



PROSPICE EDITORIAL 1985

By now, our revolutionary cover will have caught your eye, and hopefully, your interest. The optically challenging cover denotes several new approaches in Prospice. We have decided to present a "communal" type of editorial, as the magazine has always been a unified, group effort. Committee members have embraced Mrs. Gaffney's ideas (especially interviews) enthusiastically – we hope readers will enjoy the results.

However, traditional elements are an equally important characteristic of any school magazine. The magazine once again displays each student class photo (go on, have a look at yourself) and photographic material has been used as much as possible to record the events of the school year. In keeping with the traditional theme, we have also included a Past Students' Section and of course, we have maintained the invaluable reports and creative efforts from all sections of the school which are so vital in reflecting the personalities and ideas of Camberwell High students.

Such efforts are especially significant this year – in International Youth Year. As such, it is an appropriate time to take a close look at C.H.S. students. Like most social groups, our students tend to belong to one of three groups: Traditionalists, Agitators and the Silent, or Invisible Majority.

Traditionalists have a strong belief in the role tradition plays in establishing a foundation for future progress. Agitators, on the other hand, are continually pressing for change and are seeking – usually constructively – to break from tradition. Both attitudes are important aspects of school life. The third group seems to consist of people without aims or opinions. Their indifference and lack of enthusiasm were evident in this year's disappointing Choral Festival, a formerly important and enjoyable occasion.

This is not to say that the whole school was afflicted by apathy. Much effort and genuine enthusiasm were directed into the delightful musical production, "Anything Goes", as well as many other events in the 1985 calendar. However, the lively SRC Talent Quest, despite the excitement it generated within the large crowd of spectators, indicated a reluctance on the part of a great majority to take on an active role. The acts, entertaining as they were, were too few, and surely an inaccurate representation of the talent existing within the school.

Nothing can detract from the gusto and spirit with which students engaged in activities ranging from debating to wrestling. We can only hope that those whose attitude is one of "I wish..." rather than "We could..." will motivate themselves towards the achievement of a richer, more fulfilling school year in 1986. The group of students which shapes the life of a school is potentially, a large and strong one.

Tracy Neilsen 12D, Andrew Newcombe 10D

MAGAZINE COMMITTEE 1985

(Back) D. Guerin, J. Tauchert, S. Glance, P. Nankervis, (3rd Row) D. Imberger, B. Epstein, P. Newton, K. Black, A. Dunn, R. Glance, (2nd Row) S. Aiton, K. Staples, K. Dujela, T. Neilsen, G. Braziotis, (front) F. McIntosh, S. Derembus, (absent) A. Newcombe, J. Sotiropoulos, R. Tennakoon, D. Martin, T. Watson, D. Strainic.

TYPISTS

Year 9

Penny Baker
Sen Ling Chang
Anna Civiti
Kate Dargan
Hanan Hamoui
Sandra Harbour
Liza Kenedy
Britt Le Vin
Joanne Marchbank
Kate Newton
Vanessa Potheary
Kathy Smith
Celia Stahr

Melinda Taylor
Jenny Velissaris
Jenny Wellard
Pui Shan Chong
Douglas Flight
James Gadston
Rodney Glance
Simon Glance
Arthur Skliris
Phillip Vlahogiannis
Conrad Bassett

Year 10

Ingrid Adams
Nicki Currie
Georgina Katopodis
Dina Liberis
Gillian Paulse
Jim Sotiropoulos
Aglaia Stavroulakis
Eva Tsolozidis
Vilay Vilayvahn

Year 11

Thuy Nguyen
Ming Suy
Nick Tomaras
Dia Kamfonas
Bernard Stahr
Effie Manistis
Meni Roufidis
Rick Leighton
Susie Kitsiou
Kristen Hansen
Ester Papadopolous
Lea Scobie
William Carter

The Magazine Committee wishes to thank Miss Donna Duwe, an ex-CHS staff member whose current position in the Publications Branch of the Education Department, has enabled her to offer us invaluable assistance and advice. We also thank the staff members listed below and all students who contributed in any way to this edition of Prospice. A special "Thank You" to Mrs. Roberts who shared her valuable experience with us and gave us so much of her own time.

Mr. Anderson, Mr. Baker, Miss Baldwin, Mr. Beam, Mrs. Berry, Mr. Caddy, Mrs. Casey, Mr. Collins, Mr. Dennis, Mrs. Devine, Dr. Dixon, Mr. Ellingford, Mrs. Fisher, Mr. Frost, Mrs. Gill, Mrs. Goldberg, Mrs. Haberler, Miss Hamilton, Mr. Harris, Mr. Hardiman, Mr. Hill, Mrs. Kuhne, Mrs. Lacey, Mr. Liggins, Mrs. Littlewood, Mrs. Mitchell, Miss Mitchell, Mr. Moya, Mrs. Nagel, Mrs. Ogada-Osir, Mr. Page, Ms. Pearson, Mr. Porthouse, Mr. Ryan, Mrs. Rymer, Mr. Saker, Mrs. Smith, Mr. Smith, Mrs. Vassalotti.



DON ANDERSON PRIZE 1985:
Sarah Dugdale 12C

Sarah Dugdale 12C

NEVER FORGOTTEN, MY FRIEND



I remember when I saw you for what you were – carefree,
untroubled and understanding:
I remember when I liked you because it felt good to be
with you and because we helped each other;
I remember when we did everything together –
giggling and chatting in class, running in the
playground, skipping after school;
I remember when we walked bravely down the dark alley
after tea on Fridays. We were always scared,
whispering quietly so that no one would know
we were there. No one could rob us of our
childhood, our innocence.
I remember, my friend,
I remember how it was.
Now I see you as a tense and tired woman, selfish and
concerned only for yourself.
Now we have the money and social qualities that we need
to succeed – you have become a stepping-stone to my career,
and I have become ruthless.
Now no one plays, we are professionals competing against
each other and the world.
Now we have no fears of the unknown, and are no longer
scared. We lead the way along brightly-lit alleys,
along the corridors, each to our own destination –
confident, experienced, determined. We have now grown
worlds apart, our childhood swept away.
But I remember it, my friend,
I still remember.

SENIOR WRITER'S PRIZE 1985:
Geoff Smyth 12B

THE EIGHTH YEAR

Geoff Smyth 12B

At the tender age of eight, visiting my Great Aunt in the country was an expedition into time: passing through a time warp into another world full of amazing and bizarre artifacts.

Visiting that distinguished house with its chipped weatherboards and corrugated iron roof – a sun-faded Indian red – my passionate memories centred upon the atmosphere which this museum of life exuded. The aura which surrounded it made me feel rather like a dignitary visiting a residence of importance, not that it involved a monetary value – far from it – but that it was a place gracing the very few, privileged to see it.

My most vivid memories of the museum centre on the heart of the house, the kitchen, probably due to the fact that I always maintained my priorities in the correct order – stomach first, and anything else second.

Aunt Nell, as she was known to all who loved her, baked the most tantalising and delicious cakes your eyes would ever be privileged to see. Fairy-cakes with their wings of gold, frosted in the most delicate layer of magic dust, appeared to air their wings in the cool air of the morn like butterflies emerging from cocoons. Boiling pools of molten lava filled the cauldrons, as I would see it, as my aunt put the finishing touches to the perfect strawberry-topped pavlova. "Don't pinch the strawberries," she would say, "or I'll feed you to the bunyip down by the river."

Bessie, the black pot-bellied stove, looked rather like a jolly old woman reclined in a rocking chair. Her plump stunted legs, being so wide, spread the tips of her feet far apart and I could hear her sighing under the strain of it all. Hard work for an old girl like her. Up at the crack of dawn preparing for the day's work and never resting until the evening's meal, her reliability was what gained her respect. Yet I never went near Bessie. So enormous and obese, her tan-black colouring prevented me from seeing her true identity: under that shroud of darkness, she lurked like a creature on the prowl.

Cleanliness was of the utmost importance in that house and at times the aroma arising from the kitchen resembled the antiseptic smell of a hospital ward rather than that of a kitchen. The odour from the grey linoleum floor with its geometric patterns of red green and yellow diamonds, enveloped the kitchen with its pungent scent of eucalyptus floor polish. Spiralling scratch patterns from the Steelo, brought up a shine second to none on the old kitchen sink, its brass taps adorned with ceramic buttons with "Hot" and "Cold" stamped on them. "Clear the decks!" would be the cry as my aunt would fly the mop over the floor like an artist at her canvas, placing predetermined strokes to finish her masterpiece with the utmost precision. "Aye aye, Captain!" I would reply, ducking out of her way as she moved so quickly one had little time to avoid being entangled in the mop.

The monstrous cedar cupboard at the end of the kitchen gazed like a sentinel over its kingdom. The cupboard housed a cherished collection of crockery. It contained two sets. One was of the common sky-blue colour I would expect to find in a Cole's cafeteria, clean but lacking that special feel of quality, even though some of the

cups had acquired that unique tinge of yellow from years of use. The second set was the floral one, adorned by the summer flowers of an English countryside – “the Sunday best” is what I called them for they were kept in a section of the cupboard separate from the “commoners”. Each cup hung from its own hook to prevent chipping and at times I could imagine myself conducting a symphony orchestra, playing a melody of chimes upon the bells which hung there. The plates which accompanied this set were slotted into furrowed grooves like records in a collection – prized and treasured.

“My, you have such beautiful wavy hair,” she would say, drawing the bread for my sandwich from the bin with its curved lid rather like the top to a writing-desk of an English nobleman, unique and fascinating in the way its lid magically disappeared.

“Mmmm,” I would just murmur as I cringed because I hated wavy hair and longed for the straight hair which all little boys should have.

My aunt had a very philosophical view of life and she would offer the same advice every time I visited. “You know, the best way to make friends is to cultivate them.” This advice conjured up hilarious images of my friends buried up to their necks in musty mountain-soil in a potato field ready for “harvesting”, and I would laugh at the absurdity of it all.

Her second favourite homily was more appropriate to a fortune teller. Peering into her crystal ball and seeing untold mysteries, she would say, “Tell me who your friends are, and I’ll tell you your character.” I never did tell her who they were and I never will, for visiting that old museum full of wonderful, weird exhibits not seen at home, will never be quite the same without dear aunt Nell.

JUNIOR WRITER’S PRIZE 1985’ Colin Antoni 9K

Colin Antoni 9K

THE FINAL BATTLE

When I was younger, I frequently got into trouble. Of all the mischievous incidents that I can recall, one stands out from the rest. This particular incident occurred when I was ten years old and I will probably remember it for the rest of my life.

It all started when my grandfather returned home one hot afternoon with a couple of pets for me – two jungle fowls. One was a male and the other was a female. Jungle fowls were not like any ordinary chickens. The male was magnificent. As I recall, it was slightly smaller than a normal rooster. It had glossy red feathers on its wings with shiny, dark-blue feathers for a tail. The rest of its feathers were a mixture of black with a pinch of purple which reminded me of the midnight sky. Its combs which were the colour of embers sat like a crown of flames on its dark, handsome head. The female one was just a chick. It was less attractive than the rooster, with its dusty feathers, but it was fluffy and I loved it just as much. I called the rooster ‘Prince’ and the chick ‘Dusty’. I treated my two new pets as if they were the last of their kind.

The house I lived in was very big with a large front lawn and an even larger backyard. It had two kitchens. One was a modern kitchen while the other was old. The old kitchen would remind you of the kitchen in a typical Malaysian village. It did not have a proper floor and there was a drain running through it.

I kept my pets in the house. I would often let the rooster out in the yard but I only let the chick out when I could keep an eye on it. My wariness had grown through years of experience. There was a dangerous creature roaming that part of Malaysia; it was cunning and crafty, and killed silently and ruthlessly. No one ever saw it kill – it was too smart to be caught – but one could always tell that it had been there. A broken fish bowl with its residents missing or a toppled-over bird cage (often with no trace of its dwellers but for a few fluffy feathers) always marked the trail of that feared, blood-thirsty villain – my neighbour’s cat. I had developed a passionate hatred for that animal. I had already had a number of different pets (birds, fish, mice and so on) and had had to buy new ones because of that cat. It never failed to creep into my house through an open door or window and prey upon my pets. So, as my jungle fowls were the most precious pets that I had ever owned, I was always cautious.

One day, I let my two chickens loose in the old kitchen for a while under my watchful eye. My mother happened to call me. Thinking that my chickens were safe, I went to see what my mother wanted. I was barely gone for half a minute when I heard screeching and loud clucking coming from the kitchen. I rushed towards the kitchen. Before my eyes a ferocious battle was taking place. The cat had crawled through the drain into the kitchen and was attacking my chickens. Dusty was on the ground crying for help. Prince was bravely defending the chick with his life; he had the cat by the neck with his claws and was flapping his wings with all his might. The cat was desperately trying to shake the rooster off its back. Its claws struck the air, again and again, trying to reach the rooster’s neck in order to drain the life from its veins but their target was out of reach. Prince just kept on pecking the cat’s head viciously. With rage beyond comprehension, the jungle fowl struck its enemy again and again. Never before had the formidable predator fought a bird like this. The cat now tried to retreat. It pounced, with the rooster still on its back, towards the drain. That was where I came in. Releasing all the years of my built-up hatred for that treacherous thief into my right foot, I delivered a solid kick that sent the murderous feline flying into a wall. It was on its feet in a second, with the rooster off its back. Then it raced back down the drain barely escaping a clock which I threw at it.

The battle ended, for now. I rushed to attend to the wounds of the baby chick which was still crying piteously for help. There was a deep red gash running up its cheek and through its eye. The cat had delivered a fatal blow which was draining the life out of Dusty by the seconds.

The next morning, Dusty was buried. With tears in my eyes and the valiant rooster in my arms, I swore to avenge my pet. With a heart burdened with grief and hatred, I set out to find Dusty’s murderer. I was determined to fight it to the end – either its or mine.

For the first few days, my search for the murderer was frustrating but I didn’t give up. The slaughter of Dusty called for justice. Dusty’s very blood was crying out for vengeance, but the cowardly creature was much too fast for me. I decided to change my hunting techniques. Instead of hunting it, I decided to trap it and force it into a final battle with me. A plan slowly developed in my mind. The murderer had already discovered a way into the kitchen so I would have to lure it back there again. Chunks of meat mysteriously disappeared from my mother’s fridge – the bait was ready. One day when I was alone at home, I set the trap up. I put the chunks of meat where it could be seen easily and hid. I waited. One minute passed.

