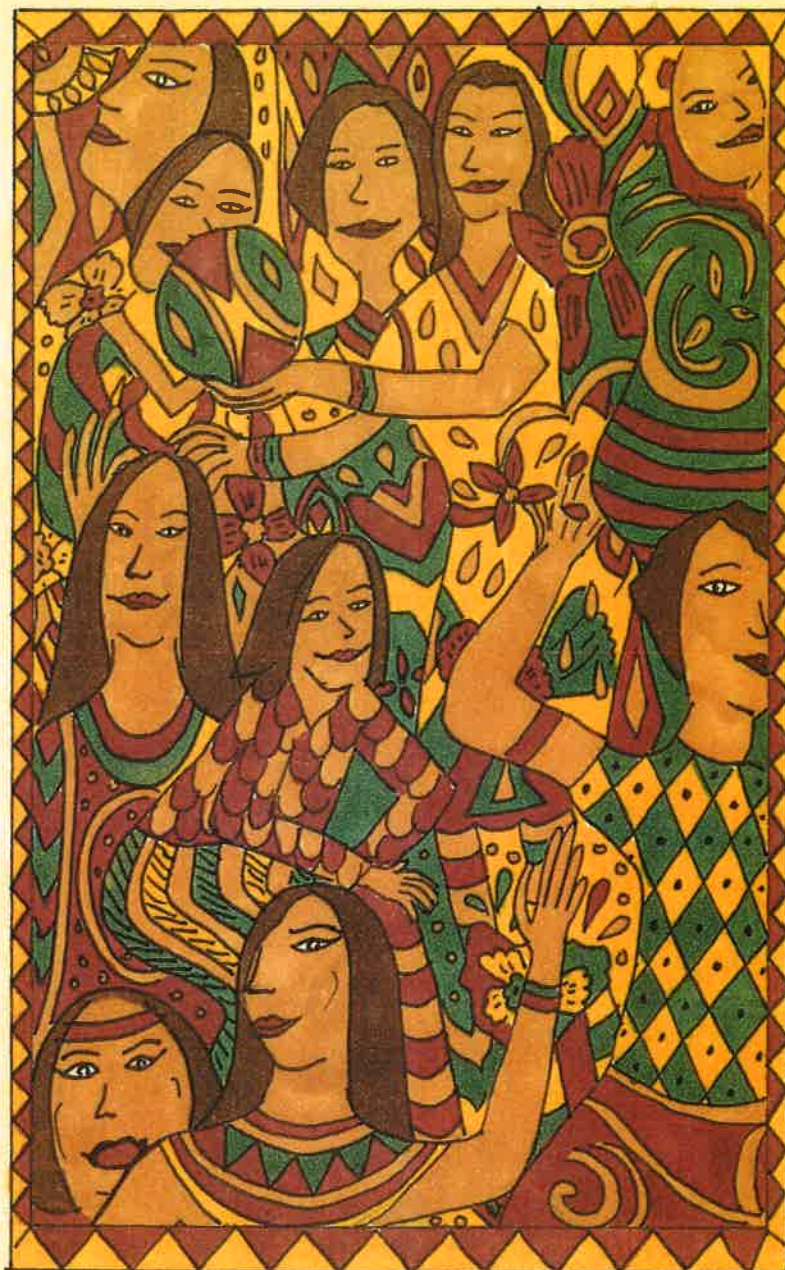


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official school magazine of camberwell high

CAMBERWELL HIGH SCHOOL

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Assistant Principals: Ken Tenner, Glen Linton

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Principal's Report

1997 - A YEAR TO REMEMBER.



Looking back over 1997, I am dazzled by the variety and quality of the year's highlights. Choosing any highlight is fraught with danger, but at the risk of offending almost everyone and pleasing no-one, I offer you, the discerning reader, my list of Camberwell High School key events and invite you to mentally add your own!

