

Peter Allen	Philip Allen	Rosemary Allen	Susan Allen	Gordon Allison	Roger Amiss	Peter Andrews	Ross Andrews	Margarete Apeltauer	
Christopher Baker	Ross Baker	Meredith Baldwin	Vera Banker	Janice Barker	Ross Barker	Richard Barnes	Donald Barton	Charles Bastecky	
Helene Beilharz	Gregor Bell	Janice Benson	Raymond Benson	Hans Benzing	Pamela Billington	Sally Birch	Ken Blacker	Odette Bloch	
Neil Bouvier	Gladys Bow	Joyce Bow	Peter Bow	Patricia Bowe	Fiona Boyd	John Boyd	Leanne Boyd	Philip Bradin	Graham Bradtke
Andrew Brookes	Duncan Brookes							Alan Brown	Andrew Brown
Alison Buchanan	Jocelyn Budge							Timothy Budge	Anna Burgess
Ian Cameron	Ailsa Campbell							Marilyn Campbell	Garry Candy
Siew Sen Chan	Barry Chapman							Methth Charzonsub	Kien Chong Chin
Neil Coker	Douglas Coldham							Geoffrey Coleman	Linda Connor
Haden Corser	Andrew Cotton							Timothy Cottrell	Tony Coulepis
Noelene Crompton	Debra Curtain							Paul Dakis	Jennifer Danielson
Linda Degenhardt	Lynette Deller							David Dempsey	Simon Derrick
Julie Douglas	Michelle Dreyfus							Linda Driver	Gunda Druva
Bruce Edwards	Julie Egan							Maria Eisrich	Anthony Elliott
Thomas Evans	Andrew Ewart	Donald Ewart	Susan Ewart	Ingrida Fabinski	Ian Fagernes	Ian Faithfull	Fiona Farley	Rosemary Farrands	
Shane Field	Martha Fincham	Ann Fisher	Anne Fleming	Annette Fordham	Allan Foscett	Robyn Foster-Johnson	Wayne Foster-Johnson		
Nanette Gardner	Winifred Gardner	Jennifer Gavin	Robert Gavin	Michael Gazdowicz	Barry George	Susan Gerdak	Danny Gibson		
Yeok Beng Goh	Jennifer Gold	Myra Gold	Lynn Goodall	Cynthia Gordon	Margaret Gordon	Nereda Gordon	Michael Gornalle	Gayle Gregory	
Victoria Hancock	Phillip Hankin	David Harney	Theresa Harney	Victor Harney	Anne Harper	David Harris	William Harris	Nola Hart	
Paula Henriksen	Pamela Hepburn	Paul Hepburn	Janet Hider-Smith	Susan Higgins	Ronald Hill	Rosemary Hitch	Karen Hitchen		
Catherine Horn	Clare Horwood	Joseph Hough	Peter Hough	Wendy Hoult	Helen Houston	Lynette Hughan	Jonathan Hughes	Stephen Hunt	
Mitchell Jeffrey	Christopher Jenkins	Stephen Jenkins	Kim Jensen	Sally Johnson	Douglas Johnson	Neil Johnson	Penelope Johnson		
Anne Keegel	Barbara Kelaart	Colvin Kelaart	Martin Kellock	Ali Kemal	Shawn Kenihan	David Kennedy	Leonie Kenny	Allan Kent	
Susan Kitchin	Janice Kleiman	Julie Kleiman	Rodney Kleiman	Biruta Kliukas	Maria Kliukas	Max Knight	Peter Kolar	Lilian Kowalczewski	
Peter Langford	Andre Latti	Jennifer Laurie-Rhodes	Mei-Lan Law	William Lawrence	Alan Laws	Russell Laws	Chris Leach	Keng Leong Lee	
Jennifer Lobleby	Carolyn Lock	Ruth Lock	Keith Lockitt	Barry Lockwood	Geoffrey Lockwood	Stuart Lodington	Paul Lom	Christopher Long	
Peter McAlpin	Howard McCallum	Stuart McCallum	Ian McCaskie	David McCloskey	Michael McCloskey	Mary McCormack	Scott McDonald		
Robin McKenzie	Margot McKinnon	Julie McKoy	Donald McPherson	Warren Mack	Elizabeth Maddock	John Maddock	James Madigan		
Haydyn Marlow	Julie Marshall	Susan Marshall	Michele Martin	Ian Mason	Jennifer Mason	Philip Masters	Lynda Matthews	Linda May	
John Milic	Maria Millemaci	Alan Miller	Gwendalyn Miller	Russell Miller	Alan Moore	Ian Moore	Marjorie Moore	Robert Moore	
Alexandra Mourikis	Christine Mouser	Janet Mouser	Carolyn Muntz	Allan Murphy	Stephen Nethercote	John Nettleton	Keith Neville		
Andrew Nowak	Bruce Nowak	Robert Nowak	Ken O'Connell	Kelvin O'Donnell	Helena O'Dowd	Thomas O'Dowd	Colin O'Grady		
Jennifer Osmond	Robert Osmond	David Owen	Glenn Owen	Sokrates Panagiotidis	Anita Panettieri	Chris Papigiotis	Nick Pappas		
Andrea Petnehazi	Keith Pfeiffer	Ann Phillips	Jane Phillips	Mary Phillips	Robin Phillips	Mathias Pickett	Grant Pickett	Warren Pickett	
Bronwyn Powell	Gail Powell	Susan Provis	Victor Rabusin	Paul Radda	Bryan Raine	Callum Ramsay	Stephen Ramshaw	Peter Ratten	
Joachim Rempel	Margaret Renton	Robert Renton	Lillian Reschl	Brian Richardson	Ian Richardson	Paul Richardson	Peter Richiardi		
Anne Robertson	Neil Robson	Theodor Rochowicz	Allen Rooney	Eva Rottenanger	Jon Rottman	Jan Rowe	Susan Rowe	James Russell	
Peter Saunders	Andrew Savige	Donald Savige	Robert Savige	Michael Sayers	Rupert Scheer	Eveline Scheltus	David Schetzer		
Philip Siebler	Ian Smales	Gregory Smith	Julie Smith	Lisa Smith	Nicholas Smith	Noel Smith	John Snell	Irene Sochacki	
Gary Staley	Stephen Staley	Akis Stavrou	Rodney Stern	Elizabeth Stevens	Robert Stevens	Charles Stevenson	John Stone	Bruce Strange	
Katherine Taft	Sally Tait	John Tamas	Ian Tantau	Philip Tart	Gerald Taylor	Patrick Taylor	Robert Thomas	Helen Thomopoulos	
Gary Toomey	Bruce Topp	Michelle Torske	Ian Towart	Lynne Towart	Kenneth Trembath	Michael Trigar	Philip Trigar	Ian Trimble	
Martin Utano	Rita Van Den Bronk	Anne Van Dort	Cornel Van Dort	Saxonne Van Dort	Glenys Van Every	Lauris Van Every			
Sheila Walsh	Christine Ward	Lorraine Ward	Rosemary Ward	Jennifer Waters	Linda Waters	Allan Watson	Brian Watson	Barbara Webb	
Ian Westcott	Sandra Wethereld	Douglas White	Christine Whitehead	Bradley Whittle	Gary Whittle	Gregory Whittle	Jane Whyte		
Jillian Willoughby	Peter Wilson	John Winch	Anne Wingfield	Margaret Wingfield	Peter Wingfield	Annete Winthroe	Bryan Winthroe		
Roslyn Young	Ross Young	Garry Caripis	Jane Gross	Glynn Pedersen	Sandra Fogels	Yvonne Den Eeden	Thea Van Den Bronk	Alex Ross	



dedicated to the late Adrian Dunn

PROSPICE 1969*

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

THE QUEST FOR THE SCHOOL MAGAZINE

This year you have an editorial committee which is egotistical and insane. Vainly we wanted control over planning, it was given to us gladly by broadly smiling teachers. We did not know what we were letting ourselves in for.

First came a questionnaire, the results of which were comprehensive but confusing. In fact it was more an illuminating character expose than a lead in our quest for the perfect magazine.

Later in the year, with about two weeks to go, our idealistic clique set about planning. We learnt only one lesson — that Free Speech is not all its cracked up to be.

You were struck by last year's subtle orange cover, a symptom of the student revolt? Well, we've changed this year's too — no doubt you noticed it. If you find the magazine a little confusing to start off with, it may be because we put the articles in 'logical' order. You should be told the blank spaces are spaces and do not reveal student apathy. Furthermore violent criticisms were heaped upon us as we 'viciously' cut sport down from 17 pages to 7. Others who hated formal photographs complained because our photographs were too informal.

Bleary-eyed we emerged at the witching hour from our evening meeting. We'd neglected homework and incurred teacher's wrath. Our ideals were shattered, our lives broken. We had sacrificed ourselves in the quest for Prospice. So if you do not like the magazine, resume the quest next year (no offence to Matric. students intended). We will give you our Excalibur and send you on your way, to come back victorious or return dead on your shield.

Love and kindness,

Ross Barker for the
editorial committee.



Glenda Lucas, Ailsa Campbell, Peter Crichton, Peter Wilson, Adrian Guthrie, Vija Mednis, Paula Henriksen, Lucy Bombaci, Dom Marano, Mrs. D. Moore.



STAFF



Mr. Slattery



Mr. Peter



Miss Milne



Mr. Markham



Miss Rusden



Mr. Kamphausen



Mr. Rickard



Mrs. O. G. Moore



Mrs. D. Moore



Dr. Yuer



Mrs. Tempest



Mr. Stevens



Mr. Harvey



Mr. Schinas



Mr. Robertson



Mr. Bragge

STAFF



Mr. Murdoch



Mr. Selleck



Mrs. Bragg



Mr. McLean



Mrs. Sandford



Mrs. Candela



Mrs. J. Moore



Mr. Hardenberg



Mrs. Dawkins



Mr. Whitcroft



Miss Kaye



Miss Hardingham



Mr. Mills



Miss Croxon



Mrs. Shaw



Mr. Drent

STAFF



Mrs. Trickett



Mr. Trevare



Mrs. Davies



Miss Champion



Mrs. Robinson



Mr. Sullivan



Miss Marshall



Mr. Waugh



Miss Sharpe



Mrs. Edwards



Mr. Pollock



Miss Chambers



Mr. Hannan



Mrs. Nichol

PRINCIPAL'S COLUMN

The School Magazine affords an opportunity for its contributors to report and comment on the outstanding events of the school year.

From my point of view the highlight of the 1969 academic year has been the quickening interest and involvement of staff and pupils in curriculum revision, a broad concept covering aims, structure and organization of courses and new methods of approach. This interest in curriculum revision has been evident for a number of years but it seems to me that more enthusiasm has been generated during the past two years. Members of staff have devoted much time and effort to appraisal of aims, courses and methods, to critical evaluation of changes introduced this year and to planning for next year. Pupils have contributed in their discussions with teachers on the changes as they affect them personally, and the answers given by members of the fifth and sixth forms to the questionnaires have been carefully analysed and summaries presented at staff conferences. Many parents and parent organizations also have contributed helpful comments.

Changes are always interesting: sometimes fleeting and insignificant but often challenging and stimulating. However change for the sake of change leads nowhere. Changes in school courses, methods and organization which affect the present progress and future prospects of some 800 pupils must be purposeful and subject to constant review, evaluation and modification so that a better educational system may evolve. I believe that progress by evolution though conservative is enduring.

ADVISORY COUNCIL

The main topic of interest among people associated with our school, no doubt, would be the new buildings. This has been very much the case with the Advisory Council as there have been problems connected with the new wing, assembly hall and canteen that have had to be resolved. Much progress has been made and we are looking forward to the completion of the work by approximately February next. There is to be an official opening of the hall and it is hoped that this will be an historic event in the life of the school.

It is regretted that the building operations have caused interruption to the normal daily routine, but the benefits that will accrue we trust will offset this inconvenience. Thank you staff and pupils for your co-operation and patience.

R. D. KEY,
President

PARENTS' AND FRIENDS' ASSOCIATION

President: Mr. J. Reeves
Secretary: Mr. E. Newman
Treasurer: Mr. D. Phillips

During 1969 the Association has pursued a varied course of activities in its endeavour to make a worthwhile contribution to the corporate life of the School.

In the formal field significant events were the lecture, "Changes in Curricula" by Mrs. G. Dow, the parents' visit to the Language Laboratory at Monash University and the successful "Careers Night" which was based on the wealth of skills possessed by the members of our own parent body. The Association as usual, was closely identified with the "Parent-Teacher" nights.

Other activities recorded were working bees to contend with repair work at the school and the provision of doormen for the prefect sponsored dances. And it is worthy of note that "Disco" was produced despite earlier forbodings that cost would kill it.

Liaison with the other organizations at the School is good and our relationships most harmonious. This is particularly important at the moment with the building project in progress and in the light of common aims on the matter of school finances generally in Australia.

It also augers well for 1970, when we hope to achieve more in the interests of the School. An ideal start would be for all parents to join the Association. They are assured of a warm welcome.

We thank Mr. Slattery and his staff for their gracious co-operation and also we thank those unsung heroes of the paint brush and screw drivers who attended the working bees. The Annual Meeting in November winds up our year.

ERIC NEWMAN,
Secretary

WOMEN'S AUXILIARY

Members of the Auxiliary have once again had a busy year with fund raising activities, talks and demonstrations. Meetings are held on the 4th Wednesday of each month at the Highfield Road Methodist Church Hall commencing at 1 p.m. Each meeting is followed by either a speaker or demonstrator. Speakers during this year have been Mr. Barker from the Psychology & Guidance Branch, Mr. Alan Matheson who spoke of the necessity of understanding migrants, particularly those from Southern Europe and their difficulties in assimilating in Melbourne. Mrs. Gayton from the National Gallery talked on the architecture of the Art Centre, Mrs. Vander-Valk divulged hints about the finer art of knitting and showed some beautiful examples of knitted garments, also Mrs. Delahoy from Tiffany Home Presentations interested us in showing a range of different types of jewellery, evening bags and watches. One of our meetings was held at the home of Mrs. Druver where we saw some of her beautiful weaving displayed and our knowledge of this art was improved by her informative demonstration.

Fund raising activities this year have included a morning tea, when representatives from the State Electricity Commission gave a cooking demonstration with frypans, a theatre luncheon and film at the Rivoli Theatre, a Jumble Sale, a visit to the Mentone Nyllex factory, a Cider Tasting and Buffet Dinner, and a Market Research Survey. A further source of income comes from the sale of second hand uniforms and new jumpers on sale on the 1st Monday of each month and on the 1st day of each term between 12.40 and 1.40 p.m.

Our direct activities with the School involved the formation of a typing pool to assist staff, and in appreciation of the Staff's help and work we gave a casserole luncheon towards the end of second term. At the end of third term last year we provided tea and coffee to welcome parents of the new 1st and 3rd form students and a luncheon was given to Matriculation Students on their last day of school.

The Auxiliary is most appreciative of the assistance given by Mr. Slattery, Mr. Peter, Miss Milne and the teaching and office staffs.

The President and Committee wish to thank members for their constant support during the year and hope for its continuance at future functions organized to assist the school with which we are proud to be associated.

T. L. M. HENLEY,
Hon. Secretary

CANTEEN

At the time of writing, it is my pleasure to report that the canteen has continued throughout this year to provide the excellent service that was commenced on its inception at the beginning of 1968. This has been achieved by the efficient way our Manageress, Mrs. Campbell, and her voluntary helpers have carried out their duties in such a loyal and capable spirit, and the Committee is grateful and indebted to them. Throughout the year various commodities used in the making of sandwiches, rolls etc., have risen in price, but it has been the policy of the Committee, as far as possible, to absorb these increases. However, these costs are constantly under review, and at some stage, reluctantly, it may be necessary to increase some prices.

