

**LIST OF COMMITTEE MEMBERS OF C.H.E.S.S.
Camberwell High Ex-students Society**

Bernard Corser
Marie Purcell
Neil Bouvier
Pat Douglas
Jeanette Alcock
Barry Garnham
Naomi Harrison
Mary Hill
Lawrie Hodgson
Marnie Kok
Yvonne Wray
Elida Brereton
Geoff Sinclair
Ken Tenner

CAMBERWELL HIGH SCHOOL COUNCIL MEMBERS

Chris Stocker
PRESIDENT
Tony Sloan
VICE PRESIDENT
Helen Elliot
Michel Le Page
David Molan
Cheryl Mattingley
Kerry Abrahams
Paul Adams

STAFF:

Elida Brereton
Geoff Sinclair
Ken Tenner
Richard Geddes
Isabelle McKenzie
Graham Tootell
Patricia Noseda

CO-OPTED:

Bernard Corser

S.R.C

Michael Anderson

HOUSE CAPTAINS

CHURCHILL

House Captains
Sports Captains
Creative Arts

Keir Larter
Ben Wood
Alister Quinn

Kate Botham
Alysia Mattingly
Erika Heldzingen

MACARTHUR

House Captains
Sports Captains
Creative Arts

Michael Anderson
Kim Stanning
Michael galvin

Lauren Stocker
Dan Rule
Sheriden Welsh

MONTGOMERY

House Captains
Sports Captains
Creative Arts

David Seddon
Campbell Elliot
Paul Vincec

Lana Collaris
Jacqui Plasto
Simone Riley

ROOSEVELT

House Captains
Sports Captains
Creative Arts

Brendan Pollock
Luke Coats
Adam Affiff

Nina McLean
Emma Buckley
Jo Withy

P.F.A LIST

Jeanette Botham
Paula Stocker
Barbara Pickard
Geoff Sinclair
Ann Eaton
Helen Elliot
Cheryl Mattingly
Margaret Counihan
Julie Wygerse
Jan Wight
Sue Kazenwadel
Blexa Callino
Pam Heathem
Mason Edwards
Gerda Evans
Jayne Dambman
Ray Dalrymphe

President
Vice President
Treasurer
Minute Secretary Wellsware

**S.R.C STUDENT
REPRESENTATIVES**

Office bearers:

Presidents	Lauren Stocker Amelia Needoba
Vice President	Colin Byrne
Secretary	Paul Vincec
Treasurer	Michael Andersen

NEW TO THE SCHOOL

From the first day I entered this school, I noticed an extremely pleasant and friendly atmosphere. The students compared to my old school were understanding, well mannered and open minded. None of the students pushed to get to their classrooms. Everyone was laid back and reserved.

Once, at my previous school, I was about to catch the bus, and I was picked up and thrown on the ground. When I came to Camberwell High School and I caught the bus, I was not thrown and the students did not push their way on, but casually walked onto the bus.

Having friends here helped me considerably to have confidence in all that I did. Even on the first day everyone gave me a chance to prove myself and out of those many people I made some new friends

As the days flew by I maintained a good routine and I have held it ever since. It consists of doing homework each night, mixing part time work into it and making sure I go to bed at the same time each time. Occasionally I will break the routine but I quickly regain my strictness and I am soon back on track again.

The routine of the school differs from mine slightly. We are meant only to do what homework is given out yet some people race ahead. They are an example for me to follow.

Overall this whole new experience has shown me how to be part of a group - with even people with whom I am not friendly.

Just recently, new computers have been installed for students and teachers to use. They are mostly Pentium-class machines and they are a big improvement over the old 386s. The software installed is excellent - especially Microsoft Office. We also now have a scanner, which is great for students who want to add graphics to their work.

In early November 1995 the G.M. Sinclair Sports Hall was opened. The hall was a credit to all the hard working parents and students. Without their help the sports hall would have never eventuated. Now that we have it the students have a chance to use a great facility. The hall has a grandstand which can seat approximately two hundred people.

Under Schools of the future, the government gives us an allowance for each year. We need to get extra funding to enable us to buy the pool, pay off the sports hall and new balls and rings and get better library and other facilities.

It gives me security to know that I, with my fellow students, will be in the position to use these facilities. They and I know that our use of them will be due to the dedicated work of the whole school community, one in which I appreciate being included as a part.

David Prescott and David Hinchey, 10

This years Prospice was written and compiled by 10F, who are

Lauren Barnes
Alex Bezhenar
Nicholas Body
Jonathon Boyd
Joanna Canty
Cassandra Cheah
Joo Choi
Brooke Colbert
Andrew Frawley
Mark Hatton
Andrew Hibbert
David Hinchey
Sally Hsu
Joyce Hsu
Kim Kwok
Dmitry Levin
Dakhylina Madkhul
Kirsten Miscamble
Alice Molan
Mi Nguyen
Kris Origens
David Perry
Matthew Poc
David Prescott
Renae White
William Zheng

and many thanks to our organiser Mrs. Tuckett.

Michael Denovan Year 12 Photography

THE PRINCIPAL...



Ms. Elida Brereton, Principal

This has been another excellent year at Camberwell High School, for many reasons. How will you look back on 1996? Will you think mostly of goals set and met, of friendships made and strengthened, of team involvement and triumph in sport, music, the musical production, debating, in House competition, of involvement in leadership through the S.R.C., experiences out of school at Wollangarra, Mittagundi, Camp Coolamatong, Bali, playing in the Concert Band at other venues, on field trips or at inner-school sport? Will you reflect with pride on your academic efforts, improvements, successes? Will you remember the assistance and encouragement gained from teachers, the fun in the swimming pool, the excitement of "Sheik, Rattle and Roll", The beauty of the St. Paul's Cathedral Concert? Has access to the Sinclair Sports Hall, to the rooms of new computers and the Internet, plus the offering of sport at Years 7 to 10 this year enhanced your experiences? I hope a loud "Yes" is your response!

This has been another excellent year in academic terms for so many students, with individual triumphs for students who entered the various national/international Maths., Science and English competitions. Again, some of our

students featured in the top one percent of entrants, sometimes gaining superior results to hundreds of thousands of other students. Students studying first year university Maths, at Monash gained High Distinctions, L.O.T.E students won prizes, and many students gained Certificates of Merit in national competitions. Well done!

Music, sport, drama, debating - all have provided students with avenues of expression and demonstrations of great talent, and I congratulate in particular our sporting champions and 'triers', our musicians, actors, and public speakers for the joy they have given to us. To all the quiet achievers I say - "Well done, and celebrate what you have achieved". Thank you all teachers, and in particular those most responsible for whole-school/year level/area of studies leadership, for your fine efforts this year. A special 'thank you' is directed to Geoff Sinclair, Ken Tenner, our office ladies and Jeanette Botham, for their key work in the school.

Sadly this is a year when we farewell some long standing and very fine staff. Camberwell High School is losing Marilyn Anderson, Brigit Dean, Margaret Wallace, Hilary Dunn (and some others not confirmed at this stage), and on your behalf I thank them for their excellent contributions to the students and staff of this school, and wish them well in their new endeavors. Each will be missed greatly.

Our numbers continue to rise steadily, we have a physical Master plan to bring into fruition, we enjoy the support of so many families and have a vision for a school, your school, that continues to provide top-class co-educational experiences, a warm supportive environment, and encouragement for all individuals.

I wish you all well as we move towards 1997.

Elida Brereton

ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL ...



Mr. Ken Tenner, Assistant Principal

1996 has been a very hectic year. Both of my principal class colleagues have had a terms long service leave, and both have returned to the school refreshed. This time of the year is especially hectic with many important functions and events. The year is coming to a close and planning and preparations for 1997 are fully underway. The school faces the challenge of having fully staffing flexibility thrust upon it next year and some very tough decisions will have to be made. Many of the leadership positions in the school will be advertised state wide and there could be an infusion of new blood into the school. Some of our staff may also seek positions in other schools and it will be sad to see them go.

I thought that it would be useful to reflect on two recent events in the school. The first is the Valedictory Assembly and it is worth considering its significance to the graduating students and their families. It is the culmination of six years of secondary education. The contribution of these students has been recognised before the whole school community and special guests. The Assembly helped preserve amongst the other students in the school the tradition and also engendered in them and expectation

that their turn will come and that they will be special to their Valedictory Assembly day. Most of these students commenced at Camberwell High School in 1991 and have progressed through each level of school. Some have taken an active role in all activities of the school. Some have not, preferring to concentrate on their studies or sport or cultural activities or merely learning to kick a small bag around a circle. But that is the way with all of the groups of students who progress through the school. One thing for sure is that these students will have made significant friendships and some of these will endure through their lives.

The second event was the 1950's reunion. Our ex-students' society, C.H.E.S.S is holding each year a reunion of a decade in the history of the school. Over three hundred ex-students attended and they had a terrific time seeing old friends, reminiscing about what took place at school, asking what had happened to so and so and remembering the idiosyncrasies of many of the teachers. They were addressed by Lindsay Kline, an Australian Test cricketer of the 1960's. But I thought the real significance of the evening was what I had spoken about before. These people had been students of Camberwell High School, they had made friendships in the 1950's and experienced the ceremonies of the school and saw it as very important to return to the school and meet with their friends and acquaintances of their time. It is hoped that the students who left in 1996 retain some contact with C.H.E.S.S. and in 40 years time realise the significance of reunions and are more easily contacted than the 1950's group.

Well that's enough reflection and daydreaming. Back to reality.

Ken Tenner

WOOLANGARRA, FAR TOO DANGEROUS

By Geoff Sinclair

At the Caulfield Railway Station at 7.45 a.m. on Monday very near the winter equinox, it is bloody cold. Twenty Year 8s and 9s and my ancient self are off to Wollangarra. On the 8.13 to Sale, it's warmer.

As we pass through a town one of the kids says: 'Hey, this must be a real town. It's got a McDonalds'. It's 1 hour and 50 minutes to Traralgon, 40 minutes on the train to Heyfield. We get off at the swimming pool stop. ('The swimming pool's as scungy as ours, sir'.) The Wollangarra staff are there to greet us.

To get across the MacAlister River, there's a flying fox. On the platform, Dean explains that Wollangarra was built up by volunteer labour and all the materials - yes, including the old railway sleepers - where transported across the river on the flying fox. The kids are more interested in whether they'll get across in one piece, don't worry about the secondhand railway sleepers.

Once across safely, the students do a tour of the site. We then gather around the (dead) camp fire - adjacent to the outdoor kitchen - for a briefing on the philosophy of Wollangarra and introductions between staff and kids are made.

Then it's to work. Some dig a drain around the recently completed store shed, some cart wood to the main kitchen for the fire, others do the garden while others got to the kitchen and help cook bread and 'munchies' for the hike.. While this is going on, students go to the store shed in their pairs - which they have organised themselves - to collect their gear. This consists of a pack, boots, sleeping bag and inner sheet, ground sheet, tent, poles, pegs, balaclava, mittens, japara, eating utensils, water bottles, a whistle and a woolen jumper if necessary.

There is a practice session at preparing the hiking packs. After this we do a short walk to Box Flat (30 minutes) to test the packs. At the flat there is a talk on how to go to the toilet in the bush, personal hygiene to avoid dysentery, and how to deal with personal hygiene on the top of a mountain in a snow storm.

Tuesday: The staff have the weather forecast from the Sale RAAF base - the must up-to-date and accurate for the Victorian Alps. It doesn't look good. It's going to be wet. According to the forecast, Wednesday is the Big Wet. Dean has decided to do the 'Crinoline' walk. We have to get going early because the days are so short. Packs are checked by staff, and there's a demo on how to put up and re-pack

tents. The food is packed. Down to the fox, and over to the Landies.

We drive a short way through Licola to Ralph's place. Ralph is a genuine eccentric, and a vital friend of Wollangarra. And vice-versa. One point of interest is the machine Ralph is working at. He's built it himself from the materials collected from all over the place, mainly the local tip. It makes tent pegs. Heath Robinson, your machines were simple compared to Ralph's tent peg maker. 'This bit is from a World War Two bomber, this is from a sewing machine, that drive shaft is from . . .' The tent pegs pop out regularly, and provide Ralph with his only income. The other point of interest is the two baby wombats which have been hit by cars on the side of the road, Ralph inspects them in case they have young in their pouches. This is the origin of these tow youngsters. The kids all nurse Mabel and Fred or whatever their names are, and camera shutters click wildly. They love them, and don't want to leave, and won't put them down.

Forty-five minutes later the Landies drop us at the starting point of the hike and our adventure has begun. The two groups do the same walk, but approach it from different angles and descend from the mountain by different routes.

The first hour is a testing time, especially for kids who haven't been hiking before. The pack is leaden, the first slope may be gradual as slopes go, but it is arduous and slippery, the weather desperately cold until we warm up. It's not a good idea to ask anyone how they're going at this stage. Just shut up. Perhaps sing quietly and act as though you do this every day and not feeling like a fifty-three-year-old assistant principal and already severely fatigued.

Lunch. Nicely timed for a relatively short time to hike. Wholemeal biscuits and various spreads. The hikers have to get the food out of their packs, which is a big effort. Things are subdued, but not as fragile as at the start.

An uneventful afternoon. It's remarkable how quickly the group gets into the rhythm of hiking. One of the kids has already made a comment that will keep me uplifted for hours. While the straps of her pack are being adjusted to make her waist rather than shoulders do the work, she says: 'You know, I'm actually enjoying this hiking.' And then a split second later, 'My God, I can't believe I'm saying this!'

Continued Page 52



SRC REPORT 1996

Well.... 1996 and the Student Representative Council. It's been great. No, we're absolutely serious. It has been great. The SRC has achieved a tremendous amount this year. The profile of the SRC in the school has been substantially improved with new members bringing added enthusiasm and refreshing ideas to the group.

The Talent Quest was our first major event of the year, taking place in term one, and as usual it brought Camberwell High School's artistic and talented, and those not so well-endowed, out of the wood work to make for an entertaining, if not stimulating show.

The SRC Fair, our second major event, took place at the end of term three. This was one of our most successful fairs in recent times, raising a record amount of revenue. Thanks to terrific staff and student participation we were able to provide a wide range of stalls and activities including hovercraft rides and a demonstration by the national in-line skating hockey team. The culinary delights on offer were many and varied with the vegetarian stall, Asian food stall and the souvlaki stall proving to be the most popular. The day concluded with a 'battle of the bands' which was a rather attractive alternative to the sexy legs or pancake competitions of previous years. However legs did not miss out altogether with students and teachers bearing limbs, which incidentally hadn't seen sunshine for quite some time, in the staff vs. Student netball match. Being a school that believes in equal opportunity, males were also permitted to wear netball skirts-needless to say they took full advantage of the opportunity. Overall it was a very successful day raising just over one thousand dollars profit. We would like to thank students and staff for their participation.

The money raised by our various fundraising activities has numerous applications. This year we will be able to pay off the remainder owing on the bike shed and begin a new project yet to be chosen from a number of student suggestions we have received during the year. We also gave a substantial donation to the State School's Relief Fund.

Another project which a Year 12 sub-committee of the SRC has been working on is the approval of a Year 12 common room for 1997. Our proposal was accepted at council and discussions are continuing to determine a suitable location.

We'd like to thank Mr. Anderson for his constant support and encouragement as SRC teacher, also Miss Brereton, Mr. Tenner, Mr. Smithies and Mr. Sinclair for their assistance and cooperation with various projects and all other staff members who assisted us in some way during the year. Finally, we would like to thank each individual member of the SRC for their continuous and highly valued input and the student body as a whole. We hope you found it a worthwhile year.

We wish the SRC of 1997 the best of luck.