We began the year praising our 1996 Year 12 students for their excellent results, including Andrew Giddings being awarded the Premier's Award for Excellence for Graphic Communication. Our Year 7 enrolment (170) was the highest ever, and with them arrived five new teachers taking up Senior positions and eight others on transfer. At the same time Geoff Sinclair retired from the Department of Education and was farewelled extensively by the school community. Many tributes were paid to Geoff with an emphasis on his excellent teaching ability, fine work with parents, his pivotal role in the building of the Sports Hall and his involvement and interest in students. Glen Linton replaced Geoff as Assistant Principal in March and has been an excellent addition and asset to the school, addressing the overdue need for an improvement in facilities and the physical environment as well as taking on other responsibilities (including teaching Maths.) Geoff nobly continued to produce the school production 'Bats' which was professional and entertaining, well directed by Tess Lysiotis, delightfully acted by a large cast and first presented to 750 primary school students at a matinee.

Student leadership was prominent with Jo Albert and Colin Byrne (S.R.C. Presidents), House Captains and a group of senior students working in an outstanding manner in a variety of settings: the S.R.C. Fair, Battle of the Bands, and fundraising for key charities; the Inter-House Swimming and Athletics and Chorals (all won by Roosevelt!) Inter-House Debating (Churchill), and Drama Festival (Macarthur). The E.S.L. students' Moon

Festival was a delight and the Year 7 Council and its unique Year 7 Newspaper and Gazette was a wonderful innovation.

The Term 1 heatwave saw the pool packed each hot day. Individual sporting champions and teams in a variety of sports and athletics starred throughout the year, including girls' volleyball and squash, and boys' cricket, basketball and baseball. Other excellent athletes also brought credit to the school. Year 7's went off to their camp in the Gippsland Lakes, and groups of students went to Toolangi (Geography), Rip Curl factory at Torquay (Textiles), Canberra (Legal Studies), Adelaide and Barossa Valley (German), the Victorian Alps (Geography), Gown of the Year (Textiles), Royal South Street Ballarat (our Concert Bands) to name a few groups.

In March the parents at the Twilight Forum shared their ideas for the school, and in September a Student Forum was equally valuable. Gifted students had many opportunities to be challenged, examples being via the prestigious International Students' Conference (held this year in Melbourne), the Tournament of the Minds, the International English, Maths and Science competitions, the Boroondara 'Litfest' and Young Originals Arts Exhibition, C.H.S. Literary Awards and Gifted Network projects.....our students demonstrated wonderful lateral thinking, individuality and giftedness.

If anything exemplified the delightful, generous and co-operative nature of so many of our students, it was the 1997 Open Night. The school day ended at 1.00p.m. but staff asked for volunteer students to assist with ushering of visitors, cooking and serving, demonstrating classroom activities, putting up displays, playing music and so on. To our delight, 240 or more students volunteered, stayed on, worked unstintingly, and were an absolute credit to themselves, their family and their school. A packed Assembly Hall at 8.00p.m. was a testimony to the public interest in Camberwell High School and our 1998 enrolments should again be at a maximum. The Open Night gained much community praise, with our students promoting the school's values by their mature and considerate behaviour.

C.H.S. has been a magnet for eminent educators and students from overseas, with visitors from Sri Lanka, Thailand, Indonesia and China and a weeks visit with billeting on our part of students and staff from Sayama Keizai High School, Japan.

[Cover: Tara Angevin Year 12]



These visits were all successful, and one consequence was the visit by Glen Linton and myself to Yiwu High School in Central China, as their guests as they had been ours earlier in the year. The Japanese visit was a great success with many families providing genuine hospitality.

This year we began a new era in the musical life of the school, regaining our house for tuition, setting up the former V.C.E. centre as the band rehearsal centre and acquiring two new instrumental music teachers to augment the excellent work done for years by the remarkable Tony Brookes. The annual Music Concert, held at St. Paul's Cathedral, was an impressive showcase for the vast array of musical talent in our school. Various ensembles have entertained in and outside school during the year.

Sport, compulsory for Years 7-10, offered many students wonderful opportunities with a breadth of sports available and several inter-school round robins to demonstrate skills learned. The lunchtime basketball match between our boys and the Camberwell Police/Canons in the Sports Hall was very well received.