Two minutes passed. I still waited. Two and a half minutes later, the silence was getting unbearable but my patience held. This plan must not fail. The outlaw had to be brought to justice. Then suddenly, I saw something moving in the drain. I held my breath, not daring to move lest I gave myself away. A figure took form in the darkness of the drain. It was the villain! It crawled out of the drain and headed cautiously towards the bait. I waited for the right moment. It reached the meat and sniffed it before starting to eat. This was it. I sprang from my hiding and stood between the criminal and its escape route. It pounced for the drain anyway, in spite of me. My foot lashed out, hitting the cat's neck. Then I pushed a bin over the drain, blocking the villain's escape route. The time for the final battle had come. With the memories of my murdered pets swimming through my mind, I advanced towards their murderer. I dived at it but with amazing speed and agility, it leapt aside. I got my footing back again and made another attempt but also missed. For about five minutes we circled, eyeing each other with fear and hatred. Several times, I dived at it and missed. Several times, its claws struck my arms. I cursed, and it snarled and hissed. I was ready to give up; weariness tugged at my body. Suddenly, hidden strength burst from deep within. I dived unexpectedly at the predator; this time I succeeded in getting hold of its tail: it snarled and struck my arms as I swung it into a wall and kicked it; then I leapt on it again, getting a better grip before rushing it outside. In the yard, there was a bin about four feet high. I flung the murderer into it. It screeched and clawed the walls of the bin, desperately trying to get out. Water was being splashed everywhere as I frantically searched for the bin's lid. I found and covered the bin, trapping the vicious killer inside. For about fifteen minutes, I heard screeching and splashing inside the bin. Then the noise ceased; the battle had ended.

After all these years, I had won. I pulled out the dead cat. With a heart soaring with triumph, I limped with it towards the garden fence and threw it into my neighbour's garden. Unfortunately, I was seen. When my parents returned, my neighbours came to see them while I tended to my battle wounds. Of course I was punished though I did not understand why. But it did not matter. I had avenged my pets. I had won.



I'M SORRY I'M LATE . . .

I'm sorry I'm late sir;
it's not my fault.
It was all because of
that chocolate malt.
I had one for breakfast this morning
you see.
And something very strange happened
to me.

At first it started to bubble and froth
and poured out onto the tablecloth.
I was swept away on a wave of milk;
the ride was long yet smooth as silk.

My eyes were closed, my mind was blank
and into a cloudy oblivion I sank.
When I awoke I looked around
not believing what I had found.
All I had hoped for in front of me stood;
it was great, it was wonderful, boy was it good!
A red vintage car with silver parts,
a girl in a bikini – my Queen of Hearts.
A paradise of beauty, a land of sun,
a life of everlasting fun.

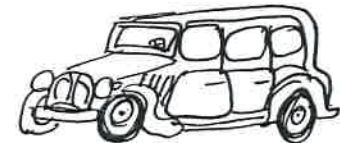
As I reached out to touch it all
my finger dropped, I began to fall.
Before I knew it, I was back at home
staring through the window at a porcelain gnome.
I was startled, bewildered, I jumped
to my feet.

Chocolate malt dripping over my seat.

That mythical creature in the flower bed
had tapped the fantasies within my head.
He knew what and where I wanted to be
and had made it possible for me to see.
But the plastic reality he created
had made time fly; my morning abated.

I'm sorry I'm late sir;
it's not my fault.
It was all because of that
Chocolate Malt!

Phillip Vlahogiannis 9G





INTERVIEW WITH MR. COLLINS



WHAT WAS YOUR FIRST IMPRESSION OF C.H.S.?

I was first at this school when I did a teacher training round here in 1958, so that is going right back. I was already a primary school teacher and I did a year of training to become a secondary teacher. This was the first high school that I had very much to do with; I came back as a teacher here in 1960. My impressions of the school then were that it was a nice-looking school – the students were always well presented and very responsible – I think they still are. Otherwise, it was a very business-like school and a hard-working school. That is going back quite a bit – some twenty-five years.

WHAT IS IT LIKE TO BE THE BOSS TODAY?

The job is completely different from the job Mr Andrews had when I was here as a teacher. So many things have changed in the way that a secondary school's education is organised. Since I have been Principal there have been three major changes in the way the School Councils operate and servicing School Council needs and servicing the needs of all the school committees takes a great deal more time than it used to take 25 years ago.

WHY DID YOU DECIDE TO ENTER THE TEACHING PROFESSION?

I always wanted to. Even from the time when I was a very very tiny fellow about the end of Grade 5 I wanted to be a teacher. I suppose one reason could have been that I had three uncles who were teachers and one of them I liked very very much.

WHAT DID YOU TEACH?

Despite the fact that I had a Commerce degree, I was an English and History teacher and my favourite subject was taking British History in Year 11; but that subject has more or less disappeared now.

HAS CAMBERWELL HIGH SCHOOL CHANGED MUCH SINCE YOU FIRST CAME HERE? IN WHAT WAYS?

Just for comparative purposes, if we take it from 9 years ago when I first came here as Principal. I think the school is a friendlier place. I think the staff work together much better than they used to. We have done a lot of things about the physical attributes of the school – we have painted inside and we have refurnished inside (that hasn't stopped us from wanting new furniture, of course, but most of the furniture we have in this wing we have managed to get after I came here). So we are trying to look after the physical aspects of the school much more and we've developed the ground and things like that. Actually, that is a very hard question to answer.

ARE THERE ANY MAJOR CHANGES YOU WOULD LIKE TO SEE MADE AT CAMBERWELL HIGH SCHOOL?

Well, let's take the buildings first. We have plans for two new rooms in the elevated wing. We have plans to up-date the old gym so that we can get more use from it. We have got, very much in the future, plans for the development of the site on the corner of Byron Street and Prospect Hill Road; so there are plans for improving the accommodation and making the accommodation more suitable for the needs of the students.

There is a need to change the sorts of subjects we are offering in the Senior School and we'll probably have to change this because there are now proposals coming up for discussion in the Blackburn Report. So I would like to see us making the changes first rather than having the changes imposed on us from above in that area.

WHAT DO YOU ACTUALLY THINK OF THE PROPOSED CHANGES IN VICTORIAN SECONDARY EDUCATION?

Well, philosophically I am in favour of them. I have always thought that there should be a better way of providing courses for Year 11 and 12 students and the best way of providing the biggest range of courses for Year 11 and 12 students is to set up a Senior High School where you have a Campus just for Year 11 and 12 students. That idea is not particularly new. As far as certification goes, they have changed the form of the final certificate about 3 times, and any new change would probably mean that the community will regard the certificate as a certificate earned on the completion of secondary schooling rather than a certificate geared to tertiary entry.

WOULD YOU LIKE C.H.S. TO BE A SENIOR OR JUNIOR HIGH?

I would prefer C.H.S. to fill the role that the community best sees it serving. In other words if it so turned out that it would be better because of our limited space just to be a Year 7 – 10 school, or if it served the needs of the community better, because of our transport connections, for this to become a Senior High School, I wouldn't mind that at all. So the answer is I don't care either way.

DOES THE 4 TERM SYSTEM IN THE BLACKBURN REPORT APPEAL TO YOU PERSONALLY?

Rather than four terms, we are going to call them two semesters with a mid-semester break. Now the mid-semester break for the first semester will be Easter. I think it is a very good idea. I'm completely in favour of it for a variety of reasons – the main one being that I think it is probably easier for students to work in 10-week sessions and have a break, because we find that when we have very long terms the school gets a little bit "ratty" around about week 11 or 12, 13 or 14.

HAVE YOU EVER HAD A NIGHTMARE ABOUT CAMBERWELL HIGH SCHOOL THAT HAS COME TRUE?

Ha – No. Never!

WELL, HAVE YOU HAD ANYTHING ... THAT MIGHT HAVE GONE WRONG?

No – never. Sorry about that.

DOES CAMBERWELL HIGH SCHOOL LACK ANYTHING THAT PRIVATE SCHOOLS HAVE?

Think of Strathcona – it has an indoor swimming-pool. Yes, we lack physical facilities. We lack space. We lack sports areas. They are able to provide a wide range of sporting activities that we can't offer, so we are in a sense "at a disadvantage", if we wanted to use that particular phrase. But then the nature of the school is completely different. We don't compel students to come and do sport on Saturdays; whereas the private schools do.

WOULD YOU SAY THAT THOSE DISADVANTAGES HAVE MUCH OF A BEARING ON HOW THIS SCHOOL ACTUALLY PERFORMS ACADEMICALLY?

No. No. It is possible to have a school performing very, very well academically with very poor physical facilities.

WHAT ABOUT THE CHORAL FESTIVAL? DID YOU EXPECT THAT THAT WAS GOING TO BE A FAILURE? WAS THAT A NIGHTMARE THAT CAME TRUE FOR YOU?

You are still trying to get me on to nightmares. No, it was a whole series of accidents. We were going to have the Choral Festival at the end of Term 1, so people couldn't really get stuck into the Choral Festival until after those exams were out of the way. Then the students themselves had to decide whether they wanted it in the afternoon or the evening. But in future, the Choral Festival will always be out of the way by Easter.

DO YOU THINK CO-EDUCATIONAL SCHOOLS ARE MORE EFFECTIVE THAN SINGLE-SEX?

The answer is simple. We actually live in a community that is made up of men and women. Single-sex schools are very artificial. You might want to get all the girls in the tribe and put them in one hut and all the boys in another hut, but to me that is contrary to nature.

HAS THERE BEEN AN EMBARRASSING OR FUNNY INCIDENT THIS YEAR?

The most embarrassing one was not recognising a parent, who had come in to talk with me, as a student whom I used to teach here. That was very embarrassing!

Then there are the usual embarrassing situations for Principals, like going into a noisy classroom and asking where the teacher is and you have a young person who has just started teaching turning around and saying "I am the teacher."

HAVE YOU HAD A GOOD TIME BEING PRINCIPAL?

I couldn't think of a better job. I had wanted to be the first Principal of C.H.S. who had not retired from this school – all my predecessors have retired from Camberwell High School.

But now, because they have changed the methods of selecting principals, it looks as though you are stuck with me and it looks as though I am stuck with you. Other schools might be looking for somebody with my experience, but they wouldn't be looking for someone at my age to come in as a new principal.

HOW DOES THE SCHOOL'S PROGRESS IN 1985 MEASURE UP WITH PAST YEARS?

We have had our disappointments this year; for example, the choral festival should have been an evening function. There are things that didn't happen that should have happened. I don't think we have got as much student involvement in the House System as we did last year.

INTERVIEWERS:

Silas Aiton 9H,

Paul Nankervis 9H



INTERVIEW WITH MRS. NAGEL

INTERVIEWERS:

Kate Dujela 9H, Kirrily Staples



HOW DID YOU FEEL ON YOUR FIRST DAY OF TEACHING?

This is difficult because I've been a primary and secondary teacher. On my first day of primary teaching I felt excited, nervous. I was 18 years old. I was given the Grade 1's who were called "the bubs" and usually that goes to an experienced teacher; so I guess I was very nervous, but I loved it.

HOW DID YOU FEEL ABOUT YOUR FIRST DAY IN SECONDARY TEACHING?

Much more confident. At that time I had been teaching six years – I was a little bit apprehensive because it was Shepparton High School and it was a new system. I had taught in Queensland and in Tasmania, but not in Victoria. So I was more confident and a little bit apprehensive, but looking forward to it.

WHICH DO YOU PREFER – PRIMARY OR SECONDARY TEACHING?

Secondary, I think it is more challenging. Nevertheless, primary teaching was very rewarding because I knew that at the end of that first year everything students could read was due to me in a sense; so that was very nice – I could see results – whereas in a secondary school much of a student's knowledge depends on what others have taught him.

WHERE DID YOU FIRST TEACH?

I will give two answers to this. Collinsville (near Bowen) in Queensland was my first primary school and Shepparton High School was my first high school – that was in 1966.

WHY DID YOU TAKE UP TEACHING?

My father and mother were teachers and at the time it was one of the better paid jobs for women and I really did want to teach. I had been a girl guide and I rather thought I would be good with young people; I looked forward to it. No, I don't regret it at all.

DID YOU ENJOY UNIVERSITY?

In my case, it was harder than for most people because I studied at the same time as I was teaching and I had four small children. So I enjoyed it from the point of view of getting satisfaction from the work, but I didn't have any of the extra-curricula activities that other people have and enjoy.

HOW MANY YEARS WERE YOU AT UNIVERSITY AND WHAT SUBJECTS DID YOU DO?

I was at university for four years and I majored in Economics and Statistics.

HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN TEACHING AT CAMBERWELL HIGH SCHOOL?

This is the 11th year.

COMPARED TO OTHER SCHOOLS YOU HAVE TAUGHT IN, HOW DOES THE STANDARD AT CAMBERWELL HIGH SCHOOL MEASURE UP?

The best that I have been in. I have been in 4 high schools in Victoria, and C.H.S. is the best. I have a feeling that C.H.S. rightly or wrongly has a tradition of being a "good" school. This might stem from those days when there were schools such as MacRob, Melbourne High, University High and C.H.S. which selected students in Year 9 on the basis of marks. We stopped doing that years and years ago, but people still feel "C.H.S. is a good school". You can't manufacture a tradition, but once it's there students live up to an expectation. We find many students at year 7 get here "on appeal". And at years 11 and 12, the levels I have been co-ordinating, I have had to handle dozens of applications from students all over Melbourne. Even the overseas students asked to be placed at this school because they have heard from their principals or relatives that C.H.S. is a good school.

ARE THERE MAJOR CHANGES THAT YOU HAVE NOTICED?

Not really. It is the sort of school I like – I like the structure and order and the fact that people generally seem to have a common direction. However, when I first came, I thought there was a lot of antagonism, particularly among the junior school students and middle school students, and the staff. It isn't there now – as you walk along the corridor the students are very boisterous, chacking and mischievous, but I don't think there is any of that covert antagonism. I think there is a better rapport between staff and students.

ARE THERE ANY CHANGES YOU WOULD LIKE TO SEE?

I would like to see a better balance between the number of girls and boys. That is not something we can do much about, but I think the imbalance in numbers distorts things a little bit. Changes in the curriculum? I suppose one would always say that one wants students to have a wide choice of subjects so there is always an argument for offering a new subject.

WHAT DO YOU HONESTLY THINK OF C.H.S.'S UNIFORM?

I think uniforms are useful, but I'm not one of the most ardent advocates of a uniform.

WHAT ANNOYS YOU MOST IN CLASSES?

