, and Burwood High Schools. We won two of the three grades. In "A" grade Helen Topp came second. "B" grade was won by Tracy Coxon. Year seven level was won by Catherine Coulter. So this meant that Camberwell High won the inter-school competitions for the second year in a row. The judges were provided by the V.A.G.A. We hope very much to do well again this year.

CATHERINE COULTER 8B

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC

This year numbers in the band varied between twenty and thirty members. We played at various functions throughout the year. These included the Choral Festival, at which we played the first item, and the C.A.A. concert. Some players from other schools joined us for the C.A.A. concert where we were the last item.

There have been music camps as well, one for strings (obviously not members of the band) and another for everybody. We all enjoyed ourselves despite mishaps like locked instrument cases which had to be juggled open because the owners had forgotten the keys. Useful skills in group playing were picked up.

Although band practices were only once a fortnight, the band managed to play its pieces when needed.

Good luck to next year's band.

HELEN POLACK 12A

"CAMPUS LIFE"

1977, the first year incorporating the full "Campus Life" programme within the school, must rate as a definite success. Our aim "to know Christ and make Him known", has happily been achieved. Our programme throughout the year has been divided on a bi-weekly basis, the first week of the two being concerned with building up and encouragement of the individual Christian members within the group, the second designed with the aim of reaching the whole school with the "Good News" of Jesus Christ. Many of these meetings met with mammoth success, as far as stimulating student interest was concerned. The first of such meetings, "Sun Seekers", a surfing film with a Christian message, attracted nearly five hundred students, a meeting taken by members of the God Squad filled room 201 to over-flowing, while the New Zealand Gospel singing group "Certain Sounds" met with similar success.

Discussions held on "Christianity and Communism", and "Abortion" sparked lively questioning and discussion. Ritchy Gunston, ex-circus clown, created interest, especially amongst junior forms. Singer Peter York and a programme entitled "Kissing", presented by "Fusion", met with similar student approval.

Campus Life seems certain to be even bigger next year and we extend a welcome to all interested students and teachers.

Special thanks are extended to Glenda de Jager, "Youth for Christ" worker, for her invaluable help throughout the year and also to Miss Pattison for her help with announcements and posters.

LOCKED OUT?

Some people feel God has locked them out. Not so. They've locked God out.

"Look! I have been standing at the door and I'm constantly knocking. If anyone hears me calling him and opens the door, I will come in and fellowship with him and he with me".

Revelation 5:20.

PAUL SPENCE 12D

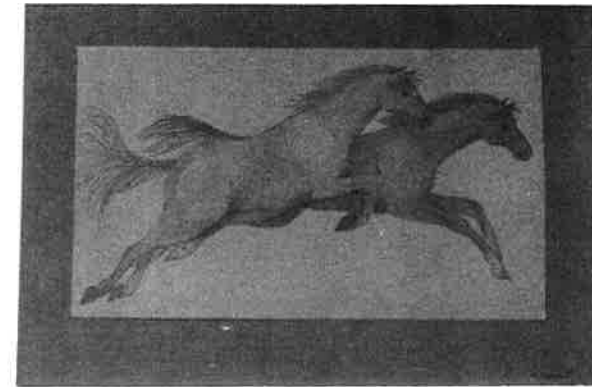
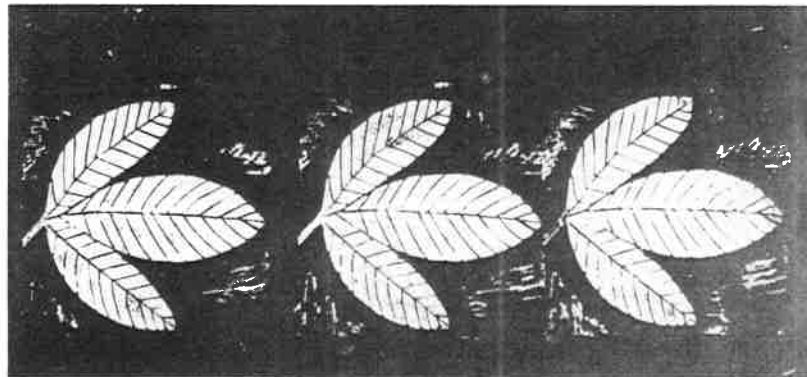
ONE POINT OF VIEW

What is true atheism?
 An existence without meaning,
 without centre, without unity.
 It is not disbelief in God
 which makes atheism
 But a universe without a binding core
 A senseless mass of matter,
 A remorseless lack of logic
 Tainting everything.

No sane person can truly disbelieve
 in that which we call "God".
 They might discredit those outward trappings;
 discredit religion,
 but never that which the religious,
 for want of a better term,
 call "God".
 It is the life-force, the 'soul' of all that exists.
 It forms the cohesion which surrounds us
 Bodily and in spirit.

To deny this force
 Is to deny all claim to sanity.
 To be, in truth, an atheist
 Is to refuse belief in the solidity of matter,
 to argue against reasoning,
 Believing that even thought, life,
 the things one touches, the air one breathes,
 Are unreal.
 Truly, atheism is insanity.

GILLIAN POLACK 11D



EVERLASTING LIGHT

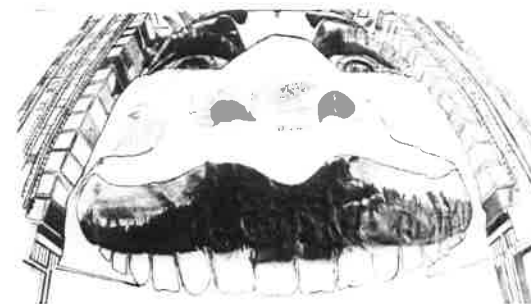
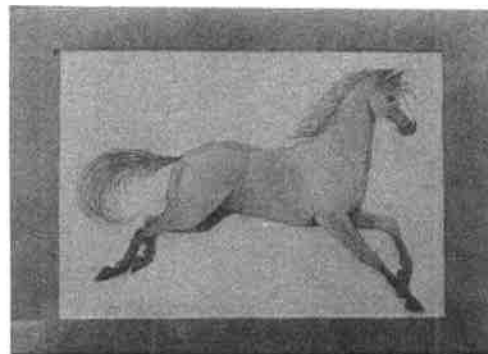
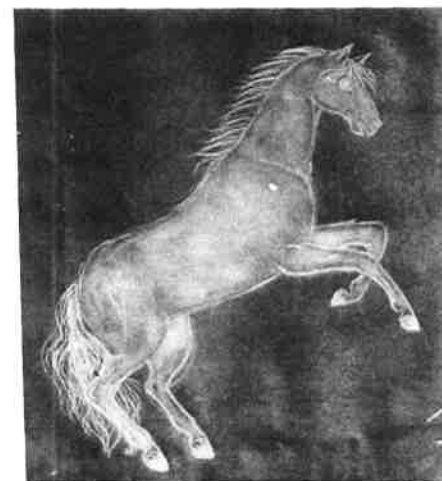
Only in God's Light can we discover which way to go,
 We walk and sin in darkness till we come across the glow.
 Our bodies are warmed as we are filled with hope and love,
 Everlasting light shines on our pathway from above.

And as deeper into life we travel, knowing not what's up
 ahead,
 One after another the lights fade from the steps we tread.
 The spark of human knowledge fails, its only weak faint
 rays
 Have no strength to pierce the mist and fogs that come
 our way.

Trusting in the light of mankind only, we become lost and
 blind,
 But having knowledge of Jesus Christ, the truth springs to
 our mind.
 We fear no ill and no longer walk in night.
 With faith and confidence, we'll walk into God's Light.

The Lord has plans for everyone, whether big or small,
 Whether old or young, thoughtful or ignorant, He can use
 them all.
 Never turn your back or laugh at people who believe,
 Only those who walk in God's Light are those whose eyes
 can see.

JENNIE HEPBURN 9D



Art



DEBATING

School debaters have been busy this year, with some excellent Years 9 and 10 inter-year debates and inter-school contests.

These included such well-worn topics as "That television is a powerful source for good", "That knockers should be kept outside the door", and "That glory is no longer glorious".

All of the debates were successful, whether won or lost, and the year 9 and 10 debaters, in particular, were of a very high standard.

Out gratitude goes to all teachers, especially Mr. Jay, who willingly involved themselves in the organization and adjudication of the numerous debates throughout the year.

GILLIAN POLACK 11D

C.H.S. FENCING NEWS

Fencing commenced at the start of the second term. A group of over one dozen interested students came to see what this sport was all about. Fencers are provided with excellent tuition by Miss Champ, a Physical Education teacher of the school. There are also six students with some fencing experience to help.

Excellent progress is being made by the club's members and it is hoped that teams will compete against other schools next year.

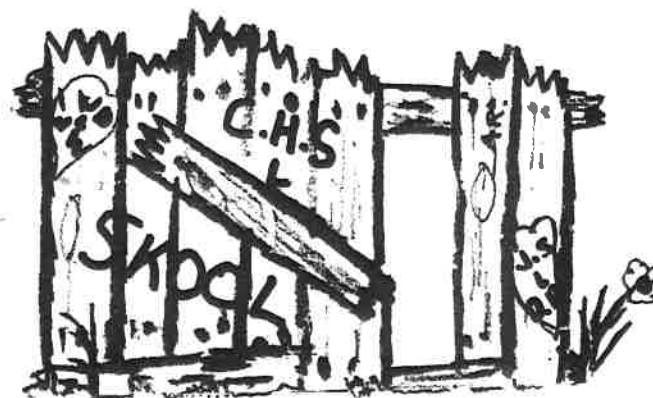
There are many advantages in participating in fencing. At the local level there are many clubs and schools who meet each week. If success is achieved here, there are interstate competitions held each year. There are opportunities to travel overseas to the Olympic Games, Commonwealth Games and World Championships.

Fencing not only provides romantic appeal but it is the perfect relaxation. It develops poise, balance, muscular control and quick thinking and it is an allround physical sport.

A special 'thank you' to Miss Champ for organizing fencing at the school. Her enthusiasm and interest each Friday are very much appreciated.

All students are welcome to participate in 1978.

JOHN MCKINSTRAY 10B



CHORAL FESTIVAL

They came in droves on a cold, wintry night - choristers all attired in their green finery - well, just about all. Distraught conductors made frantic attempts to squeeze long arms and huge chests into tiny green blazers. Numerous green ties, which had been in short supply not more than a couple of hours before, suddenly appeared, flapping around the necks of eager participants. A last minute scramble over seated bodies by all the late-comers and Camberwell High School's thirty-first Annual Choral Festival had begun, ably compered by Joan Coldham and Andrew Rossborough, in a bid to continue the flavour of a student-run event.