Art prospered with parallel Art Exhibitions in September - at school and at the Hawthorn Town Hall - and a day workshop conducted by a Chinese master-painter to name only two events. The minister for Education and head of the D.o.E. Facilities Branch both visited us and agreed that the school needs a new technology wing and better art/craft facilities. The Internet Access Gateway installed this year opened up the Internet via another fifty computers.

Physically, the school's front driveway was widened, dead trees removed, gardens upgraded, classrooms painted and new furniture bought, largely the work of Glen Linton supported by the School Council. A Uniform Shop was established and should be most convenient for families. We surveyed students, parents and staff regarding their levels of satisfaction with the school and are planning for a new charter and full Year 7-10 review of teaching and learning in 1998. Year 10 exams were introduced this year and Tom Hafey took part in a special day for V.C.E. students within which study skills were highlighted.

The 1997 Valedictory Assembly was a lively and triumphant occasion, with many parents present. The Presentation Evening for younger students was also impressive. The emphasis on thanking and praising students for all contributions to school life is a characteristic of our school.

The school depends enormously on our Assistant Principals Ken Tenner and Glen Linton, our Sub-School and Year Level Coordinators, our S.W.C. and Careers Advisor, Directors of Curriculum, Music, Computer Technology and Sport, Faculty heads, office ladies and first aid, publicity/promotions officer, and all staff. We have seen a relatively large turnover of teachers for 1997 and have a strong, hard working group of staff, 'old' and new. The school is also fortunate to have strong, active parental interest through School Council and the P.F.A.

Camberwell High School is on its way to becoming a truly great school. What we - 870 students, staff, School Council and the P.F.A., and all school families - have been doing in 1997 is laying the foundations of a wonderful future for our school. The events of this year have strengthened my belief that all of us need to work together to achieve the vision I have, and I'm sure you share with me, for Camberwell High School: a school students *want* to attend, where the greatest emphasis is on *learning* and on meeting the individual and collective needs of all students; where students feel safe and encouraged to be themselves and to accept all kinds of challenges without fear of failure, where values of integrity and consideration of others underpin all activities, and where physical facilities enhance student opportunities to grow and to achieve success. *This can be our school*, if we all believe in it and want these things enough. We are on the brink of greatness: a new Charter with the school community's goals and priorities for the next three years articulated clearly; participation in the Quality Management pilot with its potential for enhanced delivery of all school services, the campaign for a large area of extra land and potential new complex to be built on it; the extremely healthy enrolments for 1998; a committed staff that includes many excellent teachers and two outstanding Assistant Principals; and our students, our main reason for 'being', who so often delight and surprise us but seldom leave us wondering!

To our graduating Year 12 students I say: "Don't forget your old school, thank you for your contribution to Camberwell High School and may you go on to a fulfilling and successful life." To all of us who remain and as 1997 ends, I invite you all to be active part of the vision and the triumphs, for Camberwell High School in 1998.

I WISH YOU ALL A JOYFUL CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Elida Brereton
Principal.



Assistant Principals' Reports



It seems amazing that this school year is racing towards its end. It only seems like yesterday that we returned from the Christmas holidays. So much has happened in a very short time. This year has seen a large turnover of staff with many new faces making significant contributions in key areas around the school.

It was also during this year that Geoff Sinclair decided to retire after ten or so years at the school. His contribution to the facilities and educational program cannot be overstated. He provided the school in his role as Assistant Principal and Acting Principal with a clear vision and very high standards. His support for me was vital and generous.

The school has been very fortunate to acquire an excellent replacement for Geoff in Glen Linton. He has a significant impact in his short time at the school. He has put much effort into improving the physical educational environment of the school and provided leadership in the school's Overseas Fee Paying Student Program and entry into the Quality Management Program.

I was lucky this year to have five weeks leave in September to travel throughout North America. People always tell you that leave will refresh you and that you will return with your batteries charged. True, I did have a complete break from the school, which was very refreshing but I have found it difficult to catch up with all that has been going on. The hectic pace of schools today is the norm and I am sure that I am not alone in feeling the pressure.