In conclusion, appreciation of the Committee is extended to the Principal (Mr. Slattery), Vice Principal (Mr. Peter), Senior Mistress (Miss Milne), members of staff and the students who avail themselves of the service we offer.

The members of the Management Committee are as follows:—

Mr. H. Slattery (Principal)
Mr. R. D. Key (Convener)
Mrs. J. Gordon (Secretary)
Mr. P. Jones (Treasurer)
Mrs. W. Kleiman (Roster Secretary)
Mr. J. Conrad (Auditor)
Mrs. M. Henley
Mrs. M. Pitt
Mrs. W. Webster

J. GORDON,
Secretary

STUDENTS' REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL

At the time of writing this report the S.R.C. had held 12 meetings, at which many suggestions regarding school life and extra-curricular activities were discussed. One of the first things the S.R.C. accomplished was the re-establishment of the cafe begun in 1968. We expanded this idea to include juniors, who were justifiably complaining that they were being left out. Both cafes have had varied reactions but the overall interest has justified keeping them open. Another legacy from 1968 was the school diary. Originally instituted because it was thought that students would like their own school diary; we found that this was not the case. However those who bought them (we sold 300) are to be congratulated for the inkling of school spirit that it showed.

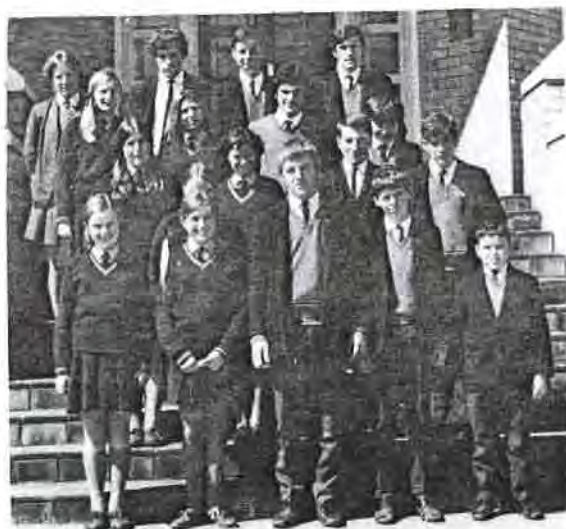
Many other suggestions and requests were made through the S.R.C. during the year, the saner of which were followed through to the end; but the two extra-curricular activities which were most successful were the chess tournament and the snow trip. On the other hand more could have been done if there were a few more interested students; something of which C.H.S. is sadly lacking. An example of this is "Aliis in Wonderland", our school newspaper. Because only a few were interested in its publication, it had to be abandoned and replaced with the not altogether newsy "Newsheet".

Another example is that of "common rooms". A suggestion was made that forms 4 and 5 have common rooms in which they could spend their spare time. Before this could be agreed to, a guarantee that these rooms would be looked after had to be obtained from students. Despite our efforts in trying to carry this out the odds were against us and we were unable to succeed.

As for social involvement, again we went through the motions with regard to "Educational Inequality" and the "Secondary Schools Aboriginal Affairs Fund" — all to no avail. The only success we had in this field was that we were able to get a few students interested in tutoring wards of state at Allambie Reception Centre.

On the whole we could have done a lot more if students weren't so disinterested in their school and if we had had more funds to work with. It may sound ridiculous, but the future of the S.R.C. and the effect it has on the school lies with the students of Form 1 and 2, because to date they are the only ones who show any kind of school spirit. There is, of course, one provision. That they don't become infected with the same malady that affects the majority of senior students — apathy!

Marc Lezon,
President



C.H.S. STUDENTS' REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL, 1969



TALENT QUEST

The annual attraction known as the Talent Quest took place during the second week in July in the establishment known as the gymnasium. Situated close to the canteen so that those waiting for entrance could buy and eat their lunch without moving far away. Once inside after nearly everyone paid five cents, the audience quickly kneeled, nudged, pushed, sat or stood, for all wanted the first act to begin which was "the End". (For whom, audience or act?).

Soon after the audience was subjected to "the Men". One of them a modern-day Tarzan swinging from a rope tied to a beam. (The organisers fearing that at any moment the establishment may have given way).

The next day it continued . . .

Once again the organisers were able to find at least one act that might attract people; this being Lim and Chin's Karate Act. For those who were at the far end of the gym. they were genuine tiles!

. . . And on Monday it continued.

By the end of three days, Form 6K had raised \$100. The best part was counting the money: 90% of it in five cents, two cents and one cent pieces. Ever felt how heavy \$100 in loose change can feel in your pockets.

For those interested the group "Within" came first, "The End" second, and Lim and Chin's Karate Act, third. The money raised was for Social Service.

(It shouldn't be said that there were several dollar notes contributed by worried performers).



FORM CAPTAINS, 1969

LITERATURE SEMINAR — a brief resume

On Friday July 25 the Matric. Lit.-class led by Mrs. D. Moore and Mr. M. C. Selleck bussed hopefully to the Warburton Chalet, while looking eagerly ahead to our complete immersion in literature. Soon after unloading, the air was filled with sagacious observations (What's your room like?" "Ours has got its own bath and toilet and everything!") while everyone settled down to the rigours of a weekend's hard work. We all managed to enjoy ourselves even though we felt we didn't do as much Lit. as we should have. Could I not hear the faint but sweet sounds of a party on Saturday night? Some of us spent our time avoiding dedicated photographers and the inevitable "Smile!" while others agreed that Rod Taylor just doesn't come across as a starving Irish playwright.



Our more diligent students read literature in their spare time, and our hungrier students "got their money's worth" by having four desserts each. Mrs. Moore had been perfectly right in assuring us that this year conditions would be more luxurious. We tended to find ourselves spending more time discussing food than literature. But admittedly the numerous morning and afternoon teas were quite handy for cornering a lecturer and expounding. However, the long hours proved strenuous and we were happy to wave goodbye to David plus movie camera. We returned to school Sunday night exhausted from our dip into literature, and convinced that such seminars should be compulsory. (For about a week afterwards I found myself freely quoting from "Macbeth" at appropriate times). Countless thanks go to Mrs. Moore and Mr. Selleck for accompanying us, and special thanks go to the organiser Mr. Jenkin.

Paula Henriksen, 6

MATHS COLUMN

— We "the editorial committee" have realised the pressing need for a Maths. column in Prospector. Well, here you are —

CAROLYN MUNTZ and JANET DORMER — FAMOUS

WILSON HALL — Tues. 12th June. Carolyn Muntz and Janet Dormer, 3S, were congratulated today when they received Honourable Mentions for curve projects on display here during Maths. Week.

IAN MOORE ATTENDS CANBERRA MATHS. SCHOOL

SCHOOL — Thurs. Ian Moore's ability in mathematics earned him a place as one of six Victorians attending a Maths. School, Canberra. He tells me that he and the others all had trouble trying to understand the 2nd and 3rd year Uni. mathematics that the inhuman professors tossed at them in the name of Projective Geometry and Group Theory, for three gruelling lectures a day. That will teach him to be so intelligent. At night even more lectures on Mt. Stromlo Observatory, Parliament House, National Library, Computing Centres and Tidbinbilla Deep Space Tracking Station and their relation to maths. This proved useful as each in turn was visited. Pitifully, time does not permit me to explain how Parliament House is related to Maths.

On the weekend a brief respite was held on Lake Burley Griffin while the professors totted up another week's work for those poor unfortunates. The professors' obsession with Maths. reached such an extent that they were only allowed to see Maths. files and could only choose their meals, at the banquet, from Computer Flow Charts.

As Ian talked I noted that such submersion in Maths. has not affected his character. He returned happily from Canberra to attend Harrierville Maths. Holiday. This is misleading as it tends to give the impression that only Maths. was discussed. I can assure it was not, since I attend Somers Maths. Camp. Maths. camp immediately reminds you of concentration camp. It was not like this however. Our only restriction was that we couldn't climb the fire tower.

Meals at Somers surpassed even Grandma's homecooked. No wonder the Education Department runs at a loss. What is even more surprising is that meal flavour and standard improved.

Though lectures on Complex Numbers, Vectors, Probability, Projective Geometry and Relativity were interesting, the cool crystal-clear sea on the other side of the white suspension bridge enticed one's mind to wander. It was good to learn that Maths. teachers are human after all, some even came swimming too. The nights were ours, several savoured the pleasures of a stroll along the beach and I believe "Tom Jones" was well attended at the local drive-in.

At other times P.T. was enforced. One teacher half-killed himself trying to get us through an obstacle course and half-drowned himself trying to get us to life-save. Judo rudiments were tried but the ground was hard and hot and with the smell of seasalt ever present — impossible.

As the bus left, the lecturers were seen to turn back into the methodical computers which teach Matric. Maths.

Oh, and Ian tells me that Harrierville was just like Somers only eucalyptus is more fragrant than sea-air. And both are doing well.

MATHEMATICS TAUGHT AT C.H.S.

Although the magazine, by its wilful neglect, has, in the past, given the impression that Maths. is not taught here, this rumour was disproved when interest was shown in a Maths. club formed with the help of Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Tempest and Dr. Yuer. It may have been prompted by the numerous amount of mathematics problems, which the new building posed.

David Kuchmar tells me that "... it became fairly popular with some pupils. Till the end of the first term ..." with "Check maths. ... and ... Equations ... equal in popularity".

Further evidence that maths. is taught was that "when ... Maths. Week was held ... many ingenious projects were on display ..." (see lead story).

Now that you know, there is no reason why you cannot indulge in Mathematics next year.

— articles by Ian Moore and David Kuchmar as told to R. Barker.

GEOGRAPHY EXCURSION TO WERRIBEE

On Monday 11th August, Form 5 Geography students were fortunate enough to endure an excursion to the Research farm at Werribee, with a brief stop outside the Altona Petrochemical Refinery, where we beheld a mass of pipes and tanks as a backdrop to workmen playing football during their lunch hour.

We, the 60 Geography students, departed from the school at approximately 11 a.m., packed like sardines into a decrepit Tramways bus.

With much chugging and crunching of gears the bus (?) negotiated the steep gradient of the Prospect Hill Rd. Hill. The excursion not only included the rewarding tour of the research farm, but also the study of urban development patterns of conglomeration and industrial zones en route. Because of the constant shuddering vibrations and jerks while the bus was travelling at a very racy 30 m.p.h., the students found note-taking very difficult.

As we neared the Altona areas, all windows were hastily closed and handkerchiefs brought out to ward off the permeating and pungent pong.

At the Altona refinery stop, there was much scuffling, as students attempted to sketch the tank farm and fire precautions, estimate height and diameter of tanks and record a general impression of the refinery during the two minute stop allowed.

The icy winds which chilled students at the Research farm matched the cold reception we received. It was an unanimous agreement by the busload of would-be wheat breeders that cordial and biscuits should have been serviced to quench our thirsts and relieve our pangs of hunger.

Ironically, at the breeding section of the Research farm, students were segregated into groups according to sex to tour the weather station, breeding of cereals section and dairying plant.

Then the roll was marked to make sure no students had been swallowed by over enthusiastic butter churners. Our tour ended with an exciting cruise along the dusty roads of Werribee sewerage farm.

The bus ground to a stop outside the familiar yellow brick building at approximately 5 p.m., and pale, weak-kneed students emerged shakily.

In spite of the traumatic bus trip, students all agreed that a good and rewarding time was had by all.

Grateful Form 5 Geography Students.

MT. BAW BAW

Report of the select committee of inquiry into the goings-on at Mt. Baw Baw from August 16th to 17th (Keeping in mind that "It is the appearance that counts", quote Mr. Peter, August 14th).

SATURDAY

2.00 a.m. — Twenty-one peasants, Norm (our bus-driver) and the Lord High Pooh-Bah (Bernard Corser) stumble (lit. because of lack of electricity) into bed after a 6 hour trip from C.H.S. to Tempest Ski Lodge, which included "entertainment" from Russell's "mouldy-oldies", and a greeting from the swingers at the all-night party at Leichhardt Ski Lodge.

5.30 a.m. — Boys rise and hit the slopes.

8.30 a.m. Girls crawl out of bed to the unusual sight of boys cooking breakfast!!!

10.00 a.m. — All out to try our hands at skiing, and our bottoms at tobogganing (on a plastic table-cloth?). Ever seen Miss Hardingham upside-down in the snow?

Tea — then a swinging Saturday night with the soul-searching guitar playing of Tony and Don.

SUNDAY

Morning — More skiing and clicking of camera shutters at our abominable snowman.

Lunch — (burnt bar-b-q chops cooked by the Pooh-bah) and then departure.

9.45 p.m. — Twenty-one peasants, Norm, and the Grand Pooh-bah disperse from C.H.S. after an hilarious return from a great week-end.

Sincere thanks must go to Miss Marshall's mighty effort of organization, the "skiing" instruction of Miss Hardingham, and the two people without whom the whole adventure would have been cancelled: Mr. & Mrs. Trickett.

Lorraine Hatch, Bernard Corser, Chris Ward.

THE SCHOOL CHESS CLUB

The membership of this year's Chess Club has increased quite considerably mainly due to a conscientious member, Stephen Nethercote. In his spare time he planned and carried out a chess tournament during second term. There were so many entrants that it ran for a month. For the first time this year some girls came to the Chess Club but only for the duration of the tournament as they were it in. The S.R.C. although in need of financial support, was generous enough to award a \$1 prize to Peter Allen, the winner of the senior section, and another \$1 prize to Chris Baker, the junior section winner. The tournament was so successful that one is planned for next year, so polish up on your chess during the vacation.

Matriculation student Eddy Levi has shown excellent promise for the future by winning the Victorian Junior (under 18) Chess Championship during the May holidays this year. Eddy won Eddy should have every chance of winning the Australian Junior Chess Championship (to be held in Melbourne) as it will be his third attempt at the title. Success in this tournament would mean a chance to represent Australia in The World Junior Championship to be held next year.

I am sure we all wish Eddy the best of luck!

Although there is no Chess Club Committee, the Chess Club does run smoothly with Mr. Robertson in charge of the school chess sets and Mr. Pollock and Mr. Drent advising the members on improvements for moves and naturally supervising in the meantime.

Dom Marano



C.H.S. AT MT. BAW BAW



EDDY LEVI — CHESS CHAMP.

LIBRARY COMMITTEE MESSAGE

Students from Forms 1 and 3 plus Jenny the Prefect, have formed a library committee with Mrs. Sandford. They voluntarily perform duties around the library for the benefit of students and have also brought out COMMENT (a newsletter). All are looking forward to the new library next year.

Anna MacGregor and Margaret Corcoran on behalf of Library Committee.



LIBRARY COMMITTEE, 1969

LECTURES AT MONASH by ex-Guerrillas and underground agitators for Camberwell High Students —

For fifth form Asian History students Saturday July 12th is a date already forgotten. It was on that day, forgetful followers, that some of our number ventured, tin helmets, iron bars and smoke screens (for self-protection) in hand, to Monash University for a seminar on Indonesia. Because of the unhealthy hour of commencement — 9.30 on a Saturday morning — many thought the first lecture was given in Indonesian; this was later denied at question-time.

The predominance of 2nd formers (doing Indonesian language) was considered a humiliating challenge to us all. Morning tea was then sold on the familiar push-hardest-first-served basis, followed by two full-of-facts lectures, from which many notes were taken, predominantly by the 2nd formers. Full discussion of underground agitation and guerrilla warfare-type stirring was of interest to all.

As displays were on the tenth floor and elevators weren't working, we didn't all make it. A film was next: "Indonesia Calling," a second release of a great Australian-made classic (who says we can't make films?) made in 1948 by the Australian Waterside Workers Federation.