At last the big moment had arrived. After weeks of endless lunchtime rehearsals, days of frenzied cramming, and hours of hoarse shouting, on the part of conductors and students alike, we had finally made it. The successful efforts of the school band paved the way for the enjoyable night ahead.

Montgomery, bedecked in red carnations, filed on. Silence. Mr. Collyer, the Adjudicator, sounded his bell. The set song, "On a Clear Day", which was to echo throughout the hall again and again, was sung, followed by a rendition of Montgomery's chosen song - "Oom pah pah". Amidst a burst of applause, Churchill streamed onto the stage - once more we hear "On a Clear Day", this time sung with an effective change of tempo. "Prepare Ye the Way of the Lord" and "Somewhere" completed Churchill's repertoire. And now (wait for it) Macarthur - need I say more - Yes, once again, they did it!

"On a Clear Day", "King Herod's Song" and "Since First I Saw Your Face", saw Macarthur emerge starry-eyed, and, above all, triumphant amidst a rousing applause.

Roosevelt, however, not to be outdone, performed in true style, with "On a Clear Day", "Seventy-six Trombones" and "All in the April Evening", making the Macarthur choristers a little anxious to say the least.

An excellent solo performance was given by Danny Segal, on the violin, followed by Irene Vela and Jenny Polack as a duo playing guitar and flute.

Lastly, the Sixth Form choir performed with a song that was appropriately entitled - "Look What They've Done to the Song". So, with more than one jugular vein blown, the question remains - Was it all worth it? We say YES!

KATIE RICHARDS 11B





THE MIKADO

(The Critic's Report)

"Prospice" reporters were out in full force when "The Mikado" was staged. A patient audience, consisting of parents, teachers, students, ex-students, Gilbert and Sullivan buffs and other long-suffering groups, was also there, surprisingly enough.

During the welcomed break we asked the audience what they thought of the operetta so far, and if they had any expectations for the second half. Many of the audience thought that "it was a very enjoyable and pleasant evening", and that "the production was excellent".

Another comment was "it's good, but I think the actors are a bit nervous. I can hardly wait for the next part".

Nearly everybody agreed that it was "very colorful, and the fan work was lovely, so were the costumes".

Credit was given to the stage crew. As someone expressed it, "The props are 'ace'". And of course, no evening is complete without the inevitable "no comment"!

A suggestion from a Gilbert and Sullivan fan was that the words should be projected onto a screen above the stage to enable the audience to enjoy the lyrical qualities of the operetta.

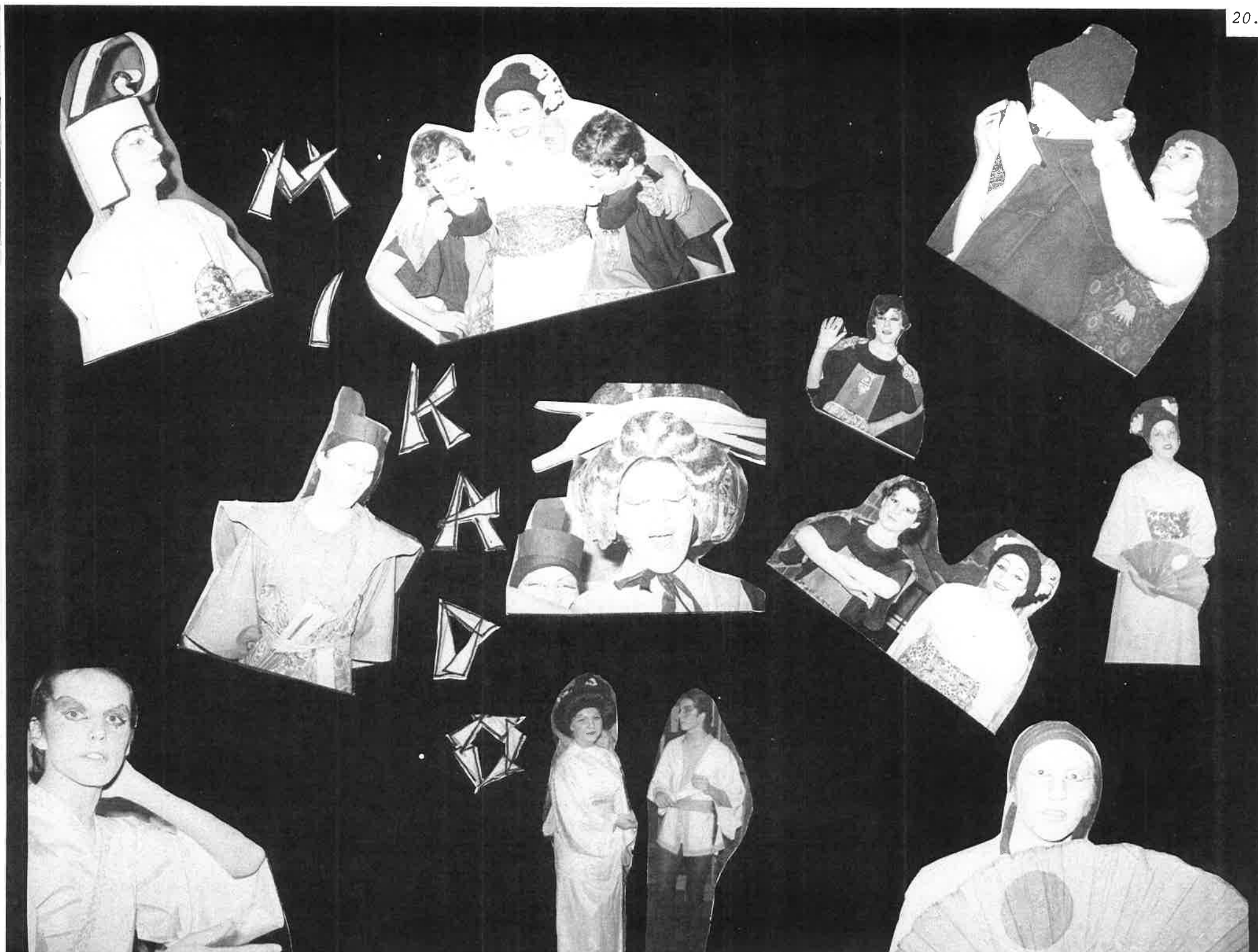
Congratulations go to the cast and orchestra who performed extremely well, and also to all involved in the backstage work. The staff involved and all the others are to be complimented for making the evening's entertainment delightful indeed.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Nanki-Poo
Katisha
Ko-Ko
Peep-Bo
Pooh-Bah
Pitti-Sing
Pish-Tush
The Mikado of Japan
Yum-Yum

Richard Gray
Rosemary Dormer
Simon Gleeson
Helen Polack
Danny Segal
Sally Henley
Tony Shute
Gareth Husband
Helen Jagger





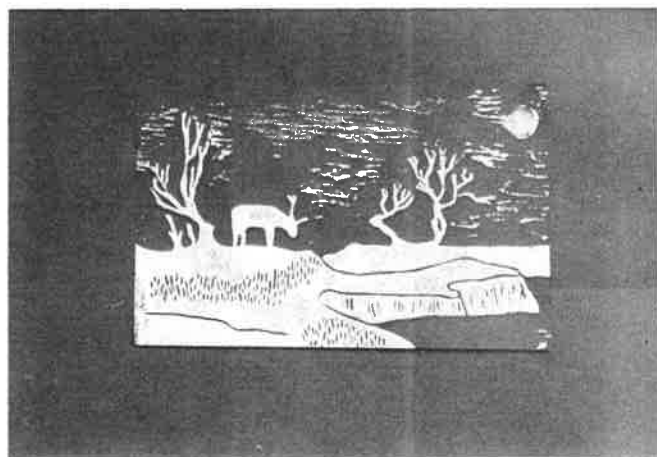
B E A U T Y

Beauty is the sun burning bright,
Streaming down and giving you light;
There are the evergreen trees and sweet-scented flowers,
All within nature's powers.

There's the crystal clear waters and beautiful fountains,
All the green grass of home and tall, strong mountains.

The glorious blue sky is there by and by.
There's a carpet of grass,
Soft underfoot as you pass.

BELINDA MOODY 7A



S M I L E

His face, his lips.
Beautiful, thin and slightly parted.
His face, full of expression.
His smile shows happiness.
So pleasing, and glowing.
Oh, such a warm and pleasant expression.
But only for a while.
Then the smile slowly fades away.
Oh, such a warm and gentle face.
Such a warm and gentle smile.

SHARON HARGREAVES 9D

S I X T E E N

At sixteen,
I cease to gaze upon the world with beatific adoration.
Nightmare situations
multiply rapidly whereby one gazes at the ceiling
motionless.
Emotions change,
as rapidly as the swinging arc of the pendulum ticks.

Now sixteen,
Love becomes an unknown motive and is replaced by anxiety.
Our bodies
promote promiscuity yet our social conventions say never.
Tears flow
over trivia bountiful and evaporate with the blossoming
of time.

Since sixteen,
I can hope with renewed vigour for the heartbreak to
cease.
Once again,
I am endowed with courage magnitudinous to tackle
situations.
But, always,
I remain confused in an effort to discover me.

ANON.

QUOTES

- Mr. Robertson "Life was never meant to be easy".
- Mr. Mander "I've had plenty of experience".
- Mr. James "I'm gonna sulk".
- Mr. McDonald "Trust me to falsely accuse and
then try and weasel out of it".
- Mrs. Casey "One minute in the mouth
One hour in the stomach
One year on the hips".
- Mrs. Tempest And what did Mrs. Tempest say when
she scratched her nail on the
blackboard
"OOOOOHHAAAAAA H!"
(Alias Jeanne Little strikes again)
- Richard Gray "There's a silver cloud to every
lining".
- Anonymous "Please apologise for my lack of
presence".
- Danny Segal "I wasn't there."
- Dr. Commons "You don't believe everything that
you're taught do you? Next year
they'll tell you some more
rubbish".

"WHO DONE IT?"

Who was the only dissenter when Mr. Collins asked could he come into the girls' changing rooms?

Who said, "I'm not drunk, I just can't speak straight"?

Which person of the senior part of the school said, "Does one times one equal nought?"

Which half of a pair of twins said, "I used to dominate the bath"?

Who said, "Some people go into teaching because they're paranoid"?

Who said, "Now I'm not going to give you a lecture ..."?