Our student numbers for 1998 are very encouraging and indicate that in the general community there is a perception that this school is meeting the needs of its students well and that it has a strong and promising future.

Happy holidays, Ken Tenner.



Since arriving at Camberwell High School in early March, I have been impressed by the tone of the school and the positive way staff and students interact in all aspects of school life. This is evident in our excellent classroom programs and the opportunities available in a wide range of special events: House activities, Inter-school sport and an extensive music program to highlight but a few.

One of my main responsibilities is in the Curriculum and Professional Development areas. The respective coordinators, Mr. Steve Cranby and Ms. Melinda Sparkes, have both demonstrated an enormous capacity for hard work and the skills required to be effective leaders and change agents within the school. I look forward to the outcomes of our on-going major review of the Year 7-10 curriculum and the enhancement of our Professional Development program.

In the facilities area a number of significant improvements have been coordinated by the Buildings and Grounds Committee led by Mrs. Cheryl Mattingley. The widening of the school entrance, redevelopment of the courtyard and the replacement of furniture in no less than 16 of our teaching spaces is an outstanding achievement as we strive to maintain and improve a safe and pleasing physical environment.

The development of our Overseas Students Program has been an area of great personal satisfaction. I take this opportunity to thank my assistant Mrs. Paula Stocker for her very caring approach and attention to detail in the many administrative tasks involved in this worthwhile program. I look forward to our involvement in the Quality Management Pilot Program where our focus is to improve outcomes by improving the process and the link between this and the development of our new Charter.

Finally, I would like to express my sincere thanks to all members of the school community, students, parents and teachers for the way they have supported and welcomed me to C.H.S. In particular, Ms. Brereton and Mr. Tenner for their decisive leadership which provides direction and helps create a very supportive school environment of which we all take immense pride.

My very best wishes to all for a safe and prosperous Christmas and New Year.

Glen Linton.

"The twelve hour course was a valuable experience for all those involved."

**T h i s
y e a r 72
Y e a r 10
L a w s t u -
d e n t s
w e r e i n -**

**involved in the two day
Driver Education
Course offered by
the Commerce Faculty in conjunction
with the Metropolitan Traffic Education
Centre in Kilsyth. Students enjoyed
motor vehicle tuition with fully qualified
instructors. As well as handling a vehicle,
students studied road laws, basic
mechanics of a car, safety procedures
and awareness of the affects of alcohol
and drugs. The twelve hour
course was a valuable experience for
all those involved.**

H.Koutsougeras.

Driver's Education



Farewell, Mr. Sinclair

It's fairly common for a person's short-term memory to collapse first, while they can still remember events of thirty, forty, fifty years ago very clearly. Mind you, I've always had trouble remembering where I left my keys or what I was supposed to buy in the supermarket. On the other hand it feels like yesterday that I was in your position. I can remember great chunks of my growing up - the awkwardness, the embarrassments, the passions, the rivalries, the confusion, the excitement, the moods and.... the need to make a decision about my future, approaching like storm clouds across a perfect sky. I tried to ignore it, this future, and concentrate on the present - sport, study, wearing my cap, wearing my tie, and the girl

from Canterbury Girls' who caught the 4.15 train to Lilydale.

I could see that my parents wanted me to take up school teaching because of the number of times they said that I didn't have to take up school teaching. So I did what many teenagers do in these circumstances, and I antagonised my parents by pretending I was desperate to get another job. And I did, because in the sixties there were plenty of jobs available. I applied successfully to become a cadet journalist with 'The Sun' newspaper. I got a job with CIG, the chemical company in Heidelberg. I got a job with the Country Roads Board.

Then I stopped messing about, after I'd given my parents enough grief, and did what I'd intended to do all along - what my heart and soul demanded I do - I enrolled at University and Teachers' College. It was Monash University in 1962, the first year it opened its doors. Apart from studying Arts and Education, I was founding member of the Monash University Football Club and was awarded a University Blue for football.

On my application for a teaching job I wrote "Anywhere in Victoria except Melbourne." I was desperate to get back to the bush and I spent the next 25 years in country Victoria.