Behaviour which destroys a good learning environment is destructive. Trivial things like persistent talking and persistent wriggling around, if it is done just to distract others can be very annoying. I think it is the right of all students to have the best learning environment. Sometimes that learning environment can be completely ruined by just two or three loud mouths, and those students I'd want squashed ... not literally.

DO YOU GET ECSTATIC OVER THE RESULTS?

Oh yes! I love it when the students pass. I worry about them from the time I see the exam paper until the results. I worry about individual students. I am delighted and excited for those who do well, but upset for those who fail.

ANY LAST WORDS OF WISDOM?

Hard work does bring its rewards. At the end of year 12 most students are just beginning to value each subject for its own sake, and not just as a means of building up a high score for entry to a tertiary course. My advice is to note the old proverb: "If a job's worth doing, it's worth doing well".

SRC PRESIDENT'S REPORT

At the beginning of this year the Student Representative Council set out to achieve several major objectives. These included, in general terms, social administrative and political functions. As the year draws to a close, I will discuss which objectives were fulfilled, which weren't, and why!

As far as providing social activities for students (and teachers), I believe the SRC was adequately successful. Social events instigated by the SRC this year included: senior and junior socials, a debating competition, films, Casual Clothes Days. Financial and administrative support was also given to various games clubs (chess and "Dungeons and Dragons"), the "Year 12 Slave Sale", "Year 12 Wrestling" and a Talent Quest. The members of the SRC have played a significant role in providing avenues for students to be involved in many extra-curricula activities through these achievements.

In an administrative sense, the SRC has played a role in attempting to make life for the Camberwell High School student a little more... bearable. In the early stages of the year, a document was presented to the School Council requesting a financial grant to improve room 100 as a Year 12 common room. The result was that new carpet will be laid and other facilities provided for the area. Furthermore, the SRC put forward the suggestion that there be a "Camberwell High School Student Diary". This proposal was accepted by the School Council, and consequently, such a diary will be issued next year. Finally, the money raised from various social events (such as the Senior Social) will contribute to the purchase of a new student photocopier - yet another proposal suggested by this year's SRC.

The SRC operated on two levels as part of its political function in the school community - internally and externally. Within the school, the SRC attempted to improve communications between teachers and students. This function was achieved by having both a staff liaison officer and a School Council representative on the SRC. Outside the school, an attempt was made to communicate with other student representative councils from schools throughout the region: items such as the "Blackburn Report" were discussed this year by the SRC, and an attempt was made to inform the students of what it involved.

Political activity within the SRC had been, to say the least, controversial! At many times throughout the year, the members of the SRC found themselves in states of severe confusion. Power struggles and factionalism resulted in a resignation and an entire re-election of office-bearers. As a result, the productivity of the SRC was hampered. Perhaps, we gained some first hand experience of some of the intricacies of politics, yet that was probably the only beneficial aspect of these skirmishes.

Despite the setbacks, the 1985 SRC overcame its problems and concluded the year on a more triumphant note. I am now confident that our successors have a good opportunity to continue with a successful SRC from where we left off.

Personally, I wish them the best of luck!

Gavin Mount 12C
SRC President

DEBATING CHAMPIONS 1985



C.H.S. CHESS TEAM

The C.H.S. Chess Team performed very creditably in the recent Victorian Interschool Competitions Finals.

The top 16 teams from a total of 64, from various zones in Victoria, competed in the finals at the Victorian Chess Association Centre in the City on Sunday 11th August.

Some of the schools competing in the finals included MLC, Trinity, Haileybury, Scotch College and Caulfield Grammar.

The C.H.S. team coped with pressure of top level opponents, chess clocks and spectators very well considering their relative inexperience.

The team included Alex Green, Bill Liao, Malcolm Gunn and Tim Ross and finished 11th. The champions are Caulfield Grammar taking the reins from the previous all-girls champions of MLC.

Mr. Chris Ellingford

EQUAL OPPORTUNITY MATTERS

"It is evident that for girls there is far more to participation than merely staying on at school, as access alone does not ensure equality of educational outcomes. Although the retention rates of girls have increased in recent years, this is a consequence of the ... limited employment opportunities for young women ...

Specific initiatives promoting equal educational outcomes for girls are a distinct and integral aspect of PEP and are in accordance with the Education Department's *Policy on Equal Opportunity and Elimination of Sexism*."¹

¹PEP (Participation and Equity Program) Guide: Victoria, August 1984; p.65.

C.H.S. STUDENTS ON EQUAL OPPORTUNITY

"I reckon males and females who have the same job should be paid the same wage." (Yr 9 boy)

"Equal opportunity should be the norm in Australia but due to the ignorance of male and female chauvinists it's not." (Yr 11 boy)

"Girls shouldn't be favoured in class as much as they are." (Yr 7 boy)

"It's good. Everyone should be given an equal chance." (Yr 10 boy)

"Today's equal opportunity is not as strong as it should be." (Yr 8 girl)

"There should be equal opportunity, but women should not think they're better." (Yr 12 girl)

"It's better than not having anything." (yr 9 girl)

"I think males and females should get equal say and not be treated differently just because of their sex." (Yr 7 girl)

"I totally support it. I'm all for equal pay and status." (Yr 12 boy)

"I think it's alright because women take the same courses for jobs as men do and therefore they should get the same pay." (Yr 8 boy)

"It's about time they had it." (Yr 10 girl)

"I totally agree with it, but more action is needed." (Yr 11 girl)

"It's easier for me to work in a strict teacher's class because the boys don't get the chance to make the noise they usually make." (Yr 9 girl)

"Only if girls are prepared to speak out." (Yr 9 girl)

From Fiona McIntosh 9G
and Simone Dorembus 9H



EQUAL OPPORTUNITY INTERVIEW

INTERVIEWER: Fiona McIntosh 9G

WITH MRS. DEVINE

WHAT IS YOUR PRESENT EQUAL OPPORTUNITY ROLE IN THE SCHOOL?

A large part of my role is to watch over the welfare of the girls. This involves being available to talk over personal problems – which may concern school, family, friends, personal development – and to try to ensure that girls get a fair go in a school where their numbers are small in proportion to the boys.

DO YOU THINK THAT SEXISM INVOLVING MALES OR FEMALES OCCURS AT C.H.S.?

You could say that some teachers and students see my role as a sexist one, but C.H.S. is male-dominated (approximately 2/3 boys, 1/3 girls), and the wider society is very much controlled by males. Happily, there are some male teachers who recognise that this is an undesirable state of affairs and do offer some support. Certainly, I have witnessed some worrying behaviour towards girls by the boys in this school. (Encouragingly, some boys have actually expressed concern about it.) Yet when girls begin to stand up for themselves they are called aggressive – and sexist!

HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN INVOLVED WITH THE ISSUE OF EQUAL OPPORTUNITY?

I am a woman, so I have been involved ever since, as a child, I was told that I couldn't be or do this or that because I was "only a girl".

DO YOU THINK THAT ATTITUDES TOWARDS GIRLS HAVE IMPROVED OR CHANGED DURING YOUR TIME HERE AT C.H.S.?

Yes, there has been change. One cannot expect quick, radical change in attitudes which have been deeply entrenched for centuries. And teachers have limited power to counter the values of society – the press, television, the film industry, advertising, peer-groups, family – which all condition boys and girls into their roles.

DO YOU THINK THAT BOTH SEXES GET A FAIR GO IN ACADEMIC AREAS AND SPORTING FIELDS?

Boys take up most of a teacher's time and attention in many classes, and this is not just because of their numbers. Good students of both sexes suffer from the predominately male disruption of classes. The Physical Education staff are working to eliminate sexism on the sporting field.

DO YOU THINK TEACHERS ARE AWARE OF THE FACT THAT SEXISM COULD EXIST IN THEIR CLASSROOMS?

Some teachers are aware of the insidious sexist messages in areas of curriculum – the way women have been written out of history, for example – and are working quietly to rectify this. Some teachers are unconsciously sexist. Some subscribe to the convenient platitude, “boys will be boys” and allow inequalities of opportunity in the classroom to continue.

HAVE YOU ALWAYS TAUGHT AT CO-ED SCHOOLS?

I have taught at Bendigo Girls’ School.

HOW WOULD YOU COMPARE THE ADVANTAGES AND DISADVANTAGES FOR GIRLS IN SINGLE-SEX AND CO-ED SCHOOLS?

*I have heard parents, teachers, students and education researchers say that girls are freer to develop and achieve academic excellence in single-sex schools. Social conditioning encourages girls to seek male approval and this pressure is much reduced or non-existent in girls’ schools. (Academically-brilliant senior girls have told me that they keep very quiet about their marks when boys are around.) As I said before, boys too often demand **as their right** an unfair share of teacher time. I believe what has often been said: “Co-ed schools are good for boys, but may not be good for girls.” Girls and boys can have plenty of social contact out of those few daily school hours – hours in which girls in a girls’ school have a chance to develop autonomously. A small number of students manage well in any school system, but most girls need the support that can only be provided if the difficulties they face as females in a co-ed system are acknowledged by staff and students.*

*Ultimately, I suppose that co-ed schools will be better for both sexes when equal opportunity is outdated as a term because **equal human status** is recognised for both sexes in our whole community.*

IS THERE ANY PARTICULAR POINT YOU WOULD LIKE TO MAKE AS A CONCLUSION TO THIS INTERVIEW?

*Any girl who wishes to do or achieve anything for herself must go ahead and **do it**, and not allow herself to be “put down” because of her sex, or because society says it is “unladylike”. All girls should try to think beyond the relatively few years of their lives which **might** be spent in domestic and family occupations.*

INTERVIEWERS:



INTERVIEW
WITH
MR. SMITH



Cameron Hodges 9K Simone Dorembus 9H,
WHAT IS YOUR PRESENT ROLE IN THE SCHOOL?

I teach Junior Science and Biology. I am also a Senior Cricket coach.

HAVE YOU ALWAYS TAUGHT AT CO-ED SCHOOLS?

Yes.

DO YOU FEEL THAT SEXISM INVOLVING EITHER SEX OCCURS AT C.H.S.?

*No, well I'm not really aware of it. I suppose that it does. I think that it is more evident amongst the students. Nowadays, teachers try to avoid that situation. A lot of research has been done about that. Apparently, boys **do** get more attention in the classroom than girls.*

DO BOTH SEXES AT C.H.S. GET A FAIR GO IN ACADEMIC AND SPORTING FIELDS?

They certainly do in the academic areas of the curriculum. The only sport done mostly by boys here is football. Actually, I remember a girl who turned up at football training – a most indignant girl. Unfortunately, she did not make the training squad.

DO YOU THINK THAT TEACHERS AT C.H.S. ARE AWARE THAT SEXISM MAY WELL EXIST IN THEIR CLASSROOM?

Well, there are two ways to look at the issue of sexism. If you look at sexism as one sex having an advantage over the other, I don't think that should occur and I doubt it really happens here. As I mentioned before boys probably do demand too much attention. If you call that sexism, it does occur.

WHAT ARE SOME OF THE DISADVANTAGES GIRLS MUST COPE WITH IN A CO-ED SCHOOL IN MATHS/SCIENCE AREAS?

There are none. Statistically and historically, maths-science courses are more populated by boys. Society does try to encourage girls in the maths/science area, which is mainly dominated by boys; however, girls seem to prefer Biology to Physics or Chemistry. I suppose these trends are due to their interests and future requirements.

DOES ANY ONE SEX EXCEL IN CERTAIN AREAS OF THE CURRICULUM?

The only thing is that girls tend to be better organised and their work much better presented. In that respect, they have better chances of succeeding, especially in the junior levels. In terms of Science, girls are not as interested in science as boys. Why? I don't know. They may very well be intimidated by the boys' liking and succeeding in it.

HAS THE PERFORMANCE AND ENTHUSIASM OF GIRLS IN MATHS/SCIENCE AREAS IMPROVED DURING YOUR TEACHING CAREER?

No, there have been no significant changes. Perhaps, one way of getting more girls interested in Science is to alter the Curriculum to meet both the interests of boys and girls. The subjects should not be solely for one sex. I remember at one Co-Ed school, “Cosmetic Chemistry” was an elective. That in itself is sexist. It defeats the purpose. Only girls were interested in that. That solved one problem and produced another.

IS THERE ANY PARTICULAR COMMENT THAT YOU WOULD LIKE TO MAKE AS A CONCLUSION?

Having been to an all boys' school, I would say that a Co-ed school provides a much healthier environment. If I had taught at single sex schools, I could make more of a judgement, however.



8L

3rd Row L-R

Brendan Mather, Bill Giannopoulos, Julian Badenach, Trevor Patrick, Andre Paulse, Cameron Strathdee, Paul Goss, Duncan Sherman.

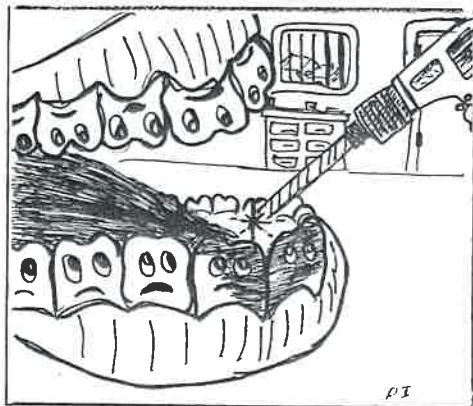
2nd Row L-R

Tim Wade, Andrew Savage, Prue Gerrish, Mandy Koh, Jacqui England, Danielle Edwards, Kate Jennings, Paul Romas, Chris Secretan.

Front Row L-R

Charles Orman, Cinnamon Barnes, Melissa Green, Catherine Diggins, Con Karagiorgios, Cathy Grayson, Belinda Grace, Karyn Davidson, Karl Becker.

The DENTIST!



THE DENTIST

A dentist is a villain
 who drills and digs away;
 He checks you for the same old things
 including tooth decay.
 His chair is like an elevator
 rising up and down;
 He angles you up perfectly,
 and then his eyes swoop down.
 Out the window of his jail
 you see his shining "Merc";
 And wonder how inflicting pain
 can bring him such a perk.

Julian Badenach 8L



8M

3rd Row L-R

Grant Haggett, Steven Skandallelis, Shane Foster, Ashley Jawrski, Ian Braby, Mathew Klein, Russell Shields, George Patrikios.

2nd Row L-R

Angelo Di Guiseppantonio, Stuart Cheng, George Skondreas, Debbie Pankhurst, Jeanette Walker, Catherine Campbell, Erric Dimatos, Roger Paull, Michael Overall.