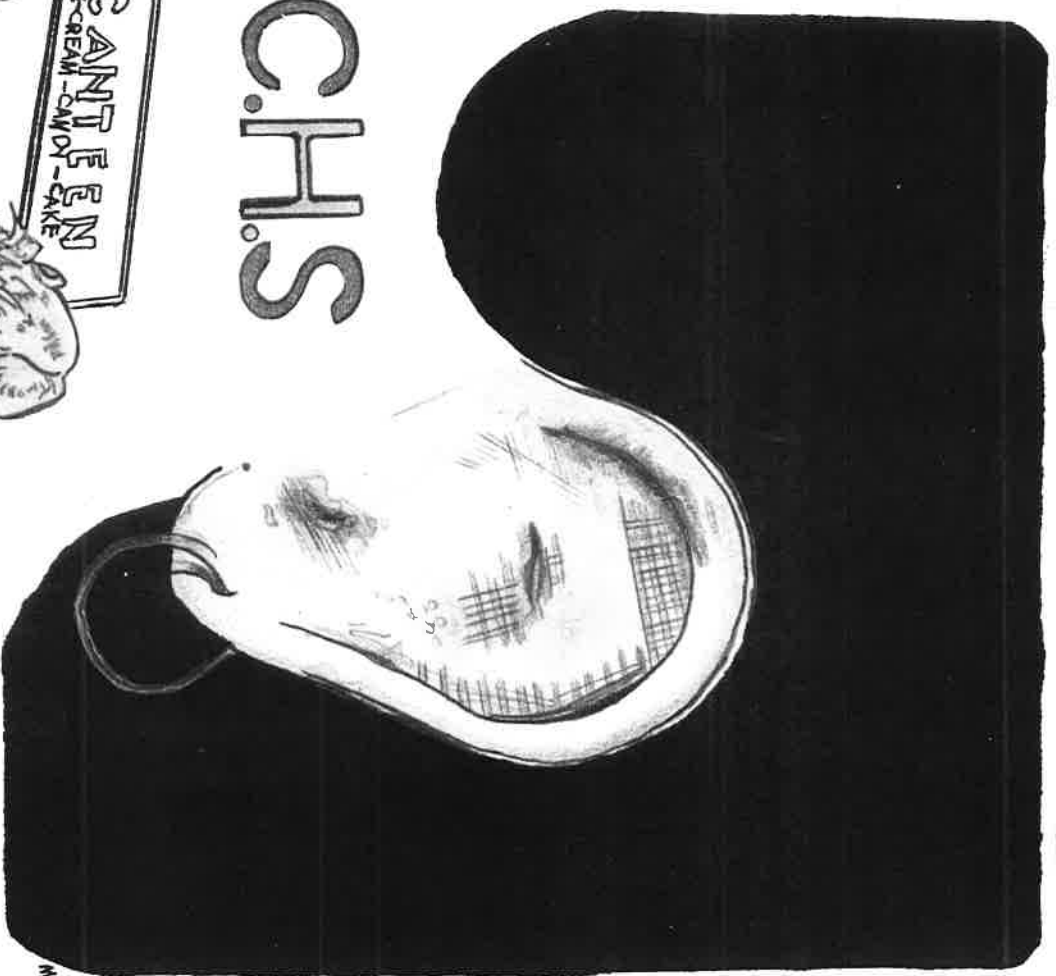
Who lost his hair but kept his hat on?



VOGUE

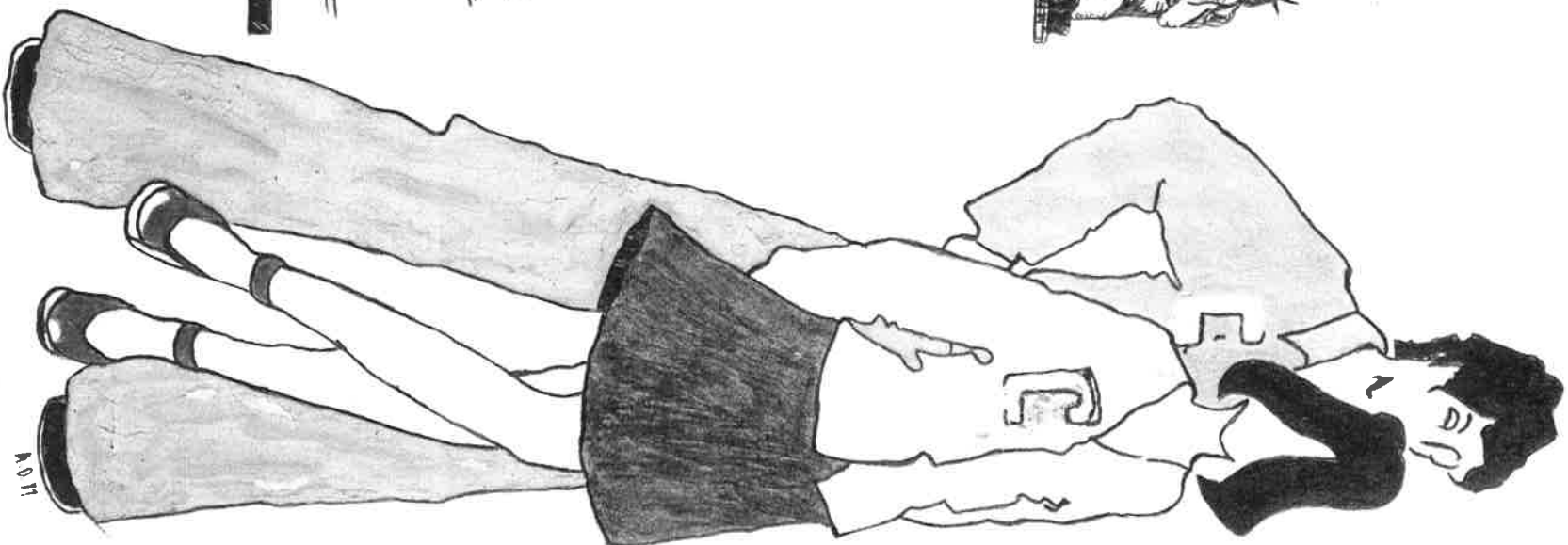
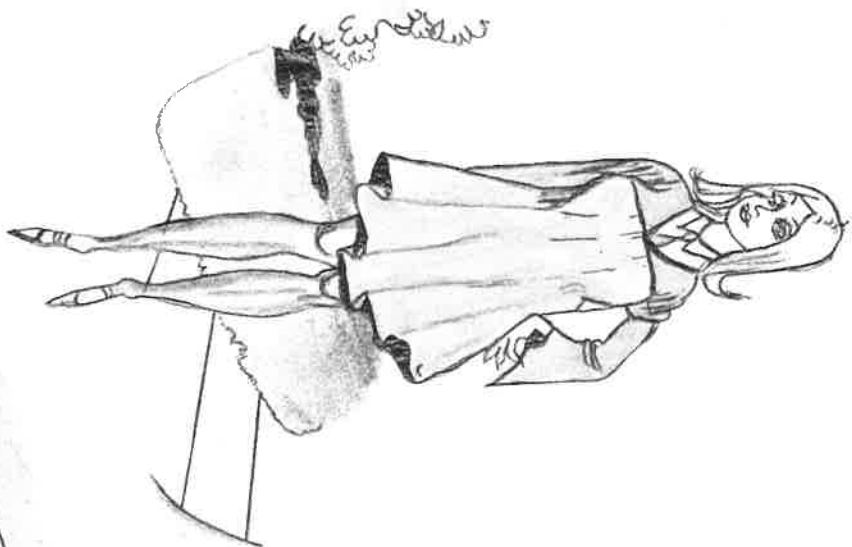
V I S I T

CHS



MAD77





FANCIES - I

Slippery fresh-watered feet,
 Sand-clung toes digging deep,
 Wind-combed hair tangled tight;
 Winnowing thoughts spurred by breeze
 Incarcerate man-made tensions,
 Instilling peace of heart and mind.
 Beckoning tufts of wind-blown brine
 Basted by seaweed and foam,
 Cajole twoness, body and soul.
 Conglomerating fingered tracks
 Are suck-washed to wave nothingness.
 Ah! They do remain, though unseen,
 Lost, swished from prying view;
 Lingeringly locked in tissue
 Forged deep in consciousness -
 But accessible.

DONALD M. ANDERSON

Don Anderson Award

Don Anderson, who wrote the poem "Fancies-I" was a teacher at Camberwell High School at the time of his death a few years ago. Each year since, in his honour, an award has been given to the contributor of the best original poem, short story or article. This year the award goes to Andrew Mezei, 9A, for his poem "The Sand Clock".

THE SAND CLOCK

We are like the sand in a sand clock,
 A clock that can be turned over only once.
 God watches every grain fall through, and knows
 its shape.
 He knows when the last grain will fall.
 But for us the glass is darkened,
 We don't know how many grains there are to go.

Now they have stopped falling,
 They are motionless.
 But the sand has not gone,
 It has not been destroyed, it is still there.

ANDREW MEZEI 9A

G O I N G O U T

I go out sometimes
 Sometimes I go out
 Go out sometimes I
 I out go sometimes
 I sometimes go out
 I out sometimes go
 Sometimes go out I
 Sometimes out I go
 Sometimes I out go
 Out I go sometimes
 Out sometimes I go
 Out go sometimes I
 Out go I sometimes
 Go sometimes out I
 See you later
 When I go sometimes out, I go.

BY AN ANONYMOUS YEAR 11 STUDENT

L I M E R I C K S

There was once a man from Leeds
 Who had an accident while planting seeds
 It was of terrible cost
 For he found himself lost
 In a jungle of ten foot high weeds.

There was an old man from New York
 Who floated and looked like a cork
 And one day while floating
 Near water birds gloating
 He was swallowed completely by a stork.

GLEN BENNETT 7D

I A M A S H A R K !

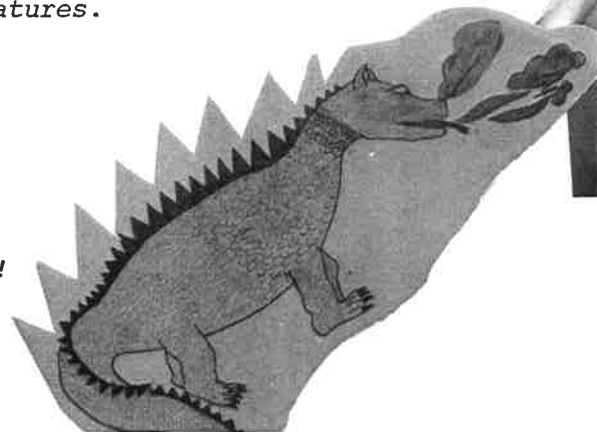
I am a shark!
 I swim in waters deep and dark.
 I'm very greedy,
 And have eyes that are beady.