I've given plenty of advice from the assembly stage over the last ten years. But this being the last time I'll do it, I haven't reflected on my time at school in order to tell you how to run your lives. I do want to suggest however, that you do get yourself into a position where you are making the decisions about what the focus of your life is going to be. The best way to do this is to be aware of the opportunities that are available to you and take advantage of them.

It's been a privilege to spend the final period of my career at Camberwell High School. When I came here in 1987 I was excited by the fact that I was back living in the city and working in a school which enjoyed such a strong and positive reputation in the community. I was excited to be in a school where the achievements of past generations were



recognised and held up to inspire us.

And for a long while I have longed to work in a school where students came from a variety of national and racial origins.

In 1987 I could see there were changes to be made and more opportunities provided for teachers and students in some areas. I saw there was a need for teachers, students and parents to get together to agree on a single set of guidelines for the way we behaved towards each other. I saw that not everyone felt safe and secure at C.H.S., and I was determined that I would change that. I wanted to make C.H.S. a genuine community.

Others will judge the extent to which I pushed the School forward, or inspired others to push it forward, or overcome others who wanted it held back. I feel quietly proud, yet with a sense that I should have done more - that's life. Nothing's perfect.

Last year when I returned from a trip to Ireland, I told you how I came across school kids in the city of Cork wearing a uniform almost identical to ours. I told those of you who were here last year how I made a joke with them which I truly did, about how dare they wear the uniform our school has worn since 1941 and they couldn't make me out and asked me was I an American.

What I didn't tell you was the tremendous rush of affection I felt for Camberwell High School when I saw those green jumpers in Cork, on the other side of the world.

Thank you and farewell,

Geoff Sinclair.



YEAR 7A

ROW 3: Angela Webster, Linda Khuu, Johanna McLean-Toomey, James Jennings, Nick Olle, Michael Matusiak, William Priest.

ROW 2: Peter Hinchey, Ryan Wallis, Lauren Sheedy, Ying Li Su, Jason Carter, Sebastian Evans, Michael Nguyen, Anita Gourlay.

FRONT: Anthony Haertel, Amanda Davey, Ben Woodward, Yu Lai Shen, Andrew

YEAR 7B

ROW 3: Claire Ruthven, Amber James, Katherine Neuendorf, Joshua Abrahams, Matthew Sargeant, Sophie Berkaoui, Jane Yu, Elizabeth Pang.

ROW 2: Byron Mercer, Hannah Payne, Michael Wickham, Sam Daly, Chelsea Gangell, Jon Edlich, Drew Boekel, Ben Koh.

FRONT: Oliver Hiscox, Brigid Nelson, Adrian Whittenbury, Anastasia Efsthathiou, Daniel Wundersitz, Kerri Hocking, Richard Ibrahim.



YEAR 7C

ROW 3: Eden Porter, Mathew Cosgrove, Hunter Stewart, Peter Dumsday, Steven Liu, Phillipe Phokos, Jessie Campbell, Eliot Minshull, Luke Templeton.

ROW 2: Ryan Steer, Hayden Vince, Michael Simmins, Michael Verrenkamp, Daniel Crawford, Chris Cott, Mitchell Ryan, Daniel Mentiplay.

FRONT: Nicholas O'Neil, Jan Barsden, Andrew Cook, Garrad Flint, Ben Raisback, Rob Ball, Jesse Martin.



YEAR 7D

ROW 3: Daniel Hardman, Richard Peterson, Declan O'Leary, Joe Piantoni, Ivan Sam, Ben Page, Luke Yendall, Jack Liu, Omar Rahimi.

ROW 2: Mathieu Kerambrum, Glen Jones, Will Papakostas, Raph Mannel, Rahul Thakar, James Canning, Yianni Panagiotidis, Simon Quinn.

FRONT: Ilias Lampos, Marcel White, Ian Horrocks, Andrew Sanderson, Mathew Hood, Ernest Fitzgerald, Courtney O'Neill.

YEAR 7E

ROW 3: Peter Grayden, Simon Coddington, Jason Payne-Davis, Michael Lavrov, James Wright, Zach Maddem, Jason Teese, Max Cook, Stavros Kourounis.