Front Row L-R

Kah Seong Loke, Ruth Franklin, Rachel Anderson, Sarah Carter, Sue Higginbotham, Sarah-Jane Reeh, Anna Karathanasis, Fiona Miovich, Craig Oldham.

FENCING

Arieta Reeh 8P

From Thursday the 9th to Sunday the 12th of May, I went to Queensland to participate in the U/15 girls Australian Championships for fencing. A group of 9 U/15 girls including me went up and stayed at the Tallebudgera National Fitness Camp. Other participants came from Qld, NSW, SA, and WA.

The weather was quite pleasant for the first two days but there were a few showers on Saturday and Sunday. However, the weather was warm. On Thursday and Friday we went swimming. The surf on the Gold Coast is quite fierce and the wind was a bit cold. On Thursday and Friday nights we made a bonfire on the beach which continued till very late. On Friday night we had weapon check – this is when our masks and foils (swords) are tested to see if they are safe. The meals were quite nice; for breakfast we had cereal and toast; for lunch we had salad rolls and pikelets, and for dinner, we had chicken, roast beef and ice-cream for dessert. The food was laid out and you could take it out with you onto the beach or eat it inside. On Saturday, we had to fence from 11.30 till 7.00 at night. From 11.30 till 6.00 we had the individual event. There were three pools (rounds). There was the first pool, the semi-final and the final. At 6.00 we had the team event. This continued until 7.00. We had to fence WA and Qld. The results of the team event were 1st Qld, 2nd Vic and 3rd WA. The results of the individual events were 1st Qld, 2nd Vic, 3rd Qld, 4th SA, 5th Vic and 6th Vic. In the individuals, I had to fight against someone from Qld. for first place. On Saturday night we went out to celebrate in Surfers Paradise with our team manager. On Sunday we had to clean up. We then walked along the beach before getting ready to leave on the plane. We boarded at 6.30 and arrived in Melbourne at 8.10. On the whole, everything turned out for the best.



8N

3rd Row L-R

John West, Lawrence Miller, Mayhar Goodarz, Jonothan Hoel, Jim Mihailidis, Jung Van Nguyen, Daniel Ricciuti.

2nd Row L-R

James Mousios, Damonic Salisbury, Jillian Prior, Sarah Neale, Jodie Wentworth, Michelle Fyfe, Richard Allen, Dimitrios Dimas.

Front Row L-R

Peter Ferguson, Rohanne Hodges, Pauline Tran, Greta Sutherland, Terry Galanis, Jane Purvis, Jenny Sturgess, Peta Curry, Michael O'Keefe.



8O

3rd Row L-R

Angelo Varelas, Alister Bond, Darren Weston, Rodney Missen, Robert Hatvani, Alex Rusmir.

2nd Row L-R

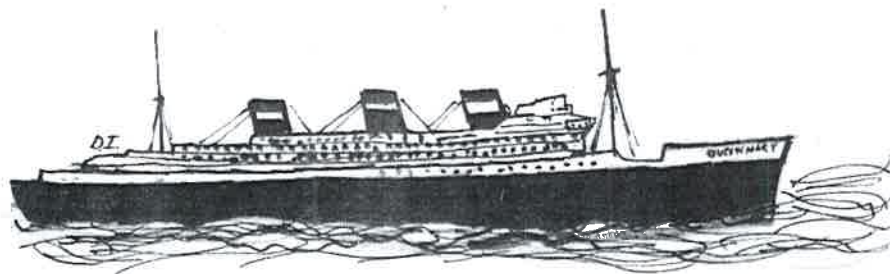
Alan Franklin, Tony Hoyer, Elizabeth Hillis, Samantha Scheiwe, Kylie Watt, Michelle Pierce, Tanya Ashcroft, David Owen.

Front Row L-R

Harry Sklavounos, Vicki Gottlieb, Melanie Blanche, Sheana Kilmartin, Angela Mortyn, Rita Kambakidis, Tracey Wright, Sharon Barnett, Jason Biggs.



Artica gets straight to the point.



The Ship That was Forgotten

Daniel Jennings



8P

3rd Row L-R

James Ballantyne, Mark Henham, Harry Genovezos, Steven Katzourakis, Peter Terzakis, Aaron Slade, Cameron McLean, Matthew Sloan.

2nd Row L-R

Jason Phua, Con Sioulas, Melanie Thompson, Sarah Bond, Natasha Ferlazzo, Catherine Scholes, Jason Billings, Mark Dargan.

Front Row L-R

Richard Faul, Danielle Minogue, Gillian Marchbank, Louise Sharp, Arieta Reeh, Alethia Stephens, Susan Newcome, Kurt Jessen.

THE QUEEN MARY

The Queen Mary rots away,
Forgotten for many a day,
She travelled from Renmark down Echuca way,
And up to the Darling in just over a day;
Then up to Wentworth, where the cook ran away.
The Queen Mary rots away,
Forgotten for many a day.

She was carrying wool bound for Adelaide
When she ran aground near Renmark one day;
The crew worked for many days,
But the cargo and steamer have now been gone,
for many a day.

The Queen Mary rots away,
Forgotten for many a day.

That was the end of the proud Queen Mary;
She sat there and rotted away;
And now all that's left is her frame.

The Queen Mary's rotted away,
Forgotten for always.

Duncan Sherman 8L

A RIDE ON A ROLLERCOASTER

A rollercoaster is a very fast ride. It is a carriage that goes along a rail, which has lots of hills and twirls. You board the ride and off it starts. Your stomach is left behind and all the colour drains out of your face. Girls scream and the boys try and act macho and stand up without holding on. When the ride pulls to a stop, everyone tries to walk straight, but fails. Rollercoasters are really fun for all ages.

Kate Jennings 8L

A BALLOON FLIGHT

This was to be my first balloon ride. I watched with great interest as it was being filled with hot air. At first it lay motionless, then it began slowly to rise, and after a few minutes it was straining to leave the earth. I climbed in and slowly it climbed into the sky. There were many other balloons of a great variety of colours wafting about. Mine was orange and yellow. The balloon continued to rise and the earth below me was laid out like a map. I stared at it, and suddenly realised I was quite close to it. My balloon sank to the ground. I anchored it to a tree. I looked about. I was totally lost.

Karl Becker 8L

THE FUTURE



DESTRUCTION THEORY (Sad Game)

When the bomb drops, death will surely follow. Either we'll die instantly or radiation sickness will finish us off. The future looks bleak.

Marriage doesn't have the same values anymore. People don't feel the need to stay together. I'm not saying that's bad – in some ways it's better. Women aren't necessarily dependent on their husbands anymore. Divorce is becoming more common every day.

POLLYANNA THEORY (Glad Game)

I have so many years ahead of me and I have the choice of what to do with them! If I work hard at school and university, I could be what I wish to be – a vet.

Politics doesn't interest me but it does concern me. I don't think I'll have much to do with it when I'm older.

I am looking forward to being able to shape my life. I also hope that I will be happy with the way I have lived my life as I've only got one chance.

REALITY (The Game)

The future seems too far away and much too complex for me to comprehend at the moment. However, it seems likely that in reality the future, for me, will be a combination of the "glad game" and the "sad game".

Girl 9G

THE FUTURE

In the future there will be,
Fewer jobs; more technology.
Machines will replace man as tomorrow's workers;
People will become superfluous to industry
(Unreliably mortal compared with efficient wizardry).
Will we become mere statistics in unemployment figures?
Will the dole cheque become our saving grace?

My aspirations are not great;
A secure job, a comfortable lifestyle and marriage;
Maybe travelling the world, having children and settling down;
A house, a job and a family are all I really want.
How will it all come about?
The Earth itself may have no future.

If the arms race continues,
We might be blown to smithereens –
By the toy of a crazed politician.
That is a future I do not want:
But one I may have to face.

Dan O'Grady 9G



9F

3rd Row L-R

Michael Ingvarson, Julian Evans, Jonathan Davies, Tim Watson, Jamie Walker, Peter Chua, Jonathan Evans, Simon York.

2nd Row L-R

Alistair Mills, Eammon Hamilton, Robert Evans, Anthony Krisohos, Ian MacLeod, Tim Jordan, Andrew Merrick, James Gadsen, Stuart Gunn, Nigel Moore.

Front Row L-R

Penny Baker, Anna Civiti, Tobie Coggle, Vanessa Potheary, Kate Dargen, Jennie Velissaris, Mary Kondoyiannis.

I find it extremely difficult to write about my future; to me, the word "future" is equal to the word "eternity".

Aged 11 – I wanted to be a teacher.

Aged 14 – I realised that if I became one, I wouldn't lead a very happy life and thought that something more stimulating would be more appropriate.

Aged 19 – I decided that having come to grips with the "rat race", I might be better off trying to teach the "new youth" to be completely different from my generation.

Aged 30 – I discovered that my new youth turned out to be just the same as my own generation.

Was my life wasted?

You have now read the two scenarios of my future. I'm quite determined that my life will follow the second one, but deep down I know that anything could happen.



9G

3rd Row L-R

J. Gillmore, D. O'Grady, D. Flight, S. Molnar, K. Foong, A. Hase, K. Hauge.

2nd Row L-R

D. Benedetti, A. Forsyth, L. Stavron, K. Prior, K. Smith, J. Wellard, K. Kilmartin, P. Vlahogiannis, R. Young.

Front Row L-R

D. Imberger, F. McIntosh, L. Scholes, L. Kennedy, P. Skantzios, P. Hollo, D. Brinsmead, L. Phillips, P. Sturrock.

Aged 11 – I wanted to be a teacher.

Aged 14 – I realised that if I became one, I wouldn't lead a very happy life and thought that something more stimulating would be more appropriate.

Aged 19 – I decided that a career in Psychology/Social Welfare would give me the stimulation and excitement I was looking for.

Aged 30 – I discovered that it was very hard getting to the top, but I felt that my life had had a purpose because I had helped people to understand themselves.

I feel peace is an unreachable goal. When I was a little boy, I wanted to be in the navy; but after seeing and reading about death and destruction caused to families, I did not want to be part of the killing.

I'd love to play cricket, but it is an unsteady occupation and I don't want to have to resort to going to South Africa for financial security.

I don't really want to be married; I don't feel I will suit a life with children either.

Boy 9H

My retirement will hopefully be spent in a house overlooking Sydney Harbour. By then, I trust that the government will have removed all pension assets tests. I would prefer to leave some money to my descendants and not have to spend it during my retirement.

Boy 9K

There are two things that I wish had not been invented – "the bomb" and the "computer". In both cases, man has given them too much power; both were originally invented as tools to help and protect man. In boosting their development, man has turned them into malicious threats to our survival: if the bomb does not exterminate mankind, the computer will corrupt humanity.

Girl 9H



9H

3rd Row L-R

Rohan Constable, Simon Glance, Chris Constable, Jurgen Tauchert, Duncan Ferguson, Nick Phelan, Stephen Cassy.

2nd Row L-R

Benjamin Epstein, Paul Nankervis, Aaron Tracey, Andre Visapas, Matthew Belch, Con Hatzikostas, Christopher Hankin, Paul Newton, Trent Bolton.

Front Row L-R

Tim Currie, Simone Dorembus, Britt Levin, Jean Campbell, Kate Dujella, Kylie Galtress, Kirrily Staples, Michelle McIntosh, Silas Aiton.

National unity is the link to Australia's future successes. When Australians unite, the nation will be prepared to promote the national cause. Motivated Australians will bring about advances in primary industries and accelerate the sale of new Australian technology overseas.

An important aspect of nationalism will be our separation from the Commonwealth; only then will we truly have our identity. As a result we will become masters of our own destiny.

Boy 9H

I see the future as an unpredictable game. No matter how well you plan things, no matter who you are or where you are, things will never be totally perfect and fate is always on the edge of your life, ready to pounce and take over.

Everybody wants to be happy – whether it's staying home all day being a mother and a housewife, or just being single and having a career. While some women are content with just being a housewife, others are determined to be business women or have other busy careers. Some women can't handle careers as well as a personal life and some don't even want both.

At the moment, I plan to have a career first, but people change so much as they grow older; so I could easily change my mind and marry first.

Girl 9K



9J

3rd Row L-R

Andrew Ormen, Michael Gilbert, Mark La Frenais, Bill Sioulas, Conrad Bassett, Trent Craig, Mark Van Triet.

2nd Row L-R

Nick Oddy, Arthur Skliris, Ben Hanson, Puishan Chong, Sourisak Vilay, Janie Phua, Andrew Manton, Dharme Kinsey, George Brovas.

Front Row L-R

John Green, Pauline Coulepis, Keryn Litchfield, Jo-Anne Marchbank, Sandra Harbor, Melinda Taylor, Josie Matthiesson, Sen-Ling Chang, John Strainic.

Unemployment? Drugs? Nuclear War? No, unemployment doesn't worry me; I'm quite confident that if I stay on at school, I'm bound to find a suitable job. Drugs don't worry *me* because I believe I have enough sense not to get involved with them. I know it's selfish to say it, but drugs are for other people to worry about. Nuclear war *does* worry me but I don't have a big say in the matter. It's no good being a pessimist because life might leave you behind. It really is ridiculous, though, that people who take the lives of others are put away; yet two men, who have been chosen to be powerful leaders in our world, threaten peoples' lives almost constantly.

I strongly support the advancement of technology. Even though it sounds far-fetched, some day I would love to be part of a space colony.

Girl 9G

What will affect me in the future is my job. I do not want to live in some small dump with no backyard, cheap furniture, a second-hand fridge with skim milk inside, clothes from the op-shop, food from the reject shop and so on. But I won't worry about money unless I do not have enough. Also, I would like a job that doesn't have homework – I'm serious! A media job would be attractive.

Boy 9H



9K

3rd Row L-R

Philip Guy, Paul Forkas, Hugh McNeilly, Cameron Hodges, Ashley Adamson, Daniel Guerin, Rodney Glance.

2nd Row L-R

Bruce Moore, Tim Main, David McRobert, Mark Molloy, Scott Jessan, Andre Krivetz, Colin Antoni.

Front Row L-R

Luke Gill, Kylie Schmidt, Tess Shanley.

I do not believe in SANTA CLAUS. I admit that at one stage I was really wrapped in the idea of some fat fellow in a red suit popping through our chimney, but one night I found out that Santa Claus was a 5'6" woman in a skimpy nightie depositing presents under a Safeway tree.



I believe that AUSTRALIA is the best place in the world in which to live – now and in the future.