It was all about the way the wonderful wharfies declared black (when all the time they were all sorts of pretty colours) Dutch ships taking arms marked "Emergency-Medical Supplies" to the East Indies to administer to the Nationalists. Admittedly the film had some faults; the sound track had gone for the first half; the filming went no further north than Sydney; but those lovely close-ups of dinkum wharfies on "sit-down" against a tin fence, roll-your-own and all — well it made up for all — how proud we felt.

GOSSIP '69

Glancing around after another eventless year, the old place is still steeped in dust, except for a few dangerous innovations, such as the cement mixer.

The Matrics have at last gained their much longed for and ego-boosting feeling of superiority through flitting in and out of the school at odd hours.

The new buildings are coming along very nicely thank-you. But whatever happened to THAT builder with the cute moustache?

Spring is here, the grass is riz, but why doesn't someone inform someone else that cold weather doesn't abruptly stop on August 23?

(STOP PRESS — due to the onset of warm weather 75 bags of fuel were ordered, so now we can save up all that extra heat for next year).

Underground practices at the school have finally been brought out into the Harsh Light of Day through that nasty revealing form 5 film. This hasn't deterred the dedicated, though a certain group of boys were quite surprised when the drama group trooped out into the park one recess.

All for one and one for D., and one for J., and one for O., The Three Mooresketeers.

Grind crunch as the Matric. Lit. class hightails it to the other side of the oval after attempting a violent discussion on 'Macbeth' to the melodious strains of our cement mixer.

If you're looking forward to Matric, don't!

Have you noticed how teachers seem to shrink as the years go by?

The magazine committee can truly say that they have had more meetings than any other motley bunch in school. Beginning with one meeting per week in 1st and 2nd Terms, they graduated to morning, lunch and after-school sessions with countless chance rendezvous in empty corridors. Several lonely figures could be seen slumping out of school at 6 p.m. glancing sadly back at the stern face of Mr. Spencer standing with his broom in front of our locked Camberwell High School Co-operative Ltd.

Did you notice the absence of a Forum this year? And Aliis in Wonderland. Let's blame it on 'student apathy' again shall we? And the absence of those Underground newspapers can of course be blamed on the abolition of those toilet blocks — official distribution centre. Ah! but something was gained in place of them: the chess tournament! Ah, yes, what everybody wanted! (Sigh)

During 2nd Term it was noticed that many Matric. students had their private studies' outside (working in sin) in the sun and fresh air. Was it because of the "stuffed" conditions of the library? Ah! but what a library! Situated so well, right above the music room.

Can't anybody find Room 10?

Apologies to those in the swimming team. But everybody wants to be in photos — so snap! and it was taken, with swimmers and sinkers all in together.

Did you notice the Warragul students when they came to C.H.S.? They were, contrary to popular belief, actually human, except they had blue socks. Weren't they square-cut?

You will be interested to know that a minimum of cen [redacted] in [redacted] zine. And you will of course realise that a school magazine is not the place to say for example that . . .

Editor's Note: STOP PRESS: For developing films and for printing photos see Dom. or Pete of the magazine committee. If there are any photos in this magazine that you want printed we will print them. We are Professionals. We print cheaply.

PREFECTS

JENNY SAMSON: Head Prefect

What is the role of a prefect? Do they in fact have a role in high school today? We were confronted with these questions at the beginning of the year and after much discussion we decided on the following. Rather than being symbols of authority and doing nothing but reprimand the girls, we decided to try and be of much assistance to the girls and the staff as we could. In order to get to know the girls we each "adopted" a junior form and tried to help a specific group of the girls. Rather than standing above the girls we have tried to circulate amongst them and fulfil some purpose in this way.

JOHN MADDOCK: Head Prefect

This year prefects have endeavoured to fight for truth, justice, and liberty; and who disguised as mild mannered students have fought a never ending battle for the Camberwell way of life. And due to the co-operation between staff and students alike we have been able to promote a more friendly attitude under the difficult conditions prevailing this year. Also we would like to thank the students who made the first and second term socials such a success especially those who provided bed and breakfast for the Warragul students. We would finally like to thank the school for tolerating our presence and wish next year Prefects "All the best of British luck."



PREFECTS 1969 . . . BEFORE

PREFECTS 1969

5th Row: J. Snell, N. Gude, K. Bailey, I. Moore, S. Gardiner, M. Paulusz, J. Bate, I. Wescott, M. Conway.

4th Row: J. Schultz, R. Waites, G. Pascoe, R. Andrews.

3rd Row: P. Johnson, V. O'Halloran, C. Ward, J. Willoughby.

2nd Row: W. Hault, I. Veigners, C. Horwood, L. Hatch, B. Beaumont.

1st Row: J. Maddock, Mr. H. Slattery, Miss D. Milne, J. Samson.



. . . AFTER

SAM SPEAKS

What do prefects do at Camberwell? Apart from the mundane business of chasing law-breakers in the nearby parks and gardens, activities are very limited. Sometimes prefects will be called on to supervise crushes in the corridors, but generally apart from the organisation of end-of-term socials, the prefects have few formal duties.

What are prefects expected to do at Camberwell? The answer is simple: Nothing. They are expected to do nothing because the school can now grind over adequately without the prefects taking a hand. I think there is no doubt that prefects did once have a necessary place in the school. They eased the burden on teachers and acted as advisors to younger children. Their position really was responsible, but the role of the prefect has been declining in importance for several years. I think this has happened partly because of the increasing pressure of public exams. With matriculation as a vital goal ahead of him, no prefect goes out of his way to seek extra duties.

Staff, too, are reluctant to burden Matric. students. But if the value of the prefect system in training students to accept responsibility is ignored, the school as a whole, and its seniors in particular, are the poorer.

Simon Gardiner

MACARTHUR

Macarthur's "wonderful" house spirit is reflected accurately in its accomplishment of three third places in the course of the year. At least we are consistent.

Along with Trevor Henley, Mark Caldwell, Pam Davies and Ian Carlsson who led us in the choral festival sincere thanks must go to these few enthusiastic house members who have helped make it an "interesting" year for Macarthur.

Anne McKenzie, Ian Southall
(With apologies to Ian who doesn't know his name has been put on this report . . . yet)

Anne McKenzie and Bruce Strange

ROOSEVELT

Roosevelt, this year, has had reasonable success. This year it was Roosevelt's turn in the athletic sports to show "what really tough stuff we girls are made of." Congratulations go to both girl and boy teams for turning on a good show.

We finished fourth in the Choral Festival despite the ready, able and willing assistance of Penny Johnson, Judy Cazaly, David Henley and Michael Tyack. It was disappointing, particularly among the boys to see the lack of enthusiasm for the house.

Thanks go to the girls for their co-operation in carrying out corridor duty throughout the year. We would like to thank the House Masters and Mistresses namely — Mr. Sullivan, Mr. Schinas, Mrs. Bragg, and Miss Sharpe for their help during the year, and also the vice-captains Peggy Gude, Glenys Van Every and Ken Whyte.

In all, it has been a good year throughout for Roosevelt and we would like to thank all house members for working together as a team and showing their enthusiasm.

Thank you for making the job of House Captain really worthwhile.

Allan Watson, Marg. Wingfield

MONTGOMERY

Montgomery started the year poorly with a dismal 4th place in the swimming sports. The only house spirit shown was within the very small band of swimmers who were left to do everything.

The Athletic sports were identical to the swimming sports as far as Montgomery was concerned.

In the choral festival nearly all of Montgomery excelled itself to come second to Churchill in a close scoring contest. Thanks go to Peter Crichton for his tremendous effort in conducting our special choir to victory.

House spirit was starting to show through as the year progressed, thanks to the tremendous help given to the house by the house mistresses and masters, Mrs. Davies, Miss Champion, Mr. McLean, and Mr. Rickard.

Special thanks also must go to house conductors and pianists, Jenny Sampson, Peter Crichton, Christine Kentwell and Roslyn Young.

Also thanks go to vice house captains, Rodna Moore, Russell Dunstan and junior house captains Angella Mott and Peter Elliot for their help through the year.

Carmela Lukianovich, Warwick Cavell,

CHURCHILL

Churchill's successes started with the swimming, showing the rest of the school that with a house to back them and show an active enthusiasm the swimming team could win. This was only the beginning of an almost complete year of deserved wins and a demonstration to the other three houses exactly what a hundred per cent house spirit, participation and interest is!

Second term brought the choral festival and with it showed the talent of our successful conductors, Katie Armstrong and Michael Lovitt, and pianists Michele Hurst, Nola Hart and Sheri Raeburn. The festival again brought out a combined effort, with all of Churchill deserving credit for a sterling effort to make a convincing win.

The cross country again this year was added to Churchill's successes. Churchill runners achieved both 1st and 2nd places, and an overall win.

The house would like to thank Miss Rusden, Mr. Bragge, Miss Marshall and Mr. Pollock for their support and interest without which the other houses seemed to suffer. Thanks also to Mr. Mills and Miss Croxon for their help through the year.

Toni Sanders, P. Masters



SPORT

SAM SPEAKS

Owing to the usual lack of ability and enthusiasm, Camberwell High has once again experienced a miserable year in the field of sport. This state of affairs has been building up for the last five years, but this year apart, has degenerated into a farce, because less than 50% of the Matric. students have played any sport at all, and a farce because a Wednesday afternoon sport has developed into a wild spend-up in the Golden Bowl.

Camberwell is weak at sport; it lacks the numbers and the money to form sporting sides found at places like Melbourne and University High. There is no disgrace in this; the disgrace lies in the attitude that the whole school has concerning sport — an attitude of apathy and indifference. It is easy to say that this attitude has come about because of lack of sporting success.

But I prefer to say that the limited amount of sporting success has to a large degree occurred because of the prevailing attitude at Camberwell High. Other schools lack numbers and finance, but still manage to produce keen, enthusiastic sporting sides; the difference is that, unlike Camberwell, sport is encouraged and fostered at all levels and by everybody. At Camberwell sport is something to be struggled through and tolerated every Wednesday afternoon; and the afternoon's sport is as boring as the house assemblies which precede it.

Why is this attitude so prevalent at Camberwell? This attitude seeps through the school like some insidious sickness, infecting finally even the gay innocence of the first former — the first formers who will later form the nucleus of sporting sides. For too long have the reports in "Prospice" said: "Better things are hoped for the future with the experience gained."

This is a myth: better things will never come until attitudes change and more enthusiasm is generated among the students.

Simon Gardiner, Form 6

ROWING

The late start, due to the lack of numbers, was remedied by the talk on rowing by two retired Olympic oarsmen, which resulted in the immediate solid training of four crews for the High Schools Regatta.

1st VIII — over 1 mile — coach was Paul Rennison. This crew was defeated by University High and Melbourne Grammar in the Scotch Mercantile Regatta. However they were confident of success in the Head of the River. But, slow rating and windy conditions resulted in the unfortunate defeat by Bell Park. The loss to University High in the Loser's Final was attributed to the experience and strength of Uni. High.

3rd VIII — over $\frac{1}{2}$ mile — This crew was made up of mainly first year rowers, who were enthusiastic even through their solid training. However they were defeated by Melbourne High, but gained a victory over Bell Park, thus coming 3rd in the final.

1st IV — over $\frac{1}{4}$ mile — Rowed valiantly, but were defeated by the strong boys of Ballarat High and Oberon High.

2nd IV — Won the 1st heat leading to the final, where they were closely defeated by Ballarat High.

Thanks go to K. Lewis and the late Adrian Dunn for their help in coaching the 3rd VIII and the two IV's. Thanks also to Mr. McLean who took on the position of Rowing Master, and without whom rowing could not have continued. The Rowing Committee must be mentioned for keeping rowing going.

1st Eight 1969

Cox: G. Caripis, R. Savage, N. Johnson, D. Crawford, G. Pascoe, M. Davidson, P. Wilson, A. Hopkins, P. Radda.





SWIMMING GIRLS

Hard training under Mr. Mills only gained 5th position in the Central High Schools section. Placings were gained by R. Dewsnap, R. Webster, T. Sanders, J. Hider-Smith, L. Deller, L. Kenny, T. Van Den Bronk, J. Mouser, E. Maddock, and by girls in the U.15, U.13, U.12 Relay teams. C. Lukianovich and J. Pitt gained second places in the diving. The U.13 relay team came 4th in the All High Sports. Thanks be to Miss Croxon for taking the divers.

SWIMMING BOYS

C.H.S. did well in the combined School Swimming Sports to be placed 6th. Rationalization or Reason: small weak team and high standard of sports. But they tried hard.



BOYS' ATHLETIC TEAM



GIRLS' ATHLETIC TEAM



TENNIS

There were consistent results in A and B teams. We lost 5 matches, despite a very narrow defeat at Preston. The reason for this was the general apathy, despite the enthusiasm of Mrs. Davies and team members.

P. Davy, J. Faunce, R. Young, J. Pitchford, L. Adams, J. Morrison, A. Buchanan. Absent: T. Brewer.



TENNIS

A bad season. There were no prospects with single matches in 1st Term but 2nd Term doubles brought victories in both practise matches and over Box Hill but we were defeated by Oakleigh. The 2nd team won over Oakleigh and Northcote, while lost to Melbourne High. Season ended displaying tennis spirit by a victory over Warragul High.

Ian Moore

A. Backholer, A. Brown, P. Siebler, A. Reeves, I. Moore, P. Earl, N. Reeves, L. Baxter, R. Gavin, L. Barton, A. Murphy.



BASKETBALL

We had one victory for the A team and one for the B team. Enthusiastic, if eventually fruitless coaching by Miss Hardingham was sincerely appreciated.

P. Gude, B. Reed, J. Rhodes (capt.), H. Bates, C. Kentwell, C. Newman.



HOCKEY

Greater victories are expected in 1970 with 4th and 5th formers now forming the majority in teams. Warragul proved to be a defeat, but an enjoyable one. Many thanks go to Mrs. Sandford, Miss Croxson and John Winch.

M. Wingfield

Alison Farthing, S. Walsh, J. Willoughby, P. Jones, S. Armstrong, M. Wingfield (capt.), A. Rutherford, R. Moore, K. Armstrong, A. Harper.



CRICKET

Camberwell had another miserable year; the only highlight, in what was probably one of the grimmest seasons ever, was the tie with Melbourne High. Best players were John Bate, Simon Derrick and Simon Gardiner. Unless the whole attitude to cricket changes, from both staff and students, Camb. will continue to field mediocre, apathetic sides.

Sam Gardiner

K. Bailey, T. Newman, B. Strange, R. Wailes, S. Derrick, S. Gardiner, B. Broadstock, C. Kelaart, J. Bate, D. Evans, M. Labrooy.



TABLE TENNIS

Only one victory, against PLC, 4-1. Thanks to the teachers for transport and kind words and to the players for playing.

Paula Jones, Michelle Hurst, Jane Morrison.

Back Row: J. Morrison, P. Jones, D. Savige, I. Tantau, N. Coker, M. Labrooy.

Front Row: J. Holloway, A. Savige, B. George, M. Hurst.



SQUASH

Moral success, in other words, no victories, despite the fanatical devotion of Mr. Rickard. In true C.H.S. tradition, we played to the very end. A reason perhaps for defeats — all but one player had previously played inter-school matches. A bouncing back to form is expected.

M. Conway, M. Caldwell, M. Jageurs, R. McCallum, M. Sacerdoti.



FOOTBALL

We had an unfortunate and consistent lack of strength. Defeated by University and Melbourne High — victories over Oakleigh, Box Hill and Northcote — resounding victory over our traditional rival, Warragul. The enthusiasm and happy face of Mr. Bragge and the younger players' consistent turning up at practises was greatly appreciated.

Left to Right: G. Coleman, D. Wailes, J. Bate, I. McHutchison, J. Bloom, R. Andrews, S. Derrick, P. Masters, Mr. Bragge (R.F.C.), M. Brentnall, I. Worrall, K. Whyte, T. Newman, I. Westcott, G. Moran, W. Cavell, I. McGregor, S. Panagiotis, J. Clift, B. Strange, G. Marano, J. Pillios, J. Snell, L. Evans, M. Lovitt.