1996 SRC Presidents, Amelia Needoba and Laren Stocker



**SRC Officials Daniel Banfai Joanne Albert
and Michael Anderson**



Cakes stall at the fair



Drinks stall at the fair

EQUAL OPPORTUNITY LUNCHEON

Queen's Hall is aptly named, housing in its centre a statue of a young Queen Victoria. It is situated in Parliament House at the top of Bourke Street, a rich Italianate room with gilding, arches and pillars. Two current women parliamentarians, Caroline Hogg and Lorraine Elliot, hosted the second annual AUSTCARE fundraising luncheon there last week, in acknowledgment of the fifty-first birthday of the United Nations, and this time they invited, among other guests, school students and teachers. The other guests came from humanitarian and charitable organisations, both government and private.

Kim Kwok and Poppy Efstathiou of Year 10 were privileged to attend on behalf of Equal Opportunity in this school. The guest speaker at this year's luncheon was a teacher and mother from Afghanistan, a spokesperson for the women and children of her war-ravaged country. She now lives with her children in a refugee camp in Pakistan.

The contrast between the subject of her talk, which was the extreme difficulties faced by the women and children of her country - yet the magnificent work being done by many like her - and the sumptuousness of our luncheon tables, with white linen and flowers and young, discreet waitresses, was marked. There was music to eat and chat to as well.

A young, world-class violinist played, together with a classical guitarist who had studied in master classes with John Williams. They entertained us with the urbane sophistication of talented youth. An a capella group sang superbly in a variety of languages to further charm guests.

At our table was Thomas Le a young, award winning graphic designer from Vietnam. He grew up in his country in wartime and now designs voluntarily the beautiful cards Austcare sells to raise money. His cards for this Christmas were launched at the luncheon and, of course, we bought some - birds and rich foliage meticulously drawn in festive colours. We knew what his early life must have been, having studied the novel *Channeary in Year 10 English* and having viewed *The Killing Fields*.

Fortuitously, Thomas Le and his friend were good friends of Ms. Sylvia Tari, a replacement teacher who had taught Poppy during the year. There was lots to talk about especially the admirable voluntary work done by people affiliated with Austcare.

After the chicken, brandy snaps and chocolate Poppy and Kim suggested a sausage sizzle to raise money for the women and children of Afghanistan, it seemed the least we could do.



New Girls uniform



Young Australian of the Year, Pianist Rebecca Chambers, performing at school assembly

POLICE IN SCHOOLS

Senior Constable Noel Wilson of Camberwell Police has been presenting a series of workshops on drug and alcohol issues in conjunction with the Year 10 English teachers. The activities have been incorporated into the curriculum as part of the assessment tasks in oral and written language at this level. Senior Constable Wilson's involvement has been appreciated by both staff and students.



Senior Constable Noel Wilson and class

When I first heard that a police officer was coming to take some of our classes and teach us about drugs, I thought, 'Great! How exciting!' Don't you mean boring? Had we not heard all this before: don't smoke, it kills you, don't drink, it's a bad influence on you and don't take drugs because they wreck your life? When I met him I thought he seemed like a normal, remote policeman but after about ten minutes he told us about himself and his family and I realised that he was as if I knew him. He was like any normal person who tries to get through life the best way he can.

Senior Constable Wilson was with our class every Friday for six or seven weeks, teaching us about the laws on drugs and alcohol. But he explained them in a different way, a way that made everyone listen to him and we actually learned information and attitudes that we hadn't known before. To pass his class we had to do an oral presentation on different things that we learned about. There were many groups and we all presented our orals very well. Whether we got an E or an A we still all learned something new.

Kirsten Miscamble, 10

CHALLENGED AGAIN...

Last week was our fourth annual Challenge Week with Camberwell students raising money for the Children with Cancer Support Network. Robert Allenby, on winning last weekend's British Golf Masters, dedicated his victory to a young man who had died recently, and who was a fan of Allenby. They had met during a 'Challenge' golf day.

The opening assembly had James Sherry, host of TV's *Amazing* show as a guest of honour. Lauren Stocker, of Year 12 and one of Challenge's founding group at CHS, compered the assembly, with Jay Barberis of Year 9 as the student speaker. Throughout the week, Georgina Plasto and Loren Wilkes have been selling Leuk the Duck badges. Publicity and the Sausage Sizzle were organised by other keen Year 9s - Tabitha Barton, Karolina Juric, Karl McNamara, Tania Wall & Anna Kevrekian. Congratulations to these students for helping to raise \$1500, with badge money still to come. Challenge appreciates this effort. Well Done!

Mr.B. Anderson



THE CANTEEN

Little is new to the canteen this year, except for the occasional price rise. Buttered rolls have been very popular and a wider variety of pies have been introduced. Why is there no Coke?

New things	Most popular	The canteen should also have:
Drinks Stuff Zing Strawberry Lemonade Vanilla Creamy Soda Confectionery Hot Chili lollies Pick & Mix Chocolate Bars Chocolate Popcorn Hot Food A variety of Pies & Pasties More Pizzas Icecreams Paw Print Paddlepops The New Zips	Buttered Rolls Potato Cakes Paw Print Paddlepops Donuts Pizzas Bottled Water Shepherds Pie	Hot Chips Tofu Coke Fanta Baked Potatoes Health Bars Hot Dogs Cappuccinos

By Joanna Canty, 10

DON HARROP'S FAREWELL

'After 26 years at Camberwell High School I have decided it is time to follow another path.

I would like to thank you for all the friendship we have shared over these years. They have been very enjoyable years and Camberwell High School has been a very large and rewarding part of my life.

I have seen many people come and go and I have made many friends, both past and present, with whom I will always keep in touch.

It is with some sadness that I go and I shall miss the school very much., but on the other hand I feel the time is right for me to move on.

I wish you all farewell and every best wish for the future.'



The queue in the canteen

DON HARROP, Buildings and Grounds Maintenance Officer

Don Harrop was farewelled in February this year at a reception at the school attended by past and present staff and School Council members.

7 A

Ronnie Auld
 Dean Bastin
 Andrew Bucknall
 Aaron Cooper
 Oskar Dunscombe
 Jessie Dunstan
 David Gibbs-Adams
 Lucy Haussegger
 James Head
 Tim Hodge
 Catriona Hodgson
 David Hudson
 Faye Kendall
 Tatiana Kwakernaak
 Anna Mclean
 Alasdair Mcluckie
 Michael Nguyen
 Joanne Nicolaidis
 Robert Pollard
 Tim Stefanac
 Jodie Stirling
 Simon Thompson
 Emma Williams
 Steven Zeng
 Charlie Zhang



Year 7

7B

Katherine Browne
 Genna Cairns
 Michael Colbert
 Leon Cui
 Ashan De Silva
 Joseph Falzon
 John Gardam
 Peter Hibbert
 Tomislav Juric
 Kate Kazenwadel
 Yoann Kerambrum
 Courtney Lesniak
 Zoe Miatke
 Tania Nevitt
 Simone Place
 Simon Russell
 Michael Sanders
 Edward Strong
 Michael Summerville
 Sean Verso



7C

Anna Barnes
 Jessica Blick
 Myles Body
 Tim Boyd
 Dorothy Cheong
 Jenny Dang
 Andrew Donkin
 Tim Dunlea
 Michael Eaton
 Maria Gadze
 Rouba Georges
 Katie Haertel
 Shu He
 Ting Xiao He
 Zanthia James
 Matthew Kotros
 Dana Madkhul
 Nuria Navarro
 Michael Salt
 Shaneil Sharma
 Bill Standen
 James Stephens
 Joshephine Whelan
 Vanessa Wood
 Jeremy Woodger
 Peter Zajac



7D

Fletcher Anderson
 Terry Beat
 Jordan Berry
 Nathaniel Brennan
 Stephen Charlton
 Stuart Collins
 Chris Di Pasqua
 Huy Do
 Thomas Dunstan
 Jarrah Fitzgerald
 Julian Foster
 Jonty Gouley
 Jonathan Kwok
 Matthew Littlepage
 David Morris
 Jack O'Brian
 Diogo Oliveira
 Peter Pascuzzo
 Corey Rice
 Luke Salkowski
 Andrew Serong
 Justin Sharp
 Josh Spargo
 Jack Sullivan
 Tristin Walker
 James Whiting



7E

Daniel Boss
Thomas Boucher
Elliot Bull
Adam Collins
Tom Comerford
Jai David
Tim Hobba
Doug Jackling
Wayne Kwok
Errol Long
Peter Mckay
James Mcqueen
Matt Merrett
Max Moncrieff
Criss Oliver
Tom Robley
Greg Sargent
Hugh Sherman
Sasha Stella
Nathan Stribley
Huu Thai
Lee Ton
Andrew Wilson



7F

Angus Allan
Stephen Banks
Chris Coleiro
Andrew Coleman
Brad Collins
Sam Foley
James Hale
Simon Haslock
Andrew Jordan
Lucas Kussowski
James Lambden
Lance Mills
William Morris
Robin Read
Michael Rosenhain
Paul Summerbell
Alvin To
Steven Walsh
Brett Webster
David Wiltgren
Robert Wyeth



YEAR 7 CAMP

As the little green man lit up I crossed the lights at the entrance to Camberwell. I put my bag on my shoulder; I looked up and saw my friends. They were in casual clothes and had all kinds of things on. I waited for about 20 minutes to hop on the bus. It had a toilet and a television and that's all I need. It looked like an old bus and I could smell fumes that would have to stuff the ozone layer up. As the bus moved away from Camberwell I waved goodbye for a week.

Simon Haslock, 7

When we arrived we went into the dining room and got told where we were to sleep and who else was in our bunk room. Our bunk room's name was Kookaburra number 5. In my bunk room there was James Cambden, Brett Webster, Lucas Kussowski, David Morris, Robert Wyeth and Jonty Goules. Our group then left the dining room got our luggage and carried it to our bunk room. I got the bottom bunk.

Stephen Banks, 7

When we arrived in the afternoon we went for a swim in Mason Bay. It was dark and murky but quite surprisingly warm. It was full of seaweed and when you opened your eyes in the water you practically had to shove your nose in it. In the water we all had a lot of fun and Darren, one of the camp leaders, gave me a shoulder throw.

My group did rafting. It was really good fun. Our group was divided up into yet another three groups to build a raft out of 26 ropes, 6 plastic barrels and 8 long pieces of timber. I was with Tarik, Brad, Robert and James Lamdon. We were the last to finish our raft but it turned out time was good because ours was the only one that got back in one piece. The course was pretty straight forward, we went out from Mason Bay to a buoy with a water proof bag tied to it full of chocolate.

William Morris, 7

Our group did rafting. When we got down to the beach, where we were split up into another three groups. Each group got given 25 pieces of rope, about 9 planks of wood, and 6 blue barrels. Everyone soon got the idea and set about planning their raft.

Robin Read, 7

When I got back to camp, I did another activity called *bushcraft* where we made pancakes and damper they smelt beautiful. When I put the damper in my mouth the soft butter mixed with the jam. When we got back we had dinner. It was beef pie which tasted beautiful.

Robert Wyeth, 7

On Wednesday morning we were to do our second activity which was *Bushcraft*. We all piled into two cars and headed off. About five minutes later we arrived at a sort of homestead place with heaps of clever inventions such as an outdoor dish washing thing. The point of this activity was to learn how to make and do a few things without modernized equipment. First of all we started to do some cooking over some hot coals. We made damper and pancakes. It was the first time I had tried damper but I ended up not liking it much but the pancakes were beautiful.

Robin Read, 7

Thursday was a nice day. I slept in until the bell went for breakfast and after breakfast I had a hot shower, then it was time to get ready to go on the boat. They said we need a lot of *Rid* and sunscreen. We were going to be out the whole day. The boat was very smooth against the water and when we arrived at the beach we played a game of hand cricket which hurts your hand. A few of my friends and I went bush walking and saw a kangaroo and its family eating grass. But when it came to lunch the leaders noticed that they had left all the topping for the sandwiches, so we had to wait for the guy to go back and get them, which took fifteen minutes.

James Lamden, 7

After dinner each cabin was sent straight back to their rooms to rehearse they plays, and that was when we made our final decision! We were going to do a quiz show with buckets on peoples heads as buzzers and two point scorers and a person who reads the questions out and for our prize was Paul's underpants.

That night we were second out of the seven so we had to work hard to win and we did win! We scored 22 followed another team with 21 so we just won. And so that night our cabin were proud of ourselves very much, and we were allowed to stay up till 10:45 and lights out at 11:00.

Today was the last day of camp for the year 7's at camp Coolamatong and everybody was excited to go back home! At the breakfast table our cabin was talking about the camp and what part we liked most. Overall we said that the camp was good fun. Then afterwards we had to do our daily cabin cleaning while some people had to clean the window, sweep the path way and do what needs to be done, because we have to get everything ready for the group after us, and also because we were leaving after five days away from home. Then instead of doing the usual for cabin cleaning we had to flip beds and a lot of other things, and when room inspection came we tied first with another cabin. After that we had our luggage packed and taken out onto the verandah in front of the dining room, then we were allowed to have free time to do whatever we liked.

Everyone in the winning cabin, 7

FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL

There were so many subjects it was hard to believe. The big books and tough work was so different to primary school. The school was huge. It had so many dark, large rooms. It was tricky finding where to go next. The lockers were big and roomy, fine for heavy books. It was excellent having our lockers; no more carrying big, heavy bags around. The long corridors were dark and dusty and crowded with busy people.

The teachers were mostly grumpy but all very smart. Groups of people walked into the canteen, most students trying to get food or just standing around talking. The canteen had a great range of food from pies to drinks. The variety was so much bigger than at primary school.

In the distance the pool water gently moved in the wind. Even looking up at the giant boys of the new school took time to get used to. New friend's names were difficult to remember. In every subject, class room rules and outside rules were boring to listen to.

Lance Mills, 7

Hugh Sherman, 7 (Background)



8A

James Aien
 Lewis Burchall
 Edward Cheasley
 Tom Dambman
 Andrew Davies
 Scott Edwards
 Michael Foster
 Laurent Le Page
 Kane Lesniak
 Nick Martin
 Tim Mason
 Jock Maule
 Sunny Mirchandani
 Winyu Munintrapong
 Luke Neilson
 John Okyar
 Callum Paterson
 Ben Spratt



Year 8



8B

Nicholas Attlee
 James Borthwick
 Ben Bugeja
 Matt Caldwell
 Greg Calmer
 Byron Coleman
 Adrian Cook
 Robert Cottonaro
 Jason Di Pasqua
 Daniel Di Pasqua
 Erme Durmaz
 Ross Genat
 Timothy George
 Michael Hedger
 Sam Henery
 Ben Howe
 John Liao
 Mark Maddern
 Matthew Martin
 Peter Phosuphap
 Michael Smyth
 David Witko
 Steven Wong
 Chris Wood
 Richard Wygerse

8C

Olga Alescio
 Jessica Alexie
 Ben Bonollo
 Sarah Botham
 Rohan Buckly
 Allison Burt
 Chris Candy
 James Hardman
 Alex Hauser
 Tram Khuu
 Fiona Kumar
 Keith Niven
 Anthony Prescott
 Chris Price
 Alana Quinn
 Alexis Romero
 Guy Shield
 Andrew Strange
 John Thompson
 Michael Turner
 Richard turner
 Penny Velissaris
 Michael williams
 Jenny Wong
 Sallly Yiu



8D

Clare Abrahams
 Tristan Berrell
 The-Bao Bui
 Natalie Carter
 Helen Chiu
 Josh Dalrymple
 Lou Haig
 Hue Hong
 Matt Jarvis
 Edward Jim
 Kim Kalanon
 Leigh Klaver
 Tim Lawson
 Olga Levin
 Chantelle Menzies
 Andre Muehl
 Jammes Oldham
 Grace Pang
 Glenn Quick
 Rohan Rickards
 Adrian Rockett
 Stephen Sharples
 Thi Tran
 Chris Tsimaras
 Andrew Zanjac
 Piotr Zelwak

Phillip Barbara
 Blair Bethwaite
 Chris Bitmead
 Nick Damatopoulos
 Rory Fitzgerald
 Peter Goodin
 Oliver Hinchey
 Adrian Kars
 Andrew Kevrekian
 Shao-Lei Liu
 Edward Liu
 Stuart Macdonald
 Joel Manning
 Tom McKechnie
 Cameron Mitchell
 Michael Payne
 Ben Pearce
 Roderick Prescott
 Daniel Rayden
 James Robson
 Sam Smith
 Nick Smith
 Steven White
 Rohan Yates
 Shuang Zhao
 Ying Zheng



**Junior Poetry Prize
"Subconsciousness"**

It stalks the corridors of thought
 Gliding on silent feet
 Keeping to the walls and shadows
 Wandering in the maze of my mind.
 It keeps vigil through the lonely hours
 At night when I sleep
 And appears to me as dreams
 Endlessly patrolling alone.
 I know it's there
 It provides me with the occasional inspirations
 Or just lets me float peacefully in its void.
 Silent thought, lurking
 Usually just where I can't reach
 Just when I need it most
 To suck me into its vague dark world
 Into myself.

by Grace Pang, 8

LOVE, SEX AND THE MET

I start my day in the tiled tomb of a station on the Loop. On this particular day there's just me and a man fossicking for aluminium cans in the rubbish bin. He says 'Good morning.' I say, 'Good morning.' Then he says, 'Have a nice day' and walks off to the next rubbish bin.