ROW 2: John Heffernan, Michael Phuc Nguyen, Chris Banks, Patrick Anderson, David Evans, Daniel Gebert, Leigh McCaffrey, Bohdan Koniuszko.

FRONT: Andrew Lew, Matthieu Von Der Muhll, James Stone, Daniel Foulds, Johnny Psihogios, Nathan Hart, Mina Baselyous.



YEAR 7F

ROW 3: Rafif Moussaoui, Ben Monaghan, Zafira Bahfen, Eleanor Bullen, Tony Eager, Ilias Avgoulis, Richie Whelan, Dean Ashton.

ROW 2: Stephen Lew, David Niquet, Dean Webster, Sam Armstrong, Chris Beachley, Gemma Muddle, Krystle Ho, Denise Tyrikos.

FRONT: Caroline Bitmead, Jonathan de Graaff Rowe, Evan Peterson, Thanh Le, Tim Hovenden, Shane Cooper, Jeannette Ngau.





YEAR 7G

ROW 3: Yao Zhong Yam, Naomi Kenner, Karla Masterson, Vanessa Furey, Charlie Holst, Zea Colgan, Nicholas Hansen.

ROW 2: Harry Bacalis, Ali Uguz, Sara Foulds, Stephanie Freeman, Annie-Claire Ene, Michael Dibattista, Jai Arnold, Eddie Duffield.

FRONT: Jessica McKay, James Puli, Jane Burt, Cameron Gray-Williams, Angela Efstratiou, Sam Robley, Konnie Tsimikis.

YEAR 8A

ROW 3: Erika Vincec, Charlie Zhang, Lan Lee, Terry Beat, James Lambden, Steven Zen, Ronnie Auld.

ROW 2: Jordan Berry, Shu Xiao He, Corey Rice, Sam Foley, Emma Williams, Andrew Jordan, Chris Di Pasqua, Maria Gadze.

FRONT: Thishari Ganegoda, William Morris, Robin Read, Tania Nevitt, Brett Webster, Robert Wyeth, Linda Duong.



YEAR 8B

ROW 3: Courtney Lesniak, Nuria Navarro, Errol Long, Greg Sargeant, Simon Haslock, Nathaniel Brennan, Kathrine Browne.

ROW 2: Stuart Collins, Dorothy Cheong, Jodie Stirling, Jessica Blick, Sarah Wight, Peter McKay, Max Moncrieff, Jonathan Kwok.

FRONT: David Fitzpatrick, Sean Verso, Tatiana Kwakernaak, Kate Kazenwadel, Jessie Dunstan, Andrew Wilson, Tom Dunstan.





YEAR 8C

ROW 3: Adam Collins, Jonty Gourlay, Fletcher Anderson, Tom Comerford, Joanne Nicholaidis, Lee Ton.

ROW 2: James Stephens, Dana Madkhul, Anna McLean, Anna Barnes, Scott Hemsley, Rebecca Voce, Zanthia James, Tristan Walker.

FRONT: Steve Walsh, Tim Hobba, Rouba Georges, Jim Whiting, Tom Robley, David Morris.

YEAR 8D

ROW 3: Patrick McGrath, Andrew Bucknall, Peter Zajac, David Hudson, Tim Hodge, Bill Standen.

ROW 2: James Head, Oskar Dunscombe, David Gibbs-Adams, Matthew Littlepage, Simon Thompson, Tom Juric, Andrew Serong, Matthew Kotros.

FRONT: Robert Pollard, Michael Eaton, Myles Body, Aaron Cooper, Peter Hibbert, Alasdair McLuckie, Huy Do (Absent: Dean Bastin, Jeremy Woodger.)



YEAR 8E

ROW 4: Vanessa Wood, Genna Cairns, Catriona Hodgson.

ROW 3: Thomas Boucher, Elliot Bull, Brad Collins, Julian Foster, Michael Bird, Simone Place, Paul Summerbell.

ROW 2: Andrew Coleman, Yoann Kerambrun, Lucas Kussowski, Faye Kendall, James McQueen, Hugh Sherman, James Hale, Jai David.