VOLLEYBALL

There were no victories for the A team but despite this, true ability and spirit were shown in the 3-0 defeat over Warragul B team won nearly all their matches.

N. Disken, M. Labrooy, B. Broadstock, B. Butler, M. Kuchmar, C. Kelaart, D. McPherson.



BOUNCEBALL

Being no inter-school matches, Mr. Kamphausen's initiative saved us by organising a school game against Camberwell Grammar (1968 Runners-up) and Canterbury Girls. Both were demoralised. The highlight of the season was the party at Mr. Kamphausen's — no comment, just a big THANK-YOU.

R. Withington, R. Peddersen, I. Fabinski, T. Cowdell, I. Gillam, M. Linsell, R. Andrews, P. Gude, B. Frangskakis, E. Scheltus, N. Gude, J. Whyte, M. Lovitt, I. Westcott.



SOCCER

Due to the fact that many players had played soccer before this year was fairly successful, winning 4 and losing 4. Much of our success though, has been due to the enthusiasm of our coach and referee George Tsekoutanis. Our most consistent players were Sam Gardiner and Phillipe Dodin.

R. Phillips, W. Pickett, T. Coulepis, P. Lom, S. Spano, M. Tsekoutanis, G. Thompson, P. Ratten, C. Jenkins, A. Kemal, J. Tamas, Kien Chin, K. O'Connell.



VOLLEYBALL

A late start resulting in only 3 matches played. We suffered a defeat by Oakleigh (apparently due to a low roof) and a victory over Melbourne and Warragul. Great enthusiasm was shown by Noel Disken and Mr. Schinas.

L. Hatch, A. Fordham, W. Holt, J. Marshall, C. Ward, J. Holloway.



SOFTBALL

Despite very few wins the spirit was incredible.

C. Kentwell, P. Gude, H. Houston, A. Wilcox,
R. Withington, G. van Every. Below: B. Webb.



BASKETBALL

It was our most successful year ever. We were runners up in the Central Division and runners up in the All School Under 18 Championship and due to editor restrictions John Maddock was unable to say more.

D. Henley, J. Richardson, J. Maddock (capt.), B. Watson,
I. Westcott, A. Watson.



BASEBALL

The baseball team was very successful, winning 5 out of 7 games. Much of the credit must go to Mr. Sullivan, who coached the side throughout the year. Best players were the Langford brothers, John Cayless, Ian Moorfield and Gary Duff

I. Moorefield, M. Davidson, J. Cayless, P. Langford, A. Laws
S. Gardiner (capt.), G. Duffy, R. Clements, D. Harris, A. Conrad
C. Langford, N. Smith.

LE BALLON ROUGE

One small boy and the wind.
He flies his balloon,
And it merrily
Glides on the wind
High above the poplars.
Until it is a red dot
In the afternoon
Sky.
Up, Up, Up.
To where the birds
Sing to the sun.
One small boy and the wind.
The balloon-string held
Fast in his hand,
Imprisoning the helpless balloon.
Captured forever,
It bobs impatiently
Among the poplars.

Nereda Gordon, 4

THE MOUSE

The moon gleamed softly
Through the trees,
Casting mottled shadows.
As I watched,
A little mouse
Like a silky pearl,
Slid silently across the floor.
It stopped,
As though watchful of some hidden danger,
And then being satisfied
Continued along its filmy path . . .
Then, into darkness
A faint sound rose on the air.
Then silence
And in the bright light
Of the morning sun,
I saw a mangled mass
Dark and helpless,
Caught by the wires of twisted nature.

Robin McKenzie, 4

TO MINE EYES

Before the unsurping surge of nature's might,
fiery by the shore of mother sea;
Stark the queenly child,
surely the gods' gentlest boon:
I mingle amidst the ferns,
to touch
to grasp,
In an ecstatic mist of mauve
the enchanted jewel of the golden shore . . .

R. T. Savige, 5

DEAD-END?

With the trees surrounding, symbols of tyrannical one way
journeys.
The heat, fighting temptation, with its will to destroy.
I saw these, artfully disguised as nature's beauty.
The green hills stretched with loneliness and offered nothing.
Silence reigned, and the morning air seemed fresh, like
champagne.
And the light shone, like remnants of a lost civilization.
And I wondered, if it were real
To be in a deserted paddock.

Peter Saunders, 6

HAPPINESS DISK-JOCKEY

This is the happiness disk-jockey
Speaking to all you good folk alive
Or desirous of being in such a state
Tolerance
— Or so they say —
Is my policy.
Often, I'm just minding my own business
Taking a bit of time off
In the sun of the day
And people come up to me
And they say: You can't manufacture happiness
They say
And I say: Yeah?
God If anyone can I can
You've got to agree there
Even my worst rivals say:
He tries.
Lord do I try!
Of course I can't please everyone
Of course
But my policy
— You'll find it in my contract. Page three or so —
Is to give happiness to as many people as possible
I am, after all, your happiness disk-jockey
And I swear
Before all the gods that have died or have wanted to
That I only sell genuine products.
Take my word for it.
I'm no fool
Why should I provide you with imitation happiness
And risk a jail sentence
Just so my kids can go to the Methodist college
And my wife look younger
And my finger-nails be always clean.
No, honest am I
And when you want the sun I give it to you
And when you want the night
Though god knows why you want it
I give it to you. Render unto Caesar
Or so the books say.
Not that I do;
That would worry you and make you think.
Each unto his own
I say
And you can believe me
Because I
Am your happiness disk-jockey.

Sandra Wethereld, 6

MY SON

Where will he go to
Where will he stay
His life is a burden
And yet does he pray
To a God
With no answer
His life he receives
So monotonous,
So worthless,
Unable to be freed
Of sin.
He travels the world,
He wanders the street
The dark and the dinge of loneliness
He meets
He carries his burden
For ever,
Until it is lifted
When he rests at the feet
Of his FATHER

Fiona Reed, 3

THREE THOUGHTS

A Christmas Hill
In a lonely beautiful dawn.
Dark trees draped with glistening spider-webs.
A pond of lilies sway in the silver morning.
Orange and scarlet beetles creep
Amongst emerald moss and sighing fern.
Apples and plums ripen happily,
Dragon-flies romp in the awakening sunlight.
A Christmas Hill
On a green and ginger afternoon.
I lean against the
Wild Wind.
I watch sunlight filter through quiet
Peppercorn leaves,
And creep amongst cool lemon trees
Walking softly
On a sea of aqua flowers.
A Christmas Hill
In a purple misty dusk.
The shy Moon flirts with the lilies.
Weeping birches weave branches
Around their lovers.
Rustling leaves mingle with
The Wind on the water.
A Christmas Hill at Christmas-time.

Nereda Gordon, 4

Sweet breath of life,
Of which you are,
Think of me now while we are apart,
For I do think of you so often.

Anon. 6

MARION

There was a time
the sleepless endless time of dreams
I walked
softly on my own grave
carrying my leather coffin
There as a time
The nightmare living time of death
I loved
a girl that I had never seen
and her death was my understanding
There is a time
The crazy materialist time of life
I fight
a life, a group I cannot absorb
and die in my idealism.

Brendan Farrelly, 6

ALWAYS WIND

My mind so full of beautiful memories.
Of lovely trees on a windswept hill,
Of twisting hills,
Rising and falling,
And redwoods,
Chequerboard sunlight through oak trees,
Of the dirty, peoply Berkerley,
Of hot summers,
And fruit salad,
And wild flowers and ferns.
Lost loves swirl in my mind,
Weaving confused, like mist,
And today,
Each is remembered as one.
Of grey clouds, and white snowy roads,
And white fields
And stark trees,
And wind,
Always wind.
Of mist blown against my cold face,
Of loneliness,
And happy loneliness,
And sleepy singing,
Restlessness.
Lights on deep, crevassed, blue-green trees
At night
Headlights sweeping the damp, dripping tree trunks
Of rain blowing, again
And again across the beam.
Of running in the rain
And wind, the wind,
Always wind.
Of tents, and spicy trees.
Cold and delicious
Of towering heights,
Driftwood on rivers,
Floating,
And wind, rippling the water
In ripples, cold, unwelcoming
But beautiful in that.
Cold rocks on a pale beach,
Sharp, hard, gritty sand, pale
Waves driven by wind, wind,
Always wind.

Anne McKenzie, 5

MERCY

Everything floats palely in a warm bubble of soft air
And the sweet smell of peaceful death hovers silently above
your head
All that are living are sleeping
Those who are sleeping peacefully are dying
Those who are restless . . . are sighing
Dripping slowly steadily continually . . .
A drop a second or perhaps per heart beat . . .
Liquid life into a dying body . . .
The sickly smell of sweet flowers . . .
Better than the smell of emptiness that haunts the corridors
Or the smells of the rooms (tombs) without flowers where the
dead lie and die
Pure white polite slight quiet figures
"How are you Mrs. Williams?"
Pink screen of cotton shielding tubes from young eyes . . .
and old eyes
Sunlight through super cooled liquid . . .
unrealistic . . .
The cold darkness of night more fitting for this sight.

John Snell, 6

KIDNAPPED

Her
large blue
eyes filled with
tears; Her pretty face
covered with smears. The
sweet red ribbons in her fair
hair, now were dirty and just
hanging there. She wanted her mummy,
her teddy and pram. She was sick
of that horrible, horrible man.
He'd stolen her, that's what
he'd done; and roaming the
streets sure was no fun.
He must have been
frightened . . . to let
her go. Hadn't
she heard
someone
call
him Joe?
Her daddy would
come soon — he always
did — He never called her
A "stupid kid," That big Police-
man would take her home, He too
was standing there all alone

Odette Bloch, 3

THE FUGITIVE

He hurdled the fence, he crashed through the brush,
While the dogs that chased behind, broke the twilight hush,
With their blood curdling howls, and excited yapping
Their breath and stamina never sapping.
He hurdled the fence, he crashed through the brush,
Flattening shrubs, and trampling green grass so lush,
Trying to escape the life and law that hunted him.
Striving more as the light grew dim.
He hurdled the fence, he crashed through the brush,
As he ran it all came back in a rush,
The memory of his deed many years ago
And of his old true-love Flo.
He hurdled the fence, he crashed through the brush,
His manly chest, seeming almost ready to crush
His beating heart, the dogs and men coming nearer.
He thought he heard their voices clearer.
Then suddenly his bid for freedom was over,
As he fell to the ground that was covered in clover.
He was only a few yards from his goal,
Weary was his body, heart and soul.

Gail Powell, 3

Are they blind, these white lords,
Not to see my claim?
Have my views no place in this society?
This white society.
My mind is the same colour as theirs
And so are my thoughts and wishes.
Why should the world be ruled by them?
They may think themselves superior
But we certainly do not.
They use excuses that we are not educated,
But they do not even think of
Letting us use their schools and universities.
Why won't they give us a chance?
We aren't that much different than them.

Kathleen Pitt, 4

SPACE

A desert of darkness
Strewn with oases of stars.
That luring blackness
 Emptiness
 Loneliness
A place to think
To use your mind
Those three who seek —
Will they find?
Or will they be lost
In that unending world
To be hurled
Through space —
Through eternal nothingness
 Lostness
 Darkness
Into the other worlds.
Prolonging the yen of many men
To race
Through space.

Lesley Head, 1

THE MOURNERS

"We piped for you and you would not dance."
In the magical silence of a
deserted garden.
The mysteries stayed hidden;
You would not dance.
Why would you not dance?
Was it the fear which overcomes
The frightened?
Or was it perhaps the bashfulness
that engulfs the modest?
Remember the promise you made.
You once made a promise, remember.
Yet there we were piping
and your legs would not move.
Your deadened eyes looked
Almost sorrowful.
Your lips white.
"We weeped and wailed and you
Would not mourn."

Nereda Gordon, 4

I smile
Nobody sees
Nobody is there
I know nobody is there or sees . . .
But I still smile.

Anne McKenzie, 5

MEMORIES

The peace
The sunlight
The young children
A Wren
The empty spaces
The blank faces
The quietness
The politeness
I wandered through the streets bathed in sunlight
I wandered through the streets trying to regain my sight
But people . . . the presence of people still disturbs me
And I feel that I never again will be able to see
They stare and wonder what could he be
Poor people . . . and they will never get to know me
A gentle cool playful breeze
Tired and aching knees
A heavy truck a thunderous noise
Children's play must pause
Children's silence made up of toys
Games to play for girls and boys
I must walk for days
People
Hell I wish I could get out of their gaze
People

John Snell, 6

HE SAID

He said
We wasted time, we wasted minds
We sat and strung pearls onto lines;
The dead we kept, the living killed
With pearls our empty eyes we filled.
The dead were hard and torn to touch
We loved them oh so very much;
We sat and strung them on a thread.
When we had finished, then he said:
Let all who live come to us here
And then they came, cold with our fear
The only place their lives could lead
We strung them on our string of beads.
They screamed and filled our empty eyes
Their cries described
Our frightened lies.
And then he said:
Let us be dead
he said
Our lies are gone
Our eyes are blood
The corpses decorate our homes;
Time is a line
We wasted time
Let us be said
he said
We're dead.

Sandra Wethereld, 6

Alone; in love;
Afraid to leave him;
Afraid without his love,
But how can I hold him.
Paper and pen,
Words and dreams,
Reality is unreal
Until one touches.
To touch is to dazzle,
In unknown dreams.
But reality is unreal
Until one touches.
Unable to speak,
Too far apart.
One moment I ask for
One moment with him.
One hour, alone,
With him to talk.
One hour to determine
Our relationship.
Why can't it be,
Why can't I find
Whether reality is unreal
Until one touches?

Anon. 6

SCHOOL DIARY

Feb. 5th — "Absence makes the heart grow fonder."
A great rush back to school.

Feb. 17th — First day of our permanent (?) timetable.

Feb. 20th — History is made — Matric. learn of optional sport.

March 8th — The House swimming sports go off with a big splash and Churchill does it again.

March 13th — Prefects and house captains are officially inducted while the rest of the school curse in the shade? (103°).

March 20th — Nearly forgot about free education. Annual collection of fees.

March 31st — Packed in trams, off we went to the inter-school swimming sports. Who said travelling in a tram was a fishy business?

April 8th — Matric. see "A Man for All Seasons." You know, the More you see, the more you believe.

April 11th — A pleasant day at the Rowing Regatta.

April 15th — Candle-clocks appear again and time goes quickly during the 1st term exams.

April 18th — A fine rendering by a massed choir at the Civic Centre. (after much practice).

April 24th — New toilet block is opened.

May 1st — Pupils bludge but teachers are hard at it (?) Correction day.

May 7th — Roosevelt take off the shield at the Inter-house Athletics sports.

May 9th — The beginning of 10 peaceful days — Term 1 ends.

May 20th — Nothing good lasts and back we trooped to "sit up, head up, book up and shut up."

June 20 — The truth comes out: Matric. parent-teacher night.

July 3rd — Inter-house choral festival and Churchill does it again. But what was the mistake in the adjudicator's addition?

July 10th — 6K Talent Quest. You had to see it to believe it — Tarzan in the gym!

July 11th — The probability of cracking a tile, first attempt, is 99.99% according to Lim's exhibition at the talent quest.

July 28th — Annual visit by the Inspectors.

Aug. 10th — Snowballs fly as Camberwell students invade Lake Mountain.

Aug. 13th — The Warragul visit followed by an exciting social.

Aug. 14th — Hop-a-long Kamphausen joins the staff.

Aug. 20th — Senior boys puff (but not in the usual way!) The cross country run of course.

Aug. 21st — The women staff manage a draw in the student-staff hockey match.

Aug. 22nd — "Have an enjoyable holiday but remember that homework."