I believe that there could be a NUCLEAR WAR in my lifetime because of the way that the super-powers antagonise each other.

I believe in MYSELF because if I didn't, I'd be a nervous wreck: I'd also have an inferiority complex.

THE CHILDREN OF TODAY AND THE WORRIES CONCERNING THOSE OF TOMORROW

Simone Dorembus 9H

What does one have to do to satisfy the children of today – let alone those of tomorrow? At my brother's eight year-old birthday party, that query kept whirring inside my mind like a tornado. I was stunned but intrigued. It made me feel as if I was watching a play being acted out around me. How queer! Anyway, at this party there were about twenty-five kids present – just try to imagine it . . .

Fiona and I had organised this party well. We tried to remember the games that we liked to play at eight, but we also took into account that times had changed. It was the latter we underestimated. On Saturday and Sunday, my family devoted their time to making our house look respectable – quite an unusual condition for *our* house. Dad spent a lot of money on making this party a success. He went overboard buying all the chips and lollies; once we saw the ten boxes of soft-drinks, we realised he had flipped.

It was 2 p.m. when the guests started to arrive. When only six had arrived, it was enough to give you a migraine. Fiona and I were still preparing the fruit for the adults, so I asked Lainie, my sister, to try to quieten them down. As more guests arrived, the noise increased. A fire was growing inside me and with *my* short temper, I knew that I could not hold back a few screams.

Fiona and I thought that "Pass the Parcel" would be as good a start as any. While the kids were settling down on the floor, remarks like these were heard: "Pass the Parcel is kid's stuff", "We're too old for this". We were startled. I remembered that when I was eight, children thought these party games were great fun and appreciated the prize. Worse still, these kids were stuck-up snobs as well. The kid who won the prize, said in haughty tones, "What am I meant to do with this?" Now, I honestly remember being in a state of ecstasy with / won a prize at a party. It was thrilling, no matter how "practical" the prize was.

I believe in GOD because somebody had to create us and there are a lot of reasons for it to be a HER.

I do not believe in LIFE AFTER DEATH because people should have a good life *before* death.

I do not believe in FIGHTING. What's the point of belting people in the head for no reason at all? You have an image and it makes you feel tough; but one day, you'll go too far and punch someone in the right spot and kill him. I can't explain how much I hate fighting.

I must sound like a parent but I am deeply concerned about what will satisfy these children of today and tomorrow. Possessions seem to mean so much to them: I think that is because of their parents. After the relative success of "Heroes of the Century", I realised that new ideas and initiative are effective; but do we have to have new ideas constantly to make these children content? After seeing the enthusiasm and skills of these youngsters in rap-dancing, I wondered if they were growing up too fast. I wonder, what will satisfy my children and their children. What will *their* interests be at eight years of age? Will the period of time that one has as a child be slowly but surely whittled away? The eight year-olds of the future may very well be into computing, drugs or even mass orgies. I tell you, after this party nothing would surprise me.





10A

- 3rd Row L-R* P. Sopikiotis, C. Trahanas, A. Cunningham, R. Beardsley, N. Beardsley, A. Lowe, R. Park, M. Boer.
- 2nd Row L-R* S. Platts, K. Sneddon, C. Galanis, J. Larm, I. Adams, V. Thompson, P. Harmer, R. Grzegorzec, D. Bingley.
- Front Row L-R* W. Manger, E. Christopoulos, M. Franklin, J. Matheson, H. Forsyth, J. Evans, K. Tran, N. Fordham, C. Maziotis.



10B

- 3rd Row L-R* Ranjit Singh, Peter Stavropoulos, Eric Sendelbeck, Cameron Edgar, David Myers, Andrew Paull, Angie Sfougaris, Darren Stewart.
- 2nd Row L-R* Andrew Irwin, Andrew Thomson, Craig Pile, Gillian Paulse, Liz Hoyer, Katherine Forsyth, Nick Tribe, Stephen Campbell, Ross Moore.
- Front Row L-R* Paul McIlDowney, Nicole Hayes, Judi Atkinson, Felicity Duncombe, Stephanie Guerillot, Erica Verbanez, Eva Tsolozidis, Simon Tack.

HYDROPONIC DABBLINGS

Colin Hoover 10C

Before I begin my fantastic adventure, I will give you a brief background of myself. I was an only child, born to the world-renowned botanist, Peter A Zalia. In my childhood I began to work with my father on some of his experiments. He (and subsequently I) was intrigued with the thought of creating the ultimate in plant life for various purposes such as crops, household use, and so on.

After my father passed away, I left my mother to follow on in my father's footsteps. I soon became well-known, for my originality (if not my brilliance). My cannibalistic daisies brought me much recognition amongst those of us scientists who are slightly disturbed.

I gradually developed into the proverbial mad professor and established laboratories in countries all over the globe. I spent most of my time in my South American laboratory as I found the steamy Amazon Basin an ideal place for the inspiration of more outrageous creations. It was here in my South American lab, where I discovered a small seed of which I had never seen the like. I put the seed in a pot and watered it. After careful observation, I concluded that this plant was a freak of nature, the only one of its kind and therefore of infinite value to me. The small plant which soon emerged became the subject of a devoted obsession. I worked on it as a sculptor would a masterpiece carved from a block of marble with ceaseless pruning, nurturing and the addition of every known nutrient. I had finally done something worthwhile with my life. This was my own "masterpiece".

As the plant grew, so did my obsession. I began sleeping beside it and feeding it with my scraps. Eventually, it ate everything. Its appetite grew to the extent where I was feeding it mice and raw meat hourly.

The feeding of the plant had drained me financially and so I had no choice but to feed my plant less. It soon began to sag and lose colour but there was nothing I could do.

One humid summer afternoon, while I was pruning "Old Faithful" – my father's secret plant ingredient for his incredibly successful aphrodisiac – I gashed my thumb on the blades of the secateurs. Immediately aroused by the smell of my blood, my masterpiece had regained its lost shape and colour, and indeed, began to uproot. In the ensuing struggle, I decided to destroy my masterpiece. I managed to feed the plant to itself by forcing one of its roots into its gaping jaws. It rapidly devoured itself and once more I was a mad professor without anything to my name. The silence was eerie as the reality of what had just happened slowly sank into my soul.





10C

3rd Row L-R

Dean McDonald, Ingo Wiaben, Brett Weston, Richard Forkas, John Olah, Melville Benson, David Nesci.

2nd Row L-R

Brett Fowler, Geoff Manton, Paul Slade, Fiona Evans, Georgina Katapodis, Anne Leeman, Mario Maziotis, Leigh Doddy, Damien Zanic.

Front Row L-R

Terry Chan, Nicki Currie, Kellie Walker, Sonja Stilianos, Caren Wilson, Kathleen Litchfield, Jenny Pankhurst, Brett Gullan.



10D

3rd Row L-R

David Flight, Emilio Ricciuti, Andrew Scott, William Hillis, Tim Bond, Thomas Hatvani, Michael Armstrong, Chi Fai Chong.

2nd Row L-R

Rohan Tennakoon, John Collier, Andrew Newcombe, Zinta Bruns, Mara Tennis, Helen Mantamadiotis, Damien Lamb, Tuan Bui, Nick Vamvoukas, Mr. T. Ymer.

Front Row L-R

Jimmy Rousis, Amanda Wilkin, Nicole Bowe, Dina Liberia, Jim Sotiropoulos, Aglaia Stavroulakis, Sina Malki, Zeljko Basic.



THE CAR – SERVANT TURNED TYRANT

Brett Gullan 10C

Cars have been servants for over 70 years, ever since they were invented. Cars are now turning into tyrants, committing suicide and killing passengers; refusing to open their doors to allow drivers in, and giving signals incorrectly, causing accidents, and getting drivers into trouble with the police.

"Cars are bringing to attention the continuing problem of abuse and maltreatment suffered by them at the hands of ignorant, apathetic human beings..."

Time Magazine 6/9/87

The following report by Bryan Harris discusses the serious problem of a possible uprising led by the leader of the Automobile Activists (AA), Mr. (Motor) Rolls Royce.

"Cars and automobiles have been protesting violently for a better deal", the spokesman for the AA said yesterday. "Cars have been getting a raw deal for many years now. We have been subject to the criticisms and witticisms of back-seat drivers; we have had to suffer from the ignominy of having babies vomit or empty the contents of their bladders all over the back seat.

"Silent protest has been ignored, and humans continue to abuse us, and treat us in a most degrading manner.

"If cars do not get a better deal soon, we will be forced to take even more extreme measures."

When accused of using extortionist methods, Mr. Rolls Royce replied that constitutional and diplomatic tactics had been ignored.

In London yesterday, a car overturned killing the two occupants. This suicide mission is reminiscent of the Shiite Muslim attacks on the American Consulate in Beirut. The car, in a statement today said: "My passenger, an American Army colonel, persisted in dropping cigar ash over my leather upholstery, and polluting the air-conditioned air with filthy smoke, and a continuing stream of abuse of my poor performance. The driver was an unfortunate fellow, but the price of war is high."

A fortnight ago, a Ford Falcon crashed into the Wall Street Stock Exchange in New York killing ten people. Again, the car was a write-off.

In other major cities around the world similar accidents have been occurring, killing and injuring drivers, passengers, and innocent bystanders.

Surprisingly, car salesmen have been the hardest hit. Twenty-seven percent of the recent victims have been car salesmen.

That concludes this week's report. Unfortunately, there is no end in sight to this recent spate of rebelliousness inspired by the leaders of the newly-formed AA.



THE ELEPHANT

The elephant is a ponderous beast, swaying from side to side with a lumbering walk, nonchalantly treading on anything impeding its march.



10E

3rd Row L-R	Simon Cassy, Chris Sharp, Michael Korenstra, Paul Dubois, Daniel Stranic, Harry Sfougaristos, Ben Glover, Brian Duncan.
2nd Row L-R	Michael Harris, Jim Karapanos, Carmel O'Shannessy, Jodie Green, Sara Francis, John Aldred, Grant Berry.
Front Row L-R	Brendon Minogue, Evelyn Robinson, Kate Southerland, Susan Bernhard, Christopher Sonesson, Sheryn Jakab, Vilay Vilayvnh, Joanne Moore, Simon Edwards.
Absent	Sharyn Hoban.

KILLER

The killer roams the streets looking, listening for the nightwalker's feet. Ready to strike – attack any blameless soul.

The killer is astonished, confused, by all the souls he has slaughtered butchered. He thinks he is still in Vietnam.

Jim Karapanos 10E

THE SHARK

Lithesome it anticipates its next victim, to engulf it whole. Sharp sense of smell, dull sight. Man would destroy this creature to rule the sea, as he does the land. To destroy because it causes terror and panic.

Tim Ross 10E



MY WORK EXPERIENCE (1985)

Anne Leeman 10C

I expected to be nervous, but I wasn't; only curious. I wondered how much things had changed as I hadn't been to Camberwell South Primary School since 1977, when I was in Grade 2. Luckily, I wasn't nervous for my first day of work experience. It's not like going to a new school, knowing you have to cope for a year at least.

At recess, as well as at every other break, I was invited into the staff-room, which I had always considered to be "out of bounds". I had looked forward to that cup of coffee, but I felt quite shy in a room full of teachers. It was tolerable for a short period, but I felt I had to escape. The alternative was a yard full of noisy children. By afternoon recess, I felt that they had had too many breaks.

Tuesday, in the artroom, was the best. Maybe it was because of the fact that I had always enjoyed the art section of my primary days. The teacher was again young and popular, but this time more amiable. The preps needed plenty of help, sewing hessian with wool, but they were always polite and friendly in their unquestioning way. I've always been good with such youngsters, but these ones were at times overwhelming, especially when queueing up for attention. Some of the older children's artwork was really creative.

Wednesday, with the Grade 1's and 2's was different. With a slight shock I remembered how strict the teachers were at these levels. Listening to and correcting two children as they read from books – which were more interesting than the "Peter and Jane" books from which I had learnt to read – was at times difficult. I recognised one of the teachers as my Grade 1 teacher (she was exactly the same). I helped a boy, whose arm was broken, to write a story. It was a mixed-up "Puss in Boots" that didn't make much sense to me. In the afternoon, when the children were watching cartoons, I covered reading-books.

On Thursday, I was with the seniors. They felt superior because they were on the second floor, sitting in desks and writing with pens. Here, in Grade 6, I met the first male teacher all week. He was one of those mature, predictable teachers. He explained how much more mature the girls were than the boys. They did their routine writing and spelling, and then they read to me. After lunch, being Thursday, they were supposed to do P.E.; but it was raining, so I read some of the novel "Midnite" to them. The Grade 5 teacher was strict yet understanding with her students.

Overall, it was an enjoyable week. It was good to be back at Camberwell South Primary School for a week, but the idea of returning as a teacher to a Primary school wasn't really appealing. I guess I lack the dedication needed to be a teacher.

Karate is a feeling of security and authority throughout the body and the mind. Different movements – sharp smart and quick.

KARATE

Joanna Moore 10E





The compulsory Year Ten work experience week was probably the most enjoyable, informative, and important five days for me, in the school year so far. I was offered the opportunity of work experience in the field of civil engineering, and as I have always been interested in mechanical and technically complicated things, I welcomed this chance to observe the workforce in action. I was to work in the multi-storey office of civil and structural consultant engineers, which was situated in South Yarra (there were no job vacancies in Toorak, so I had to settle for second best!).

Beforehand, I had been quite confident, but suddenly on the morning of my first "working day", I became very nervous and self-conscious. I had no real idea of what an office was like, and I kept asking myself sub-consciously whether I would fit in, whether I was dressed appropriately, and how efficiently, or inefficiently, I would cope with the work assigned to me. In order not to present a bad impression of myself to my supervisor by being late on my first day, I decided to catch a ridiculously early train. Needless to say, this put me in a worse predicament than being late. I was forty-five minutes too early! Eventually however, I turned up on time, to be greeted by my new "boss".

All my fears were suddenly gone, as I was shown around the office by someone whom I vaguely knew already. This was indeed a comfort, as there was someone I could talk to. For the rest of the first day, Monday, I did such basic tasks as photocopying, running errands around the office and printing engineering drawings.

My real work, however, began on Tuesday. I spent the first half of the day in the drawing and architecture offices, seeing how from an original set of measurements of a block of land, for example, an intricately-designed piece of architecture can emerge. The remaining half of the day I spent visiting various offices and supply depots, all of which I learned were involved in the designing and building of a structure. What I thought would be a boring week turned out to be a well-planned and thoroughly enjoyable week, as well as being more informative than I had originally expected.