I know I will have a nice day, because today I'm going to see 'Lockie Leonard. Human Torpedo' at the National Theatre at St. Kilda. Forty friends from Year 8 are coming with me.

The 7.37 a.m. to Lilydale is scheduled to arrive next, says the deadpan announcer. By now the man has fossicked in all the bins on platform 4 and has moved to platform three.

A gale of stale, gritty air sweeps along the platform and the 7.37 to Lilydale arrives dead on time. Looks like being a *really nice* day.

I plonk myself into a window seat and open Morris Gleitzman's novel 'Belly Flop' which a friend in Year 8 lent me several days ago. I have promised to read it today. I have ten stops to read one hundred and eighty pages.

I whip through the first few chapters. It's a great book! Mitch Webber, the main character, is in more trouble than the early settlers. By the time I get to Richmond Station, Mitch is in a school assembly where the principal is announcing that a longed-for excursion to the sea is off. The kids reckon Mitch is the cause of the cancellation. 'The eyes were ripping into me like bullets . . . my guts did a slow belly flop.'

My guts have one a belly flop too, just like Mitch's, because I've just looked out the train window - through the graffiti squiggle - and seen the sign.

Heyington.

Heyington!

I was on the right train at 7.47, now at 8.03 I'm on the wrong train, but it's the same train . . . The Lilydale has transmogrified into a Glen Waverly.

So I fast track as quickly as possible, which is rather slowly because the next city-bound train is late. I can't concentrate on 'Belly Flop' any more because I'm worried about being late for the excursion, and I have told everybody what will happen if they're late.

When I arrive in the courtyard my forty Year 8 friends were waiting, with the exception of Claude (not his real name thankfully). Pete announces that Claude hadn't bothered to come because he had left his permission form at home and he knew he wouldn't be allowed to go without it. That's right, ain't it, sir?

Absolutely right.

At the Riversdale Railway Station, several red-blazed people were launching the Met's new ticketing system. We were all given a pamphlet. By the time the 9.32 a.m. to Flinders Street arrived the whole party was fully and automatically ticketed and the tickets validated, some of them several

times. (Zac actually had two tickets, so irresistible is the new machine.)

After my earlier experience, the ticket launch had restored my confidence in the Met. So when Pete asked as soon as we boarded the train, 'D'ya reckon this train goes all the way to Richmond?' I was bold in my reply. 'Certainly . . . Absolutely.'

At Camberwell, Pete, well versed in the ways of the Met, suggested we should all get out and catch the train parked on the opposite platform because it was definitely going to Richmond. Pete wasn't sure our train was. But because people were doing normal, passenger-like things on our train, such as getting on, getting off, opening books and newspapers and settling in for a decent ride, I said to Pete, chill out man.

I told him the story of my earlier bad experience. I said it was impossible to have two such experiences on the same day, let alone the same morning.

Our train started and after 500 metres stopped.

After about ten minutes of the train being stopped, Pete, who had just finished looking out of the window, said, 'I don't think this train is going to Richmond sir.'

'Why not? It started to.'

'Well, there's no tracks in front of it.'

That was fairly convincing proof. Then when a man looked awfully like a train driver walked to the *back* of the train, I was even more convinced that we were not going to see Act 1, Scene 1 of 'Lockie Leonard, Human Torpedo'.

The train then started back towards Camberwell. That sealed it. Pete was right, I was wrong. He refused to say, *I told you so*.

The station master said that if I would kindly calm down and stop talking he would explain what the trains had been doing. I said I knew what the trains had been doing I had sat in a stationary one with forty friends watching them doing it for twenty minutes. Fortunately, a guilty looking Richmond bound train slid into the station and beeped at us to get aboard, so I was unable to finish discussing the matter with the station master.

We arrived at the National Theatre several seconds before the lights went down and every child in the theatre screamed, squealed or whistled in the pitch darkness. Then the lights went up, and Lockie Leonard did his thing.

Afterwards I asked Pete whether he liked the play.

He thought the music was cool. 'And that bit where Lockie's talkin' to his girlfriend near the end. He says he knows a bit about love, but nothin' about sex, and she's the opposite 'cause she knows a bit about sex and nothin' about love.'

Got it in one, Pete. Now show us the way home.

Geoff Sinclair



Year 9

9A

James Armstrong
Catherine Arnold
Maricel Basco
Stavros Bellos
Rael Borg
Jennifer Budimir
Simeon Davies
Victoria Evans
Clare Haussegger
Alisha Holmes
John Islip
Jeremy Kennet
Maureen Kiernan
Tessa Leatham
Jake Martin
Andrew Mawson
Lee Muddle
Tim Page
Nicholas Price
Mark Robinson
Rhys Toone
Tennille Wetherall
Elliott Wood



9B

Jordan Able
Andrew Albert
Nathan Coleman
Hayley Cook
Joel Cooper
Mary Di Pasqua
Cathy Do
Waren Haeusler
Coralie Jocin
Michael McCormak
Daniel Nelson
Ian Ngo
Aaron Nicholson
Georgina Plasto
Jade Smith
Nina Taktikos
Sam Trimble
Tony Tripodi
Edi Vlad
Bree Walker
Jai Watson



9C

Sarah Abrahams
 Simon Adams
 Jason Angel
 Tabitha Barton
 Grace Brophy
 Joshua Clake
 Peter Dowles
 Damien Harpantidis
 Karolina Juric
 Wahyu Kapa
 Anna Kevrekian
 Karl McNamara
 Anna Murnane
 Kathryn Pollard
 Chris Salaoras
 Richard Strong
 Micky Tassone
 Tony Tsui
 Jim Varelas
 Tania Wall
 Edouard Warnod
 James Wilson



9D

Dan Alexie
 Paul Burger
 Morgan Byrne
 Simon Crow
 Leigh Dethridge
 Jaz Hunganfoo
 James Kemp
 Saranga Kottachchi
 Dan Lange
 Thong Le-
 Nathan Lyaill
 Michael McHugh
 Kade Miller
 Tom Myers
 Leigh Odermatt
 Michael Seddon
 Ivan Smith
 Steve Van Graas
 Nick Varley
 Josh Vince
 Joseph Whelan
 Adrian Wyeth
 Matthew Young

9E

Shaye Amantea
 Sarah Arundell
 Jay Barberis
 Lauren Beck
 Stuart Bourke
 Chris Efstathiou
 Martin Gale
 Eleonora Gasco
 Debbie Haertel
 Jim Hilaris
 Patrick Langton
 Andrew Law
 Govind Manapakkam
 Katie McCormack
 Zac McGregor
 Stuart Mills
 Samuel Stevens
 Josh Stewart
 Alanna Vivian
 Naomi Whittenbury



9F

Hannah Baker
 Greer Boucher
 Thien-Tien Bui
 Fontane Cheung
 David Chiu
 Lisa-Lai Choy
 Ben Devereux
 Leo Espino
 Dominic Evans
 Alex Gasking
 Jonne Ho
 Edmund Jim
 Tania Murray
 Miya Nakagawa
 Melissa Ngau
 Mary Phan
 Lousie Riley
 Daniel Stacy
 Lily Tang
 Jesse Woodger
 David Wu
 Joe Zhang

Junior Short Story Prize

Stare at the Enemy

All around him on the station there was happiness and laughter. Opposite him three friends, one fair haired the other two dark, sat together in their world of friendship and trust. A group of boys opposite him stopped laughing and stared at him. The stare of an enemy. This was what always happened. People would always stare and he would pretend not to notice, inwardly seething at their rudeness. Didn't they know it was rude to stare? It was the same everyday and the arrival of the train a welcome relief from it.

Sitting in the train he wondered why other people stared. They would have seen people like him before, short thin men, dark in hair and eye, and he didn't dress strange so what was it? This question would always arise and he would think awhile before leaving it and looking unseeingly out the window until the train reached the end of the line and the long trip home began. This was the fastest way home, indeed it was the only way and he always enjoyed it.

Week after week he had followed this routine until it was mechanical taking the same amount of time every day. It was not this that he enjoyed most, though, but the evenings. With the heater on he would listen to music, read the paper or do whatever he chose and there was no one to give him the enemy stare.

That night he sat still reflecting on his life. He remembered his childhood, laughing and joking with his friends and recalled the trick they had played on the teacher. That made him smile. That had been funny, even when the teacher had yelled at them and hadn't trusted them for days after. It had made a change to get yelled at instead of being praised all the time. He remembered the first day of high school when he had been so scared he couldn't move. Now, when he thought back, it was pretty silly but then he had been scared stiff. He thought about his girlfriend who had died in a car accident three years ago and then of his bicycle. The bicycle that had brought about all his current problems. His problems. That was it!

Suddenly he knew what he would have to do, something he should have done ages ago. He had the money so why not? It was time to go home, away from the enemy stare, rude people and dirty cities. Back home where he was accepted and liked how he was. That was what he would do, go home. Home. Just him and his wheelchair. Back home. Back to China.

Natalie Carter, 8.

MIDDLE SCHOOL WRITER'S PRIZE

The Sunset

The warm sun shone down, its bright rays reflected the almost still blue ocean. The clear sky and the sand bleached white by the sun brought out the shadows cast by the beautiful rocks that overlooked the sea. The most beautiful of all these rocks stood out from the rest; it had been worn down by the weather and now it was a ledge that seemed to be reaching the ocean. It cast shade onto the sand and was often used by beachcombers as a place to hide from the sun.

A bird flew away from the rock as a young boy approached. His eyes were bluer than both the sky and the sea, his brown hair glistened in the sun. He sat down on the rock and looked towards the ocean longingly. He turned briefly as he heard footsteps approaching.

The stranger sat down next to the boy, his white hair almost as white as his shirt, his thoughtful eyes glinted in the dimming sun. They both just sat there taking in the scenery, until the silence was broken.

'Do you often watch the sun set?' asked the man

'Yes, I try to as much as I can, what about you?'

'I used to, but now I seldom get the chance, and have to miss the amazing sight. It's certainly beautiful out here, do you live here?'

'No, I'm just on holiday with my parents. I've been coming here ever since we arrived.'

'The sun would have to be the most beautiful sights on earth; you must try to see it as much as you can, and if you don't you will forget, and its magic will be lost inside you.'

At that moment the sun began to lie down for the night. Colours, unsurpassed in beauty by any others, appeared on the horizon and stretched out over the sky and the sea forming a perfect sunset on such a clear night. They sat there watching the sun set. Time passed quickly. The boy turned to talk to the man, but he was gone.

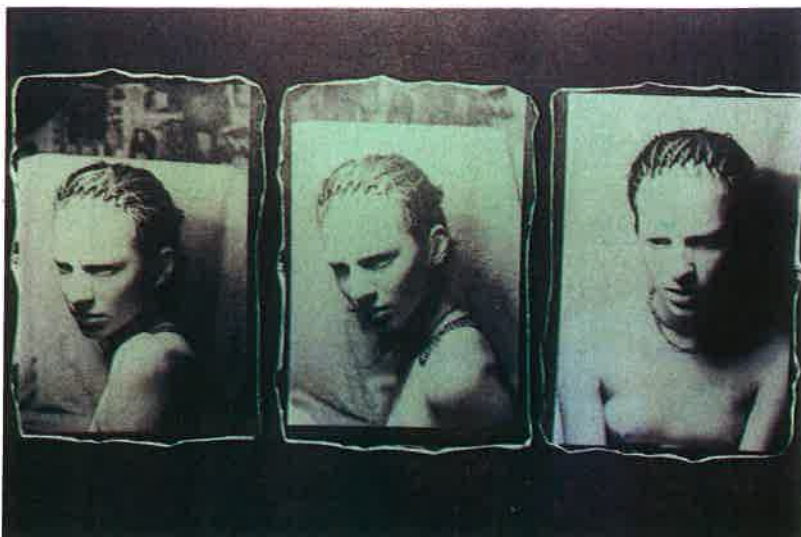
The boy left the rock. The shadows of night were cast over it once more, its beauty almost lost in the darkness.

Dominic Evans, 9





ART
Graphics
Painting
Photography



SENIOR WRITER'S PRIZE

Michael

Since he was a young child, the images had haunted him. When he discovered the disease was thought to skip generations it had become his greater fear. His grandmother had been one of its victims. He had watched her weaken to the point where she was completely incapacitated, her body a cold outer shell, shrunken and useless. She was still and quiet but not peaceful. Her eyes mirrored the tormented, trapped mind held within. The body was stilled by drugs and eventually the drugs stilled the mind leaving only a body covered by a white sheet, in a white hospital, in a white bed, cleaned, fed and washed by hands in white gloves.

Michael had never known her when she was healthy. She had always been his grandmother with Parkinson's disease but he knew her before they put her on L-dopa, before she was still. He remembered feeling fear and repulsion when he saw her, shaking her face rigid, a masklike expression, head moving uncontrollably and arms swaying as he shuffled towards him. Her face, to him resembled that of a clown mask with its mouth wide open screaming silently. Clowns terrified him. She would put her arms around him and try to kiss him; he hated the way she shook all the time, her wet, dribbling mouth and he hated feeling it against his body. She would try to play with him, to get his attention but he ignored her. He just wanted her to go away. Eventually she did.

She went to a large white hospital and into the small white room which was to be her home for the next twenty years. It was there that the drugs began to make their magic. She did not shake as much now. She slept, she could walk a little bit, she could read and she could, in a way, speak. There were words and moans punctuated by her dentures loosening, lubricated by the saliva falling from her chin in long, rubbery drips and falling from her mouth. Michael was more comfortable after she went into the white hospital, he only had to visit her occasionally and when he left the room he knew she couldn't follow him. It wasn't as though she was in his house where he could be trapped. The only thing that really bothered him about the hospital was the smell, her smell. As soon as he walked into her room he was overpowered. It flew up his nostrils and filled his head making him nauseous. It was the smell of old people, despair, incontinence and disinfectant.

He sat by her bed trying not to breathe too deeply and stared at the tubes stuck into her arms that snaked their way to plastic bags hung on metal rods and the tube coming from under her sheets attached to a clear bag filled with a sickly smelling yellow liquid that hung by her bed. Everything in the hospital was packaged neatly and cleanly, sterilised and put in plastic. The boy, even as a

man, had always told himself that that was the best place for her. He'd never considered how every tube, white gloved hand and patronising word represented the theft of his grandmothers dignity.