Sept. 8th — The start of another gruelling term. Only 73 days to E day Matric.

Sept. 10th — Snow, white and the 760 C.H.S. pupils.

Sept. 12-13th — The audience has palpitations as the school plays progress.

Sept. 25th — Matrics. diligently work on while others enjoy fairy-floss and ferris-wheels at the show.

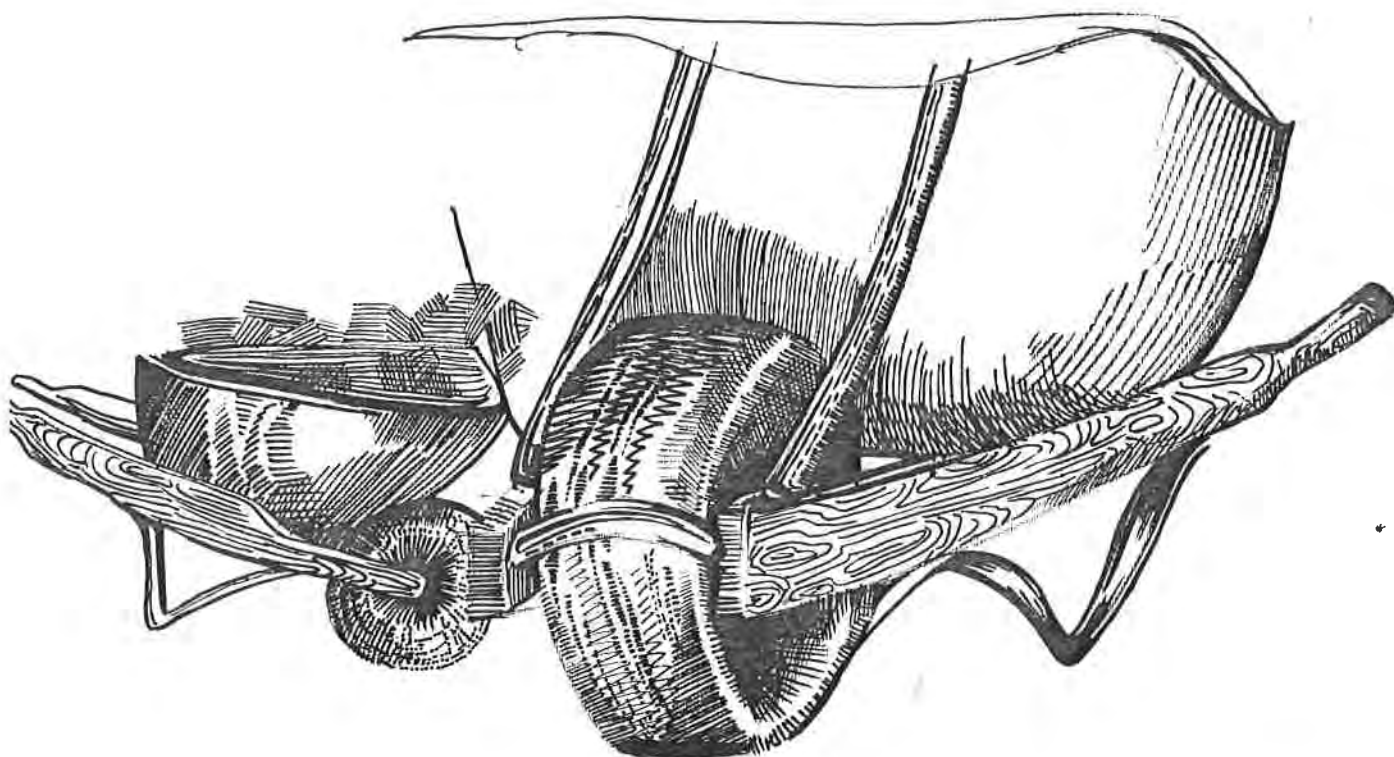
Oct. 28th — Speech Night.

Nov. 14th — The Flies come out and the Matrics. start swotting!

Nov. 20th — Time for Matrics to decide whether to be or not to be at C.H.S. in 1970.

Dec. 19th The Grand Finale.

Jane McFarland, Julie and Noel Disken, VI



Geof. Coleman, 6

PLAYS: GENERAL COMMENTS

"Very enjoyable but tended to look very amateurish. Jim Davidson needs a muffler. Lighting good." Dom Morano
 "Background music too loud."
 "A supreme effort considering the fact that it was done by the students themselves. I enjoyed them more this year than last. I hope everyone is as proud as I am." Anne McKenzie
 "At times difficult to hear what the actors were saying."
 "Attendance was disappointing."
 "Did you notice that no less than 12 people 'died' in the four plays." Tony Cowdell
 "Some were so-so, but others were not so so-so." Ian Moore
 "I wish I had gone." Anongmous (sic)
 "Goes to show that the students are capable." G. Lucas
 "An enjoyable programme." Lucy
 "I thought that the plays that were produced this year were the best ever. It was a pity there were not bigger audiences." T. Henley
 "The plays were of a very high standard and it just shows what the students are capable of doing." N. Disken
 "Not bad at all"
 "The plays themselves were very well done and were most enjoyable; but it was a shame that the intervals were so long and that the visual experiment seemed never-ending."
 "A supreme effort considering the fact that it was done by the students themselves."
 "I hope this will lead the way for reasonably free self expression with reasonably loud acclaim next year." Ailsa Campbell

THE BESPOKE OVERCOAT

Wolf Mankowitz' "typically over-long Jewish joke" was produced by Tony Cowdell and Ross Barker, and starred Jan Gnat as the drunken tailor, Morry; and Tony Newman as the deceased warehouse clerk, Fender; with Peter Saunders as Fender's employer, Ranting and Per Gnat as Mr. Universe — at 4 ft. 11½ in!" Their performances prompted these comments:
 "A challenge to produce and watch."
 "'The Bespoke Overcoat' was a typically overlong Jewish joke!" Ross Barker
 "What really was in the brandy bottle?" Andrew Ewart
 "Could have been better." Lucy
 "Although I found the play boring it was very well done. The actors cannot be blamed for the story-line and they turned in very good performances in what is an extremely hard play to stage. The character of a drunken tailor seemed to come naturally to Jan." Jeanette Worrall
 "An exceptionally difficult play to produce due to the subtle requirement in characterisation on which the play is based. All concerned did well considering none had a Jewish background." Adrian Guthrie
 "Ranting wasn't really ranting."
 "You're asleep!" said Ian Moore to Mike Lovitt during the first play.
 Entirely student run, really well produced and acted, especially Caligula and The Proposal.

CALIGULA

"Marc Lezon plays God again in 'Caligula'." Neil Gude
 "... each member of the cast gained some element of understanding of the world around us, in their efforts to enact this drama..." Julie Armstrong
 "Julie's to be congratulated on her enthusiasm in producing Caligula"
 "Jeanette Worrall as Caesonia, although on her own admission did not speak up at times, portrayed Caligula's ageing mistress with sincerity and skill."
 "Marc Lezon — impressive — lived the part, some say, was the part." Ailsa Campbell
 "marvellous effort to get the play ready in only four weeks... Marc — a magnificent performance as Caligula. Thanks to Julie Armstrong who produced the play and had much to bear from tempermental cast members during rehearsals"
 "our beloved S.R.C. President has become a tyrant!" Jeanette Worrall
 "Very good. Marc Lezon was just the person." Lucy

A DAY IN THE LIFE (FILM)

The film, an example of the activities of an increasing number of English classes this year, was a tremendous success. It set out to comment on the school in a humorous way and was accompanied by an enlightening and hilarious commentary given by Mick Sacerdoti.
 "was very clever and very funny"
 "Home movies at their very best" Julie Armstrong
 "Who is George?"

AN EXPERIMENT IN VISUAL STIMULATION

A modern morality play starring Barbara Webb. This play was devised and produced by Peter Crichton.
 "was at least stimulating."
 "I think I liked P.C.'s play." A.*Ewart
 "Hasn't she got lovely hair." "Fairy Lizzie was superb." R. Barker
 "Was not enjoyable... but very interesting."
 "Choreography for E in V.S. was great." Jane Morrison
 "As Peter Crichton was heard asking on the second night: 'But what does it all mean?'" Liz Bott
 "an experience."
 "What modern morals was this modern morality play about?" Lucy
 "The effects used included projection of slides and movies onto a triple screen at the back of the stage, original and also stimulating audio effects, actors moving and speaking on stage." Ross Barker
 "The story of Mary Magdelene and written by the Marquis de Sade."
 "The sexy 'Big Nine' girls were best."
 "The Experiment had some very exciting, original ideas." Paula Henriksen
 P.C.'s play — indeed an experiment — successful in many ways. It's novelty in an apparently stoic Drama Festival probably accounted for its not so splendid acclaim by the audience. More students, if they had bothered to come, would probably have been surprised to see the hard shell of convention temporarily broken. Noel Disken
 Ailsa Campbell



THE PROPOSAL

Adrian Guthrie
Simon Gardiner
Anne McKenzie



CALIGULA

Robin McKenzie
Nola Hart
Jenny Danielson
Barbara Reid
Jeanette Worrall
Mark Caldwell
Marcus Aurelius Lezon
Stephen Roberts
Adam Shackleton
David McKenzie
Sam Gardiner
Ross Davies
Richard Roberts
Warren Roberts
Ailsa Campbell
Julie Armstrong



EXPERIMENT IN VISUAL STIMULATION

Peter Crichton
Vera Banker
Paula Henriksen
Stephen Tyack
Haydyn Marlow
Liz Bott
Barbara Webb
Mark Caldwell



Jeanette Worrall and Marc Lezon



**THE
BESPOKE
OVERCOAT**

Tony Newman
Tony Cowdell
Per Gnat
Peter Saunders
Jan Gnat
Ross Barker

V THEATRE

THE PROPOSAL

There are many attributes to its credit but particularly Adrian Guthrie's performance was outstanding.
 "very well acted"
 "Surely Anne McKenzie isn't that hard up that she has to take the first Lomov that comes."
 "Brilliantly acted by its small cast."
 "Props, costume and makeup were excellent."
 "Adrian Guthrie is to be commended."
 "... really well produced and acted."
 "thank God, we had a prompter!"
 "a good finish for the night"
 "But you must admit now Flyer is a better dog than Tryer."
 "He's worse."
 "He's better, better, better!"

Julie Armstrong
 Julie Disken
 R. Barker
 A. Ewart

Ailsa Campbell
 Sam Gardiner
 Lucy

R. Barker

As this is the first year that the plays were entirely student chosen and produced I think we should be very proud of the results. Also there were two innovations this year which helped create interest. One was a piece of experimental drama using film and sound effects as well as acting and the other a very amusing film made at this school by Form Five students. Next year we can look for better things from the school plays as we have gained experience from this year's experiment.

V for . . .

"Be an independent observer," they said.
 "But I can't," I said.
 "Oh, yes you can. Forget the fact that you produced the plays for the past four years and have an interest in seeing what that impetus for drama led to."
 "But . . ." I interrupted.
 "And if you can't entirely forget that; then we'll still be interested in hearing what you've got to say."
 "But the idea was to encourage student initiative and learning through experience. If I now turn around and say what a professional critic might have said then I am likely to be forced into confusing my role as a guide with a new role as an outsider," I pleaded.
 "But we want to know if you think what we did was alright."
 "Well, then, I think that what the student actors, producers, organisers and stagehands succeeded in doing was outstanding. It was amazing to see the care and attention to detail lavished on the plays and films. The pressures of time and public performance with people expecting so much aroused real enthusiasm. I even feel that the general students showed more interest in what their fellow students were doing. The whole thing was first class and everybody is to be congratulated. This can easily be seen by the rapt attention and their more-than-polite applause. Naturally there were problems with young people playing the parts of older people, but that is to be expected. I'm not saying that if I had been producing that I would have done everything in the same way — more attack here, greater subtlety, quicker dialogue or longer pauses somewhere else — but I have to learn from my mistakes too, don't I? Next year, with more of the problems out in the open, should be even better. Perhaps you'd like to read a note I received from a parent?"
 "Dear Mr. Murdoch and members of the School Drama Group, Hearty congratulations to all concerned in this year's production of plays! The audience response was not merely . . . friendly encouragement, but the real thing . . . genuine appreciation and enjoyment."

I would think the Drama Group has amply justified your faith in them, Mr. Murdoch, and your faith in the whole idea of maturity through responsibility. I hope that you will all be encouraged to continue to aim for the high standards of workmanship and of interpretation already set and, of course, thoroughly enjoy doing it. My best wishes for the future!

Yours sincerely, W. Fleming.

P.S. I hope the school will see fit to give your theatre more obvious support in the future . . .

. . . As for lack of parental support, I don't think it is so much that we are anti-culture as — just hard-pressed. Convince us of the worth of something and we'll be there!"

"Does that answer your question?"

"Very well," they said.

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

"We'll keep it in mind," they said.

D. Murdoch

Ailsa Campbell



MUSIC

MUSIC

Soft, sweet innocence as a child's delight,
Metallic harshness, proud and cruel,
Devastation, like a bombed out land,
The lonesome beauty of a solitary flower.

Hurt, anger, passion,
Majesty.
Fear, desperation, hate,
Love.
Ecstasy, beauty, softness,
Bitterness.
Grief, depression, horror,
Tranquility.
Even humour,
How much music conveys.

Anne Harper, 5

A CHORAL MISCELLANY

In the preceding months offers from various city councils flowed in begging us to use their hall for our annual choral "do". One eager council (Camberwell by name) spent over 1 million dollars building a grandiose concert hall just to entice us. Such devotion could not go unrewarded, so on July 3rd an anxious world looked to the New Camberwell Civic Hall as John Kennedy (L.R.A.M.) checked on the round shoulders, among other things, as they sang, murmured, yelled or mimed, the song with that apt title, "The Song of the Music Makers" by that great, well-known composer . . . Shaw?

My apologies to all those conductors and pianists who only wanted their name in the school magazine. I've removed them to save some student's sanity. A list is given on the programme, but, anyway try again next year. As a reporter whose job it is to tell the truth, I must inform you that the "accident" at the beginning of Montgomery's go was not due to the fact the adjudicator had lost his bell! — You may draw your own conclusions.

When all the houses and Churchill had sung "the song" our Judge cellist waltzed around the audience to the tunes of "Since First I Saw Your Face" (The adjudicator caught on to the subtle message) "Peter go Ring Dem Bells", (Unfortunately JOHN did not catch on to the subtle message) "The Blue-Tailed Fly" and "Joshua Fit De Battle Of Jericho" (conducted and sung with VIGOROUS ARTICULATION) My heartfelt thanks goes to the pianists for keeping 50 songsters from each house in reasonable tonal proximity.

To eight members of the audience the second half of the programme consisted of a taxing mental effort in order that they prepare victory speeches. I wonder how they concentrated with all that racket going on on stage?

As usual the ignorance of some students was demonstrated when the tuning of flute and clarinet was applauded as Mozart's Divertimento. I can't say I blame them, after all the programme did say that Trevor and Mark would only play one piece and Mr. T's C on the piano was noted as a virtuoso performance. (Look out Daniel Barenboim, Mr. T and Michael Tyack are after your piano).

The woodwind ensemble played Tuning Cadenza and Serenade by Mozart.

The Invisible Trumpet Ensemble played to deaf ears.

The String group played pieces of Corelli not Bach or violins as published in the programme. May I ask, was the Gavotte supposed to be played as though they were fed up with Martini? In fairness to these Corelli players, Mrs. Southward does a wonderful job, the Corelli is one of the most difficult instruments to play.

By now Mr. Kennedy was in great shape. He watched as 780 students became nervous wrecks. Finally after 5 minutes of torturous delay, Churchill was told that even Don Giovanni was not too ambitious.