I live in oceans, in the sea and near beaches.
 I like to eat all kinds of creatures.

I can't keep still,
 I'm the restless sort.
 I'm known to kill.
 Or that's what's thought.

Beware of me!
 I am a shark.
 I swim in waters deep and dark!

SYLVIA HEIL 7D



ONE DAY QUITE SOON, YOU WILL COME TO SCHOOL FOR
THE LAST TIME. - AFTER ABOUT TWELVE YEARS. HOW
DO YOU FEEL ABOUT THIS?

Retrospectively the past twelve years have been a metaphor of life outside and beyond these school walls. School has become a substitute for home, prison, and a place of employment for me. Teachers have taken over the role of parent, warden, and employer, as well as their conventional role of instructor. The reaction this has had on me has been of mixed feelings.

The Child in me doesn't want to break away from the security of school. The security of not having to decide what to do with my time. Teachers are the ones who set up time-tables, lunch-hours, and the contents of my subjects. I've found a complacent spot and don't want to lose its certainty. Teachers are the ones who keep me in strict control. If I break a school code I must accept the retribution. This is fine to the Child in me because I don't have to judge my own behaviour and set a sanction if I break the normal rules of school. Teachers are the ones who grade my ability according to 'outstanding, average, or below average'. This is also fine with the Child in me because I receive a payment in lieu of a lolly or candy-stick. The payment ranges from 'A to E'.

The Parent in me accepts the fact - without question - that I must react in a certain way towards my peer group and my teachers. It is my duty to accept teachers setting my time-table because I realise that - or rather the Parent in me realises - once I turn eighteen I am on my own to make my own moral judgments and the master of my own fate. The Parent in me acknowledges the fact that to have some control over my future life I must keep pushing and pushing, and drumming and drumming, and beating and beating into my head what the School Authority has advised me. They know best! I must accept the punishment meted out to me and suppress my rebellion. "It's for your own good", the Parent in me constantly tells me.

The Adult in me analyses, thinks about and questions everything school has to offer:

"I shall discuss my ability with my teacher.

Only after this discussion and what comes out of it will I let my Child take over with feelings, and only then will I let my Parent scold me for my ability".

I question the worth of punishment and its retributive theory. Cannot the school Authorities strike a happier medium between punishment and the offender caught stealing from lockers? Instead of only grading us according to ability shouldn't we also be graded on interest and attitude? Once I have found the answers to my questions then and only then can I judge my feelings towards school. The prejudice inbuilt into me by my Parent on 'right and wrong actions' can then be overcome. "I missed school, therefore I should be punished", should become "I missed school, but for what reason? Did I not like that subject because I dislike the teacher? Why do I dislike the teacher"? I must keep an open mind.

The Adult in me sees the need for moving on. School has offered me all it has to offer. I shouldn't become dependent on school authority to make my decisions all the time. I shall have to make my own rules and punishments. I shall plan my own time according to the feelings of my Child, the duty of my Parent, but most ultimately the choice made by my Adult.

School has helped develop the Child's feelings, the Parent's duty and the Adult's choice in me. Therefore, not only has school a retrospective role but also a future role. I will model my future according to the dislikes and likes of my past experiences, at school. School has been a protective shelter for the individual, me, to develop. It has given me guidance; but not too strict or indoctrinating. It has given me the ability to criticise, but not too much, so as to forget about the Child's feelings in other people.

Yes! School must have done something for me. The fact that I didn't approach this essay in another way indicates this. I could have rebelled against school authority and stated my complaints or I could have 'Thanked God' that I have the fortune to attend this school. But no, I have become a rounded character, not too angelic and not too rebellious (I hope!).

MY FORM

We're really just a simple form,
A crowd of boys and girls,
Just thirty-two in uniform,
A bunch of straights and curls.

Our boys are very noisy,
They're as common as they come.
The girls are always chattering,
And most of us chew gum.

We usually have our special friend
With whom we always sit.
We laugh and joke with all the form
But don't know when to end it.

But if I had a chance to move
I would simply have to reject it,
Because my form's where I have fun
And this is the one I've selected.

LEANNE GARRAWAY 8A

EXAMS

There is silence,
The mind is set.
Facts fill the head.
So tense.
Everyone waiting, nervous.
So much concentration.
And exhaustion.
Exams must be done.
The faces around me,
Are all the same.
The eyes are tired
And expressionless. Then
A few hours later,
Everyone is relaxed.
Some faces are smiling,
Others are sad.
But all are relieved.

SHARON HARGREAVES 9D

MY FAVOURITE LUNCH HOUR ACTIVITY

Lately there has been a craze on handball by the Year 7 and Year 8 students. If you try to cross the quadrangle, you will very likely be hit by flying tennis balls or bowled over by a scurrying year eighter chasing after one of those little green bouncy balls.

I for one enjoy handball as a lunchtime activity for it is easy to play and lets you run extra energy off. Unfortunately, as with most sports, it has one major flaw - arguments. If the ball bounces on the line or in a square but it doesn't look like it, out come the arguments such as, "I'm not out, you are". "Want to make a bet, it bounced there, so!". "Alright, then, you ask everybody else". If one of the kids is unpopular then, bad luck, he goes out, but for most of the time handball is a lot of fun.

Handball has become so popular lately that many of the students from 8A have started playing it on the volleyball court in front of the school. The volleyball court has six squares on it so more kids can play than in normal four square handball.

Handball is really fun because you can hit the ball as hard as you like and any way you like right down the volleyball court.

I think that this craze will last a long time, as long as somebody brings a tennis ball. The only problem we would have from senior students is when they play soccer on the volleyball courts.

However, as I have repeated before, I think handball is a fun sport and it will last a long time.

CRAIG PARKER 8A



It's good.



They're very professional.



No comment.



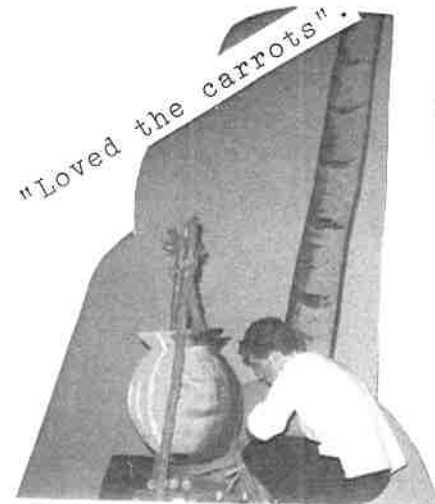
History is in the making with Camberwell High's unique production of J.M. Barrie's, 'The Admirable Crichton'. The cast and production team under the supervision of Mrs. Wantrup and Miss Head have worked hard to ensure a production of mentionable quality and brilliant character acting.

Therefore I will not hesitate to mention Joan Coldham as Lady Mary and Tony Bruno as Ernest, nor even Katie Richards as Catherine, Jenny Shannon as Agatha, Paul Gadsden as Rev. Treherne, Robert Seeley as the naval officer, Stephen Gower as Lord Brocklehurst and his 'remarkable' mother Lady Brocklehurst, played by Judy Driver Now I have mentioned the Lower Class of people I shall refer to the all-important upper-class of the play, THE SERVANTS! Even though the bulk of the servants only appear in Act One and do not utter a word (or anything that should be audible) their contribution to the play is substantial, as befitting their HIGH station As they are totally mentionable, I won't mention them; but I can assure you, like Mandy Paul as Miss Fisher, Jane Bathgate as Tweeny and Andrew Rossborough as Crichton, they are wholly admirable. An excellent phrase to end the article, but unfortunately I can't without mentioning the excellent work of the teachers, who happened to be at the wrong spot at the right time (when the requests for help were issued) and Mr. Harrop, who had no choice anyway.

Of course, I must remember not to mention the lighting and stage management teams who both contributed to the (all round trauma behind the scenes) visual and dramatic smooth running of the play.

Summing up, I don't need to mention that the success of 'The Admirable Crichton' will ensure further dramatic productions at Camberwell, certainly to match (if not exceed) the quality of the highly successful annual musical presentation.

SIGNED: A SERVANT OF LOAM HOUSE.



"Loved the carrots".



Casting's good.

It's alright, colourful.



THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON

REPORT:

The audience was not large, but it was appreciative, even before "Crichton" began. The comments were favourable and enthusiastic (with little exception), many adults saying that if the standard of "The Mikado" was reached the play would be exceedingly good indeed.

During interval I managed to speak to most of the audience and those who were not "pleased" and "enjoying it", were "absolutely thrilled", thought it "marvellous", and "better than anything Monash had done".

This was the general feeling throughout the evening, with an excited and enthusiastic audience appreciating the excellent acting.

I believe that there was not one person at "The Admirable Crichton", who did not have a magnificent time.

GILLIAN POLACK 11D

(on behalf of 'Prospice')



The two little maid-servants at the back were so natural.



It's the first time Camberwell High School's put it on since 1958 - Mr. Collins.



It's tremendous.

Enjoying it!



A bit slow in parts, but it's very good.



Impressed by the professionalism.



We love it! It's marvellous. Some of the artists could go anywhere: They'll be our

boys' sport

SENIOR FOOTBALL

Football season has come and gone. After a gruelling season we can say that we did have some success.

There was some evidence of ability amongst our many mediocre, unfit, slightly crazy steers. Thanks must go to the talented sixth formers who made up the backbone of this great team. Mention must be made of those fifth and fourth formers without whom we would never have tasted the sweetness of victory. The courage that these players showed, considering that they were out-paced and out-sized by the opposition, was a true highlight.

Further great highlights of the day were Keith Jackson's superlative goal from the boundary, with his eyes closed - he kicks better that way; John Manderson's lack of cramp (and football!); John "Mouth" Reid's woeful coaching (with efforts from Mr. Bertram). Others who truly deserve mention are Mark Hearn, who fought for the full two hundred minutes that we played, Malcolm Simpson and Mick Kyrkou who were solid obstacles to the opposition's forwards all day and Leonard Sorgetti who was in every pack!

A special mention must be made of Peter Head's efforts in the ruck. He dominated the air wherever he went and must have been the "best-on-the-ground" five times out of five.