Michael was diagnosed with Parkinson's when he was fifty-three. He was a widower with four grown children. He had noticed recently, a slight tremble in his hands. When he began to fumble with the buttons on his shirts he went to the doctor.

'The results show that you have Parkinson's or Shaking Palsy Michael. It is a disorder of the nervous system that reduces muscular control. It often begins like this, with a tremble in the hand or leg. A surprising number of people develop it around your age. It results from a loss of certain chemicals in the brain that help transmit nervous energy. There are a number of theories on the cause of it. Some say it's hereditary; others think it's environmental. No-one is really sure. It rarely causes death. There are drugs that treat it but there is no definite cure. Many people learn to live with it Michael. There are people who can help...' The neurologist looked at Michael through thin, horn-rimmed spectacles as he spoke. He didn't mean to sound detached or condescending but he had delivered news like this so many times to so many people, there was little he could feel. At the end of it, when Michael had left, he removed his white coat and hung it over the back of his chair. He sighed as he sat down, the leather chair squeaked under his weight. He leaned back, put his feet on the desk and took a sip of his hot white coffee. He cursed when it burned his mouth.

Michael left the doctor's room feeling cold and empty. His eldest son was waiting for him outside and Michael told him the news with little emotion. The son's reaction reflected his ignorance of the disease. Its name had, until that day, no significance, his father had told him little about his great grandmother. The son took Michael back to his large empty house and drove away, saying he'd call a little later on.

At home, alone, Michael sat on the couch and thought. He could only remember part of what the doctor had said and those words he repeated again and again,

"...you have Parkinson's or Shaking Palsy Michael."

Michael looked down at his trembling hands with horror and then turned away, instead focusing his attention on the mantle clock. The rhythmic sway of the pendulum for a moment, distracted him but then, as he focused on the constant swinging of its arm he saw his grandmother and now himself. He stood up and placed his trembling hand on the pendulum. It was still.

Michael found the irony of his fate abhorrent. To become what he had feared most of all was an unreal concept. His grandmother had been the longest living Parkinson's sufferer in the Northern Hemisphere. She had lived with it for over thirty years and for his achievement she had her photograph taken and her name put in a local

newspaper. Her family cut it out and pasted it in their scrapbook. It wasn't often that the Canadianised, half Austrian, half English potato farming family had their name in the paper. Michael had been proud of his family's longevity but now he realised that it had merely prolonged the suffering of his grandmother, a suffering now relevant to him. Given the choice his grandmother would have ended the suffering much sooner but her life was signed for by her children and they refused to let her go, even after it was clear that nothing of her former self remained alive inside the body. Her daughter, every year, would send Christmas cards to many parts of the world in the name of her mother to the grandchildren, twenty-five Canadian dollars to each. In this way they were forced to think of her at least once a year.

Euthanasia wasn't a legal option in the state where Michael lived and he knew his family would never support the idea. He had, traditionally, been against it himself but then, he had never really had to think about it, not seriously. He considered the many reasons to continue living. All the kids were out of the house, his children were marrying and there was the possibility of grandchildren. He was only fifty-three for Christ's sake! But he couldn't convince himself. The bloody disease had wrecked his chance of ever having another partner. Who'd want to look after a shaky old man? He thought. No-one and that was the problem. He couldn't rely on his children, he knew that as soon as he was unable to manage they'd put him into a hospital. He couldn't blame them. They were just beginning their lives, they'd have their own children, his grandchildren.

The thought of having grandchildren had always thrilled him, a little part of him traveling through the generations, his children's children. Now he found the thought distressing. He didn't want them getting this disease, if it was hereditary, but above all he didn't want them to see him as he had seen his grandmother. If only it could have held off for a few years, he thought. By the time any grandchildren arrived he'd be well and truly in its grip and the thought of those children reacting to him as he'd reacted to his grandmother was unbearable. Only now could he see what it would have been like for her. A sane, intelligent mind trapped in a body that it could not control. She must have seen the way he recoiled from her touch and sensed his repulsion. He didn't want to be seen that way, he didn't want his appearance to spark fear in the eyes of others, particularly not in those of his own flesh and blood. He never wanted to go into a white hospital where his life would be controlled by other people and he could only be a bystander. On the inside, looking out.

When the phone rang it startled him. He noticed that when he was nervous he shook more violently. He picked up the phone with both hands and wedged it tightly between his shoulder and his ear, he felt almost in control.

"Hi Dad. It's me. I heard you got your results. Look, I'm really sorry." It was his daughter.

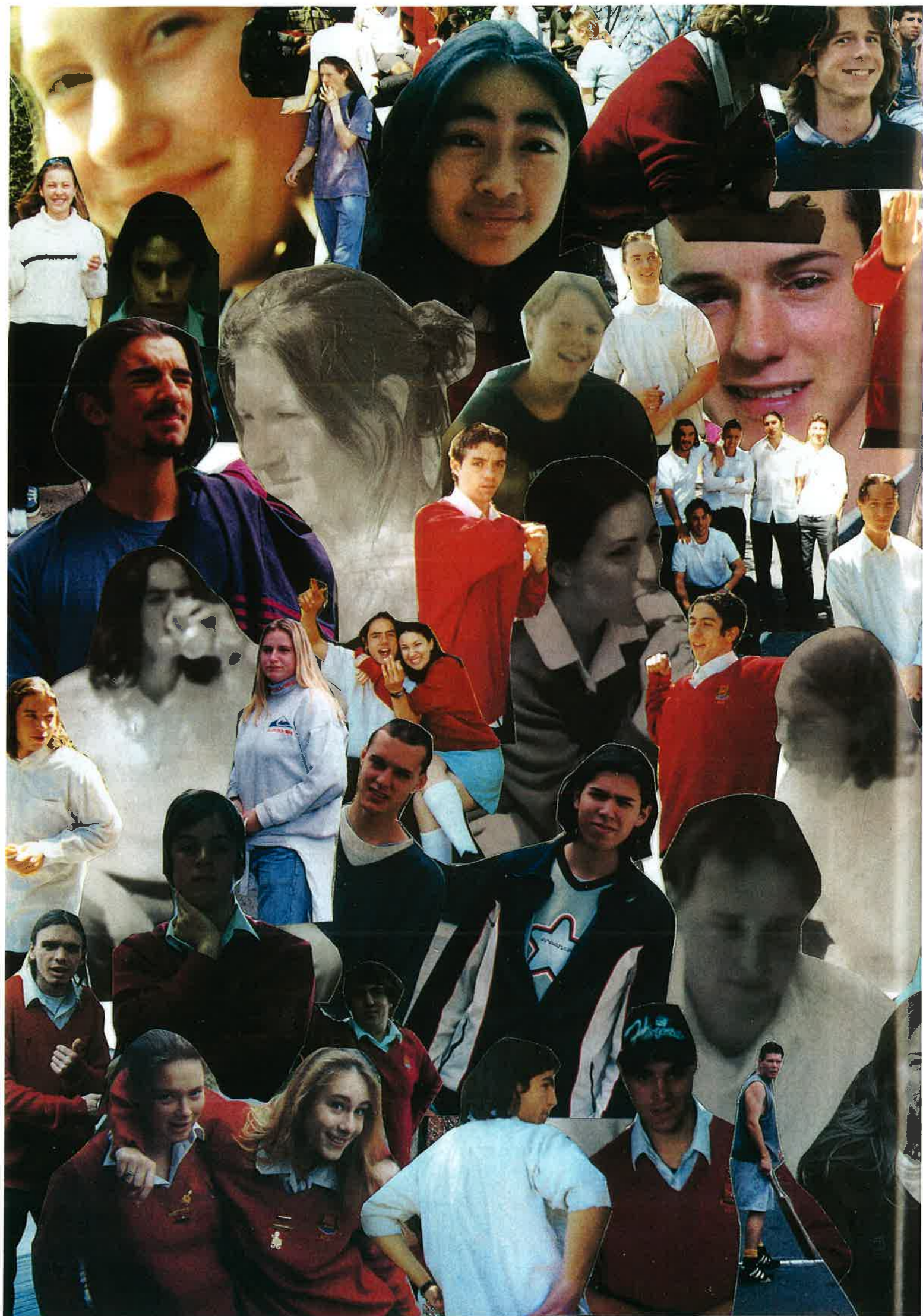
"Just remember, you've got four kids that love you and working together I reckon you can get through this O.K." She was his youngest daughter and she didn't really know what to say. She thought he'd sounded all right on the phone, fairly together but when the conversation was over she wondered whether he hadn't been holding something back.

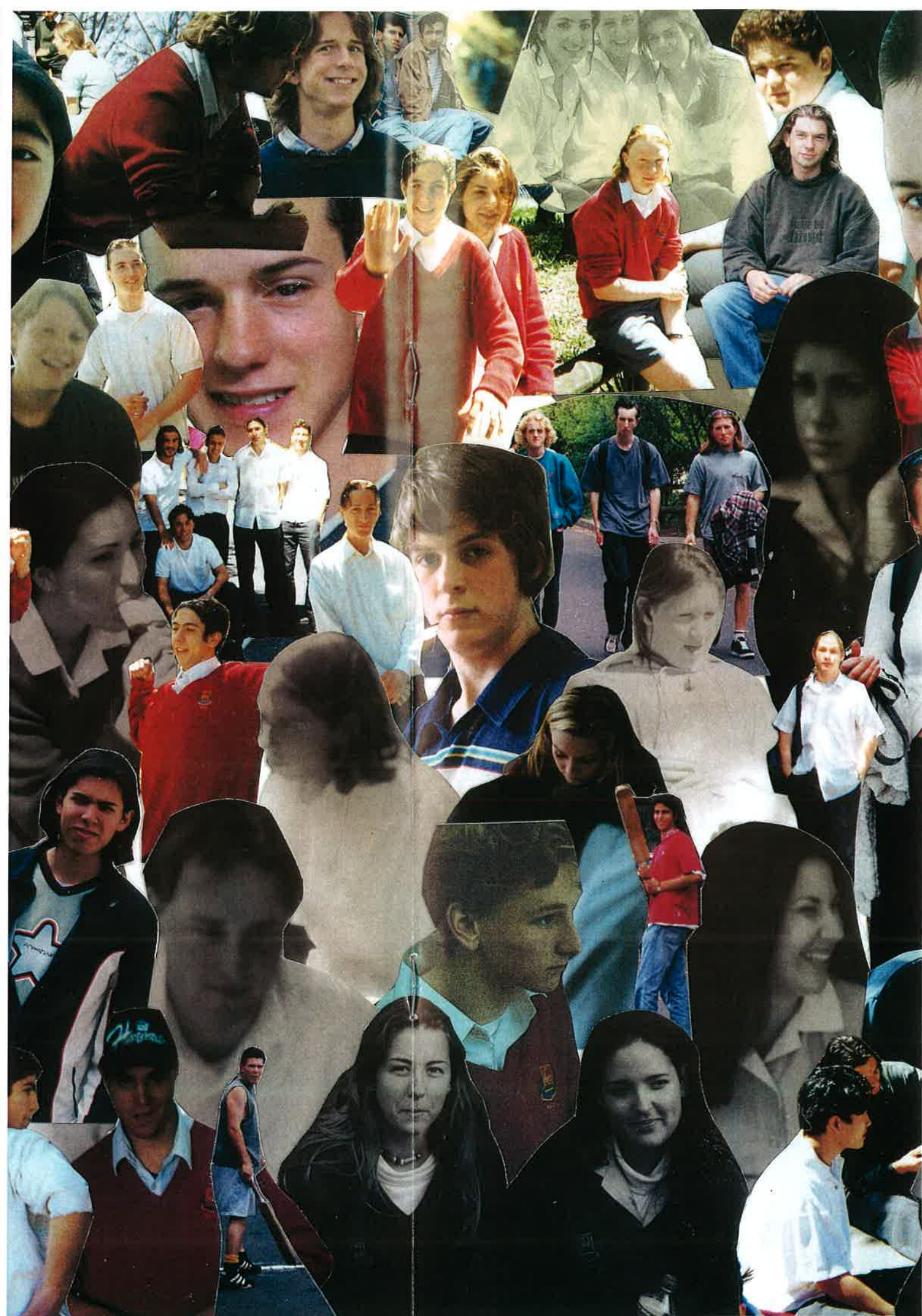
Michael listened for the click of the receiver before attempting to put his own phone back on the hook. He would hate her to hear him fumbling. He didn't see this daughter very often but she, of the four children, reminded him most of himself. He was glad she had called. It forced him to gather himself and he felt that he might be able to think clearly for a while. Walking back into the living room he looked at the silent mantle clock. Lifting its key from the side table he went to restart it. He tried to put the key in the small hole on the clock's glass face hard so it shattered. Crying out Michael fell to the floor. He grabbed the fallen shards of glass and squeezed them in his hand so tightly that they made deep cuts in his flesh. "I can still feel that", he thought, watching the blood drip from the cracks between his fingers and spread on the carpet. "I can still control how much I suffer."

Michael took the case from the top drawer of his heavy wooden desk. It was difficult for Michael to lift, his muscles had weakened significantly recently and his hands shook constantly but he refused to be beaten. He ran his trembling fingers over the surface of the case tracing the wood's smooth grain and savoring its rich smell. Then he lifted its lid and removed the carefully wrapped object within. The cloth covering the object was material of black velvet. He'd always loved velvet, he could reel its soft, furry texture on his fingers, he ran it over his face, across his eyes and over his lips then let it fall to the floor. Beneath the cloth lay the object Michael was interested in. It was cold and heavy in his hands. The pistol had been one of his most prized possessions. It was a colt .45 in mint condition. Michael had always meticulously and religiously kept the action clean and oiled. He'd been renowned for his accuracy with a pistol as a young man but on this day he could not hold it still for more than a second. He managed, eventually, to load the cartridge then, slowly, he switched off the safety lock, pulled back the slide and heard the familiar click as the hammer cocked and the bullet moved into position. His body shook as he placed the barrel in his mouth. It felt icy cold against his lips and was bitter on his tongue but he didn't notice. He was concentrating, both hands and teeth tightly gripping the pistol, trying not to drop it. The tears streamed down his face. You're a selfish bastard Michael, he thought, as he placed his finger on the trigger.