Thursday was spent at three different building sites. This was an invaluable experience as I could associate the myriad of plans and reports in the office, with the actual construction occurring on the site. This allowed me to see the importance of all the plans and regulations which must be observed, as safety is of prime importance in the building stage.

My last day, Friday, was spent back in the office again, and it seemed to fly. Perhaps it was the prospect of being paid for my work which created this illusion. Actually, I was surprised at being paid so much for learning how a business ran, but I didn't complain!

Overall, I think the work experience programme was a success, for me at least. It was a valuable experience learning both how an office runs, and various facts about engineering. It provided me with a good reference which I will need in the future, and summing it all up, it truly was "A Job I Enjoyed".

Brett Fowler 10C



11A

3rd Row L-R

Duncan Ewing, John Lamond, Craig Barnett, Matthew Blackman, Justin Benson, Tim McNeilly, Michael Bateman, Jim Terzakis, Denis Wong.

2nd Row L-R

Angus Moore, Arthur Filopoulos, Nick Tomaras, Samantha Hauge, Rachel Young, Nora Tennis, Nick Ioannou, Mark Braby, Ming Suy.

Front Row L-R

Ozlem Serim, Tran Nguyen, Heather Savage, Meredith Wellard, Isabelle Kenny, Kylie Winstanley, Donna Seizer, Ngoc Bui.



11B

3rd Row L-R

Gerard Walker, Anthony Yap, Jim Vassos, Troy Harrington, David Fraser, John Nardoza, Bernard Stahr.

Front Row L-R

Julia Topliss, Marly Vosinthaovong, Alina Sloan, Ingrid Hovjacky, Rose Patrick, Voula Kondoyiannis, Katherine Williams, Dia Kamfonas.



11C

2nd Row L-R Meni Roufidis, Con Koletsis, Rick Leighton, Cameron Flanigan, Tom Hird, Garner Annett, Nick Main, Effie Maniatis.

Front Row L-R Susie Kitsiou, Tsaelan Leedow, Rachelle Guy, Joanna Sturrock, Susan Lynch, Antje Drieling, Belinda Green, Amie Evans.



11D

3rd Row L-R Angus McKinstry, Nick Tobin, Mark Preston, Robert Johnson, Malcolm Gunn, David Cronin.

2nd Row L-R Kristen Hansen, Jodie Fowler, Andriana Dunn, Kylie Black, Alice Matthieson, Lea Scobie, Megan Smith.

Front Row L-R Peter Tsigas, Anh Le, Susannah Duncan, Alex Anselmo, Sonny King, Trang Nguyen, Kate Gardner, Peter Kolotsos.



11E

3rd Row L-R J. DiNicolantonio, N. Kabas, P. Bambling, D. Dickson, B. Crofton, M. Davis.

2nd Row L-R N. Tran, S. Edgar, J. Uren, R. Callaghan, S. Rawther, P. Langtry, R. Jakab.

Front Row L-R G. Randell, J. Sadigzai, C. Huynh, K. Brooks, R. Patrick, T. Tran, S. Vulic, M. Phillips, J. Calcagne.



11F

3rd Row L-R C. Sklavounos, H. Singh, C. Ciaris, G. Elliott, C. Alateras, R. Ashby, A. Chen.

2nd Row L-R T. DiNicolantonio, D. Martin, M. Lodge, K. Goldberg, L. Barnett, D. Sewell, D. Adams, C. Kilmartin, N. Matei.

Front Row L-R L. Cho, H. Metaxiotis, N. Brinsmead, T. Staples, T. Kefford, A. Edwards, J. Prager, A. Vardis.

YEAR TWELVES 1985



Front Mai Tran, Fotini Tsolezidis, Peggy Leung, Naomi Lauer, Juliette Foster, Leah Mullerworth, Georgia Braziotis, Tanya Ross, Dorothy Ung, Theresa Ratcliffe, Dona Ioannou, Virginia Cassar, Sussanne Whybrow, Sita Morton, Francesca Bourgas, Carrie Teh, Elizabeth Sadli, Thanh Bui.

2nd Row Van Tran, Asimina Kamfonas, Kelly Ratcliffe, Gerry Dimatos, Dinh Hieu, Jeep Leung, Cuc Phan, Vivian Harris, Fiona McDonald, Darren Alderson, David Campbell, David Attridge, Lisa Bates, Nick Petroulias, Jessica Marks, Miriam Adams, Quach Loan.

Back James Beeson, Owen Marston, Andrew Ioannou, Robert Lloyd, Mark James, Brad Dickson, Andrew O'Grady, Alex Gren, Stewart Bolton, Ian Savenake, Stuart Barnett, Kim Rajic, Chris Zissiadis, Geoff Smyth, Imants Bruns, Jamie Baker, Andre McNeilly, Edwin Foong, Peter Skliris.

2nd Back Anna Katapodis, Chin Yee Kew, Paul Chow, Toby Stinson, Adrian Barnett, Andrew Evans, Hugh Adams, Ilona Hansen, Mark Micic, Leung Ch Wai, Anthony Wright, Ilias Pavlopoulos, Gavin Mount, Rolf Preston, Stephen Abrahams, Nick Sfouraristos, Kuncoro Rusman, Michael Board, Jim Kitsiou.

3rd Back Marcia Wight, Elizabeth Morabito, Sarah Dugdale, Lisa Evans, Sarah Clifton, Tanis Morgan, Ben Lurie, Robert Carpenter, Andrew Bajraszewski, James Anderson, Rex Tumewah, Gavin Bourrilhon, Richard Bajraszewski, Trevor Crabtree, Julie Savage, Megan Brooke, Kirsty Morley, Melinda Gidiuli, Deby Matheson, Miriam Towns, Johanna Preston, Kathryn Moyle.

4th Back Anthony Galanakis, Jason Florence, Toan Huynh, Georgina Adamson, Bronwyn Leslie, David Beesley, Adrian Manger, Chris Fitzgerald, Bill Liao, John Braziotis, Minh Bui, James Dawkins, Bruce Joy, Chong Min Hin, Denny Liberis, Hugh Platt, Eve Buckner, Suzanne Neale, David Robertson, John Chow, Julian Rose, Rico Leung.

We asked a variety of Year Twelves this question: "What has HSC meant to you?"
Curiously, many responses were made anonymously.
"Never again." (Sue)

"My advice to Year Elevens is – don't do it." (Anon)

"Be prepared." (Liz)

"The best thing about it is the double spare in the morning." (Rolf)

"Fat." (Anon)

"It's not all it's cracked up to be. It's possible to skip, on average, one day a week without too many problems." (Johanna)

"Why am I talking into your fist?" (Anon)

"It's led me to believe that I won't be an intellectual." (Tracy)

"The more I study, the more I know; the more I know, the more I forget. Why study?" (Anon)

"No comment." (Anon)

"Don't leave the work till third term." (Anon)

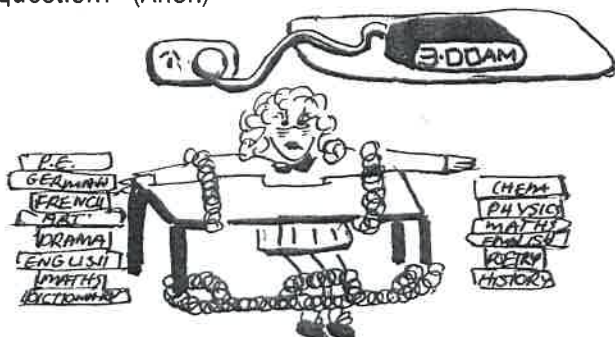
"It's given me hairs on my chin." (Anon)

"I was looking forward to the HSC dinner. Also, I heard on the radio last year that on the last day, everyone was on the Yarra having fun and drinking." (Leah)

"I did HSC out of masochism. I like chaining myself to a desk." (Lisa B.)

"Is that a trick question?" (Anon)

"Is that a real question?" (Anon)



MY MIND

An intricate design,
A perplexing puzzle of colours,
A mesh of unanswered questions
With jagged edges that grind and grate
Against my sanity.

Suzanne Neale 12B

YEAR 12 ORIENTATION CAMP – 1985

Friday the 15th of February came at last. On this day our journey began. This orientation camp was designed for the HSC students to develop a better understanding of the theme: "Study Techniques and How to Cope with Stress".

Two buses awaited us at the gates of Camberwell High School. About 100 students and a few teachers boarded the bus. We departed from C.H.S. at 4 p.m. and arrived at our destination at Lady Northcote camp, Bacchus Marsh at 5.15 p.m. We unpacked enthusiastically and tried to settle into the new environment. Each lodge had a kitchen, two bathrooms and lounge-room and housed about twelve students and one teacher. The recreational facilities included a swimming-pool, table tennis and tennis courts. Dinner was served at 6.00 p.m. and then from 8.30 till 10.00 p.m., we saw the film *Chariots of Fire*, which was very inspiring – that night, about twenty students decided to go for a run. At 11.30 p.m., the lights went out.

On Saturday the 16th after breakfast, Mrs. B. McIntyre from the Clinical and Services Division spoke to us about ways of coping with the crises of a typical HSC Student. It was very interesting and beneficial. A group discussion followed after that, then a barbeque lunch. After lunch, Ms. K. Locke from the Careers Centre at Latrobe talked to us about HSC options. After dinner, Dr. R. Young from Latrobe University gave us a lecture on the English theme, "Commitment". Then followed a film called *The Chosen*.

Sunday the 16th came, our last day. At 9.30 a.m. Dr. Peter Sharpe lectured us on study techniques which was followed by group discussions and then lunch. At 1.30 p.m., we headed towards the lodge to pack and tidy up. We boarded the buses at 3.00 p.m. and arrived back at C.H.S. at 4.15 p.m. to go our separate ways.

We would all like to thank the people who came out to give us these lectures and talks and we would especially like to thank Mrs. Nagel who made all the arrangements for the camp and also Mrs. Devine, Mr. Page, Mr. Frost and all the other teachers who were present. I'd like to add that it was a remarkable and unforgettable camp for many of us.

Asimina Kamfonas 12D

SONANCE

I want to be alone.
In silence.

Senses stagnant
Clogged and permeated
With words.

Always talking,
Talking, talking;
Never listening.
Everything yet nothing to hear.

"DON'T IGNORE ME! I'm only telling you
because I love you ..."
Yes Mum, I love you too.
Whatever happened to simple communication!
Senses speak.

Touching one another,
Can you feel my love
Passing from my fingertips
Across the smooth skin of your face
Seeking ... warmth?

The television swell – bursts
Pounds upon my back,
As Rocky III downs his final opponent;
The crack of breaking jaw ricocheting through my mind.

Silence – not hermitude.
I simply seek alternative expression,
Silence please, not exile.
Think.

Jessica Marks 12D

LUNCHBREACK: 12.45-1.35

Have you ever experienced a dull and monotonous lunch-hour? Well, you cannot be a student at Camberwell High School. Here, in the heart of Camberwell, C.H.S. offers lunchtime activities to suit every student.

If your prime concern is food you have two choices – the overcrowded school canteen, or the forbidden milkbar. Our school canteen provides delicacies ranging from the traditional 'jam doughnut' to the healthy apple. For the surreptitious eater a stroll through the park allows you to indulge.

However, if you're the active type, our P.E. teacher is the man for you. He will direct you to your favourite sport. Team games make use of every square metre within the school grounds. For excitement and a thrill, try our adventure playground where you encounter perilous heights and a jungle of ropes. Feeling inclined to something a little "hip" – then jive along to the current top hits at our new aerobics club.

Tania Morgan 12C

Last October, I was very fortunate in that I had the opportunity to experience working on a television programme. It was a mini-series which involved six months' work. There were six other young people ranging from twelve to sixteen among the cast. During the six months, we all became very close to one another and to the other members of the cast and crew. We were like one big family. Once the making of the show was over, we were all very sad, knowing that we would probably never see some of the people ever again ... because of this, I wrote a poem which is very dear to me.

It seems no time since we all started out
With dreams of what we could be;
So short it seems now the end is here
And we're faced with reality.

A drop in the ocean, six months of our lives,
Good memories that will last,
The companions we met, the fun-times we had;
Reminders of the past.

It taught us so much and allowed us to grow,
To change and move on as we may.
The good and bad times made it what it was
And we wish they could always stay.

Day by day we worked and grew
And found a friend in everyone;
Friends that we loved, but hadn't even known
When we'd only just begun.

The hours passed by, so quickly it seemed
But the end was so far away;
The days were many, but now so few –
Fading, though hard we may pray.

Now this is the end, the end of the show.
The camera has stopped rolling for good,
But good friends are forever and so are the memories,
Which live on as we hoped they would.



Kylie Minogue 12B

Music lovers also pursue their talents by attending numerous rehearsals for our renowned musical productions. This year it was "Anything Goes". If you'd rather compete, just mention a word to one of our captains and they'll "zap you in" in a flash. Before you can eat your lunch, you'll be starring in the school chorals.

For something completely different but just as challenging we have a computers club. The high tech. enthusiasts spend entire lunchtimes with square eyes locked onto fluorescent screen and fingers skipping across the keyboard, lost in a world of 'gosubs', 'inputs', 'chips' and 'floppies'.

Don't tell me – you're one of those irksome smokers. Well I heard a rumour that the best place is the back of the oval. There, presumably camouflaged by the tall, shady trees groups of smokers congregate. Meanwhile, games on the neatly trimmed oval provide a wonderful source of entertainment if you enjoy lazing in the sun and working at nothing except a tan.

Julian Rose 12C



My experience as an exchange student was a time that I'll never forget for the rest of my life. It will always be a highlight of my life.

Before this experience I had been overseas with my family, but this was the first time I had been so far away from my family and friends for such a long period of time. The experience was a big challenge for me. I had to forget about all my family and friends in Australia and only worry about making some new friends in my host country, Japan. I was also faced with the challenge of relating to my host-family as I would have to my own family. However, I did realise that my host-parents were in the same position, or perhaps it was even more difficult for them. They had never had a child before. They were to be parents for the first time in their lives at the ages of 48 and 50. An even greater difficulty for them was that they had to try to understand my differences in background, in culture and beliefs.

I feel proud of my host-parents. Throughout the entire year we had an extremely warm family unit. After living with them in Japan for a year, I now love my host family as I do my own family.

Undoubtedly, the most difficult part of my stay in Japan was in adjusting to the differences between the Japanese school system and the Australian system. My school seemed incredibly strict to me. At the school, teachers used physical violence to control their classes.