FRONT: Josie Whelan, Zoe Mitake, Stephen Banks, Doug Jackling, Chris Coleiro, Katie Haertel, Benita Lunnon.





YEAR 8F

ROW 3: Lance Mills, Michael Salt, Justin Sharp, Andrew Donkin, Joseph Falzon, Eddie Strong.

ROW 2: John Gardham, Chris Oliver, Stephen Charlton, Michael Rosenhain, Tim Dunlea, Huu Thai, Michael Colbert, Wayne Kwok.

FRONT: Leon Cui, Michael Sanders, David Wiltgren, Tim Stefanac, Tom Harvey, Alvin To, Shaneil Sharma.

YEAR 9A

ROW 3: Andrew Zajac, Tim George, Michael Williams, Sam Henery, Andreas Muehl, Peter Zelwak, Chris Candy, Michael Foster, Roman Buckley, Luke Nelson.

ROW 2: Julian Woolhouse, Steven Wong, Mali Jankovic, Matthew Martin, David Witko, Matthew Jarvis, Greg Calmer, Kane Lesniak.

FRONT: Sunny Mirchandani, Winyu Munintrapong, Tom McKechnie, Alex Hauser, Laurent Le Page, Phillip Barbara, David Prout.



YEAR 9B

ROW 3: Edward Cheasley, Rod Prescott, Guy Shield, Michael Tyson, James Hardman, Harley Thomas, John Thompson, Jock Maule, Alexis Romero, Keith Nlven.

ROW 2: Tristen Berrell, Glen Quick, Nathan Joyce, Rowan Yates, Scott Edwards, Tim Lawson, Andrew Davies, Keith Lai.

FRONT: Leigh Williams, Callum Paterson, Rohan Rickards, Rory Fitzgerald, Chris Price, Ben Bonollo, Michael Turner.



YEAR 9C

ROW 3: Benjamin Pearce, Blair Bethwaite, Leigh Stone, Joel Manning, Nick Martin, Peter Goodin, Lewis Burchall.

ROW 2: Grace Pang, Ben Bugeja, Catherine Plummer, Tran Khuu, Natalie Carter, Nick Smith, Jason Di Pasqua, Clare Abrahams.

FRONT: Sally Yiu, Kim Kalanon, Andrew Kevrekian, Alana Quinn, James Borthwick, Jenny Wong, Jessica Alexie.

YEAR 9D

ROW 3: Michael Payne, Cameron Mitchell, Steven White, Adrian Kars, Can Okyar, Matt Caldwell, Michael Smyth, Ian Cattin, Helen Chiu, Olga Levin.

ROW 2: Daniel Di Pasqua, Cynthia Tam, Allison Burt, Michael Zoupa, Chris Bitmead, Peter Phosuphap, Hue Hong, James Tieu.

FRONT: Fiona Kumar, Ting Xiao He, Marvail Arbuthnot, Sarah Botham, Anna Perry, Jessica Monaghan, Penny Velissaris.



YEAR 9E

ROW 4: Nicholas Attlee, Ying Zheng, Shuang Zhao.

ROW 3: The-Bao Bui, Mark Madder, David Tuinauvai, Michael Hedger, Ross Genat, Emre Durmaz, Richard Turner.

ROW 2: Robert Cottonaro, Richard Wygerse, Beau Broadbent, Adrian Cook, Lei Liu, Anthony Prescott, Daniel Radan, Thanh Chum.

FRONT: Josh Dalrymple, Brendan Palmer, Byron Coleman, Kim Nguyen, Edward Jim, Benjamin Howe, Adrian Rockett.





YEAR 10A

ROW 3: Daniel Stacey, Qin-Qin Wu, David Chiu, Ben Devereux, Andrew Mawson, Dominic Evans, Tim Page.

ROW 2: Jake Martin, Edmund Jim, Luke Jeffery, Georgie Plasto, Joe Zhang, Katie McCormack, Stavros Bellos, Billie-Ann Elms.