Our thanks go to Mr. Bertram, without whom it would never have been possible to participate, for putting up with us.

Our special thanks to the cheer squad - Merryn Thomson.

Results of games played at Box Hill on Wednesday, 6th July, 1977: one win and four losses.

<u>JOHN REID</u>	12D	Captain
<u>JOHN MANDERSON</u>	12B	V-Captain

RESULTS

Senior Hockey:	third in the Eastern Zone finals.
Junior Football:	won two games and lost two games.
Senior Soccer:	runners up.
Intermediate Soccer:	won four games, lost one.

JUNIOR SOCCER

In the Junior soccer we won our way into the "All High School Finals".

We played Richmond and we lost 3-0. Thanks to Mr. Winiarski for coaching the team, and thanks to all the boys for playing so well.

JAMES McEWEN 7D

SENIOR CRICKET

I am not going to try to say we went wrong this season because I do not believe we did. Extreme sincerity and effort went into the two matches played this season.

These matches were not even half scale but only Round-Robin knockout matches. It is therefore very difficult to select a team on form for two forty-minute matches. The results, incidentally, were that we won one match and lost the other for the simple reason that in the first match we were the better team, but in the second we were not.

Years 11 and 12 participation was not really up to standard, but we appreciated the efforts of people like Joerg Schnelle and Malcolm Simpson, who bothered to turn up to both practice and performances.

The overall display of sportmanship by the whole team was a great encouragement; we have the basis of a talented and enthusiastic team for the future.

PETER GAVIN 11C Captain



JUNIOR FOOTBALL



SENIOR CRICKET



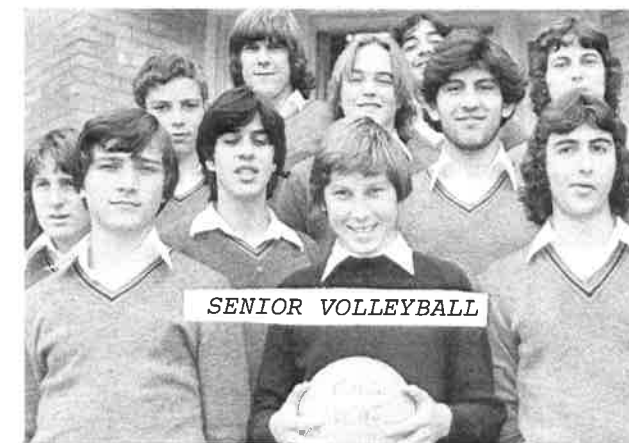
SENIOR BASEBALL



SENIOR TABLE TENNIS



SENIOR HOCKEY



SENIOR VOLLEYBALL



BOYS' SWIMMING



CROSS COUNTRY



INTERMEDIATE CRICKET

THE WORLD'S MOST COVETED TITLES AND THOSE WHO GAINED THEM:

Best Fragile Lily: Mr. Wigg
Most Dangerous: This should have been an easily judged category, except that there was too much competition.

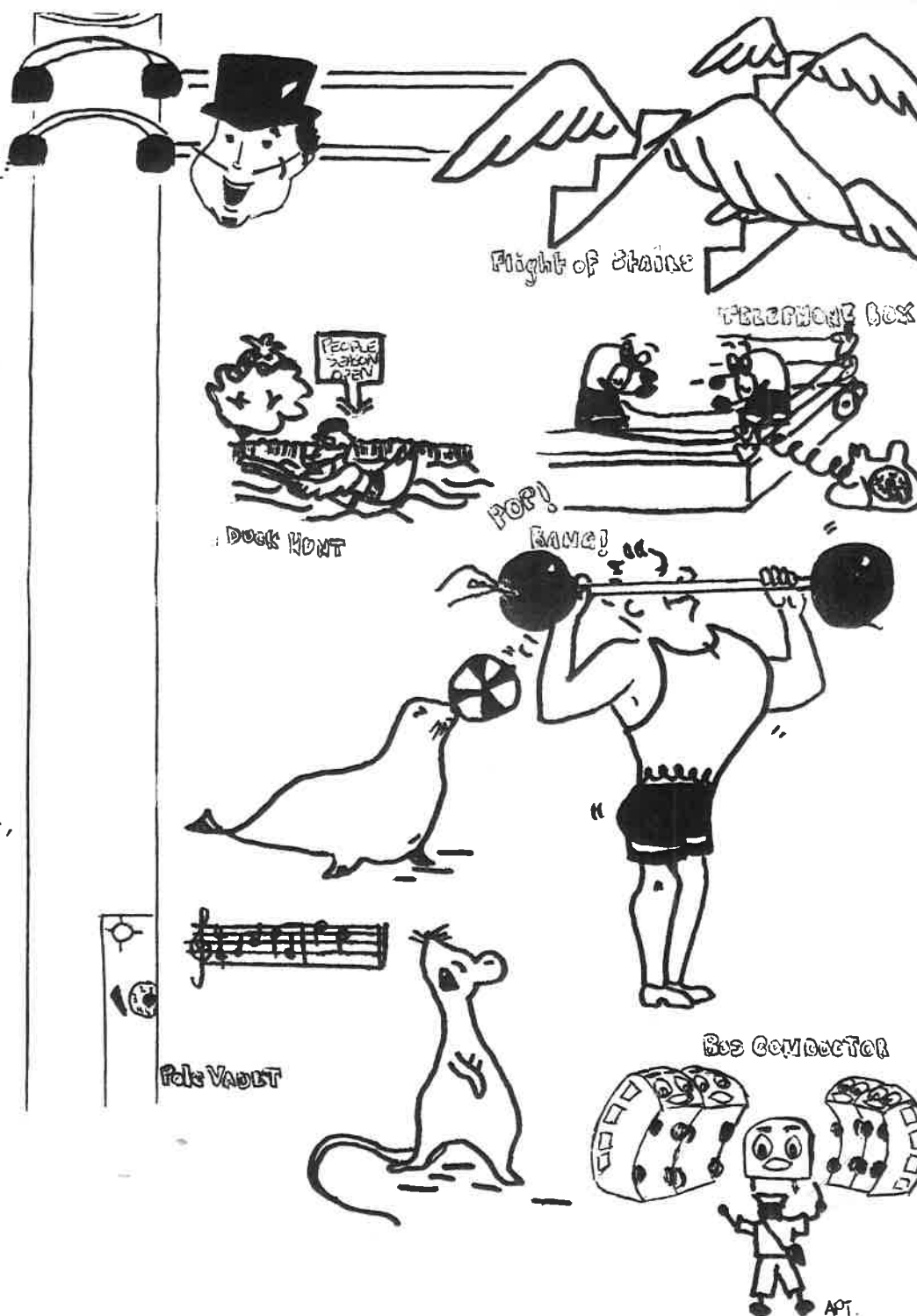
Mrs. Berry, Miss Campbell (renowned camera wielder),
Mr. Mander and Rosemary Dormer.

A vote by an anonymous class within the school revealed the winner to be by a majority of three votes, Mr. Mander, with Mrs. Berry next in line.

Uninspired Players: *All those who remain otherwise unmentioned.*

Greatest Ball-Swipers *All players.*
and Missers:

Catch-Cry of the Day: *Nasty, nasty.*



PRINCIPAL: Mr. D. Collins
 DEPUTY
 PRINCIPAL: Miss M. Pattison

STAFF

ABBOTT Mrs. E.
 ALLAN Mrs. M.
 ANDREWS Mr. O.
 BAKER Mr. I.
 BATES Miss B.
 BEER Mrs. B.
 BERRY Mrs. J.
 BERTRAM Mr. J.
 BERNHART Mr. Y.
 BLUETT Miss M.
 BROADBENT Mr. W.
 BURGESS Mrs. D.
 CAMPBELL Miss D.
 CASEY Mrs. J.
 CHAMP Miss N.
 COMMONS Dr. C.
 DEMUNCK Mr. G.
 DEVINE Mrs. B.
 DJONEFF Mr. P.
 GILL Mrs. S.
 GOLDBERG Mrs. J.
 GOULDING Mrs. G.
 HARVEY Mrs. H.
 HAYES Mrs. A.
 HEAD Miss P.
 HILL Mr. S.
 ISMET Mrs. J.
 JAMES Mr. C.

MIGRANT ENGLISH TEACHERS

O'HALLORAN Mrs. M.
 PALLOT Mrs. G.

FRENCH ASSISTANT

MARTEL Mrs. M.

LABORATORY ASSISTANT

LOUEY-GUNG Mrs. B.



OFFICE STAFF

NETTLETON Mrs. R.
 LACEY Mrs. E.
 BRAY Mrs. P.

HOME ECONOMICS ASSISTANT

DIRINS Mrs. M.

SCHOOL COUNSELLOR

COLE Miss J.

CLEANING STAFF

HARROF Mr. D.
 GEOGHEGAN Mr. A.
 HESLIN Mr. J.
 QUINN Mr. L.
 RICHARDSON Mr. J.

JAY Mr. S.
 JEFFERIES Mrs. L.
 KEENAN Miss P.
 KLEINHENZ Mrs. E.
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 LAWSON Mr. J.
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The following article was written by a Year 11 student, in answer to the following question:

"The Old Man and the Sea" by Ernest Hemingway is a book regarded as being profound". Explain this statement.

"The Old Man and the Sea" is profound in that it is a personal expression of Hemingway's philosophy of life, and it is a spiritual statement of what a man should aspire to and what a man is.

That the central character of the book is an old man is significant. The will, courage and endurance of Santiago transcend the physical frailty of his aged body; the fact that he is an old man enables him 'to do what he was born for', to fulfil his destiny.

This book tells us a great many valuable things. Santiago lived the simplest of existences. He did not live a life of excess or even of physical comfort. He slept and ate only as much as he needed for strength, in order to do what he must do. It almost seems that Santiago had stopped living a basically physical life and was leading a spiritual existence. He was not subservient to the 'pleasures of the flesh', he was fulfilling his own destiny.

Hemingway has portrayed in Santiago a figure of a man who does not waste his time and mind on useless things, on vain expectations. And out of this strict and plain existence the beautiful, the strong, the enduring things shine forth. He has trimmed from his existence those things which have no value. He does not dream of things that he could do, he does not lament his youth in his age, he does not mourn for his wife; he is not bitter or downcast when he has not caught any fish for eighty-three days because his luck has run out. The life of Santiago has beauty and pride and purpose in its simplicity.