An example of this was when we had a class of Judo. We had to stay in the push-up position for twenty minutes and if we didn't, the teacher would hit the students on their heads with a kendo stick. This was extremely difficult for me after being at a progressive school in Australia for almost ten years. At this school, not only was there no physical violence, but there was no pressure to work to set goals. However, I eventually became used to the school system and it no longer bothered me any more. I was an exchange student at the school, so I acknowledged that I would have to put up with it, whether I liked it or not.

By the end of the year, I had accepted the school to such a degree that I would be pleased to remain at the same school because the teaching was of an excellent standard, student behaviour was good, and at all times there was a good working atmosphere.

Learning the language of a foreign country whilst staying in the country as an exchange student is only a very small part of being an exchange student. Originally, I believed that being able to speak Japanese would be the most important aspect of my stay in Japan. However, this was not so. I discovered that reaching an understanding of the Japanese culture was by far the most important aspect, although communication was also relatively important.

My stay in Japan helped me in many ways, but perhaps most importantly it gave me a better understanding of myself, my capabilities and my capacity to be independent. Now that I am back in Australia I consider Japan to be another home country.

16 September 1985

KATHY SMITH 9G:



At Cardiff, the flat we are renting is very small and expensive. Most of the accommodation is only for twelve months lease, so we were lucky. The flat is about 100 metres from the shops and a fifteen-minutes walk from the town centre. Houses are nothing like the ones in Australia; they are built in a semi-detached Victorian style. Even as you get into the outer suburbs, they are still like the ones in the inner suburbs.

I have now been going to school for two weeks. It is about a fifteen-minute walk from where we live. The uniform is black. Girls wear a black V-neck jumper, white shirt, a black skirt and black shoes. It is nothing like Camberwell High's uniform! The subjects I am doing are English, Maths, Biology, Geography, History, C.D.T., Phys., Ed., French, Art, General Studies and World Studies. I am in form 4 which is the equivalent of year 10. It is the first year of the "O" Levels. I didn't enjoy the first week of school. I wore my C.H.S. uniform and got called "Boomerang" and "Frog", and people kept asking me to say things so they could hear my accent. Say hello to the class for me.



Antje Dreiling 11C

I didn't know what to expect when I came to school the first day. I knew nothing about the Australian school system; the only thing I knew was that I would have to wear a school uniform. But I soon found out that there are really many differences to my school in Germany.

First of all, there was of course, the uniform. I wasn't especially looking forward to wearing one, and I couldn't say I particularly liked the style, but I consoled myself with the thought that everybody would have to wear one. In fact, I was quite glad I wore a uniform because nobody could tell straight away that I was new and strange.

I also felt that I would now be able to talk to anyone because everybody just seemed to be rushing from one class to another. I wasn't used to that, because in Germany our class is together in every subject. Here, I see different people almost every period.

THOUGHTS ON "ANYTHING GOES"

Cast Members Interviewed:

Adam Cunningham – Billy Crocker

Kate Gardner – Reno Lagrange

Susannah Duncan – Hope Harcourt

Alex Green – Sir Evelyn Oakleigh

Trevor Crabtree – Moonface Martin alias the Reverend D. Moon

Kirrily Staples – Bonnie LeTour

Did you enjoy being part of the cast?

Adam – Yes, I did.

Susannah – Generally, yes.

Alex – Yes, it was a most fulfilling and rewarding experience.

Trevor – Yes, I enjoyed it immensely.

Kate – Yes, most of the time.

Kirrily – Yes, the people in the cast were really good.

Was it hard to learn your part?

Adam – No, I enjoyed it because it was an interesting part. I liked the part of Billy because he was a flirt.

Susannah – No.

Alex – No, because I'm already an English twit.

Trevor – Yes, it was because the part I portrayed contained two personalities – a gangster and a priest.

Kate – Not really.

Kirrily – It wasn't too hard.

Was the end result worth the time and effort you put into it?

Adam – I think the amount of work put in by everyone was enough to make it a success.

Susannah – Yes, it was but I didn't think it would work at first.

Alex – It required a great deal of time and since I didn't plan my time, my schoolwork suffered a bit.

Trevor – Yeah.

Kate – Yes.

Kirrily – Overall, the musical was 3 months of great fun and the end result was good.

What were your feelings while you were on stage? Were you nervous?

Adam – No, once I was on stage it was great, but waiting off stage was hell.

Susannah – I would just block out the rest of the world and become Hope Harcourt.

Alex – I didn't have time for feeling on stage because I was concentrating on what was happening.

Trevor – I really didn't have any feelings on stage because I was dead! Mainly because I was sick during the week of the performances.

Kate – No, I wasn't, surprisingly enough; but on the night I was sick and it was an effort to get through it.

Kirrily – I felt relief when I had finished my lines, but acting in front of an audience was fun.

All cast members wish to say a big "THANK YOU" to Miss Mitchell and Mr. Frost, as well as the following people:

Mr. Ansett, Miss Baldwin, Miss Bennie, Mrs. Berry, Mr. Brooks, Mr. Caddy, Mrs. Casey, Mr. Coram, Mr. Dwight, Mrs. Evans, Mrs. Gaffney, Mrs. Galtress, Mrs. Gill, Miss Hamilton, Mr. Harrop, Mrs. Kershaw, Mr. Liggins, Mrs. Littlewood, Mrs. Ross, Mr. Ryan, Mrs. Sloan, Mr. & Mrs. Staples, Miss Stewart, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Thompson, Miss Trenchard-Smith, Mr. Walker and Mr. West.



CAST
AND
BAND



Do you think the musical came off well?

Adam – For the people involved in it, it was a great success. For the audience, I can't tell.

Susannah – Without a doubt.

Alex – Yes and no, I wasn't too sure of how it went across to the audience but I was satisfied with all performances given.

Trevor – Yes, I think the result was thoroughly enjoyable for me personally and I'm sure that everyone who participated enjoyed it a lot.

Kate – Yes, definitely.

Kirrily – Yes, if the audience and the cast enjoyed themselves then it came off well.

**Interviewers: Dan O'Grady 9G
Paul Newton 9H**

MUSIC REPORT

Jurgen Tauchert 9H

"This year's band has a true feeling of working as a group", said Mr. Ryan when I interviewed him about the band. I agreed with this statement because—as a member of it I have sensed the power of being a team. Mr. Ryan also went on to say that he would like to congratulate the year 7 elective band—which involves a large number of year 7's on a very good year of playing and he is looking forward to a high standard of playing from then later on.

The band has been involved in many activities this year so I will only write about some of them.

Definitely the most important event for the band would have been the 1985 Music Camp. This camp is held at Monbulk every year at the Fellowship Centre. The idea is to spend most of the time practising and in between practices, to take advantage of the many activities the centre has to offer. This year's camp went well with a full first day followed by a peaceful night of people screaming and yelling at each other to keep quiet. In the morning, we had a gruelling two and a half-hour practice. Then it was back home for a well needed rest.

The South Street Competition is one of my favourites; it is held in Ballarat and is only for the best bands. Since we had to stay from about 6 p.m. to 12 midnight, it was necessary to have Dinner at none other than McDonalds. After we gormandised, we were rounded back onto the bus we had come up in and taken to the hall where we were to play. This was a very successful night. Mr. Brookes, our conductor, helped us reach a score of 73 out of 100.

The show day performance at the Royal Melbourne Show was very entertaining. The V.S.M.A. concert was very good as well. This competition involves bands from all over the state.

It was a cold night at Balwyn High; it was so cold everyone had to stay inside. What were we doing there, you may ask? The answer is, waiting for billets. What is a billet? It is hospitality offered to people so that they don't have to stay in hotels. Our guests came from Lumera High in NSW. Each family from our band had one or two people from Lumera stay at their house for a few days for a concert at Dallas Brookes Hall.

The Dallas Brookes Hall concert for the Australian Music Directors Association was a most important one. Many hours of work was needed by the combined Balwyn and Camberwell band to do well in it. At ten we finished our performance we received a plaque to thank us on our good playing.

Finally, I would like to thank Mr. Brookes and Mr. West for conducting the band, and especially Mr. Ryan for organising the band's trip this year.

THE BAND – MUSIC CAMP 1985

Ahhhhh, the nights! The air was alive with the smell of incense and coloured sparklers crackled in time to classical music (Mrs. Gunn's). The intercom between the rooms of the older students blared constantly and the year eleven girls cackled (sang?) in their huts. Sentinel Ryan waged a constant battle in the cold night air watching the doors for unsuspecting escapees and a friendly P and P (poker and pool) game started between Mr. Brookes, Mr. West, Sarah D., Bernie S., Ross W. and Julie S. while Mrs. Gunn kept time with the classics. Then Mr. Brookes let his bombshell drop!!!

Julie Savage 12B

C.H.S. ENRICHMENT UNIT PROGRAMME

Peter Imison 7T

The enrichment courses supplied by The Gifted Children's Task Force are a great boost to the students who would like to further their education in subjects of particular interest. All the courses are held in school-time, usually periods 5 and 6. The students involved had to catch up on lost work. I would recommend the courses to all students.

ARCHITECTURE

Brett Gullan 10C

The six sessions I spent at the architecture enrichment unit were thoroughly enjoyable. Tea, coffee, and biscuits flowed freely, and there was a generally relaxed and comfortable atmosphere.

Our newly-acquired knowledge was put to good use in the planning of a house and other buildings. Overall, it was time well spent, and a worthwhile experience.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

Rachel Young 11A

Alice Matthiesson and myself attended an enrichment unit on the English language which was available for Year 11 students, and was held at Richmond High. We found it extremely informative and interesting.

Our teacher, Mr. Carroll, made our six afternoons well worthwhile. In this unit, we traced the development of many of our modern-day words, and their connection with other countries and various "invasions".

The enrichment unit scheme provides a good opportunity to extend educational interests.

GEOLOGY

Dany Brinsmead 9G

I took the Geology enrichment unit for general interest and to help me in Earth Science – an elective I had at school.

It went over six weeks and covered areas from fossils to rock formation. It was a friendly atmosphere and a lot was learnt. It gave us all a basis in geology which should be useful in the future.

I had never taken on an enrichment unit before and didn't quite know what to expect, but I enjoyed what I found; in six weeks I learnt a lot about Geology and what it means.

There were approximately eight in the group plus the teacher, Mr. Liggins, and I know I speak for everyone when I say it was a great experience and great fun.



CHS LIBRARY

During 1985, members of the Library Committee have involved themselves in many tasks. Their greatest achievement was to have been the CHS Market. Students prepared old books, magazines, obsolete and broken equipment but, alas, the weather failed, so the Market was a wash-out! However, we did collect \$145 towards school funds.

Some of the members are shown in the photographs. Can you spot one you know from these names?

Emma Binks, Kylie Black, Alistair Bond, Shannon Briggs, Alison Duncan, Francoise Guerin, Malcolm Gunn, Pauline Harris, Kar Seon Loke, Lawrence Miller, Brendon Mather, Alistair Mills, Angela Mortyn, Lisa Nankervis, Andrew Newcombe, Roger Paull, Lisa Phillips, Corinne Proske, Sage Presser, Shandana Sadiqzai, Georgie Savage, Lisa Scholes, Arthur Skliris, Jim Sotiropoulos, Kathryn Thompson, Christina Visapaa.

Students at work:
Stamping
new books.



Covering
books.

Numbering
books.

Perusing
new books.

Advising
libraries
of suitable
books to
order.



Checking
shelves.

Discussing
use of
library and
its resources.

PROSPICE COMPUTER EDUCATION AT C.H.S.

Mr. David Page

Computer Education at C.H.S. is still in its early stages of development. This is primarily due to a lack of space for the computing resources which in turn restricts the number of computing units which can be accommodated. Despite these restrictions, the resources have been used extensively in the following areas during 1985.

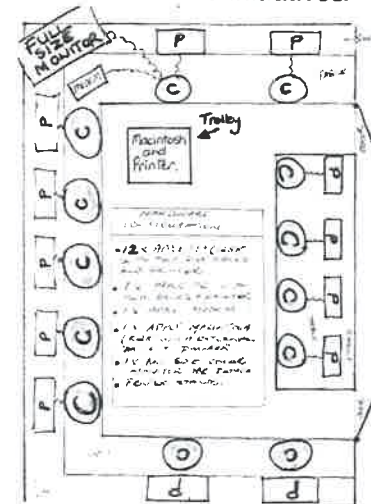
Typing and Communications (9-11)

Computer Awareness (10) and

Accounting (11).

Further use has been made of the equipment by ESL, Geography and also by the school's Administration. The school's House System records, student records, subject blockings, class lists and financial reports have utilised the computer resources.

At the time of writing (10/85) it is planned to establish a computer resource centre in the Old Art Storeroom for 1986. This has been made possible by the generous help of the Greek Parents Association who will finance the reconstruction of this room. The school will then finance the additional computing resources necessary to facilitate the school. 1986 students should benefit from these initiatives.



SOCIAL SERVICES 1985

Mr. Peter Frost,

C.H.S. students have again proved they care for those less fortunate than themselves. This year, through projects like the Easter Egg Drive, Casual Days and Car-Washing; we have supported our foster children in Indonesia, Odyssey House, World Vision, State Schools' Relief, the Victorian Association of Deserted Children and various other good causes.

The students raised over \$2300 for the Victorian Association for Deserted Children alone, with ten students each raising more than \$100.

Well done and on behalf of the thousands you have helped through your efforts: thank you.

NEW REPORTS AT C.H.S.

Ben Epstein 9H

At the end of second term the school was introduced to a new report format. The report took the shape of a chequebook with a green cover, featuring the C.H.S. logo and the name and form of the students. In the inside cover, there is an explanation of ratings. The reports themselves contain much more information than those of previous years, each subject taking up one page. One much needed aspect was an indication as to whether parent interviews were needed. The back inside cover included a Parent reply slip and general comments from Year Co-ordinator or Principal. The days late and times late were also included.

The new report offered much more space for comments from teachers, and Parents could assess their child's progress. The report made it easier for teachers to do reports; when previously they had to sit down with other teachers of a student, they can now take home a pad of pages to fill in. This system saves time in collation and there is less chance of missing reports. The inclusion of a parent-reply slip made sure that reports were taken home and gave opportunity for parents to comment.

The parents' reaction has been favourable and the report has been used again in third term. At the end of this year an assessment will be made of the new report.