Notably his opinion was not shared by Peter Crichton whose threat to commit suicide was one of the great patriotic acts of all time. Churchill's success was celebrated by revelry, merriment and a toast in that new potent drink — fresh, canned, pineapple juice. Finally, a use has been found for that big silver cup!

Here ended the afternoon's performance.

An extra performance was allowed that evening (some people's sanity is questionable). The early audience was elevated to

great heights by the "National Anthem". The late audience was brought rudely back to earth by the "Waltz Selection". The rest of the evening was taken up in a guessing game. "Who is Mr. Trevare? Any relation to our Mr. T.?"

To really end the evening, the Choir Boys/Girls of "The Academy of Saint Camberwell in the Field" sang that famous chorus "Mr. Trevare, we thank you" with its equally famous but rarely performed ballet scene. Soloist was Miss Hurst. Dancers included Miss Michelle Hurst, Miss Ann Mackenzie, Miss Carmela Lukianovitch and Miss Margaret Wingfield. Maestro Peter CRICHTON conducted. Mr. T. — we do thank you.

To ease those inquisitive stickybeaks, he was given a bottle of Champa's.

General Comments

— P.J. is not the only one who thinks Mike Lovitt's conducting was vile — Still he won, didn't he?

— The Junior Choir will never again be accompanied by sheep, they're too unreliable, girls had to be substituted when they were missing for their item.

— "These were the days" for the school dance band.

R. Barker, helped by 749 C.H.S. students.

Please Note: Due to the exceptional maths. of a Form 1 student and Mr. Spencer, it was brought out in the open that Montgomery's special choir came 1st. Though not affecting the overall outcome, P.C. is saved from suicide.

CRICHTON'S MOB



MADRIGALS

D. Henley, N. Johnson, R. Young, J. Pitchford, M. Caldwell, P. Crichton, A. Guthrie, N. Hart, C. Horwood, B. Reid, N. Kilner, R. Rutherford, L. Hatch, G. Lucas, M. Hurst.

Absent: T. Henleý, R. Barker.



ORCHESTRA

P. Allen, R. Roberts, I. McGregor, J. Davidson, I. Richardson, A. Brookes, I. Carlsson, T. Coulepis, M. Caldwell, J. Osmond, D. Greiveson, C. Dormer, M. Tyack, S. Kitchen, H. Bates, R. Young, H. McCallum, N. Hart, S. Reaburn, T. Henley, J. Bouvier, D. Bouvier, J. Rottman, M. Farrell, K. Armstrong, Mr. R. Trevare, J. Lobley, R. Allen, R. Burton, B. George.
Absent: P. Jones, G. Head.



DANCE BAND

R. Roberts, I. Richardson, M. Brookes, J. Davidson, Mr. G. Rickard, Mr. R. Trevare, T. Coulepis, I. Carlsson, M. Caldwell, N. Hart.

SENIOR CHOIR

The senior choir has participated in two events this year. Firstly at the combined local schools concert arranged and conducted by R. Trevare at the opening celebrations of the Camberwell Civic Centre. The second function was at the school speech night.

Here now is a reporter's comment about the first event for the Senior Choir.

"Absolutely magnificent, magnificent, truly something to have heard."

Here now is a student's comment:

"I don't think I could say how it sounded to the audience but I had a tremendous feeling up on that stage. I enjoyed

the evening and the selection of music. Handel is to be commended."

Here now are some of the audience's reactions.

A girl of about 12 years was heard to have said "It was lovely."

The most frequent comment was "I thought the way they flicked those pages over was fantastic."

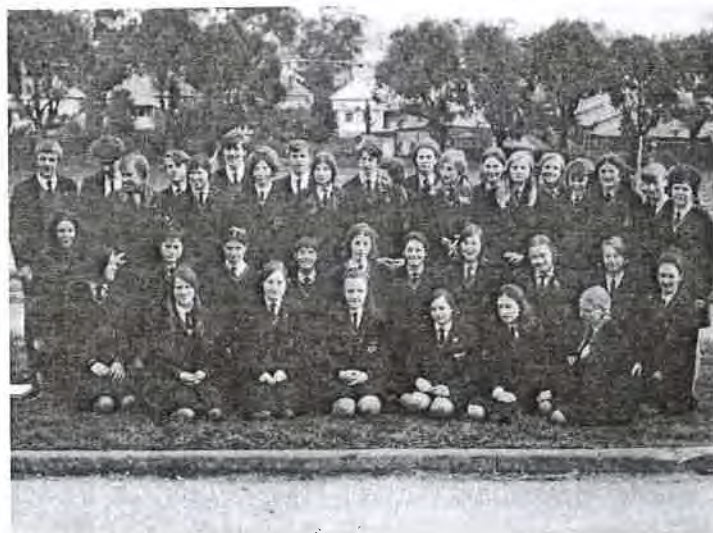
The audience's refrain from clapping during the Handel pieces was greatly appreciated.

It was noticed that some of the younger members of the audience had fallen asleep to the romantic music played by the orchestra and pianist but were soon awakened to the sound of 250 voices singing Bethovan with power and dynamic.



JUNIOR CHOIR

J. Dormer, M. Torske, M. Shaw, M. Brentnall, C. Lambeth, A. Panettieri, C. Dormer, J. Mouser, K. Davies, M. Baldwin, S. Allen, J. Barker, B. Whittle, M. Kakonyi, P. Bowe, J. Mason, L. Waters, P. Hepburn, A. Fenning, M. Farrell, V. Hancock, J. Davy, R. Nicholls.
Absent: H. Newman, S. Newman, J. Malseed, E. Maddock, J. Phillips, S. Webster, R. Stringer, K. Reed, C. Reeves, J. Tyson, S. Burgess, A. Fisher, J. Ohan.



SENIOR CHOIR

MUSIC

MADRIGALS

Knowing nothing about the Madrigals I have been asked to write on them. I extend my deepest apologies to Chaucer for my rather liberal adaptation of the Early English.

Atte scole children an heep and girls,
Ycleped clergeonen,
Wel ycleped as the Madrigalen,
Chaungen this yeer and atte best,
They preeved and entuned ful faire and fetisly,
They hadde lerned and wel kouthe they by rote,
Two songen which they soong ful semely thurghout hir hedes,
Hooly songen for the servise of the chirche, and
"Comth Agayn Swete Lovyere," both songen sowninge and
clene,
To-teren many oon herte.
Twas pitous they gan atte the wrong tyme.
But wel ytaught were they by themselves
in'oon weke.
Though they chyde himselven —
Eek he was a worthy man, a verray parfit gentil man —
if he yaf nothyng, soothly they say —
He was a lusty bacheleer and they were adrad of him as of
the deeth
Casuelly they soong atte beste and ther was noon oother
koude on them winne.
Wel koude they plesen subtilly the audience —
"Cause wel koude they fortunen th'ascendant of hir images."

At school a bunch of kids
Known as choristers,
Better known as "the Madrigals",
Were reformed this year and in the best manner
Practised and chanted honestly and neatly.
They learned and knew off-by-heart, well,
Two songs which they sang through their heads,
Hymns of a church service and
"Come Again Sweet Love", both sung resoundingly and purely,

Tearing many a heart.
It was a pity they began at the wrong time!
But they had taught themselves well
In one week.
Though they chided him —
Mr. Trevare
If he gave nothing, they wisely say —
A happy man

By chance they sang at their best, an' killed 'em.

They could easily please an audience.
"Because they could see their fortune in the stars."



Mick Conway, 6

"MOST POP GROUPS ARE DIRTY, SMELLY, PRETENTIOUS, AMATEUR FOOLS"

A definition which could apply to most pop groups would be — several scruffy-looking young men who outwardly appear to be a cross between the abominable snowman and big chief sitting bull, who are all very malodorous, highly pretentious and dirty, with not as much as a speck of professionalism amongst them.

The long-haired louts who delight in this noisy and dangerous form of "music" are inwardly hiding corrupted, scheming minds that only control the professional noise-makers off stage, when these "musicians" turn into contriving, lecherous drug pushers who take pride in leading innocent thirteen year old fans away from the straight and narrow petal-strewn path.

The reader may ask why the adjective, dangerous, was used to describe this form of music. The answer is a very clear and simple one. Because the volume of the music is turned to its extreme, the high frequency sound waves are able to turn a person's ear drums from their usual convex shape to a definite concave shape. This condition causes much pain and discomfort which can only be relieved with medical help.

Members of pop groups are thoroughly filthy and putrid from the tips of their greasy locks of hair, to the thick dirt embedded in their toenails. Off stage, the only bearable smell which comes from a group such as I have described, is emitted by several sticks of incense which burn day and night to calm the young men's frazzled minds. Just looking at a pop group, it appears that the only part of the ensemble which radiates any sort of sparkle and cleanliness, comes from the twangy electronic guitars and the colourful beads which appear to be permanent fixtures around the exhibitionist's necks.

Now for the sound which pop groups produce, and is referred to in most teenage circles as music. The high pitched, tuneless scream possesses anything but "charms to soothe the savage breast." The lyrics to songs composed and performed by pop groups tend to be heard as continuous shouting coming from the "lead singer's" strained vocal chords. If a copy of the words would be obtainable, one would find a jumble of meaningless croons from one love-stricken teenager to another. A very common croon is an — "I can't helpa leuvin yuu baiiby" — type of endearment.

The amount of money that these entertainers receive is ludicrously high. If Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert and other classical composers are looking down on today's composers, their talented fingers would be itching to rip up any scores in sight. Schubert, as an example, died in abject poverty because of an unrecognised and, more important, unpaid talent years ago, while today things have changed drastically with professional hoods being paid and idolised. Smelly, dirty, pretentious pop groups are not producers of good music and in my opinion, they should be thrown to the savagery of their hysterical thirteen year old fans.

Marilyn Campbell, 5

THE UNIVERSAL ANSWER

I feel, that all things being equal and everything being relative, and, taking into account each person's individual concept of the whole situation, we must remember that certain facts have been represented or misrepresented and may or may not have significant bearing on the matter at hand. Much has been said on the subject, but, even though it is difficult to do, one must always bear in mind what has not been said, because what has not been said is of equal importance to what has been said; however, in this case, less so, for it has not been said in the first place. Again I say, and this of course only applies to those who have heard me say it before; because those who have not, will not be able to say they heard it said before, and therefore will not grasp the full significance of the word "again"; that the individual conscience is most important, for therein lies the whole crux of the problem. This of course depends on the individual's concept of a conscience and therefore can be accepted or rejected.

I think that those who have read and completely understood and grasped the full significance of the logical development of my argument, can do nothing but be in complete agreement with what has been said: If you are one of the fortunate few who do completely understand, all I can say is "Good luck" — You'll need it.

Marcus Aurelius Lezon, 5



Anne McKenzie, 5

ESSAYS

DISASTER . . .

A peasant body, synchronising movement with the sway of slender reeds, hands moulding the fruit of a life's labour. A breath of wind stirs the folds of the simple garment. It is a beautiful day. Life is so smooth and warm. Feeling that warmth the peasant remembers the steaming body of the newly bathed child, his hands linger on the reeds to recapture that softness, that consistency.

Incredulously, the calm, the body, the movement are stifled. The garment falls in a heap around the limp body; crushed. A beast, hideous yet fearless retreats, and the figure of the peasant merges into the day. The killer rabid with an obscure sense of a duty, a lust — a soldier. A tragedy, a disunity of feeling, a misunderstanding of motive.

This is the tragedy of life.

Julie Armstrong, 5W

EDUCATION FOR CITIZENSHIP

Education systems throughout history have been used to brainwash masses of people. Whether the aim is to produce eight hundred million faceless, non-thinking Chinese, thirty million Germans intent on ruling the world or ten thousand Oxford undergraduates all speaking with the same accent, the procedure is usually the same — repetition.

Goebbel's fanatical outbursts before hordes of Nazis may seem far removed from the weekly "chore" of reading the Declaration that faces neutral school pupils, but they both served the same purposes, the idea of obedience, nationalism and patriotism.

At the moment, Australian schools are mainly run on the stimulus-response system. A pupil throughout his or her early school career continuously fed with stimuli, generally referred to as questions, if the appropriate response is forthcoming from the student then good and well, if not, the pupil (or subject) is finished and the system is repeated. The eventual outcome of the system is that if a certain number of stimuli are presented to the subject, and if his responses to a predetermined number of stimuli are correct, He is said to have passed the "intellectual" stage of that class and so progresses to the next.

This system works quite well in early years, but soon its shortcomings become evident. The pupil finds in the higher forms and at tertiary level more than a response is required, now the pupil is in a "touch of bother". Fortunately though, the majority of pupils do not reach this standard, and so the problem is ignored.

Many pupils (I count myself amongst them) are fortunate in that their environment and upbringing are aides to study and understanding. This home situation though is neither haphazard nor accidental in its evolution. It is brought about by several factors; immediate and distant ancestry, origin, circumstance, finance and attitudes.

Generally there are two classes of people who try to become, or remain, informed and educated. The best known group is that of great financial wealth. These people have secured their financial lives and concentrate on education and culture. The second group oddly enough have very little money but are intelligent enough to have realised that through education lies security, a security that can never be shaken, stolen or lost. Money can be lost, but knowledge once gained remains the property of its owner for ever.

It is, amazingly, these two groups that are found leading a country on to better and better things. It is from these two groups that we take our politicians, doctors, statesmen and teachers, and it is this fact that has put the "free world" ahead of the communist camp in the fields of philosophy and government. Although the schools of the "free world" are based on the "stimulus-response" they do not carry it out to the extent to which the communists do.

Education is used to develop conformity but human nature does not allow this type of education to achieve one hundred per cent results. All too often there is a square peg that just

will not fit into a round hole. Depending on the geographical position of the peg it will either be exterminated or made President or awarded the Nobel prize or sent to an asylum. I have, to date, been somewhat of a square peg. At an early age I was dubbed "Mickie perche" which literally translated from the Italian means "Mickie why". Every time my mouth opened a question fell out. Sometimes I have received answers, sometimes not; sometimes I was content with my answers, sometimes not. I am not a square peg of the type that becomes president, but if the system of education was supposed to make me conform, I am enough of a square peg to have defeated the system of education.

What is more. I am damned proud of having done it. Long live square pegs

Michael Sacerdoti, 5



Anne McKenzie, 5

ESSAYS

INTRODUCING OUR GANG . . .

In the assembly field, I looked around me, and started to count one, two, three . . . Oh! There were altogether nine Asians in the school this year. This was my first day in Camberwell High School. However, Asians like the school and the school seems to welcome Asians. A few days later, more members joined in. First came our agent double-0 1, Albert, then followed by our Karate-man 'Mr' (?) Lim, and finally Chin. They were all transferred from other schools. This makes up the present 12-strong Asian group.

Apart from Albert and Keng, who were my school-mates from Malaysia, the rest were completely strangers to me. At the beginning, we were tongue-tied, shy, and serious in our outlook; Furthermore, we did not know one another well enough, but this was not long lasting. After a few weeks, we have become the now jolly and happy group. From complete strangers, we have been moulded into a brother-like clique, high-spirited and always full of jokes. A noisy bunch, people would comment of us. However, on more intimate knowledge of us, it is found only natural. We are all new to this country, and, we have not many friends. So, this is the very group in which we have the chance to talk and chat freely.

Our school life started quite smoothly. We are particularly pleased to learn there is an Asian students' co-ordinator in the school. She is none other than our beloved Miss Milne. The kindness and warmth we received is comparable to that we once had from our parents who are now thousands of miles across the sea. We all like her very much. On behalf of the Asian students, I take this opportunity to extend my gratitude for all the help she has given us. We should not forget about Mrs. Bragge who has been so kind to give us extra English lessons. A word of thanks also goes to the principal of the school, Mr. Slattery and the rest of the members of the staff who have assisted us in one way or another, and also Mr. Peter, being so understanding toward us.