Amelia Needoba, 12







YEAR 10

10A

Maria Alescio
Amber Auld
James Bower
Nancy Calore
Kelvi Chong
Ilias Dimitropoulo
Nick Dunstan
Marilou Flores
Maiko Himori
Tam Hong
Simon Jacombs
Ming Kalanon
Daniel Kerr
John Karvaritis
Lawrence Leung
Simon Liu
Matt Maddern
Rebeca Mc Iennan
Stephen Rawlinson
Cristina Rivera
Sarah Tee
Jamie Tee
Michael Thomson
Geoffery Tsai
George Verelas
Lachlan Walker



10B

Seamus Barker
Bill Brownell
Chris Browne
Paul Budimir
Sam Currie
Damie Daud
Jonathan Giddings
Byong Kim
Carney Kucharski
Tim Lamacarft
Travres Loy
Joel Murry
Sergio Navaro
Emmett Oshea
Nicolas Orbitani
Lachlan Power
Adam Read
Jay Reading
Trevor Robinson
Paul Stephenson
Rick Turner
Kristin Walker
Hugh Watson
Peter Williams
James Withers
Steve Wu



10D

Shannon Aland
 Andrew Bereza
 Melissa Corovic
 Darren Dryden
 Natasha Duckett
 Poppy Efstathiou
 Lindsay George
 Dylan Hauser
 Gavan Hays
 Rebecca Holborn
 Rob Joy
 Ana Juric
 David Covic
 Guy Martin
 Joan Maule
 Katrina Millas
 Jenny Moffatt
 Dana Moussaoui
 Eric Owen
 Siobhan Paterson
 Salome Romero
 Jeremy Smith
 Christine Waddell
 David Warnod
 Rachael Young



10C

Calum Brennan
 Julian Bug
 Michelle Chiang
 Lee Clauge
 Fiona Cooper
 Cassie Davis
 Alison Eaton
 Justin Gaddze
 Elyssa Henery
 Daniel Hobba
 Rhys Jones
 Jonathon Keats
 Nicole Mataingley
 Allister Miscamble
 Jens Moller
 Hieu Nguyen
 Sancho Panettieri
 Rebecca Petit
 Chris Rathgen
 Mark Rosthorn
 Ian Sherman
 Ari Smith
 Brooke Volfsburg
 Sarah West
 Jeremy White





10E

Emily Baxter
 Chritian Betros
 Matthew Collins
 Elly Courtney-War
 Paul Di Russo
 Scott Gangell
 Emily Gill
 Paul Graham
 Mirinda Hoffert
 Sally Horn
 Sarah Kerr
 Lucas Kotros
 Sheree Kozaric
 Ben Materazzo
 Simon Molan
 Joss Peake
 Tarren Peters
 Tahli Shields
 Kathy Veralas
 Rory Varrenkamp
 Danielle Victor
 Sturt Wilson
 Nathan Wong
 Tim Wood
 Natalie Wygerse

10F

Lauren Barnes
 Alex Bezhenar
 Nicholas Body
 Jonathon Boyd
 Joanna Canty
 Cassandra Cheah
 Joo Choi
 Brooke Colbert
 Andrew Frawley
 Mark Hatton
 Andrew Hibbert
 David Hinchey
 Sally Hsu
 Joyce Hsu
 Kim Kwok
 Dmitry Levin
 Dakhylina Madkhul
 Kirsten Miscamle
 Alice Molan
 Mi Nguyen
 Kris Origens
 David Perry
 Matthew Poc
 David Prescott
Tareq Moha Seksek
 Renae White
 William Zheng



Senior Poetry Prize
"The Cookie Monsters"

Why is it so?
That little boys think bigger is better

Mother put down a plate
Full of chocolate cookies
And little boys, out of confusion
Over which "Hot chick"
Will always decide that
The biggest bikkie
The one with it's overflowing chest of
Chocolate chips 'n sprinkles
Will taste the nicest.

Mother always said:
"Quality not Quantity"
But the one track minded little boys
Always aimed for
Beauty
And Power
And Colorful sprinkles to make the cookie
Seem attractive.

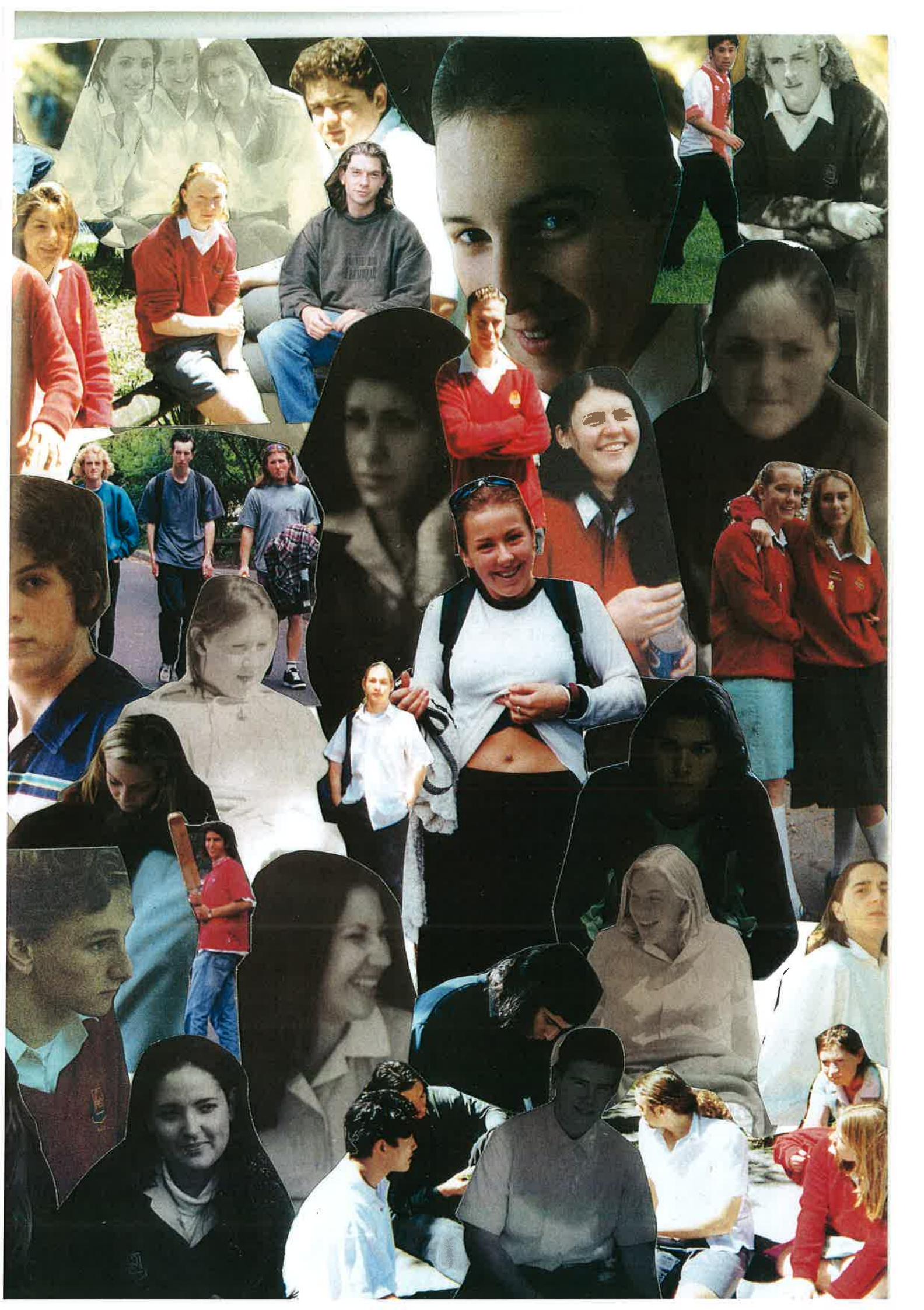
Perhaps he could take it to school
The little boy's friends would say:
"I am impressed!"
After all, this cookie was so easy to eat
He brags "This Chick, this cookie made me a
man."
After all it always gave all its sugar
"Melts right in your mouth."
So what if there's no intelligent conversation
Brainless-good, who cares
Just the sheer ecstasy
Of biting into her.
Will make us little boys men!

by Yusria Baufen, 11

Middle School Poetry Prize

Clean these jelly-like discs first,
Take care not to scratch or tear.
Rinse with special sterile water,
With that plug hole there, beware.
Place one wet, clear saucer,
Upside-down on fleshy part.
Bring your finger closer then,
Be warned, this bit is hard.
Look up at the ceiling corner,
Hold lids open with left hand.
Push that plastic piece right on -
Dammit; there it lands.
Try your seventh attempt,
Yes, this time it pops right on.
After only four endeavours,
The lens has fitted on.
The left pupil veins enlarge,
Your eye is now bright red.
You realise this tiny thing,
is wrong way up and dead.
Crinkled plastic climbs right out,
So you wash it - second time.
Now, germs and bacteria free,
left lens-fitted iris shines.
Examine self in toilet mirror;
How nice, you're glasses free!
Irritating, hide-and-seeking
circles fit wonderfully.
"Where are your spectacles?"
"Gee, you look SO strange"
There go two bits of plastic and 3 hours
Wasted down the drain.

by Dakhylina Madkhul, 10



YEAR 12 AWARDS

Sporting excellence awards 1996 **For performances in 3 or more sports**

Cross Country, Basketball Athletics, Swimming.

Campbell Elliot

Cricket, Soccer,

Athletics.

Ari Simos

Hockey, Cross Country

Athletics

Keir Larter

Sports Awards

Athletics

John Doak, Kon Skolariskis

Baseball

Asher Knee-Rintel

Cricket

Rhian Dickens, Mathlas Stevenson

Football

Rhian Dickins, Chris Picken, John Doak

Hockey

Matt Chaffer

Soccer

Bill Thatis, Eddie Muir, Peter

Katzourakis, Daniel Banfal, Kon Skolarkis

Swimming

Sam Bugeja

Academic Awards

Lauren Stocker

English, Media Studies, German

Pedram Nazari

Specialist Maths, Maths Methods, Chemistry

Andrew Giddings

English, Graphics, History

Elizabeth Cao

E.S.L., Maths Methods

Daniel Banfai

English, Maths Methods

BALI TRIP

After months of preparation a trip to Bali for Indonesian students was finalized. Twenty students from years 9, 10 and 11 decided to take the opportunity to experience Indonesia first hand.

The feeling at the airport was a mixture of excitement and nervousness. The majority of us had little or no idea what to expect and with all the honor stores we'd been told we were a anxious about what would behold. I didn't really sink in until we were on the plane that we were actually going. The plane ride was boring and the plane was a bit shaky, wires sticking out of the wall and the seat in front of me being sticky taped to the ground didn't fill me with confidence, but we all arrived in one piece.

The first thing that hit us when we stepped out of the plane in Denpasar airport was the heat. It was so hot. Layers of Melbourne clothes were stripped off as we pass through immigration and into the sunshine outside. Once we were through immigration we met at tour guide, driver and us. They stayed with us for the nine days and took us to many destinations. We piled on a bus and headed for our hotel. This was our first experience of Bali traffic it was hectic. There were rules but nobody takes any notice of them. It was also our first glimpses of Bali. These were fantastic. Totally different to anything we'd seen in Melbourne.

We arrived at our hotel and headed straight for the pool. Over the nine days we spent many of our time cooling ourselves in the pool.

The next few days were quiet. We had our Indonesian lessons and got very accustomed to the streets around us. We were all amazed at how cheap everything was, and soon we were all expert bargainners. On a Monday we went to the cultural school and learnt Balinese dance. Some of which we had seen the night before when we saw the lucak dance performed. Learning to Balinese dance was great and much harder than it looks.

After our attempts at Balinese dancing we visited a local high school. It was amazing to see how well the students that looked after us could speak English, they did about 9 hours of English a week and went to school on Saturdays. It was a great experience visiting the school and seeing the differences between our school and theirs.

On the Tuesday we went back to the cultural school and learnt how to play the Gamelan instruments. That day we also went to Thanh Lot, a temple on a rock in the ocean and the monkey forest which was a bit of a disappointment because it was siesta time for the monkeys. Wednesday we left for Ubud with stops at Celuk a silversmiths village also there was a woodcarving village. We also saw a performance of the Barang dance. In this dance some of the dancers become entranced and stop themselves, definitely a high light of the trip. That day we also went to the sacred temple of Tempasring and saw the beautiful scenery that surrounds Ubud.

We stayed a night in Ubud and spent the next day shopping and experiencing the village of Ubud. It is famous for its artists and there are many shops selling wonderful handicrafts made by them. Many purchases were made as we walked along Monkey Forest Road. After headed for our lasts destination Candidasa.

Candidasa is a small coastal village about 45 minutes from Ubud. On the way we stopped at Gowah Lawa, a bat cave. It was amazing about a million bats were squeezed into this tiny cave.

The hotel at Candidasa was great and we spent the next day relaxing and shopping some more. We also went to a traditional village which was very interesting.

At five p.m. we packed into the bus for the last time and headed for the airport. We were exhausted, but had had the best time.

Alice Molan ,10



**Sheik,
Rattle
'n' Roll**



SHEIK RATTLE 'N' ROLL

When we first heard of the prospect of a school musical many of us jumped at the chance of our fifteen minutes of fame. Auditions soon arrived along with many budding young actors. After two weeks of competing for a part the *Sheik Rattle & Roll* cast was announced. We all congregated in the music room nervously waiting for our names to be called out along side a main role. There was much joy and some disappointment but our excitement was definitely on the rise.

Scripts were distributed and the firm message of 'learn your lines' was fixed into our minds. To the director, Miss Lissiotis', dismay the message was not properly followed. Meanwhile during the holidays much of the behind scenes work such as the budget, set design, costume design and lighting was organised.

We returned from our summer break rested and rearing to go. Rehearsal schedules were circulated and Act one Scene one started to take shape. Rehearsal times were morning, lunch and after school although it took a while to put this into practice as much of the cast were not prepared to give up their precious lunch times. People soon realised how much time and effort would be required to pull the project off and after the first few rehearsals the cast looked 'slightly' smaller. With a bit of reshuffling and a few people taking two or more roles the final cast was set in place.

At this early stage our main concern was learning the songs. Each rehearsal was an experience and Mr. Cairns would teach us the right way to use our voices before telling us stories of his musical background which was supposed to help us but really just entertained.

The first few weeks of rehearsals were mainly learning our lines and developing our characters. It was frustrating being stuck in room 105 but we knew we had to wait as the stage was in a worst condition than the play itself. Gradually the large set began to come together and finally we could rehearse on the stage.

The pace of rehearsals picked up with our afternoon and evening sessions. As most of our time was spent rehearsing everyone in the cast got to know each other and friendships were made. Rehearsals were not all work. A lot of laughter made the rehearsals a little less boring - although not all rehearsals were like this as some nights were worked until ten o'clock in thirty-five degree heat.

As the dates for the performances were finalised, we realised how much more work was needed to get the play ready. We became focused on the work ahead of us and really threw ourselves into it. It was extremely hard for the senior students who had to balance their VCE, rehearsals and sometimes jobs. With so many excuses for late homework, teachers became a little annoyed at the amount of time the musical was taking up but to most of us this was the last thing on our mind.

Weekend rehearsals began to be scheduled, so even our days off were overtaken by the musical. These were long and tedious as everyone had something better to do, and the temperature was unbearably hot.

Slowly different characters were getting fitted for their costumes, and Mrs. Dean was organising the tickets. Things were starting to fall into place: props and sets were being used and scenes were being finalised. The majority of us knew our lines perfectly so the songs were being added in and the musical was becoming second nature to us.

On a wet and windy autumn morning the entire cast packed into two buses. Destination: The Basin. This meant constant rehearsals for two days. The main priorities were the songs and dances. As soon as we arrived we jumped straight into it and for the next two days all our energy was put into making the songs perfect. We worked constantly, only stopping for food and toilet breaks. By the end of our stay we all felt quietly confident that we could pull it off. We arrived back for our final weekend rehearsals.

The performance week arrived and the finishing touches were hurriedly put in place. There were many emotions building up inside us as the performances drew closer. Our first performance was to several local primary schools. This was our test to see if all our hard work would come together... *and it did*. The children loved it and it gave us the confidence that we needed.

After months of preparation it ultimately came down to the next three days. The canteen and change rooms were transformed to makeup and wardrobe departments. Everybody arrived two hours prior to curtain call with tons of energy ready to be released.

The dressing rooms were a buzz with laughter and shrieks of 'Oh my God, I'm so nervous'. While downstairs in the canteen Miss Velos, Ms Bloumis and helpers fussed over the shades of eye shadow and the colours or lipstick. Gradually we had been transformed into the people of Araby. Flashes went off everywhere as people captured us on film.

Twenty minutes to go and Mr. Sinclair gave a pep talk in an attempt to calm us all down as we were on such a high. Five minutes to go and we were positioned for the opening song. Nerves really set in now as we heard the hush of the crowd. Mr. Cairns played the first bar of Araby and excitement overcame our nerves. The curtains opened, the lights flooded in and Araby was born. *IT WAS HAPPENING*.

The performances went off without a hitch except for when the Bagdad ladies carried the signs back to front and when a thief's sword broke during a fighting scene. Perhaps one of the most anxious moments for Miss Lissiotis was when Mr. K-Tel lit a real cigar on stage to the amazement of the cast and crew.