THAT'S LUCKY!
THESE NEW REPORTS
ARE EASIER TO
DIGEST



"HARD TIMES"

**CAMBERWELL
HIGH
SCHOOL**

OUTDOOR EDUCATION: 1985

**Kate Dujela 9H
and Lisa Scholes 9G**

Calling everyone out there in the boring world of books, classrooms and starched uniforms. Discover the thrill of wrestling with alligators, climbing sheer rock-faces and rafting down treacherous rivers. Learn the skills of surviving in the wilderness of a South American rainforest, climbing Mt. Everest and riding pure-bred Arabian horses across the wind-blown sands of the Sahara Desert!! Well, not quite, but you can do Outdoor Education with Mrs. Darby. You can canoe the Yarra, go skiing on the slopes of Lake Mountain or go bushwalking in the Cathedral Ranges. You can also learn how to survive in the snow, water safety and basic first aid or alternatively, do lots of theory and many enjoyable assignments.

This year's Year 9 and 10 Outdoor Education classes have been, to say the least, full of activities. Some new, some familiar and a wide coverage of survival in the outdoors.

Our thanks to Mrs. Darby for a most enjoyable and fulfilling elective.

NAME: Steven Spencer

CLASS: 9J

SCHOOL REPORT

SUBJECT	TEACHER'S COMMENT	SUBJECT	TEACHER'S COMMENT
Maths	I don't know what makes Steven so stupid but whatever it is, it works.	History	Steven has a good memory for dates, only he can't remember what happened on those dates.
English	His essays are bad in only three places—the beginning, the middle and the end.	Music	When Steven plays the recorder, everyone dies; but his singing is improving. Now people only put cotton wool in one ear.
Geography	He and his friend never get less than 98% in exams – his friend gets 90% and Steven gets 8%.	Art	Steven suffers from 'Art failure' – he ought to have a transplant.
French	Steven is the smartest boy in the class. The only trouble is, he's the only boy in the class.	P.E.	We call Steven 'Daisy'. Some days'e runs and some days'e doesn't.
Biology	Good news. Steven has been awarded a place in medical school, but they don't want him while he is still alive.	Woodwork	The things Steven has made in Woodwork are good for one thing only – BURNING.
Chemistry	Steven has done very well this term. He has only blown up two laboratories.	Geology	Steven is a very helpful and co-operative student. Every time we talk about rocks we have a close look at his head.
Form Teacher:	Steven knows all the answers. It's just the questions that confuse him.		

I. Thumpem

Year Co-ordinator: Steven is so stupid he even sits at the back of the bus because he thinks he gets a longer ride.



THE SPORTING TRADITION



SCHOOL FIRST XI

Do we have a sporting tradition at Camberwell? Yes, and the present student population is probably more keenly aware of their role in the sporting history of the school than past groups.

They have built on past achievements and developed new areas of excellence to further enhance the traditions and history of their school.

The house system is seen by all students as a worthwhile one and they have made it colourful and competitive, with a widening range of activities added to the traditional major sporting and choral events.

It has not been a reactionary movement, rather one of progression and increased involvement. Students have taken pride in winning new events; like our Whitehorse Group victory at swimming – the first time for Camberwell – and that will now be a part of our tradition.

Camberwell has continued to improve on the past, in hockey, badminton, girls' cricket, athletics, and if the talent and enthusiasm are encouraged, we will be adding soccer, squash, tennis and baseball to that list.

The outstanding successes of 1985 have been well documented in "Contact", and our school community is now very aware of the quality of our achievements. This year, while we examine tradition, look also to the future; a future based ultimately on individual effort and commitment.

Sporting Personalities 1985

Miriam Adams – Netball/Coaching/Athletics – thanks Miriam.
 Georgina Adamson – Tennis/Netball/Athletics – good on ya! George.
 James Anderson – 5th in the National Schools Golf – anyone to caddy?
 Rhett Ashby – demonic footballer.
 Adrian Barrett – swims, kicks, "wrestles".
 Conrad Bassett – Swimming/Football/Athletics/Cricket – a top effort.
 Zjelko Basic – he gave of his time and we all thank him.
 Nicholas Beardsley & Richard Beardsley – they have starred as swimmers, baseballers, cricketers, athletes and have given, and we thank you both. Good luck.
 James Beeson – School Sports Captain/Caltex Award Winner – a magnificent contribution.
 Justin Benson – says he is an underrated full forward.
 Darren Bingley – golf/football/1500m.
 Tim Bond – spear chucker.
 Nicole Bowe – all rounder and coached.
 Nicky Brinsmead – netballer.
 Kerrie Brooks – a "star" of our All High Cricket Team.
 Imants Bruus – basketballer/skier.
 Richard Callaghan – one of the star all-rounders. Swimming/Athletes/Cricket/Hockey/State Hockey/Football – tremendous Richard.
 David Campbell – Swimmer.
 Adam Chen – Captain of Cricket/Badminton.
 John Chow – Basketball/Athletics.
 Byron Crofton – State U17 Rugby Team.
 Jonathan Davies – up and coming swimmer.
 Brad Dickson – hockey umpire – thanks.
 David Dickson – State hockey/All High hockey.
 Sarah Dugdale – All High Cricket/House Captain.
 Felicity Duncombe – one of the star all-rounders. 5 teams and "Flea" coaches juniors.
 Scott Edgar – Tennis/Squash.
 Angela Edwards – Outstanding swimmer and one of the stars of the "big" win.
 Jacqui England – another "fish".
 The Evans Family – Andrew, Jackie, Robert, Stuart – they dive, play hockey, swim, run, throw, bat, bowl, and play badminton.
 Rodney & Simon Glance – tennis at Eastern Zone.
 Ben Glover – Cricket.
 Mahyar Goodarz – Nationally ranked tennis junior.
 Alex Green – top swimmer, Captain of the winning team.
 Daniel Geurin – an outstanding athlete.
 Ilona Hansen – School Sports Captain. Thank you for your outstanding contribution.
 Sandra Harbor – outstanding athlete and swimmer.
 Con Hatzikostos – Soccer Captain at Eastern Zone.
 Cameron Hodges – Athlete.
 Elizabeth Hoyer – talented all-rounder and one of the seniors who coach juniors.
 Christy & Kieran Kilmartin – both hockey champions. Kieran was Intermediate Captain.
 Peter Langtry – a badminton star.

Tsaelan Lee Dow – swimmer and 1986 Sports Captain.
 Travis Longmuir – tennis, swims, hockey, cross-country athletics – a “new” champ.
 Jessica MacLeod – another year 7 who is destined to be a school star.
 Adrian Manger – madcap hockey star.
 Janet Matheson – proving she is among the elite group of all-rounders.
 Fiona McDonald – six years of outstanding sporting service.
 Mark Micic – he has given basketball a high profile.
 Tom Mills – tennis is his game and he has “rallied” to the cause.
 Rodney Missen – another “fish”.
 Chris Mizzi – hockey star.
 Leah Mullerworth – Swimming Captain.
 Lisa Phillips – Swimmer/Gymnast.
 Rolf Preston – Soccer, athletics, skier.
 Kelly Ratcliffe – netball, cricket, softball.
 Arieta Reeh – swims, runs, throws, fences, poses, a school champion.
 Ross Family – they run, swim, hit, dance, and give their all.

Alex Rusmir – Cricket, soccer.
 Julie Savage – House Captain, Cricket, State Cricket, Hockey. A champion.
 Heather Savage – Swimming, Hockey, Athletics, National Cross Country 1985.
 Ian Savenk – Basketball and coached the girls teams.
 Darren Stewart – swimmer, footballer, athlete.
 Rohan Tennakoon – Cricket, basketball, athletics, one of the outstanding all-rounders.
 Jim Uren – Cricket, Badminton, Captain and the foundation of the sport in the school.
 Edwin Van der Graaf – Sports Captain in 1986. Founder of the Squash Club.
 Jim Vassos – Football, Athletics All High. A senior champion.
 Sourisak Vilay – Swimming, Cricket, Athletics, Football. A junior champion.
 David Watson – Hockey, starred at Zone and Group.
 Kylie Wistanley – the major contributor to the House System in 1985.
 Anthony Wright – a dashing hockey winger.
 Rachel Young – another fine hockey player.
 A.N. Other – to you all, congratulations on an outstanding year.

Go Benson!



Heather Savage: State Cross Country Team



Andrew and Mark: Yr. 12 Basketball Stars



Three Happy Supporters



HOUSE SWIMMING SPORTS 1985

Peter Skliris 12A

Wednesday 27 February was the official day of the swimming sports, but where would we be without Melbourne's unpredictable weather? Unfortunately for the enthusiastic students this day was plagued by heavy rainfall which caused the unfortunate postponement of the sports.

After a week of frustrations, the swimming sports were finally held on Thursday 7 March. And what a memorable day it was! By 8.30, the aroma of coloured hairspray and shaving-cream was definitely present in the school grounds. The day was colourful with yellow, red, green and blue ribbons, streamers, t-shirts, balloons and umbrellas – all brought to the school by students just for this special day of the year.

After three anxious periods behind wooden desks doing school work, all the students were escorted to the Camberwell Pool, where the house captains assembled their members in specific areas around the pool.

For the first time this year, there were cheer squads organised by the house captains to add to the competitive and exciting atmosphere. Houses were awarded points for decorating their area. Congratulations must go to Montgomery for winning this section.

From the first race through to the presentation of the shield, there was not a moment of peace and quiet. Cheers of excitement and enthusiasm could be heard for miles around as the determined students representing their houses competed against each other.

The over-excited spectators surrounding the pool, continually urged on the competitors who were putting on a great performance. Some fantastic individual performances were achieved by C. Herman (year 7), C. Strathdee (year 8), E. Binks (year 7), J. England (year 8), A. Edwards (year 11) and R. Gowan (year 12).

When all the events came to an end, our principal, Mr. Collins, proudly presented the shield to the house captains of Montgomery who had shrugged off all the opposition to illustriously win this year's House Swimming Sports.

All students, whether they were spectators or competitors, must be given credit for making this day what it was. For the competitors, weeks of training was put to good use and for the spectators, the effort which they put into their decorations was much appreciated. It was a sports day which we'll always remember.



Bennie's Babies Grown Bigger



Jim Vassors: All High Open 100M



**Montgomery:
Winning House
1985
(thanks to Kylie and
Jamaal)**



Andrew O'Grady 12D

ART

Art is emotion,
As deep as the ocean.
But where does the truth of it lie?

It lies in your heart,
An indelible start,
Beginning inside your brain.

A thought in the making,
A dream not forsaken,
The craft has already begun.

It revolves in emotion,
The art is devotion,
The result is the trophy that's won.

Britt Le Vin 9H



Rachel Young 11A

CLASSIC COMMENTS



This priceless collection has been lovingly put together by Silas Aiton and Simon Glance. The collectors wish to thank all contributors

(more on page 39)



Kate O'Sullivan 7R



Robert Johnson 11D

"MY MEAN MOTHER"

I had the meanest Mother in the world. While other kids had lollies for breakfast, I had to eat cereal, egg and toast. While other kids had cans of drinks and lollies for lunch, I had to have a sandwich. As you can guess, my dinner was different from other kids too... as well as the food, we had to eat at a table and not in front of the television. My Mother also insisted on knowing where we were at all times. She had to know who our friends were, where we were going, and even told us what time we had to be home! You'd think we were on a chain gang or something.

I am ashamed to admit it, but Mother had the nerve to break child labour laws. She made us work. We had to wash dishes, make our beds and even learn how to cook! That woman must have stayed awake at nights just thinking up things for us kids to do. She always insisted that we tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

Student Howlers (with thanks to the History Department)

... bulk aeons ago, in the middle ages ...

Chiang Kai-shek was very much a family man as he was married four times.

People began to look to the emperor as a sauce for improvement..

All dictators are not the same; each one has a different means of dictation.

An overseer is someone who comes from overseas.

Death was all around him, but it was his duty to cure it if possible.

Question: Name a right-wing general who ruled Spain after the civil war (1936-1938)?

Answer: Franco Cotzo

Question: What is the Chinese term describing respect for one's parents and ancestors? .

Answer: Virile piety (instead of filial piety)

By the time we were teenagers, our whole life became more unbearable. No tooting the car horn for the girls in our family to come running. She embarrassed us by insisting that the boys come to the door to get us. I forgot to mention that most of our friends were allowed to date at the mature age of 12 and 13. Our old-fashioned Mother refused to let us date before we were at least 15. She really raised a bunch of squares. None of us kids were ever arrested for shoplifting or busted for dope.

And whom do we have to thank for this?

You're right ... our mean Mother!

From a "Canteen Mum"

C.H.S. STAFF AT WORK AND AT . . .

Cold Comfort

"It is when the gods hate a man with uncommon abhorrence that they drive him into the profession of schoolmaster." *Seneca (Roman Satirist, 4BC-65AD)*



Mr. Beam: O.K., cut the chatter.



Mr. Carter: Not waking you am I??



Mrs. Goldberg: Watch more television!



Mrs. Gaffney: Why can't you WHISPER?



Mr. Dennis: Do I have you?



Mr. Harris: Where are your shoes?



Mr. Moyas's Special Corner

MM: You only wear glasses to make a spectacle of yourself.

Student: X (a certain historical figure) was illegitimate.

MM: So was I, until I learned to read.

MM on behaviour: You lack DECORUM... that's got nothing to do with our deputy principal.

Mr. Walker: O.K., let's make a start.

Mr. Anderson: Move it, Turkey. (See inside back cover)



Mrs. Kershaw: La guillotine pour toi!



Mr. Caddy: Now look, fellas...



Mr. Coram: It's just not on.



Mrs. Littlewood: You're in big trouble, mate (followed by a strange laugh).



Mrs. Devine: Boys will be boys.



Mrs. Haberler: Auf Englisch!



CHS STAFF 1985

PRINCIPAL:

DEPUTY PRINCIPAL:

Mr. B. ANDERSON
Mr. I. BAKER
Miss B. BALDWIN
Mrs. J. BARKER
Mr. M. BEAM
Miss F. BENNIE
Mrs. J. BERRY
Mrs. D. BURGESS
Mr. M. CADDY
Mr. M. CARTER
Mrs. J. CASEY
Mr. G. CRONK
Mrs. N. DARBY
Miss E. DELLOS
Mr. G. DENNIS
Mrs. B. DEVINE
Dr. L. DIXON
Mr. R. DOBRON
Mr. C. ELLINGFORD
Mrs. H. EVANS
Mrs. U. FISHER
Mr. P. FROST
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