To ask the question of whether "The Old Man and

the Sea" is profound does not require me to extract every single essence that goes to compile the full flavour of the book itself. The book is profound because it is a statement on life. Albeit, it is Hemingway's personal statement and notwithstanding Hemingway was a chauvinist, but we will overlook these mere trifles.

A man is only as much as he extends himself. Santiago has not caught a fish for eighty three days when we first open the book. But we find no hint of discouragement or disillusionment within Santiago. He simply realises he must go out further to fish, and that if he does, he will catch a big fish.

Thus Santiago begins his 'pilgrimage' in order to do what he must do. Santiago goes out farther than he or anyone else has before. He is alone with the sea and the marlin. And when the struggle, the ordeal, the testing begins, Santiago is ready. Throughout his life he realises it was only a preparation for the fulfillment of his destiny, on the sea, in his little boat, grappling with a giant fish, 'he was doing what he was born for'.

Santiago, though an impoverished, humble fisherman, is living a life rich with learning and self-expansion.

The philosophy of the book is that the further you go out, the more effort is involved, but the more you extend yourself, the greater the prize.

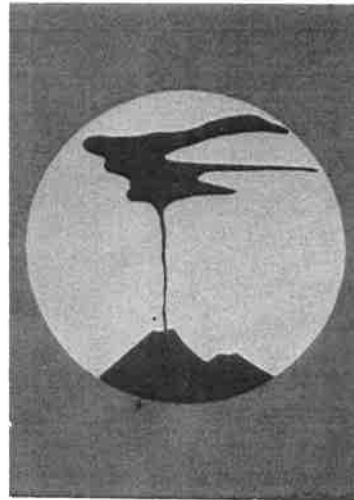
JENNY SHANNON 11D

If I were but a leaf atop a tree so high
I'd wish and pray for the wind to come and loose
me in the sky.

And freedom would be found so high,
That is, freedom from the tree,
It's just that there'd be a difference,
Between the other leaves and me.

And there I'd float in ecstasy,
Just like the clouds so high,
Until the wind would drop away,
And I would fall, and die.

ANON.



DANCE OF THE LITTER

In looking down on the green grass oval,
I spied a rubbish tin rolling over
Its contents were strewn across the ground
And the winds blew them away.

Out through the window sailed magic papers
They touched the ground and started to caper.
Their mystical dance was one of old.
As the winds blew them away.

Out of sinned hands slipped unwanted wrappings
They waltzed down the path in a series of tappings;
Their mind was evil and they wanted to run,
But the wind blew them away, away
but the wind blew them away.

PRUE BATHGATE 8A

SPRINGTIME

The coming of the springtime,
Is a truly great event,
The most beautiful of the natural gifts,
That Mother Nature's sent.

Daffodils and snowdrops,
Are blooming everywhere,
Their heads held high to trap the rays,
That fall like golden hair.

On the cool, green grass,
Where little toes tread,
A carpet of blossom,
Has made its bed.

The trees now attired,
In their fresh green clothes,
Welcome the birds as they
Arrive in droves.

Merrily, merrily their song,
Fills the air,
As they herald the joy
Of the spring of the year.

Oh, how majestic,
Everything seems,
In these days filled with the fragrance,
Of wattle and gum trees.

Spring's beauty is a welcome,
From the frightful winter cold,
A pleasurable sensation,
Before the Summer's heat unfolds.

MICHELLE LEECH 8A

ROOM WITH A VIEW

Room with a view, eh? I'll give you "room with a view"!

I have an apartment in Los Angeles. It is on the 168th floor of one of the new tenement buildings - you know, those enormous 200 floor jobs that have maybe one twentieth of their height stuck in the ground and sway ten feet out of line with the slightest breeze.

I didn't really want it at all, but it came with the new job (treasurer to Smith, Smith, Clark and Gable, law partners) and it was free, so I took it. I hoped it would be only temporary, as I intended to find lodgings somewhere closer to the ground. I have slight acrophobia.

However, as it turned out, all levels below about the 130th floor were, to me at least, made uninhabitable by the intense level of SMOG which sits on the city like a great, grey malignant beast of prey, claiming victims almost daily. Luckily, the office I work in is air-conditioned and on the 149th level, so it doesn't suffer from smog much at all. I am forced to breathe the foul rubbish only on trips to and from the office. Even so, I am seriously considering buying a gas-mask.

But I digress. When I first saw the job advertised, one of the things which attracted me (the un-experienced country fool) apart from the high pay, were the words: "room included, with a view of beautiful Los Angeles". No mention of where, or how high. I thought maybe on a hill, or somewhere. If I'd known it was in a skyscraper, I would have thought twice about accepting.

Anyway, before I knew what, they had accepted me and increased the pay by three grand. What could I do? I accepted. I even signed a ruddy CONTRACT which says (in about a hundred miles of fine print) that I have to work for them for three years OR ELSE!

So now I sit in my plush air-conditioned suite, looking through my expensive tinted glass windows at "beautiful Los Angeles". Great. Lovely. Superb.

Can I see the cars, crawling like ants along their little pathways?

No.

Can I see the beautiful, wide, well-kept streets?

No.

Can I see the beautiful buildings?

Only the very highest ones.

What, then, can I see?

I SEE A STINKING BLANKET OF FOUL, GREY, CHURNING, CONVULSING, WAVY, BILIOUS SMOG STRETCHING ALMOST AS FAR AS THE EYE CAN SEE!!!

Room with a view?

Beautiful Los Angeles?

BAH!

STEPHEN THOMAS 10C

THE CITY

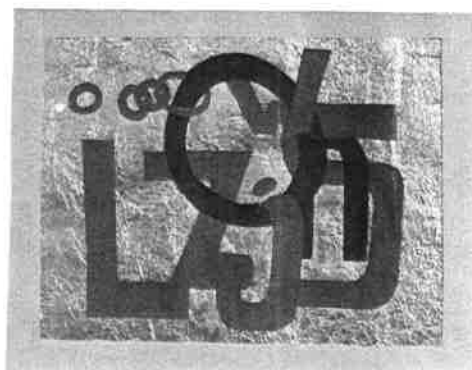
Bustling people everywhere,
Unaware of what is there.

Something shiny catches my eye,
A silver train races by.

Suddenly I hear an alarming siren,
So I think it a policeman or fireman.

The peak hour stops at a halt,
The drivers wonder if the lights have a fault.

GREG DUNCOMBE 7D



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THREE RIGHTS AND A WRONG

The green seas moved white,
the disturbance in place.
Three Rights bobbed and sailed
through chunky green waves,
cold yet friendly.

These were the kings; the Rights;
the Sperm; the Blue; the Humpback;
they knew only the sea,
and its soul,
and were compatible.

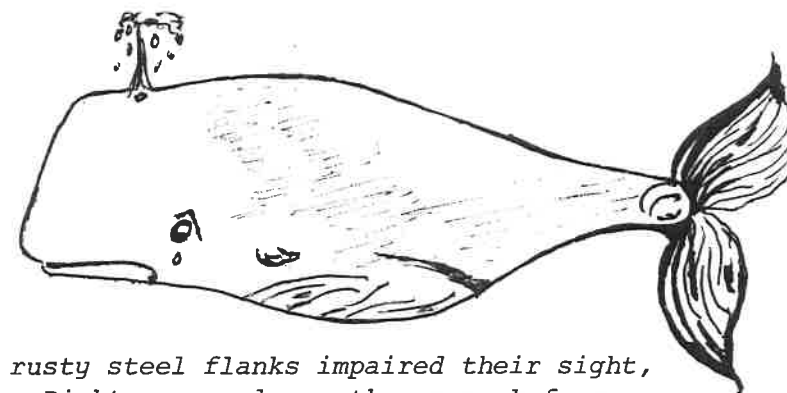
The morning sun's dazzling light,
opened the day with a steel ship.
Fingers of sound ... searching ...
three Rights unaware.
The sun and sky watched, helpless.

The men on board, awake and bright,
anxiously scouring the arc
from port, 'round the bow, to starboard.
Three blips on a green screen,
Three Rights in a green grave.

Closer now, and the Rights
sensed the presence of
foreign fear,
which strangely urged them faster.
On board, a frantic cry.

The bow smashed the seas white,
as speed was built,
each rivet straining
more with fear than fatigue.
Heart-beats raced, in these seas.

The hunt over, now came the fight,
cold sweat poured, on board,
as a man stood up front,
the pointed spear turning, aiming.
In calm flight sped three Rights.



The rusty steel flanks impaired their sight,
Three Rights swam closer than ever before.
"But the sea is our friend?"
Frustration. Despair. Hopelessness.
Bang! Two Rights sounded.

The ship now joined to the Right,
who found pain in lonely misery.
Fear brought wildly unnatural reactions
as, like a tormented bear at a stake,
the whale thrashed death into lonely red foam.

The sea didn't fight,
the disturbance was short.
A Right bobbed by the ship.
"Cut out the dart and flag 'im".
The pretty red flag flapped happily o'er sullen red waves.

"But whale, though you're a Right,
you have frustrated fools for enemies!
Man knows this. Man needs Superiority.
Man must kill you, whale, to prove himself
and to feed his dog".

As the sun dips o'er a bloated Right,
gulls gather noisily on blood-stained beaches.
The factory sleeps.
Three Rights roam their dark ocean,
but only two are visible.

RICHARD GRAY 11D

(Dedicated to those who feel that whales, too, have a
right to live.)

FITZROY

The world has turned grey
and the sky sinks
and presses
heavily
on rows of quadruplet houses,
made of bricks
and mildewed lives.

Hidden deep in the verandah
a wispy woman sits
and stares with crater eyes that bleed.
And boys with bodies
of tangled barbed wire
jerk spiked eyes from the footpath.

A cat oozes across the road
and darts under a dying bush.

Brown parcels in withering hands,
the Greek woman trudges blackly
to her wooden, hollow house.
Her child gropes
and struggles inside her,
hating the light.

Smoke
insinuates itself in the dark air,
and falls solidly to the concrete.
It crawls
over the dewy bodies of children
who tangle themselves in a steel frame
and hang by their legs.

And somewhere
in a high rise flat
the sky presses too heavily.
The ground mesmerises a birdman,
and he falls,
folds,
and withers on grey cement.

CYNTHIA WARDLE 12C

His mind was clear,
His eyes quite sound,
Until seeing the lights
seconds before him.
Impact.

As in some crazy, horrific sketch,
the cars danced before us,
Locked together, then torn apart.
In an instant his fear had been etched.
His face was white.
"He's still alive", they dreamed.
But both he and I knew.
The colour returned to his face,
Red.