The three public performances were a huge success. Thank you to everyone who put their time and effort into making it the success it was. Special thanks to Mrs. Lissiotis, Mr. Sinclair and Mrs. Botham and thanks to the cast members who made it such a good time. Hope to see you all there in 1997.

Brooke Colbert and Alice Molan, 10



AUSTRALIAN DEFENCE FORCE ACADEMY CERTIFICATE OF MERIT PRESENTATION

The Navy Certificate of Merit is awarded in recognition of the high standard of presentation and academic achievement in competition for a Navy Scholarship to the Australian Defence Force Academy.

The ADF scholarship program involves a nationwide selection process and is based not only on academic achievement during Year 11, but also on participation in sports, community involvement, communications and presentation skills, leadership potential and knowledge of the Australian Defence Force.

Jacob Hatton of Year 12 was awarded an ADF Certificate of Merit in 1996. The Navy delighted Jacob, his family and the school by delivering his award by parachute. The Navy's parachute team members dropped onto the school oval from a Navy helicopter signaling their approach with yellow smoke flares and performing stunts during their descent. Our congratulations and best wishes go to Jacob for his future.

AUSTRALIAN CHAMPION:

Aaron Mahoney of Year 12 is again part of the Australian Eight Ball and Snooker team to be competing in the World Championships in London in 1997.

SPORTING ACHEVEMENT...

Prospice interviewed Simon Craig, year 12 student and captain under 20 Australia inline hockey team

Prospice Tell us a bit about the game.

Simon Craig In-line Hockey. This is similar to Ice Hockey. It has the same gear except roller blades instead of ice skates. I play for RSA; this is Roller Sports Australia. This is one of the two associations that run In-Line Hockey. In-Line Hockey has the same rules as Ice Hockey except that in In-Line Hockey there are no offside or icing rules. This allows the game to flow more. Ice Hockey is more of a team game. Passing is essential; if you hold the puck for too long you usually get checked. In In-Line Hockey it is easier to stop and puckhandle.

Prospice Why did you start to play?

Simon Craig I started playing hockey when I heard that my sister's school wanted to start a team.

I went along to one of their trainings and decided to join.

Prospice What is it like to play at such a high level of competition?

Simon Craig Playing at such a high level keeps your skill at 100%. After a while of normal competition you can only go so far, but when you are playing with people at your skill level then your ability doubles.

Prospice How long have you been playing?

Simon Craig I have only been playing In-Line hockey for two years and Ice for one season. When I joined up I had been skating ramp for three years so I already had the ability to skate. Then all I needed to do was to learn to shoot and puckhandle. And to do so, when I got home each night I used to shoot into a home-made net.

Prospice How does this sport differ from others?

Simon Craig This sport is much faster than most sports. Some people say that all Ice Hockey can be is a violent, punch up, sport. Rarely do fights happen though, and when they do there is a very good reason for it. There has to be, because once you get in a fight it is an automatic three week suspension.

Prospice Is it suited to all ages?

Simon Craig In-Line Hockey is suited to all ages. Clubs have teams of under twelve's, fifteen's, seventeen's, nineteen's and seniors. Children usually start at eight or nine years old and before then they run around the house with a puck and stick. With Ice Hockey, on the other hand, it is better to start at about eleven or twelve years old. But theres sports are for all ages, young and old.

Prospice What qualities do you need to captain a team at such a high level of competition?

Simon Craig To be a captain at high levels of competition you have to know your rules, keep team spirit up and not be a thug. What you do on the rink reflects your team attitude, so if you get into a fight or something else it only makes your team look bad. You need to be a good all-round player and be able to talk to the referee's calmly.

Prospice What is your long-term goal?

Simon Craig I would eventually like to play for the Australian senior men's team. They go to Italy and Chicago for a few weeks to play some of the best teams in the world. They get lots of sponsors and get free gear.

Jacob Hatton, 12 (Background)



Year 11



11A
 Anthony Acfield
 Adam Afiff
 Jamie Agalotis
 Jo Albert
 Tara Angevin
 Casey Asmus
 Yusria Bahfen
 Cameron Baker
 David Beattie
 Campbell Benson
 Nicky Bidlo
 Rachel Blackburn
 Marlon Briggs
 Emma Buckley
 Anh Bui
 Tim Burger
 Colin Byrne
 Stuart Caldwell
 Thuan Chau
 Jimmy Chiu
 Bobby Chung
 Luke Coats
 Lana Collaris
 Nicholas Cook
 John Coplin

11B
 Kimberley Coltman
 Alister Crow
 Nick Dalrymple
 Ben Dambman
 Ben De-Lacey
 Chris Dimitropoulos
 Marcus Djuric
 Van Do
 Luis El Hage
 Duncan Elliot
 Robyn Ellis
 Jacquie Evans
 Catherine Fisher
 Michael Forpoulos
 James Fraser
 Nichole Garvey
 Nara Gasco
 Alexandra Giannopoulos
 Stephen Gible
 Carl Goodin
 Joel Stahlberg





11C

Bruce Green
 Lee Hauser
 Nick Haussenger
 David Hedger
 Javed Henderson
 Terri Hillaris
 Helen Hsu
 Tom Hurle
 Jane Ingram
 Robert Ives
 Eric Jim
 Emma Juniper
 Nicole Kahn
 Robert Kelly
 Hugh Kendall
 Joan Kevrekian
 Trinh Khuu
 Luke Knight
 Taya Koh
 Daniel Kukiell
 Kon Kyparissoudi
 Lee Le-
 Rebecca Learmont
 Rick Lee
 Kelvin Lee

11D

Jasmin Lesniak
 Ashley Lyall
 Kent Macieson
 Jana Marcak
 Mark Martian
 Guy Mason
 Robert Mason
 Owen Mathews
 Alysia Mattingley
 Michael Mc Clelland
 Astrid Mc Cormack
 Nina Mclean
 Michael McMahon
 Stacey Mitchell
 Kate Murnan
 Miki Nakagawa
 Luke Nelson
 Yolande Nicholson
 Joanne Palmer
 Evan Papillo
 Hillary Pearce
 Tim Perkins
 Diana Pickard



11E

Pedram Kamali
Jacqui Plasto
Christopher Poc
Kon Profitis
Alister Quinn
Sam Raydan
Arash Roshan
Daniel Rule
Jim Ryan
Richard Sabbagh
Mark Salem
David Seddon
Antonia Semler
Heath Shakespeare
David Sheilds
Alister Shield
Kim Stanning
Stefanos Stefanakos
Bonnie Stephen
Rhiannon Stevens
Penny Tan
Chi-Kin Ja Tang
Vyvan Taylor
Jessica Templeton
Quyen Thai
Rory Tidball



11F

Wilma Tieu
Gideon Tuinauvai
Dennis Valetic
Angela Varelas
Amanda Vincec
Leighton Vivian
Elizabeth Walker
Gerald Wells
Sheridan Welsh
Karen Wharton
Emily Whatmough
Richard Whitehead
James Wight
Ben Wilhelms
Joanne Withy
Luke Wolokh
David Wood
Ben Wood
Renae Wood
Elyse Wod
Michael Yan
Ashli Yeter
Soktany Yi
Joanna-Chi Yiu
Paul Young
Lona Zhang



EXCHANGE STUDENTS

'My name is Debbie Kablau and I am an exchange student from Holland. Last year July I arrived in Australia and since then I have lived with my host family in Burwood.

Because I finished my high school last year in Holland, I had to make a decision of what to do after that. I was reading through a few brochures and saw an advertisement of becoming an exchange student. I thought that would be a great experience let's apply. After writing essays and having interviews I was placed for Australia. At the start you don't really realise what it means to go away for a whole year, without your own family and friends and probably the biggest thing going to a country where they don't speak your own language. But, the day that you leave your country comes very soon and before you realise it you stand at Tullamarine Airport being really excited of how everything will be.

I didn't really know a lot about the country, so I was really surprised to get into the wrong side of the car and looking on the wrong side of the road to cross it. In Holland all the traffic is on the right side of the road and you think they only do this left thing in England but unfortunately you really have to get used to it. Then you think Australia is the land of the kangaroos and koala's. If you watch the TV in Holland, you see Skippy's jumping down the road and Blinky Bill will sit in a tree in the backyard. That was a bit of a disappointment, no koala's or kangaroos anywhere until you get to Melbourne Zoo or Healesville Sanctuary.

A few days after I arrived, I started school, because that is part of being an exchange student. For term 3 and term 4 last year I went to a girls' school. If you go to school in Holland, everything is really relaxed, so starting at a girls' school was a bit of a shock. I had never seen so many girls in uniform in the assembly hall standing up when the principal walked in. If I would be in Holland I would have laughed you in the face if you would have told me that you were going to a girls school because that is something that doesn't exist anymore. I remember also the first week of wearing a uniform. I wrote to all my friends that I had to wear a tablecloth around me as a uniform. But after a while you get used to putting on this tablecloth and then you think, it's not such a bad idea this school uniform. At least I won't have to decide what to wear. I found it really great about the schools that there is such a big choice in the

subjects you can do. In Holland you can only choose basic subjects as sciences, languages and geography and history. I started off doing legal studies although I didn't even know what the word legal meant then. Music I did too and that was the thing I really liked about the girls school. I played the French horn in orchestra and I got the experience of playing for heaps of people in Robert Blackwood and Melba Hall. In Holland there is nearly no activities in the school. You play sports and music outside school in your own time at your own club. I couldn't believe that schools over here have pools, tennis courts, basketball courts, and an oval. In Holland the only thing you will have is a hall where the PE classes are. I think it is really good to have all these sort of things organised at school.

In January I started at Camberwell High and I really like this school much better. It is not as bitchy as the girls' school probably because there are guys in the school. The school times in Holland are quite a bit different from here too. There is no such thing as a roll-call. If you don't have class period 1 they don't expect you to be at school until period 2 starts. I think everyone will agree with me that that is a lot better. But now the other part, school start at 8 o'clock in the morning and goes until whenever your classes are finished. That might be 12, 1, 2, or 3 o'clock. In spares, you don't have to stay in the library or VCE centre, you just can go wherever you want to as long as you're back on time for your next class. We don't have to wear a uniform at school and the teachers are more your friends than your teachers. Mr. Tenners and Sinclairs at my school in Holland don't need to spend so much time on looking who is leaving the school grounds to have a cigarette because you are allowed to smoke at school. Not the young kids but the year 11 and 12's are.

In Holland we don't have anything like CATS. Every fortnight we will have tests instead of work requirements and so most of the people will be very surprised when I say that it is very normal to write 1000 or 2000 words in work requirements. If you pay a lot of attention in class and don't wag school in Holland, you have got most of your work done. With a bit more of private study as we call that here you will be able to pass with good marks. In your last year in Holland you have the big exams in May and 3 other exam weeks in the year. The school year starts in September and ends in July. When I go back in 2 weeks the summer holidays will have

EXCHANGE STUDENTS

started. It is great, I came from the summer holidays over here and go back to summer holidays over there.

The major sport is soccer and ice skating in winter. Of course when I came over here I got sucking in to the football and I can say that I chose the best team to go for. CARLTON. I don't watch it for the game because tell me, what is good about watching 36 people fighting for an egg? I watch it for all the players because they are just good to look at. Soccer still gets me more excited than football. It's just the thing that you can't go to the toilet during the match because you might miss the only goal. Unfortunately soccer is not that big over here, but maybe a lot more people will see how exciting it is with waiting to go to the toilet until the match is finished. In winter a lot of people will watch the European and world championship of ice-skating. It's great sitting with the newspaper and a pen to write down all the different times for each different skater in each different round. Of course we just watch these sports because we're the best in it.

While I was over here I've seen a lot. In September I went on a trip with all the exchange students. We went from Melbourne to Port Augusta, Adelaide, up to Coober Pedy to Ayers Rock and Alice Springs then to Mt. Isa and Tennant Creek. Further up to Cairns and Townsville and past Airlie Beach, Surfers paradise and Sydney back to Melbourne. It was one of the best trips of my life. I can say that I climbed Ayers Rock and that I snorkeled in the Great Barrier Reef. A lot of people in my country will never experience and I can tell you that they really missed out. In the Easter holidays I went on the train to Perth with a friend and that was also really great. I can now say that I've been to every state in Australia except for Tasmania.

As you heard about my experience, I've had a wonderful year. Another 3 months wouldn't be that bad, but unfortunately my time is over.

I want to say thanks to Mr. Tenner, Mr. Sinclair, Mr. Macaulay, Mr. Pointz, Mr. Brookes, Miss Stone, Miss Taylor, Miss Anderson, Miss Leitchfield, all of the students and everyone that I still forgot. Have a great life.

Debbie Kablau, 12

LUIS EL HAGE
Bolivia

'I chose Australia because it was an English-speaking country, and I thought it would be a challenge, although I knew it was quite similar to the U.S.'
The things Luis found most peculiar about Australia were, (surprise, surprise), footy and our accent!
The parties were much better back in Bolivia, Luis says, because there you dance way more, (and drink a lot less)
'Meat pies and sausages are OK; nothing different.'
And about us Aussie girls?
'They're alright'
ONLY alright?!! LUIS!!

JENS MOLLER
Denmark

Jens, (pronounced 'YENZ' for all those people who have been calling him 'JENS' with a 'J'), chose Australia because we speak English and because it seemed interesting. His impression of Australia was a country made up of mostly desert, and of course with the good old kangaroos and koalas.
When asked about food Jens replied, 'There is too much junk food down here and too many barbecues.'
He sees Australians as friendlier and more open than Danish people.
Is everyone tall and blonde there, Jens?
'Nah. Don't believe everything you see in the movies.'

MAIKO HIMORI
Japan

Maiko was especially lucky because she once lived here in Melbourne. She likes it here because it's not as 'touristy' as Sydney.
'Oh my god, it's so flat!' said Maiko about the country.
'In Japan, there are mountains, farms and stuff.' And like the rest of us, she can't understand Melbourne weather.
Like a true-blue Aussie, Maiko loves meat pies and thinks they're beautiful.
'My favourite place in Melbourne would have to be around Hampton and Brighton Beach.'
'There are a few exceptions, but mostly everyone here is friendly and nice. I like Australians.'

Brooke Colbert & Dakhylina Madkhul, 10



House Swimming



House Athletics



VISIT OF THE KAZAKSTAN MINISTER

A visit of the Kazakhstan Minister of Education was about exchanging information on the educating systems in both countries and the relationships between teaching staff and students.

The visit of the minister included visiting normal state schools such as Camberwell High School.

The delegation arrived one morning at Camberwell High School and stayed all afternoon. They discussed some important topics, such as: length of the lesson, homework and the resources for studying, library, computer classes, metal-wood classes. Camberwell High School was a last stop in Australia for their journey.

Alex Bezhenar, Dmitry Levin, 10
Olga Levin, 8

Year ten and year eight students from the Ukraine, sat in on the discussions and provided useful information to members of the delegation.

REALITY.

What is different,
What is the same,
Is it reality
Or is it just a sick game?
As they walked down the street,
Some people stared,
Most merely looked away,
While others openly glared.
How can you judge?
I asked one man,
When there are so many races,
Within this land.
The blonde haired,
The blue eyed,
The perfectly white skin,
Why don't some people understand,
That the REAL person lies within?
As long as there are racists,
Some will never feel a part,
You may try to act welcome,
But do you feel it in your heart?
And so long as there are 'us' and 'them',
The Black, Red, Yellow, and White,
How can you be surprised when,
There is nothing but hate in sight?
I hope on day we learn to accept,
When we learn to make some peace,
For only then will the bloodshed end,
Only then will the colour wars cease.

Eleonora Sayco, 9

SPORTS REVIEW



Sarah Kerr



Simon Jacobs

CONT.

SPORT REVIEW

YEAR 10 CRICKET

Camberwell played Kew in a 20 over a side game. The winner to represent the district.