"Me speak no England!" This was some common phrase we received from some curious, innocent young boys from our junior form. They were inclined to think we speak no English. We did not blame them for they do not understand as much. We accepted their ignorance, however our reply to them was "We speak English but not England". Anyway, we do admit the fact there was some difficulty in catching what the teachers talked about at the beginning. As far as we are concerned, they speak so fast that we could understand only part of what they said. But we were not discouraged. However, out of our determination to learn, things became much better soon. We can understand them better now. So, our first hurdle was surmounted.

We are happy with the form we are in. In this form, we find some of our Australian friends always with a cheerful character and a smiling face. They make great contributions to the class. This is because a lesson without jokes is a dull one, though the pupils seem to be listening very attentively, their minds are wandering about. There is also one particular keen Australian friend in our class. In almost nearly every lesson, he never fails to ask questions. Unfortunately, his keenness is not appreciated by the teachers for the questions he asks are always "beyond the scope" of the book.

At lunch time, you will find us in Room 24. We occupy one corner of the room and tell of our adventures to one another. Some mention their favourite television series. Some tell the contents of letters received from home. However, complaints received from our parents, are that we always keep our hair too long by Asian standards. Jokes are always popping up at which we never stop laughing. Occasionally, our Sarawak "Talent-Quest winner", Roger entertains us with some of his favourite Chinese folk songs. If he joins the Channel 9 "New Faces" he stands a great chance of capturing the first prize, I reckon. Our "uncle" from Hong Kong, Wu, would never fail to join Roger. His Cantonese songs are equally as good as the Beatles' hits. Our "Chinese-Romeo", Leong Wai Sing (alias "Little Leong"), has always been a good audience. He never fails to appreciate their Cantonese folk songs for the fact that he himself is a Cantonese. As the lunch-hour comes to an end, we have our "conference" before rushing off to Miss Rusden's physics class.

I am sorry I cannot get much information about the Asian girls for they form their own group. Moreover, as you know, Asian girls are more conservative by Australian standard. They frequently complain we boys become "Australianised" too fast. But what else can we do? "When in Rome, do as Romans do". Nevertheless, we do have our "James Bond" spying around the girls' side. There are altogether four Asian girls in the school this year. Sooh is the quiet girl from my hometown, Penang. Hey, isn't this a small world? She is the most "tiny" of the the lot, a potential Malaysian "Twiggy". She once complained that Melbourne wind was too strong for her — fearing that she may be blown away by the merciless wind. Ah Lee seems to be the spokesgirl from the girls' side. She always passes the girls' suggestions and ideas on to us. Information about the rest of the girls is not available. Blame should be put on our "James Bond" for his insufficient mission.

This is our life in the school which we enjoy very much. Indeed it has been an experience in our lives, being such a wonderful group. The happy and sad moments we have together, the unique character of each of us, will stand as strong pillars of memories in our minds. It was only yesterday when we first came to this school as homesick boys and girls — fresh from mother's arms. But today, we have grown up a lot not only physically but also mentally. We are happy to live independently though we miss the encouragement of our parents.

Leong Wee Khee, 6



Rodna Moore, 5

MATRICULATION AND TERTIARY EDUCATION

Earlier this year a questionnaire was circulated to all Leaving students. The purpose of the leaflet was to discover the general feeling of fifth formers towards the Matriculation year as it is at present. The last question on the sheet asked students to put forward any suggestions they felt would improve the Matriculation year. After having written my suggestions on the questionnaire I started wondering if there were any other students who are of the same view as myself. If there are please don't come and talk to me, go straight to the principal and make your views heard.

Like many students at Camberwell High I advocate the lifting of regulations concerning clothing and appearance for Matrics.

Students who attempt Matriculation fall into two groups. A small minority do Matriculation for the sake of doing it. The second and major group do Matriculation because it is a prerequisite for either tertiary education or job training. It is with the latter group that I am concerned. If I pass Matriculation my aim is to enter University, which has been my goal for many years. Yet I am scared, nay petrified of my first year. I will not only have to study more material than ever before but I have to do it in an alien atmosphere and with a new system. I understand the reason that most people fail first year University is not because there is too much to be learned but because they just cannot adjust to the new, liberal conditions. If one fails first year the chances of re-entry are slim.

It might be felt that my policy could cause Matriculation failures. I agree, but is it not more practical, possible and economical to repeat Matriculation and be better prepared for the next year?

I am not saying that Matrics. should be able to run amock, disobeying all laws of decency and common sense. I am just saying that the last year of High School should be liberalised to reduce the gap between Secondary and Tertiary education.

Michael G. Sacerdoti, 5

CAMBERWELL HIGH SCHOOL — FOUNDING, HISTORY AND DEVELOPMENT

In May of 1941, with an enrolment of 353, C.H.S. was opened. But in February of the following year the newly opened school was taken over by Melbourne Boys' High whose buildings were occupied by the United States Army for use as Headquarters. Consequently C.H.S.'s pupils were dispersed to various other schools.

This displacement lasted three years, until 1945 when our pupils were reassembled in their own building and C.H.S. was re-established as a separate entity.

In about 1946 the top storey was added to the main building. The Parents' and Friends' association held their first meeting on February 17th, 1941 and on August 20th the same year, the Advisory Council, presided over by Cr. A. E. Vine, at that time Mayor of Camberwell, met for the first time.

In 1952 the status of the school was raised by being approved by the University as a Class A school to the Leaving Certificate standard. The erection of a two-classroom Prefabricated Unit at this time provided much additional accommodation. Late in 1968, work started on the long awaited Assembly Hall and accompanying classrooms. It is expected that these buildings will be completed for the beginning of 1970. C.H.S. has had great difficulty in obtaining new equipment and classrooms because it is classed as a pre war school. Post war schools have the benefit of having more Laboratories and such classrooms as well as assembly halls that pre war schools were not equipped with.

The school's headmasters have been:

Dr. A. U. G. James	1941-47
Mr. R. W. Andrews	1948-52; 1958-65
Mr. A. Ebbets	1953-57
Mr. C. I. Gazzard	1966-68
Mr. M. Slattery	1968-



Geof. Coleman, 6



Cynthia Gordon, 5



Susan Rowe, 6

Since the opening in 1941 the school has become one of the best schools in Vic. along with such schools as Melbourne Boys' High and University High Schools. This was because of "selective enrolment" (taking only the best of the sixth grades). Fortunately the enrolment has decreased over the past few years from 860-870 to 807 in 1968. In 1966 an S.R.C. was established. Since then it has helped for better relations between staff and pupils and has done all it could to help in any way possible.

Susan Provis, Kay Kilner, 4

ONE TWO THREE UP DOWN AND AROUND

It was a dark and stormy night, the ship was rocking treacherously on the breakers. We were all snug inside eating dinner when, we heard the bow crack, water came gushing in, drip! drip! drip! drop! drop! splash! splash! splash! until our feet were getting wet, then our knees, then our thighs, then . . . the captain came in, he said we had better get into the lifeboats, so we all lined up one! two! three! marched into the lifeboats. Then we remembered that we had to put the lifeboats in the water before we got into them; so we all stood up marched one! two! three! out of the lifeboats put them into the water and marched one! two! three! in again, then we remembered if you want to make the lifeboat move you've got to have oars, so we all stood up marched one! two! three! out got the oars and marched one! two! three! in again and placed the oars in the water and one two! three! started to row, we rowed the first few yards quite successfully, then we all got out of time and one! two! three! had to start again.

Oh! dear! the lifeboat has just tipped over and I am the only one who can swim. Goodness! Gracious! me! here comes a big oversized wave whooooooooooooooh I just hit something and would you believe it, it's the shore of a desert island, well here I go.

I dragged myself onto the scorching sand, my throat was parched my feet were burning like dragon's fire. I pulled myself towards the one and only palm tree, and would you believe it a dog walked out from it! His name was Henry, and what did he do? He sat happily munching twisties. I decided to make friends with Henry so my next paragraph is called "My friend the dog and me."

My friend the dog and me circled the island once and saw nothing but, sand and sea and one palm tree.

I could feel my sunburn turning to a burnt blob of suntan, then I thought, how can any dog survive on a desert island unless he is "superdog". Then my mind slowly but surely worked out that, the one and only palm was a coconut palm. I headed blindly through the pounding sunrays to the palm tree. I started to work my way up the palm tree, but the trunk was so hot that I sprung off burning my feet as I hit the scorching sand, anyway I dived into the waves. I lay there for a minute until I worked up the courage to face this terrible world of mishaps. I raced back to the tree, my red hot poker feet were slow but I managed to trudge on. I grasped the tree and shook it violently and BONK! a coconut hit me.

I staggered to the ground the hot sand burning me as I fell, my mind was nowhere in particular. Then I felt something trickle down my face . . . that stupid dog! . . . He busted the coconut on my head, but the milk had dried before I had a chance to get any. I said to the dog, you stupid dog, but alas the dog could only speak French; what a misfortune. I returned to where I had the calamity with the coconut, and there springing from the ground was another coconut palm. This forced me to change the name of the island from "One tree Hill" to "Two tree track."

I watched the palm tree grow bigger and bigger and bigger and bigger and bigger until, within an hour it was a full sized coconut palm. Rather a surprising tree don't you agree? It began to sprout coconuts, one by one by one by one by one, till there were quite a few coconuts on the tree, they looked very delicious so I thought I would take the opportunity to get one or two or three. I was standing in the water so I ran tippy toe up to the palm tree to keep my heels for climbing the tree.

I grasped the tree in my hands, the bark scraping and scratching them to shreds, poor hands! I put one heel to the tree and then the other, and then slowly and surely I began climbing up the tree, one hand one foot one hand

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one foot one hand one foot one hand one foot until I reached the top. It was a nicer tree to climb than the other one because it was smoother, and as I was at the top I decided to take some palm leaves for the hut I was making, so one by one by one by one by one by one by one I pulled the leaves out and floated them merrily to the ground, then I took the opportunity to get some coconuts while I was there as that is what I originally went up for, so without looking to the ground I threw them down, BONK! BONK! BONK! they all landed on the dog's head, and that was the end of the dog, poor fellow! I don't think I'll bother with a funeral, I think I'll just chuck him in the sea, so heave ho! I chucked him in the sea.

While I was up the tree, I sighted a puff of smoke on the sea, at first I thought it was a whale but to my surprise, good luck and good measure, you know what it was, it was a ship. Then I heard the groovy horn go HONK! HONK! HONK! I yelled and screamed hip! hip! hooray and madly started climbing up the palm tree again, one hand one foot one hand one foot one hand one foot, until I reached the top, then I stood up waving my shirt frantically all the time, it was really a quite exasperating situation, a ship coming and me up the top of the palm tree waving my shirt like a hooligan, so I quickly climbed down the Palm tree one hand one foot one hand one foot one hand one foot, until I was on the sand. Slowly but surely the ship, sailing in on the lovely little white horse waves.

When it arrived they took me on board and I was given the right royal welcome that I deserved. That is all I can write because the ship hasn't been in a wreck yet and we are nearly home (worse luck) so I am stopping my commentary on my great misfortune here.

by John Lucas and Theresa Harney

"PARENTS"

"Yes sir, I shall not climb the fence to steal the gardener's strawberries; I shall not wink at Mistress Trentwick; I shall not talk to that wretched boy of Mr. Kalicornis; I shall not speak while I eat; I shall not forget to bow to mama again; I shall not whistle when I walk;" David monotonously assured his sternly perceptive father. "I shall not breathe, live, or so much as lift my little toe if you do not wish it," he whispered under his breath, bowing low at his father's dismissal.

David's skin-tight stockings clung to him like magnet to iron, so he was forced to strut stiffly from the room. This morning's interlude was an everyday occurrence in which he begged forgiveness for sins of yesterday and promised goodness in his activities of the present day.

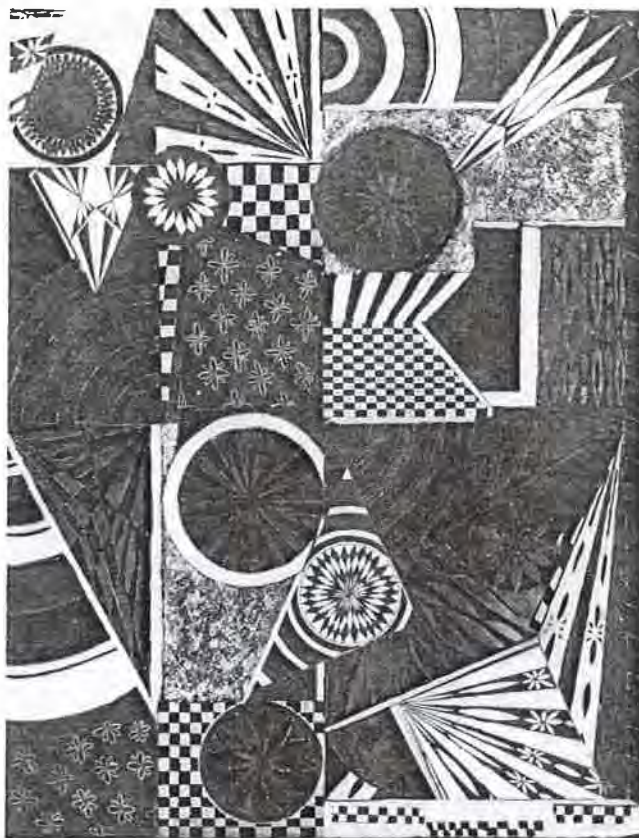
Every person in the house reported to the lord and master for their list of daily chores. His "lair" was separated by long, turning passages, from the rest of the household. As he insisted that the kerosene lanterns should not be lit until he ventured from the room, the servants were almost always accompanied by wavering candles.

To a stranger this procession of shrouded figures, each carrying a single candle, would seem to be a pilgrimage to some awesome ogre. David's mother whom he rarely saw, and who rarely saw her husband, was living in the topmost storey, with David's sister. From time to time a perfumed message would flutter from this feminine region, bearing a polite message, directing him to go immediately to the guest room, as his mother wished to parade him in front of one of her pretentious cronies.

Dinner was an extravagant, formal affair with his father sitting at one end of the long, polished table, while his mother and sister sat huddled at the other end. Above the table, chandeliers flashed in all their splendour, though they barely lit more than the centre of the echoing hall. Servants stood behind every chair ready to answer the occupier's every whim. An advantage of this long table, as David well knew, was that, whenever a mishap occurred, such as the salt spilling, a glass falling, it just was not seen.

At times, David would accompany his parents on a drive through the park. His mother and sister would be in one carriage, while he and his father would be in another. When the carriages drew to a halt, his father would walk to his mother's carriage and request permission to escort her ladyship through the park. They would spend the rest of the afternoon politely discussing the weather. Small wonder that to David "parents" was a hollow, meaningless word.

Lynn. Hugan, 4



Lillian Kowalczewski, 5

October 17th, 1937

ARKANSAS PRISON

THE THOUGHTS OF A PRISONER AWAITING HIS DEATH

(Gloomily) "They'll never trace my body . . ." As the exercise-yard door slams shut, my solemn looking cell-mates and myself are pushed forward by a warder. Towards the dull, brick wall we plod onwards. The otherwise seemingly infinite walk seems shorter now, as we cross the yard.

(Mockingly) "I suppose the superintendent is probably standing near his window overlooking the situation with a smirk on his face. I hope he dies with a rope around his neck. Curse his soul. I pity his poor broken-hearted mother . . ." (Walking onwards more slowly than before).

(Bitterly) "The worst crime I've done, ever done was a petty theft. Would you call this punishment? That wall must be the end of life and the beginning of hell !!! Gee !!! It's quieter now — perhaps death has already descended."

(Inner conscience) "Don't break down. You were born a man — act like one now."