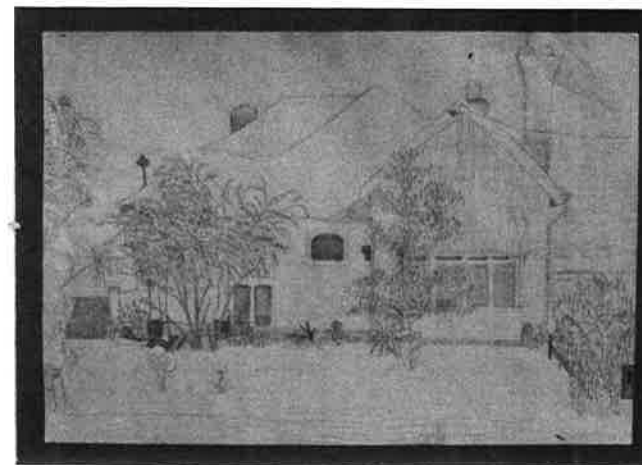
The pretty cream seats were useless,
As were the limp belt and
laminated windscreen
and the man.
But he can't be dead;
He's a man and men only die
in films -
Heroes.

But no,
he died, and died uselessly, pathetically.
The drunk was let off with a bond.

ANONYMOUSANNIHILATION

As sacrifices to the
Gods of Atomic destruction
Bodies lie prostrate
in Death.

MANDY PAUL 9D



YEAR 7 SNOW TRIP

Our adventure commenced on Wednesday morning the 27th July. Four teachers - Miss Bluett, Miss Campbell, Mr. Bertram, Mr. Baker - and forty-three enthusiastic students from Year 7 boarded the bus and headed along the Maroondah Highway towards Bright, where we were to stay for the next two days.

Our friendly bus driver, Warren, skilfully dodged traffic, pot-holes and the odd stray pedestrian, until we reached our first stop, Snobs Creek Fish Hatchery. Our guide showed us around the hatchery where we saw Rainbow and Brown Trout at all stages of development. The fish are later taken and released into streams. At this stage Mr. Baker was regretting he had not taken his fishing rod. Twenty minutes later we boarded the bus and "made tracks" for Eildon.

At Eildon we bought drinks, lollies and food and then ate our lunch at the Eildon Weir. Some of us had soggy sandwiches because as soon as we stepped out of the bus it started raining. After lunch the lolly papers rustled and music blared. Miles later, we finally reached Elm Lodge in Bright.

In the morning we headed for Mt. Beauty. There we were shown a model of the Kiewa Hydro Electric Scheme. Half-way up the mountain it started to snow. Unfortunately, too, some people were bus sick. When we reached the McKay Creek Power Station snow was nearly one metre deep on the sides of the road. As soon as we stepped out of the bus we threw snowballs everywhere at everyone. By the time our guide came to show us how the water rushed down to drive the turbines which generate electricity, we were sopping wet.

For the next leg, Warren put chains on the tyres and we all headed for Falls Creek. Before lunch some of us went tobogganing and others just amused themselves in the snow. There were also many skiers about and all chair-lifts and tows were working. Not long after lunch we boarded the bus and sat down in soaking wet, cold clothes. No-one was sick this time.

Next morning, after breakfast, we packed up. Soon everything and everybody was ready to go. Our next stop was Beechworth, an old historical mining town, where we had the benefit of a guide. First we went to the Rock Cavern where we saw different types of rocks and where they weighed the gold. Then we were shown all the old buildings and churches. We were taken out to a private property where Chinese miners had been prospecting for gold. The tunnel that some of us went through



was wet, dark and clayey. We ate our lunch at Beechworth and had a look around.

After Beechworth, it was on through Glenrowan where the Ned Kelly Museum is located.

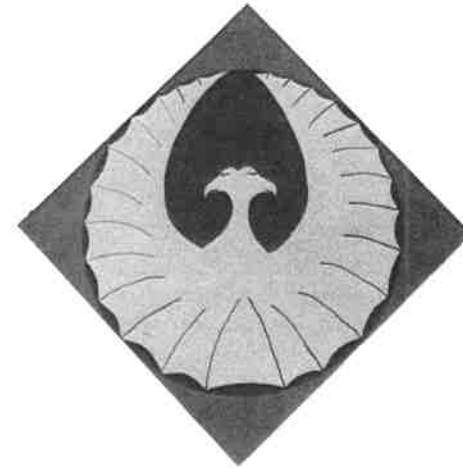
We almost came to grief in the final leg of our journey. A car did not give way and Warren had to swerve the bus on to one side which nearly made it crash. However, we reached the school safely.

IN SONNET FASHION

Life is ever changing, non enduring: glaciers must always flow
 Even stolid rocks are eroded by the elements of fury.
 How is beauty to remain, if it is not permitted to be?
 Human loveliness ages, wrinkles appear; one dislikes that woe
 And wishes to experience again; but that is no man's lot.
 Immortality is sought, but how is lasting glory ensured?
 Artistry, craft, longer than ephemeral beauty have these endured.
 Although living people are soon forgotten, the arts of man are not.

The only lasting loveliness is that formed through the mind.
 Regretting becomes hopeless to the lost and lorn beauty.
 Live in the present, prepare for the future, else you shall see
 You will age. The commands are unavoidable, not unkind.
 No man lasts forever, but, through continual creation
 One might be written, for a time, into history.

GILLIAN POLACK 11D

DREAMS

What are dreams?
 Are they images,
 Or distorted happenings in our minds?
 Are they feelings battling about
 In our unconscious minds?
 While we sleep,
 What happens?
 Dreams are like birds in gilded cages,
 Trying to escape.
 What is the shape of a dream?
 What is its form?
 Darkness?
 Desolation
 Or maybe Death?
 It could be a dream or just deep, deep thoughts.
 I wonder
 What is a dream?

SHARON HARGREAVES 9D

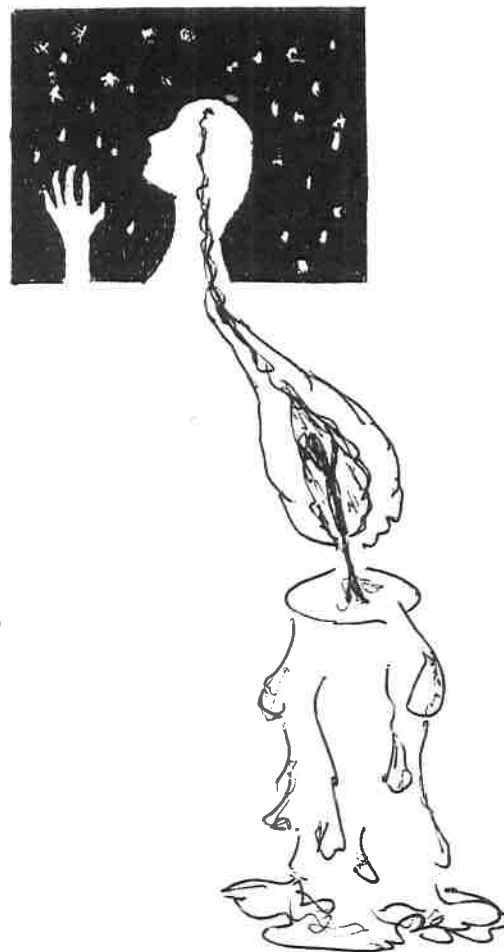
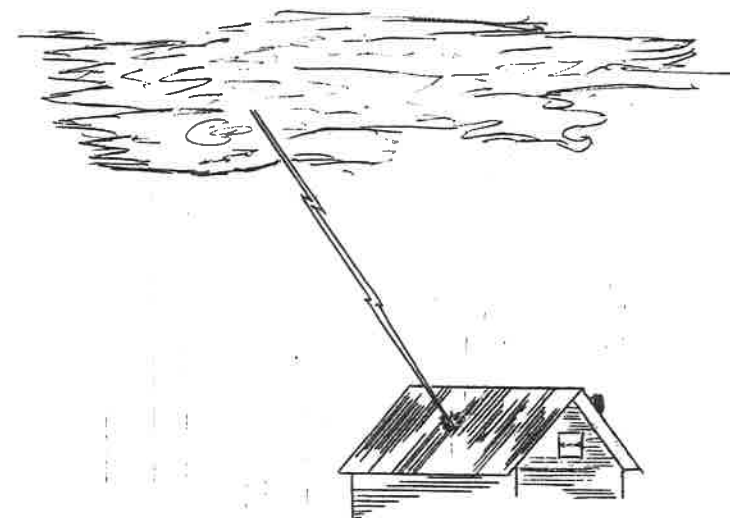
THE ANNIVERSARY

Upon a cold and rainy night
 I awoke all hot with fright,
 To see the sky all yellow lit
 The clouds by lightning vastly split,
 The roaring wind it shook my room
 The clouds collided with a boom,
 Upon the house's flat tin roof
 The rain hit hard as does the truth.

I'd been dreaming about before
 Then realised; she was no more
 Oh dear God why torture me?
 Why in sleep these things I see?
 It happened now a year ago,
 Why, this night, should I feel low?

Then the rain it ceased to fall,
 And I no longer felt so small,
 The clouds then cleared,
 And stars appeared,
 One by one they filled the sky,
 They stood me up, and I felt high.
 When they'd regained their fullest light,
 In my soul, I felt delight.

MICHAEL SLIFIRSKI 10A

TONIGHT

Tonight
 there is nothing in me.
 I let my pain drip in silence
 like a deathwatch beetle
 ticking.

The night is dead,
 There will be no storm.
 My candle does not flicker
 and I can touch the flame
 and feel nothing.

I have stared
 through dripping windows,
 pressing my hands on the panes.
 They will never shatter
 and let the wind in.
 I do not have the strength.

I remain closed.
 I hide alone before the fire
 and wait for a miracle.

CYNTHIA WARDLE 12C

THE HUMAN ZOO

Just as a zoo refers to a collection of many types and specimens of animals, mankind makes up what may be called the "Human Zoo". After all, it takes all types of people to make this world and, thus, although Man essentially is classified under the term 'Homo Sapiens' and considered superior to animals, he is similar to animals in various ways.

We need only consider the vast differences amongst Man himself. Each and every individual is completely different from any other individual in complexity and human traits. Thus we may classify Man in terms of his outward characteristics and behaviour. For example, we may place all men who are fat in one category and classify them as 'obese specimens' and similarly, we can do the same for thin men and those whose width and girth are in between the two extremes and classify them under 'thin and medium-sized specimens' respectively. Hence, we have a sort of zoo consisting of human specimens classified according to their body size.