Camberwell won the toss and decided to bat. Our openers A. Bereza and L. Walker put on a 50 run opening partnership. There was then something of a collapse but G. Hayes who made 32* and J. Giddings who made 23* pushing the score to 6/147 off the 20 overs.

Kew batted well but were never able to keep up with the run rate and finished on 2/99. It was a good team effort and hopefully we should go well in the Tern 4 rounds.

YEAR 7 ROUND ROBIN

The Year 7 Round-Robins held on the 13th March were most successful. Teams achieved their aims and Baseball won the pennant. I had the good fortune to be with the softball team and was most impressed with the endeavour, vigour, skills, and intelligence displayed.

HOUSE SWIMMING SPORTS RESULTS

1. Roosevelt - 574 Points
2. Macarthur - 347 Points
3. Montgomery - 323 Points
4. Churchill - 273 Points

The under 14 boys Medley Relay team would have made it to the state finals but got disqualified because a member of the team was too old.

HOUSE ATHLETICS RESULTS

- First:** Macarthur
Second: Churchill
Third: Montgomery
Fourth: Roosevelt

VSSA FINALS

In October, five students represented the school in the 1996 VSSA state track and field championships at Olympic Park. The day started with me realizing I left my competitor's pass at home. Joe Falzon (Shot-put) came fourth and Anna Macclean (Triple Jump) second. I did not have a good day at all, myself, getting 3 N.T. and coming eighth in Javelin. To the track where Kimberly Coltman (Open 3000) came eighth and Paul Young (1500m) fifth. That was the outcome of the day, and it was enjoyed by me and others, I am sure. Thanks to Mr. Anderson for getting us there. We just survived, sitting in the back.

Brad Collins, 7

YEAR 10 SPORT SUMMARY

This year the school introduced a year 10 sport program. It's held every Monday and Tuesday afternoons. The students have the chance to do four different sports over the year. Some examples of these sports are Cricket, Football, Basketball and Softball. Some people had the opportunity to go to Wattle Park to play Golf and to Wattle Park Squash Centre to play Squash. The introduction of the sport program has had a great effect because not only are the students learning about new sports, there has also been a big improvement in the performance of the school in Inter-School sport.

Andrew Frawley, 10

THE NEW SPORTS COMPETITIONS...

- Year 8 Round Robins were very successful. Thank you to participating students, staff and student officials. Results achieved were as follows:

Boys Hockey (A)	1 st
Boys Hockey (B)	4 th
Girls Hockey	2 nd
Girls Table Tennis (A)	2 nd
Boys Table Tennis (A)	3 rd
Boys Table Tennis (B)	4 th
Boys Table Tennis (C)	4 th
Boys Basketball (A)	3 rd
Boys Basketball (B)	1 st
Boys Basketball (C)	3 rd

- VCE Eastern Zone Results:

Boys Soccer a very creditworthy 2nd in their division.

Boys and Girls Basketball played very well against strong opposition

- The Year 10 Round Robins were highlighted by outstanding behavior and performances:

Squash	Girls	1 st
	Boys	2 nd /5 th
Hockey	Girls	3 rd
	Boys	2 nd /4 th
Basketball Girls		4 th
	Boys	1 st /3 rd /4 th

Mr. B. Anderson



And There Off !



Bill Brownell

DON ANDERSON AWARD

RUN

He had been in for months. The schedules and people were getting to him. He hadn't been around so many adolescents for a long time. He was imprisoned, unable to walk 50 metres away. It was a mixed bunch - some depressed, some suicidal, some dangerous Others had run away before, in a desperate fling for freedom - sometimes just to get a pack of cigarettes, others to try their hand on the street.

He had been thinking about running for it for most of the day. David, his ungrateful roommate, had run away the day before. David was caught. He was only going down the street to get some smokes. It was mob culture and the new boy didn't fit in. He was constantly harassed for his clothing, his attitude. But he felt comfortable in his ways.

Rebecca and some of the others had taken off during the night. They didn't do very well. They were tracked down by the cops at 3 am. How stupid. That would never happen to him. You would have to be pretty stupid to stick to the main roads. That's the first place they'd look.

The cops were going to be after him. He took that threat very seriously. He had noticed David going out the front for a smoke one night. That's what he'd do. Just be sitting out there, resting. Then take off.

The afternoon was full of anticipation. Nobody knew anything. If you really want to keep a secret, you don't need to tell anybody. He wanted to tell someone, but then they'd have a lead. He wanted it to be a complete mystery.

Nothing ever happened after tea, so it was a safe time to leave. Then there was evening contact. He'd have to miss that. They would know that he wasn't there, then set the cops on to him. But he had been there before, he was used to outsmarting the cops.

Tea finished and he put his gear on, travelling light. He needed much more warm clothing. It was going to be a cold night. He gathered his money together from his beige

plastic mug, sitting on the shelf of his dresser.

Kate the nurse saw him outside and asked him what he was doing.

"Just getting a bit of fresh air," he replied.

That was close. She went back in. He started walking away, and his heart began pounding through his shirt. He went around the brick corner and out onto the road. Nobody had seen him. The bright lights of the massive complex cast shadows on the car park. The feeling of going was liberating. He gave a wave of insult to the centre and jogged past the car gate, then started running. Cabs were parked outside all around the hospital. He desperately wanted to catch one, but he couldn't afford it. He turned right at the main gates and went down the street towards the intersection. He stopped at the lights and pressed the button.

A police car pulled up. It was stopped at the lights. Nervously, he hid behind the pole. After a long session, he emerged, crossed the road and went straight to the university. That had shaken him. They weren't on to him. Keep to the back fringes, he thought. Don't be seen. Take all measures to avoid the main roads. He ran through the back lane of the university until he finally reached the exit, getting out through the student's drive.

The territory was foreign, but he knew his direction. He walked through the small streets, the crescents, one after another. It was taking him ages. He kept an eye on his watch, waiting for the time when they would find out he was missing. Now was just about that time

He found his way down the winding streets to a park. Parks were good. The police couldn't get anyone there, although he was still irrationally nervous. The football field was very muddy. After several silent streets, praying that those red and blue lights wouldn't come by, he hit the park that he was looking for. The time was 10.30.

He trundled down the steep walkway, thistles getting in the way. The grass had not been mown for a long time and he was worried about snakes. The rushes

weighed him down. There were massive noises all around, huge, roaring sounds. They would have known that he had been gone for some time now. The noises were getting louder, impatient. A helicopter. Oh no. There were great freeways with heavy truck carriage all around, but he didn't make the connection. A helicopter. A helicopter was after him. He started to run for his life.

Speed. He was worried sick, running in panic in the dense, unkempt scrub. He was running so fast that he fell over near a fallen tree and grazed his hand. It was sliced by the thistles. It was very painful, but he kept running, the blood dripping to the ground. He put it in his mouth and kept running, urging himself on past the creek and around the bend. The path was made more difficult by the steep hill he was going down. He was losing breath. Now well hidden, he hit the floor. He thought he'd beaten the helicopter, but was still on the lookout.

Exhausted and his heart slowing down, he reached Gardiner's Creek. It was gratifying to meet ground that he knew so well. His watch read 12 am. He had planned to sleep the night under the bridge. He tried to nestle a spot for himself, but the hill down to the creek was steep and matted with weeds. After a minute trying to sleep, he gave up the idea. He had to seek out a new idea. The church. A site he knew well, he likened it to the thought of the church being a middle-ages haven for the pursued. It was the best option. It was not too far away.

He walked up to the church and went around the back to the kindergarten. The sandpit was about the softest thing around. He moulded the sand to fit his body. He sat down, pulling the sandpit cover over him and making a mound of sand for a pillow. But going to sleep was more difficult. The sand was damp and bitterly cold. The chill went up his back and through his spine. Realising he wasn't going to get to sleep, he got up and left, heading for the main building. He tried to open the main door, but it was locked. He walked around to the chapel door. He turned the handle. It turned. It opened.

Amazing.

This was the most God-given, miraculous coincidence he had ever had. He felt that God must have been watching over him and let him in.

He opened the glass door and walked through the vestry. He opened the next door to the hall and went up the tightly spiralled stairs to the youth room. There were a few bean-bags. This wasn't good enough. He needed some sleep. Cleverly, he remembered the church. The pews. Cushions.

Three cushions made a good bed. But he was cold. He remembered an old radiator in the cellar. Knowing this junk-collection well, he fetched it and heaved it up the stairs to his resting place. He turned it on. It gave a humbling glow. It was good warmth on a freezing night. He left it on all night, and got off to sleep.

The light of the morning woke him early. He felt good alone. Nobody in the world knew where he was. This is 'not something that happens very often to any person. A superb feeling. He was very hungry, though, so he went down to the milk bar and got a pie.

He spent three nights at the church. After a long time to reminisce, he decided that he had had enough of life on the streets agreed to return on his own terms. On just a few dollars, his feat was a true test of a champion. He had done it. He could survive on his own. He came back to be the legend of the ward. His name and feat surpassed any previous effort. He now was the unit legend. Everybody was in a state of shock while he was away. The boy who was so betrayed had beaten the masters, and he liked it.

The others, who had previously been negative to him, gave him a triumphant return, congratulating him heartily. The mood was one of a party. They never caught him. He had won. The congratulations from the kids made it so worthwhile, making him feel good. He was a hero.

James Kelso Year 12

WORK . . . A NEW EXPERIENCE

We all had headsets to communicate with. After the first couple of nights I started to get the feel of what I was doing until the last dress rehearsal where a couple of things went wrong. A chair was placed in the wrong position. When a flat was flown down it hit the chair and a couple of things fell. To make matters worse I took a chair off when I wasn't supposed to.

David Hinchey, Malvern Theater Company, 10

Some of the jobs I did were showing people through houses, going around to houses, estimating how much the owners would get for their house if they sold then, doing conversational reports, and a lot of letter box drops and ,finally, I also had to do a bit of filing.

Andrew Frawley, Hancocks Real Estate, 10

I thought the office work was very boring and I fell asleep a couple of times. I thought the best thing I took part in was a tour of the dockyard. I learnt a lot about the business work place and what goes on around the dockyard.

David Perry, Transfield Defence Systems, 10

I did lots of photocopying during week one. I hate to say this but I stuffed the photocopying machine at least three times. Once I put paper in the wrong side to the feeder so it ended up with nothing and I had to do it again; the other time I put so much overhead paper into the machine that it melted. But my worst mistake was to put too much paper into the feeder and the original copy was covered in ink and could not be read any longer.

Lily Nguyen, Offshore Business Education Program, 10

In my second week I worked at a travel agent which was really good because there was a group of new travel agents learning how to speak to the customers and how to answer phones. I think that I will pursue a career with waitressing and managing a hotel of some sort.

Sally Horn, Travel Agent, 10

At a place where miniature people nag and beg and wipe dirty hands on your jeans. I learnt a lot. Besides controlling my temper and increasing my patience I also had the privilege of . . . eating tray fulls of birthday cupcakes, making mud pies and chocolate milkshakes, reading Billy Goats Griffith nineteen times, playing Bananas in Pyjamas, Snap and I memorized all the songs from "The Wiggle's".

Dakhylina Madkhul, Kindergarten , 10

Overall, I learned customer servicing and it was better than school because I had no homework and I got to look at some of the interesting young customers who rocked - in.

David Prescott, Milk-Bar, 10

In the second week of my work experience I worked at the warehouse. It was boring because there was not a lot of people to talk to. The work at the warehouse was really hard because it took a lot of strength. I had to lift heavy things to be sent down to the store to be put on show.

Kris Origenes, Target, 10

I worked at a canteen in the city and was training to be a cook. I did lots of chores like chopping up vegetables, cleaning and helping the cook in general. I found my work experience different because I didn't do as many proper cooking duties as I had hoped. This was dictated by the fact that my most common duty was chopping vegetables.

Emily Baxter, Canteen, 10

I worked with my step-father who is a Barrister. I got to go to court with him and help out with a trial. I had to check statements, read things back to the Barrister, go through some paperwork. The work helped give me a greater understanding of the legal system. Where I worked I didn't really meet many other people, certainly not many my own age. I enjoyed my experience, except when I had to go over a policeman's statement a few times. It was very long.

Stuart Wilson, Law Firm , 10

My jobs in the banquet area of the "Hilton on the Park" were simple but they took ages. Working in this part of the industry was probably the most valuable, because after working in the kitchen for two days, I had decided not to become a chef.

Andrew Hibbert, Hilton Hotel, 10

I worked at *Vitawood Homes* which is a company that makes homes. Whilst I was there, I did a number of tasks which included: designing, engineering, carpentry and laboring (I shoveled over nine and a half tons in one day!) I really liked working there but it was very hard work. I usually worked from 6am in the morning right up until 6pm!

Paul De Russo, Vitawood Homes, 10

I worked at Target. There I stocked shelves, photocopied, dusted, swept and pushed trolleys. The hours that I worked were from 9am to 5pm. Worked experience worked out exceptionally well for me because I ended up getting a job there. The work was fairly easy, but also very interesting.

Tarren Peters, Target, 10

At Moores, a Box Hill law firm, I prepared presentations, photocopied, went to court, went with the city clerk for a day, and collated files. When I went to City West Water it was completely different. I mostly did field work: checking on water and sewage pumping stations, sewage plants, running errands, and checking water storage areas. I also worked on water reports and collating files. I really enjoyed working at both places - especially the field work.

Tim Wood, Law Firm, 10

All I knew about accounting proved to be useless because you only have to put the data in and with one push of the button the computer does all the ledgers, balance sheets, profit/loss statements, etc. for you. Although I didn't do much, I still learned something. On my second day, I learned how to make coffee because I was asked by my boss, but until then I didn't know how to make coffee since no one in my family drinks it.

Kim Kwok, Accounting Firm, 10

There were about six different kinds of desert that I had to serve and pass to the waitresses who would deliver them to the customers. I also had to do all the ice-cream deserts; there were about fifteen different ice-creams. Usually I had to make them by myself. To work in the bar you need to know many things, such as all the kinds of drinks you have in your bar.

Alex Bezhenar, Restaurant Bar, 10

My first job was to update all of their customers information on a database. This was meant to take a whole week, but it took me less than two days. What I had to do was take an invoice from the pile, read through it and then type in all of the person's details from the invoice.

Mark Hatton, Hexatec Computer Shop, 10

One of the few problems I had was when customers asked me for directions. I didn't really know where things were. I was under lots of pressure when customers asked me something. The reaction was I stood and thought.

William Zheng, Target, 10

I worked at one of the Commonwealth banks close to where I lived. I was doing work which I thought you had to be trained for. For example, working as a teller, in the inquiries desk, as well as working in the back office. I worked every day from 9am to 4pm. I really liked working there.

Nathan Wong, Commonwealth Bank, 10

At *Metropolis Audio* people can come in and record a demonstration tape for a band or make a commercial. During this week I was asked to complete many tasks which included helping the sound engineers record a commercial for the 'Keg Restaurants'. It is currently on air around Australia on the Radio.

Lucas Kotros, Metropolis Audio, 10

The First City of Boroondara Young Leaders Program

Nine students with potential to be leaders from year 10 were invited to attend a week long leadership course. Other students from schools in this district also participated, making it a small yet efficient group. We had four supervisors who worked with youths in the city of Boroondara. Nigel, Anton, Tony, Kelly were not the teacher type; rather people who understood and listened to us. It was not only the first time we had participated but the first time the program had been run in this area, making it unpredictable and fun. We not only learned about the obvious "leadership" but also the smaller parts that make up a good leader. We covered areas such as communication, group work, body language and probably the hardest one - listening. Trust was a big part of the week, also.

Our final task was this: as "leaders" we had to organise an hour long presentation to our parents, friends, teachers and many of Boroondara. This was a 'huge' task, yet one that paid off.