"The soldiers are lined up. A warder turns me round. He roughly pushes my back against the wall, and continues to do so with the others. "Look at the soldiers' piercing eyes penetrating my body. I've got to get a hold in myself. My thoughts won't stop racing. I'm panicking. All the anxiety is killing me." (To soldiers) "Why can't you get it over with? Waiting is pure torture . . ."

The guard lifts his hand. (Thinking) "My mate, Peter, said earlier that they knocked off another ten yesterday while they were working at the farm. It was a cold-blooded, brutal murder as Peter put it. "Hey! !! The guard's hand is coming d . . ."

Newsflash: A.A.P. Reuter — Thursday

An unnamed former Arkansas prison warder has told reporters that he believes there are about two hundred bodies of former prisoners, buried under the old exercise yard, a few feet from a ruin of a brick wall. Already five bodies have been uncovered. Many relatives of former prisoners serving sentences there about the year 1937, have claimed the disappearances of them. Two skulls found under a garden there, were found to contain several bullets. Excavations of the ruined wall revealed many embedded bullets. Police officials refuse to comment on the matter.

Debra Bouvier, 4



Robert Savage, 5

As I lay in bed with the street lights shining down on to my face, I thought how wonderful it would be to see him again. It had been two and a half years since I'd seen him. I could remember vividly the day I had said good-bye to him at the airport. It seemed such a long time. Two and a half years, that's nearly one thousand days I told him as I let his hand go when the plane's engine began to roar. Those one thousand days went quite quickly because he wrote to me every 2nd day and whenever I began craving for him to be with me, I just read through his letters until I could feel him beside me.

I couldn't go to sleep until the early morning but when I woke up I felt as if I'd slept for a week. I was so happy and full of life. I didn't have time to have breakfast, I just rushed through the house work then at ten o'clock I had a shower and put on my blue dress he liked best. I had made a chocolate cake with coffee icing the afternoon before, he loved that; it was his favourite cake.

I was at the airport at twelve o'clock, three quarters of an hour early but I just had to be ready for him. I bought a magazine and sat on the seat facing the landing field. I opened the book and began reading, but it wasn't any use. I couldn't concentrate, I kept thinking of seeing his face again with his dark hair surrounding it and his big hands, how I would enjoy the feel of them squeezing mine when we met.

At half past twelve I went out onto the shelter and waited for the plane. My eyes were glued to the sky watching for the first sight of the plane. I saw about half a dozen objects in the sky which I thought was the aeroplane but my eyes were only playing tricks on me.



Anne McKenzie, 5

Then I saw it. It was a real plane. It took ten minutes for it to circle the field then it touched down. My heart was beating so quickly that I got the hiccups, but they soon went when the door of the plane was opened. My eyes were fixed on the door, then the first person alighted and the second and third. I made my way down to the gate, by the time I was there twenty people were walking down the ramp to the gate, then they closed the door. I walked out the gate, but he wasn't there, he wasn't there. A red haired man walked up to me and asked if I was Mrs. Miles, I told him yes. And he told me how Peter had volunteered to stay an extra year in Vietnam. I burst into tears and he held me in his arms, He said to tell you not to worry and that he'd ring you up tonight. He held my arm and guided me back to the taxi stand. He succeeded in cheering me up so that I was able to talk again and then I told him how I had looked forward to him coming today and then he hailed a taxi for me and I was on my way home, alone, I hated chocolate cake, I knew I would throw it away. Then when I arrived home I found my key and opened the door. I began to cry again. I just couldn't stand another year without him.

Kathleen Pitt, 4

Before I leave the room, I look around. At the table, the bare wooden table and chairs; the threadbare carpet; the dirty windows concealed carefully from the inside with scanty, ragged curtains, the tiny oilstove; and the two pictures that hang on the wall, one above the cold fireplace — a portrait of a beautiful young woman. A princess perhaps, or a duchess. No matter, they are all the same, those women in royalty.

The painting was a treasure from someone's attic. An uncle, I think. And on the opposite wall, a picture of dear Will. When he was a young man. William Shepherd, distinguished city gentleman, a "ladies man". My Will.

I close the door, and it creaks, as if in protest. I shut out the misery and all the dreariness of my room. I face into the sunshine now. The hopeful sunshine. I clench my fists together, not noticing how cold my hands feel. Noticing instead how warm the sun is on the back of my head. It is not a long way to the prison.

Before I enter the room, I look around. At the desk, the large, bold desk which frames a small, wiry person very discreetly. They call him the Inspector. I didn't know Inspectors were small and wiry. Will isn't small and wiry. Will is tall. I come up to his shoulders, almost. My head fits nicely under his chin. At least that's how it used to be. He could have grown some; seven years is a long time. He was so young then.

I go into his room, and stop when I come to the desk. The small wiry person offers me a seat, and says in a small wiry voice: "If you don't mind, Mrs. Shepherd, I'll step out and see if the prisoner is ready."

Mrs. Shepherd. The prisoner. Those two were connected. I used to think the connection ugly.

It now suddenly becomes beautiful.

"This way if you please, madam."

Such politeness, I hadn't expected.

A watchman hands me a key. The key. The key to temporary happiness, I think. I am reluctant, though, for some reason which I cannot explain.

"Go on in", I tell myself, "What's stopping you?"

Fear is stopping me.

I am frightened. A person can change after so many years. It's happened before.

But my feet walk forward, as if moved by an invisible force.

The key turns in the lock, which creaks, as if in protest.

I feel a cold draught.

"Hello, Will . . ."

It is not me who is talking, but my mouth.

Nereda Gordon, 4

1968 MATRICULATION RESULTS

English Literature

- 1st — Judith Black, Pauline Wellard.
2nd — Yvonne Cohen, Rachel Crossman, Paula Danielson, Simon Macdonald, Raymond Powell.

French

- 1st — Annette Knoches, Elisabeth Lezon.
2nd — Richard Kerley, Heather McAndrew, Margaret McKenzie, Anne Muntz, Margaret L. Smith, Vivienne Unger.

Dutch

- 2nd — Yvonne Cohen.

Pure Maths (Old)

- 1st — Theresa Liu.
2nd — Peter Caldwell, Daniel Crossman, Andrew Horwood, Eric Reynolds, Mary Whiting.

Pure Maths. (A)

- 2nd — Jack Levi, Colin Sutton, Arnold Wheeler, Simon Yu.

Calculus & Applied (Old)

- 1st — Andrew Horwood, Eric Reynolds, Ray Tan, Mary Whiting.

- 2nd — Ian Berryman, Peter Caldwell, Bela Kristof, Swe Lim, Johnny Wu.

Calculus & Applied (A)

- 1st — Arnold Wheeler, Simon Yu.
2nd — Jack Levi, Benjamin Scheltus, Colin Sutton, Prudence Williams.

General Maths.

- 2nd — Susan Hollingdale.

Physics

- 1st — Arnold Wheeler, Mary Whiting.
2nd — Andrew Horwood, Jack Levi, Robin Lipscombe, Theresa Liu, Andrew Lovitt, Eric Reynolds, Benjamin Scheltus, Colin Sutton, Ray Tan, Andrew Thomson, Johnny Wu, Simon Yu.

Chemistry

- 1st — Theresa Liu, Eric Reynolds, Arnold Wheeler.
2nd — Andrew Horwood, Andrew Thomson, Mary Whiting, Simon Yu.

Biology

- 1st — Christopher Brown.
2nd — Heather McAndrew, Margaret L. Smith, Judith White.

Geography

- 1st — Graeme Moseley, Anne Muntz, Thomas Weber, Owen Weeks.
2nd — Warren Coles, Miriam Dvorak, Bryan Kimpton, John B. O'Donnell.

Australian History

- 1st — Warren Coles, Anne Muntz, Raymond Powell, Owen Weeks.
2nd — Judith Black, Miriam Dvorak, Lawrence Evans, Kathleen Jenkins, Bryan Kimpton, Bruce Maiden.

18th Century History

- 2nd — Graeme Moseley, David Thomas.

Economics

- 1st — Kathleen Jenkins, Sammy Lew.
2nd — Miriam Dvorak, Lawrence Evans, Ewen McCarthy.

Accounting

- 2nd — Ian Berryman, Ewen McCarthy.

Art

- 2nd — David Thomas, Jekabs Zalkans.

ON LOOKING BACK AT SPEECH NIGHT

"You know it was a good speech night, but on reminiscing I think it was a bit sad; my last speech night, the last time I really felt part of the school. All my friends were there and the feeling was almost indescribable. Everyone seemed happy. Even though it was a formal occasion you felt at one with everybody. I think that nervousness has some part too in your attitude; everyone's scared something may go wrong and you pay even more attention to detail, so the whole thing goes even better. Mind you I think the hall blended with the atmosphere perfectly, perhaps it was the newness. As the orchestra played I felt a little proud even though there were one or two off notes.

Mr. Key spoke of the benefit of the new building to next year's students, it seems a pity that some of us who leave, won't be able to use the facilities we saw born. Mr. Slattery told us, too, of what the school can look to next year; but for us it's the past that's remembered and the way everyone co-operated to make this year a little easier.

Even though there wasn't a guest speaker, it seemed only natural, there was no feeling of anything missing. But the Madrigal Singers, Junior Choir and dance band made more impression on me than, I think, any guest speaker would have done. While prizes were being awarded I remembered that one of the teachers had said, "I wish we could give prizes to everyone . . . It was almost like seeing your friends recognised for that extra little bit of work.

The senior choir sang well too, but what really surprised me was the school song. I know it's received a lot of knocks, but it isn't till you sing it for the last time that you fully understand the words, and are depressed at leaving.

One of the best times that evening was in the foyer afterwards. The teachers and pupils chatted informally and we could give our thanks to Mr. Peter, Miss Milne and Miss Rusden.

I think everyone feels good when something they've really worked for goes off well . . . "

A matric. student.



Adrian Dunn

OBITUARY

Earlier this year one of the school's prefects (1966-67) Adrian Dunn met with a fatal road accident. It was a tragic occurrence which shocked the whole school, especially those who knew him well. He has given much to the school in sport, music, and as a prefect. We are especially indebted to him for his coaching of the rowing squad. That so many paid their last respects was indicative of how well-liked he was.



CAMBERWELL HIGH SCHOOL OLD STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION. Class Ad.

Dozens of swingers go-going amongst the band on the stage of the new Civic Centre. This was just one of the highlights of the Annual Ball, with every one of the 400 ex-students, friends and guests thoroughly enjoying themselves. A word of warning; book your table early for next year.

The Association began its 13th year with a well attended free film night at the Camberwell theatre. Interval took the form of an Annual General Meeting, at which Georgina Adamson was elected President. The new committee then proceeded to show its good intentions by devouring half the supper.

The car trial was April's high spot, followed by a period of apparent inactivity as the committee went into hiding to organise the Old Students' Association Scholarship, the Ball, and revision of the Constitution. Meanwhile contact was maintained between members through the several issues of the newsletter "CHAOS" produced by Iain Messer. We enjoyed reading reports of the successes of present and past students in many fields, received from areas as far apart as Canada and the Antarctic. The Social Notes revealed that there should be no shortage of new students for the School in ten to fifteen years time.

Peter Sellers led the proceedings in July, as the second "Annual" General Meeting for the year again took the form of a free film and supper. The revised constitution was passed and a new committee elected headed by Peter Wallis. The Wine and Cheese Night in August promised the best of imported cheeses woven amongst Australian wines of international standing. No one can say that we didn't try to place the emphasis on quality. This is proving to be the most popular casual function in the Association's calendar.

Three basketball teams competed during the year for the Old Students. The two men's teams appeared destined to retain the premiership they won in 1968, while the women's team struggled valiantly each week against a shortage of

players. It is hoped that there will be sufficient interest to add more teams next year. How about it, volleyball and tennis players?

All students leaving school this year are warmly invited to a barbecue at present being planned for December. We hope that you will accept our invitation to preserve the friendships made at the school by becoming part of the Association in 1970. The Honorary Secretary, Olivia Penfold, can be contacted at Flat 4, 14 Rosslyn Street, Hawthorn.

Peter Duras,
Acting President

OBITUARY

Lieutenant R. H. Gyton

The school learned with deep regret of the death of Robert Gyton, a student of Camberwell High School from 1958 to 1963.

Robert joined the Royal Australian Navy from Form VI in 1963 as midshipman, and served in various ships around Singapore and S.E. Asia. His fine record gained him early promotion. At the age of 23 he became the youngest lieutenant in the R.A.N. and subsequently took command of his own ship the patrol boat H.M.A.S. BOMBARD, on which he served until his illness and death earlier this year.

The school shares with his family their pride in Robert's fine record and extends to them its deepest sympathy.



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~~Senior Master: Mr. A. Markham, D.T.S.C., T.T.C. (Man. Arts).~~ *Has D. Moore, B.A. T.P.T.C.*
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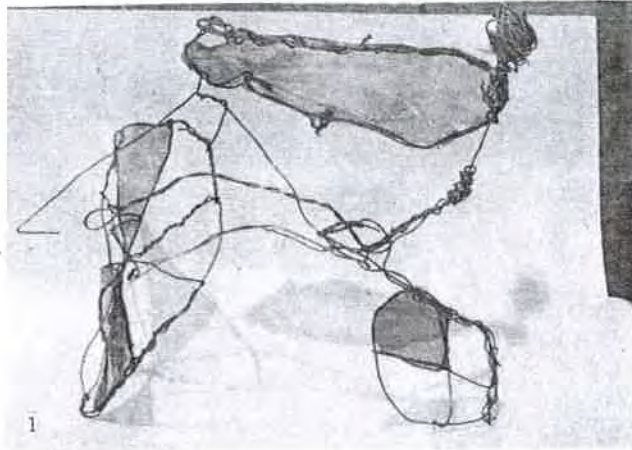
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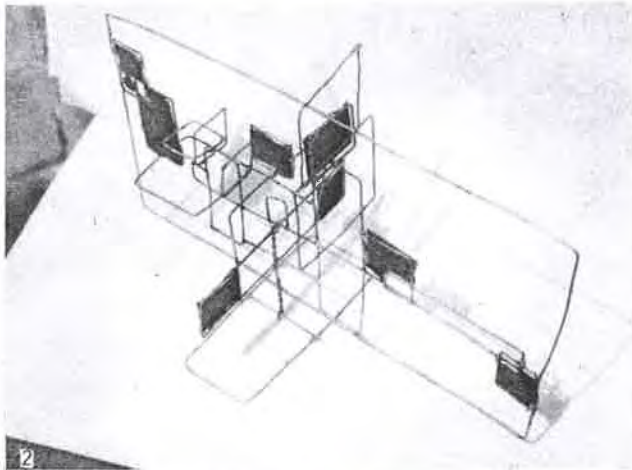
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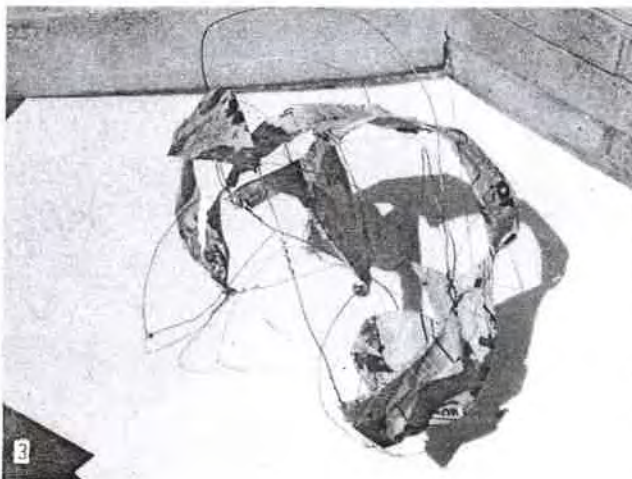
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2. Allen Rooney and Neil Lancashire, 4



3. Pamela Billington, 4

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