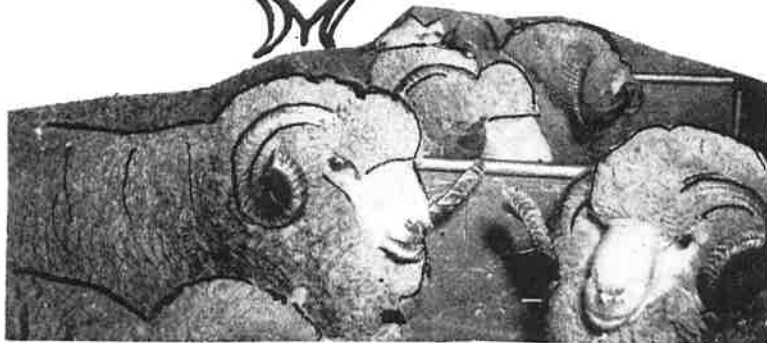
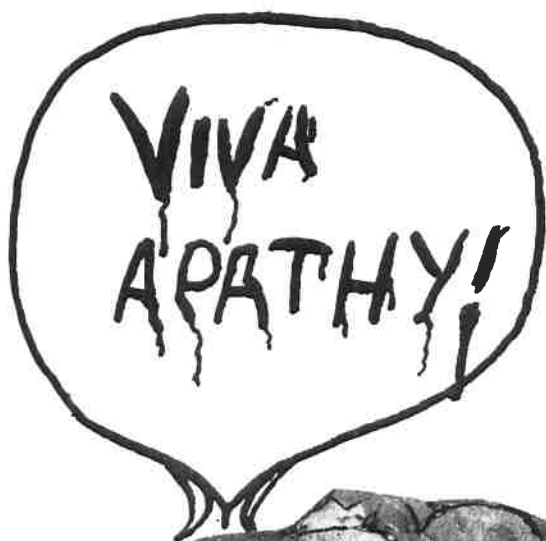
This is only one way of seeing how Man can be classified, just as animals can be classified and collected to form a zoo.

But we need not restrict ourselves to a human zoo consisting of specimens of different sizes only, for we could also have a zoo with human specimens classified under all the differences that exist in Man such as race, colour, creed, emotions, religions and other countless differences. This is analogous to the case where we would have to say, the cat family consisting of tigers, lions, jaguars, panthers, etc. which in turn could be classified under white tiger (very rare indeed), snow tiger, Indian tiger, African lion and so on and so forth. Herein, we see the parallel between the human zoo and the animal zoo co-existing as one in this world.

The 'Human Zoo' also suggests the restricted and limited freedom which humans have, just as animals are caged in and their freedom restricted in an animal zoo. To quote from Rousseau: "Man is free but everywhere he goes, he is in chains".

Since time immemorial, Man has been caged within his own world and though the world may have seemed large a century or so ago, it is no longer now, for it has become a very small place indeed in terms of rapidly increasing population. This again is another aspect of our world being likened to a human zoo in that we are bounded within our own world and even our own time, "caged in" - as one might say. It may be argued that Man has broken loose of his worldly bonds in that he has managed to propel himself in a spaceship to the moon, but then he is still dependent on his world for his survival since his nourishment can only come from the earth and not from the moon where his necessary food resources are lacking and cannot be obtained.

Thus, we see that, in many ways, the world is merely a human zoo, with mankind - the human species - predominating over the lesser species. After all, would it not be feasible to say that this world, the earth, is but a creation, a massive experiment, a human zoo created by much more superior beings or an omnipotent being for the purpose of observation and amusement, perhaps, for such an entity or entities whom some of us give various names to, and others of whom we are ignorant? Just as an animal zoo is constructed for the purpose of amusing human beings and, perhaps, as an action of reassurance of Man's superiority over animals, it could be just as likely that Man himself is also a collection of protoplasm designed by some powerful cosmic force whom we know not about but who derives amusement from observing its handiwork - us, the Human Zoo!



SCHOOL



The lesson becomes so boring,
 I can't see any meaning to it
 and so I sit in a semi coma.
 I try to motivate my self,
 but the outside penetrates
 and my mind drifts
 onto a high cloud.
 The teacher has become a drawling nothing.
 My mind creates many a dream
 Anything to escape the monotony of reality,
 But I'm shaken off my cloud
 as the scream pierces the silence.
 My watch says not long to the end.
 The others are sitting lifelessly
 in their grey uniforms:
 at least we don't have numbers on us.
 The bell rings
 and we rush out
 full of relief, sighing, "Well, that's over"
 and the memory fades.
 I stand back and watch the rest
 like sheep
 going into the exercise yard,
 only to talk trivia
 and munch on some grass.
 Then they return
 to start it all again.
 I am part of them
 but they are not part of me.

NIC CHANCELLOR 11B



Jimmy Widdings
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McCampbell

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Tamie Herbert
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Nic
Chancellor

Terry Wittengsten

Robert H. Brown

Andrew Portant

Sharon Hargreaves
athy Coulter

The magazine committee, being Miss Campbell, et al - -
I would like you to know these things:
1. Because of all the contributions our job was made impossible and due to lack of space we could not publish them all. Therefore we regret that there will be no Prosprice '78 next year; instead Prosprice '77 vol 2!

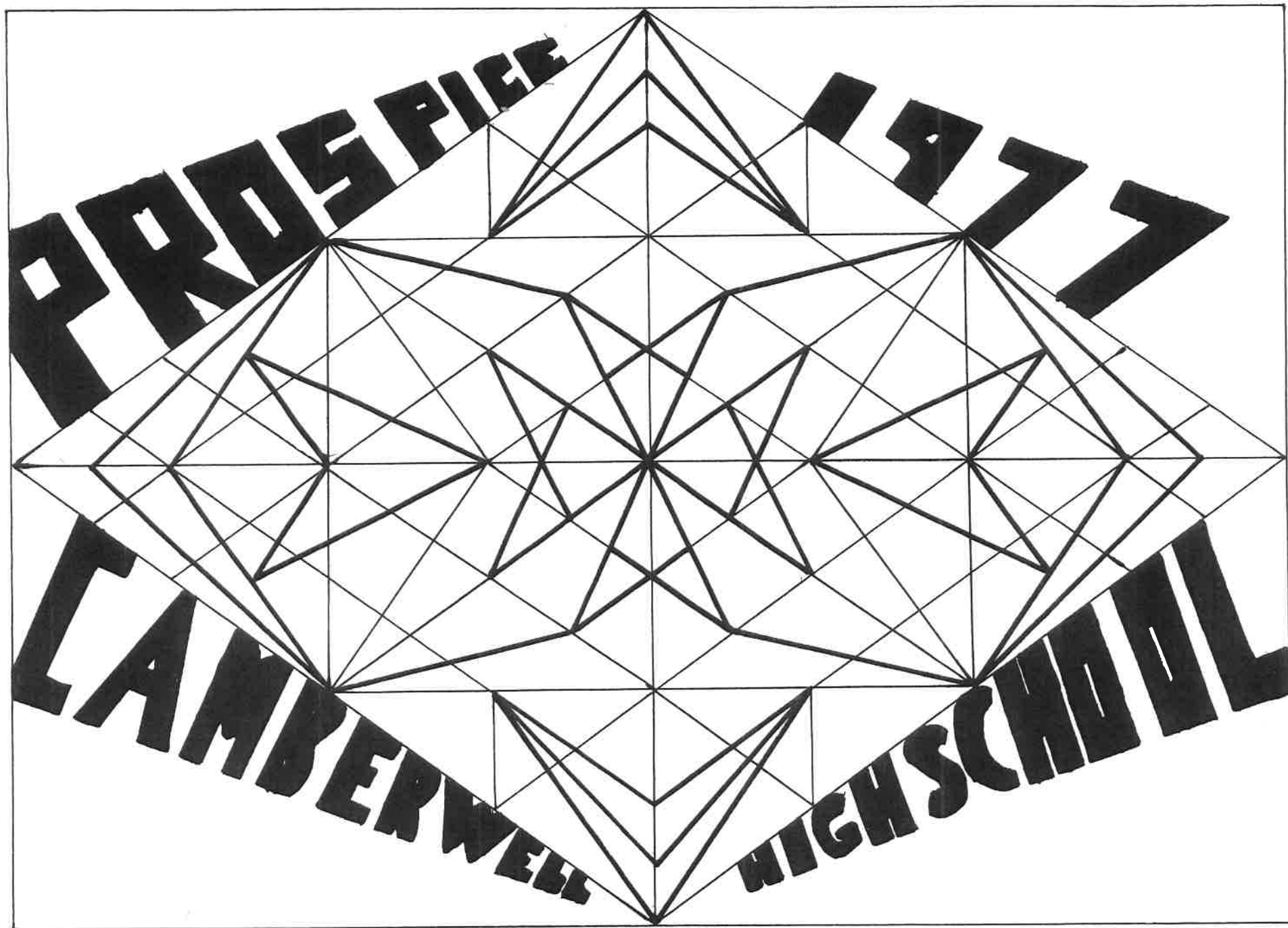
2. It was extremely difficult to label the many art works, but we assume you that it only makes it possible for you, the ARTIST to "borrow" copies of your friends' Prosprice' and SIGN YOUR NAME YOURSELF!
3. Extracts of this magazine cannot be used to 'intimidate', 'interrogate' or 'disintegrate' any member of Camberwell High School without the consent of the magazine committee.

4. All "negatives" are the property of the said Committee. GRANTED
(\$500, \$600, \$1,000 SOLD)

5. If you did not wish your article to be published in this year's 'Prosprice', RIP IT OUT!!*?
6. Finally, be it known that without the help of, MRS LACEY, MRS ALLAN and the typing students, we would not have produced, vol 1.

Shelley Chan
Cathy





ART WORK

Those who contributed art work to this edition of 'PROSPICE' include:

Mandy Bathgate 9C, Chris Bidlo 7D, Jeremy Bowen 10D, Paula Callaghan 10C, Lynley Cutts 11A, Mark Davison 11C, Daina Dirins 11A, Elizabeth Edwards 10E, Jennie Hepburn 9D, Melissa Hore 8C, Kelly La Combre 8B, Shayne La Combre 10A, Katherine Leslie 10A, Gary McQuiggan 10B, Peter Mann 10E, Louise Phillips 10A, Gill Richardson 11B, Irene Skoutas 7D, Meredith Thomas 9B, Spiros Tsaousis 7C, George Tsolozidis 7C,