The experience we obtained from the program will not only benefit us in the immediate future but in the long term as well. It was very enjoyable and a worthwhile experience.

Brooke Colbert, 10

MUSIC CAMP

Camberwell High Schools musicians toured around New South Wales this year for the annual band trip. Accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Brookes, Mr. and Mrs. Cairns and Miss Stone, the band, orchestra and choir arrived in Broken Hill after an eight hour bus ride. After eating dinner at the Broken Hill Musician's Club we were distributed to billets, with the extras driving onto a camp in the ghost town, Silverton. After two nights in Broken Hill, with our first two performances under our belts, we continued our journey onto Dubbo. Arriving late we were again distributed to friendly billets. After two nights and a successful combined concert (about four schools participated), we hit the road to Sydney.

Passing through the Blue Mountains, the Years seven, eight and nine were lucky enough to visit the Jenolan Caves. Unfortunately, the second bus had a few problems getting up the hills but everyone was satisfied with a great view of The Three Sisters.

The Eleanora Heights camp in Sydney had great food and a scenic view. For three days we took tours of Australia's largest city, performing at Glebe High School and the Garrison Church. At each concert, the band, choir and orchestra performed a mixture of styles to responsive audiences.

After Sydney, we set off for Canberra where again we were billeted, although some students stayed in a motel, due to a lack of billets. After touring Canberra, seeing New Parliament House and the War Memorial, we finished the last of our concerts at Kambah High School.

Boarding the bus for the last time, we set off for Melbourne, timing it perfectly, arriving at twelve o'clock midnight. It was good to be home but sad to leave our imprints on the bus seats.

Joanna Canty, 10

Emilia Needoba, Lauren Stocker, Erica Heldzinger,



Members of the Touring Music

COMPUTERS

During the year, one of the technology rooms has had its computers replaced - now with a network of Pentium and 586 machines. With the help of Mrs. McKenzie and two technicians, seven Camberwell students helped move all of the old computers into another room, where they will be used by the school's junior students.

The entire network is now using Windows '95 as an operating system. Additional programs include MS Office: a complete package including word processing, spreadsheet, presentation and database applications and many other excellent programs.

The main purpose of the new room is to assist students undertaking VCE Information Processing or Year 10 computer programming. No longer will students have to suffer with ugly-looking and annoyingly slow programs, either. The new Windows '95 applications are terrific! As well as having great software, the school has also bought new printers and a scanner, which I am sure will come in very useful for VCE CATs and other work requirements.

The good news does not end there, though. The school's 1997 budget caters for a complete Room 15 revamp also. Soon the whole school will be able to take advantage of today's technology

Mark Hatton, 10



Kate Botham and Mr. Drew Smith

G.M. SINCLAIR SPORTS HALL

During its first year, use of the Sports Hall by both school and community groups has been extensive. The sports hall has liberated the physical education program and greatly assisted the advent of the new Sport Ed program. Throughout the year students have participated in a variety of sports and recreational activities in scheduled classes, lunch times and after school. The sports hall has catered for the diverse need of student, use ranging from indoor soccer and hockey competitions, basketball and volleyball matches as well as being a venue for the Korean National Men's Volleyball Team. The hall seating regular fills with spectators for games and competitions, which provide entertainment during lunch times.

The community has benefited from the establishment of the facility in that various grades of Volleyball are played competitively two nights a week with practice another two nights. Also, many community basketball teams practice in the stadium and aerobics and self-defense classes are held there. It is anticipated that the links between Camberwell High and outside sporting clubs can flourish as a result of the Sports Hall. The Hall provides a great opportunity for a closer working relationship between the school and its community.



Year 10 Indoor Cricket in the Sports Hall



The Staff Netball/Basketball Team

MIDDLE SCHOOL ESL WRITER'S PRIZE

FRIENDS

I didn't like Tracey right from the start!

Just imagine a fifteen years old girl trying to copy everything about other people, no matter whether it was right or wrong. Just imagine the same girl flirting with every single boy, giving anything to talk to them and thinking that she was simply the best.

Would you want to be her friend?

I have asked 100 people this question and 99 people answered 'No' instantly. The 100th person I asked was myself and I have struggled with this question for more than a year.

And it was not long ago before I was able to come up with my answer.

Tracey was 15, studying in year 10, and had few real friends. She liked Math's and had obtained a perfect score at the very first Math's test at the beginning of the year, then struggled to pass every Math's test from then on. Nevertheless she still wanted to do Math's Methods, then Math's Specialist in V.C.E.

Tracey wasn't bad looking at all, but she was far from what we describe as 'pretty' or 'good looking'. She was overweight and had failed dismally in attempting to reduce her weight. Her worst subjects were P.E and English.

Until now I still wonder what made me become her friend, seeing we had almost nothing in common. After all it was Tracey who came up to me on my very first day at Camberwell High School and helped me. She showed me around the school, wrote down the directions to my new classrooms and even offered to help with my homework.

It seemed that we were good friends right from that day on. We sat next to each other in every single class, had lunch together, went shopping quite regularly and spent at least half an hour on the phone every evening. Despite her flirting with boys and trying to draw their attention towards her which annoyed me, she was exceptionally kind and thoughtful and I regarded her as a good friend.

Such a belief didn't last long. When, two weeks later another newcomer - Mirelle - joined our class. Since Mirelle came, Tracey's attitude towards me turned 180 degrees. Instead of hanging around with me, she hung around with Mirelle. Instead of sitting next to me, she chose to sit next to Mirelle. Instead of having lunch with me Tracey and Mirelle disappeared at the start of every lunch time (I guess Tracey took Mirelle to a place where I could not find them both). At night I guess that Tracey now rang Mirelle because her phone was always engaged. I started to think that not only was Tracey ignoring me, she was always trying to stop me from communicating with Mirelle.

The funny thing was that, despite Tracey's every little effort to separate us, Mirelle and I began to get along quite well. Thanks to Tracey's cough which

didn't allow her to be at school for seven consecutive days, Mirelle and I were able to discuss about Tracey. We came to the conclusion that she loved to get people's attention.

We planned to give Tracey some extra attention and care as well. In every class, either Mirelle or myself chose to sit next to her. We both took turns to ring Tracey every second evening. The plan worked quite well for the first few weeks, then disaster struck. We were running out of topics that we could talk to her about, simply because she wasn't interested in what we were interested in.

But running out of topics was worse than we could imagine. Tracey kept on accusing us of not wanting to talk to her, and not wanting to be her friend. Well, we had tried very hard, hadn't we? And just because she was interested in certain things didn't mean that we have to share her interest.

We hinted this to Tracey when she was in a good mood. To our great disappointment she didn't get the message. We felt so defeated. Our last hope was that a magical thing would happen and Tracey would turn out to be a better person.

Finally it happened. Finally Tracey became a totally different person. She was more observant, more tolerant and understood other people better. "This must be a happy ending!" Mirelle and I joyfully concluded. The only thing that we were wondering was what happened to Tracey to bring about this miraculous change.

We didn't have to wait long for the answer. A month later, just after the holiday, Tracey disappeared. So I decided to ring her. There was a lady's voice on the phone said: "*The number you have dialed cannot be connected. Please check the number and try again.*" I double checked with Mirelle, then dialed the number again. Again I received the same message.

In wonder I looked up her address in the White Pages and the next day Mirelle and I went there after school. No one was home. We knocked at her neighbor's door and were shocked when her neighbor said that Tracey was suffering from leukemia and was now in the U.S.A, having special treatment. Her parents were both in America so that they could be with her.

The next day at school we were once again shocked by the news that she had passed away the night before. At the same time my principal passed me a small box which was from Tracey. In that box there was a bracelet, the one I said I liked when we last gone shopping together. There was also a short letter, saying that Tracey would like to apologize for the wrong things that she had done to me and that she would miss me very much. Mirelle received a small box too. Inside the box was Mirelle's dream: a cute little Teddy Bear and a short letter, just like mine.

I cried a lot at the funeral held later that month. For the very first time I realised what friendship was all about. If I had one wish, I would wish that a fairy with her magical wand would bring Tracey to life again. And if someone asked me would I want to be her friend, my answer would be a resoundingly YES.

By Mi Nguyen, 10



E.S.L (ENGLISH AS A SECOND LANGUAGE)

It is a school subject for those students who come from a non-speaking English background with a sickness in their English. E.S.L is also a subject that can support your homework and difficulties you face which is outside E.S.L.

E.S.L class had been a great success now and before to the E.S.L student and to the school. The increasing of E.S.L students came to our school had been more and more. In 1993 when I was in year seven, there were only about five people in year seven E.S.L class, but now in 1996 we have more than twenty-five people in year ten E.S.L class which is an increase of eighty percent, and now the class needs to be split into two classrooms. Not just the population had been increased. The number of nationality had also been increased. In the past most people had been Chinese, Hong Kong, Taiwanese, Vietnamese, Greek, Africans and Lebanese. Now we have added more such as Russians, Philippines, Malaysian, Indonesian and some other countries which from Europe and the Middle East.

For most of our students English is the hardest subject in schools. Most of our students have a better knowledge in other subjects such as , Maths, Science, and History. Because some of us come from a highly educational country. Which teach chapter by chapter much faster. Even though we have

more understanding of other subjects, everything still involves English. It's very important we as E.S.L students to set a goal for ourselves, that can help us improve our English in a high standard. English may not be our strongest strength but it's important we as E.S.L students to work as twice as hard than the students who are Australian to improve our English.

The change of classrooms had been made from the end of last year. Students had to help move the equipment from the portable, Room 106, to the old building, Room 17. The good things about it, is that the classroom is bigger and it is much cooler, and closer to our lockers. Another good thing is that you can ask any E.S.L teacher for permission to stay in the E.S.L classroom for individual private study or even group games.

E.S.L is like any other subject. Each year we have a short story and poetry competition, which only involves E.S.L students. The competition is divided into three sections, Junior, Middle School and Senior. The competition is still in progress which involves lots of junior students who had entered this competition. The E.S.L teachers were very pleased to see the number of students who entered.

This year we mainly have five E.S.L teachers; Ms Warne, Mrs Velos, Ms Kevenic, Ms Ventur and Ms Thomas. Ms Velos was on long service leave in Term 3.

William Zheng, 10

It might be cold, but soon we're sweating. At one of the stops we all shed a layer, then another layer at the next stop. Once in a while the sun makes an appearance, but it's overcast most of the time. Occasionally there's a shower of - its it sleet, or snow? It's nearly snowing. The kids want snow! I want snow! And when do we want it! Now!

The camp site is wonderfully sheltered. The toilet is built and fire started (group responsibilities) before tents are pitched. Collecting dry wood and getting the fire going is difficult. Some boys have dubbed themselves 'pyros' because of an alleged ability to get the fire going, then play with it continuously. They are no so excited about collecting wood as burning it.

Tea is macaroni. I love it.

Stories around the camp fire are terrific. Dean is a great story-teller. There's one I've heard several times about an unsolved murder in the Wallangatta Valley - scary, but not over the top. Then bed.

On Wednesday morning we wake to steady, light rain. We eat a breakfast of porridge with additives (cinnamon, sultanas, brown sugar, cocoa) which is delicious. The billy tea for the leaders is shocking.

By now the self-reliant hare having a ball. It's raining, it's cold, porridge is not the favoured breakfast, we're going to walk all day, and we're LOVING IT!!

Not everyone can be self-reliant. 'How do I get the water into my cup, Alex?' one of the boys asks Alex. 'Just hold the cup near the billy and it will leap into your cup', she says. Bit of a dag, is Alex.

We pack up, warm up with games and exercises - gosh, they're good these leaders - and stand in a circle. There's an unclaimed, unwashed plate and spoon lying on the ground. Whose is it? No response front he circle. It's raining, lightly but steadily. *Well, it's somebody's and if they don't clean it up and put it in their pack they won't have anything to eat out of tonight.* After an agonising pause, one chap claims it. 'How do I wash it?', he whines. *Put it in the dishwasher, man.*

Throughout the day steady, light rain falls, but it is terrific hiking weather. The kids hike well, falling into a rhythm. I sometimes think they resent the rest stops.

We hike on through the afternoon. There's no views of course - we are walking in rain, mist and cloud. Occasionally we catch a glimpse of the huge bulk of the mountains through the screen of mist across the valley.

We set up camp, fetch water, eat tea. Before we go to bed, two of the girls discover spiders in their tent. They scream, squeal and

carry on. They search the tent several times before calming down. 'In future don't pitch your tent on a spider's nest,' says Dean. Very helpful Dean.

In the middle of the night I wake depressed. It's raining or snowing on my tent. It looks like raining all day tomorrow, and the kids will be disappointed at not being able to see anything. It'll be dangerous climbing the Crinoline and more dangerous making the descent. Five students will break their legs, the other three will die of hyothermia and/or pneumonia. The forecast is for worsening conditions.

In the morning there's a light cover of snow. We try to get the fire going. Somehow the pyros succeed.

After porridge, we pack up, warm up, and do some difficult walking along the ridge.

Then the sun comes out and is really serious about staying out. It's a magnificent day. The views are breath-taking. The kids stand in awe. They are moved by what they see. Everything else is forgotten.

It has all been worth it.

It is absolutely awesome looking across the mountains.

A girl next to me says, looking out over the panorama, "I feel as though I own the lot, as though it belongs to me." Exactly.

We climb the Crinoline during the next two hours. It's difficult and requires teamwork, clambering up the slippery rocks with a full pack on board. "Did anyone bring an Australian flag?" someone asks at the top. We gnaw on wholemeal biscuits and gaze across the Victorian Alps.

The hike from the Crinoline to the road where the Landies are parked waiting for us is tough. We descend from 1,300 feet to a couple of hundred feet in about four hours. For most of the way I follow a boy, short of stature, who struggled in the first hour of the hike but who has grown in strength the longer the hike went. Down the long descent, his little legs looked as if they could keep going forever. I wondered if he was as tired as I was. How can legs that short carry a pack that big, I thought.

On the drive back to the camp, the girls in my Landy were on as absolute high. They talk non-stop, talking over each other, hooting with laughter. Stories tumble out about broken sleep, wet sleeping bags, the view, how long they'd hiked, how heavy the packs were, people who snored, spiders in the tent . . .

I feel good.

Geoff Sinclair

CAMBERWELL HIGH SCHOOL



STAFF SURNAME

Anderson
Anderson
Beck
Bloumis
Brookes
Bucklow
Brereton
Brown
Cairns
Campbell
Cassidy
Cirritto
Davis
Dean
Dobron
Dunn
Evans
Frost
Frost
Geddes
Gray
Halverson
Jenkins
Jonse
Koutsougeras
Koehler
Kavonic
Laffin
Litchfield
Lajoie
Loveday
Macaulay
McKenzie
Merrington
Michell
Martin
Money
Nimmervoll
Newman
Northwood
Pick
Poyntz
Rachelle
Ramage
Rice
Rickard
Renowden
Scot
Stone
Shawcross
Smith
Smithies
Stephens
Tari
Tuckett

FIRST NAME

Bruce
Marilyn
Stephen
Joy
Tony
Michael
Elida
Jillian
Julian
Julie
Noel
Josie
Matthew
Brigit
Rudi
Hilary
Meryll
Gail
Peter
Richard
Olwyn
Brenda
Ian
Helen
Helen
Angela
Adrienne
Brian
Patricia
Corine
Mark
Ed
Isabelle
Mary
Anita
Gail
Robert
Marion
Paul
Elizabeth
Matthew
Robert
Gabrielle
Rosemary
Kaye
Greg
Felicity
Faye
Amanda
Heather
Drew
Graeme
Peter
Sylvia
Pan

Tenner
Thomas
Towner
Taylor
Wallace
Warne
Wasniewski
West
Ymer

Ken
Caroline
Michael
Denise
Margaret
Karin
Henry
Neale
Terry

STAFF
1996