FRONT: Nicole Murray, Mary Di Pasqua, Catherine Arnold, Alisha Holmes, Tennille Wetherall, Victoria Evans, Cathy Do.

YEAR 10B

ROW 3: Martin Gale, Govind Manakkam, Simon Adams, Warren Haeusler, Peter Dowles, Josh Stewart, Stuart Mills, Jim Hilaris, James Armstrong.

ROW 2: Edouard Warnod, Sam Stevens, Zac McGregor, Chris Salao-ras, Jay Barberis, Nick Kourtessis, Andrew Law, Stuart Bourke.

FRONT: Leo Espino, Chris Efstathiou, Jim Varelas, Patrick Langton, Ian Ngu, Tony Tripodi, Alex Gasking.



YEAR 10C

ROW 3: Coralie Jocin, John Islip, Nick Varley, James Kemp, Rhys Toone, Paul Burger, Michael Seddon, Mark Robinson.

ROW 2: Dan Alexie, Lee Muddle, Josh Vince, Simeon Davies, Grace Hughes, Thong Le, Nick Price, Nathan Lyall.

FRONT: Jade Smith, Maricel Basco, Jess AKopian, Haylet Cook, Bree Walker, Clare Haussegger, Maureen Kiernan.



YEAR 10D

ROW 3: Czarina Washington, Steve Van Graas, Peter Turnbull, Jez Hung-hanfoo, Jeremy Kennett, Michael McCormack, Simon Crow, Adrian Wyeth, Morgan Byrne, Leigh Odermatt.

ROW 2: Loren Wilkes, Lisa Choy, Ivan Smith, Daniel Nelson, Andrew Albert, Louise Riley, Michael McHugh, Eleonora Gasco.

FRONT: Joanne Ho, Greer Boucher, Tessa Leathem, Elliott Wood, Jess Shepherd, Tania Murray, Thien-Tien Bui.

YEAR 10E

ROW 3: Tom Myers, Karl McNamara, Dan Lange, Matt Young, Amin Manzoori, Kade Miller.

ROW 2: Tania Wall, Rebecca Aston, Joe Whelan, Josh Clarke, Tony Tsui, Anna Kevrekian, Tabitha Barton, Kathryn Pollard.

FRONT: Sarah Abrahams, Anna Murnane, Navoda Ganegoda, Tristan Shilton, Leigh Dethridge, Karolina Juric, Qian Wu.



YEAR 10F

ROW 3: Sam Power, Sam Trimble, Mick Tassone, Jai Watson, James Wilson, Richard Strong.

ROW 2: Damian Harpantidis, Naomi Whittenbury, Shaye Amantea, Nathan Coleman, Joel Cooper, Jordan Able, Sarah Arundell, Melissa Ngau.

FRONT: Fontane Cheung, Finella Arbuthnot, Lily Tang, Alanna Vivian, Debbie Haertel, Lauren Beck, Mary Phan.





YEAR 11A

ROW 3: Christiaan Betros, Andrew Bereza, Bill Brownell, Matthew Collins, Seamus Barker, Paul Budimir, Alex Bezhenar.

ROW 2: Cassandra Cheah, Emily Baxter, Nicholas Body, Jonathon Boyd, Julian Bugg, Amber Auld, Melissa Corovic, Calum Brenan.

FRONT: Michelle Chiang, Lauren Barnes, Kelvin Chong, Nancy Calore, Chris Browne, Shannon Aland, Brooke Colbert.
(Absent: Dony Agustinus.)

YEAR 11B:

ROW 3: Andrew Frawley, Paul Graham, Scott Gangell, Sam Currie, Jonathan Giddings, Dylan Hauser, Emily Gill, David Hinchey, Gavav Hayes.

ROW 2: Poppy Efstathiou, Andrew Hibbert, Justin Gadze, Lindsay George, Nick Dunstan Ilias Dimitropoulos, Mark Hatton, Natasha Duckett.

FRONT: Alison Eaton, Ellen Courtney-Warren, Johnny Dao, Emily Donkin, Damien Daud, Elyssa Henery, Marilou Flores.



YEAR 11C

ROW 3: Jonatnan Keats, Filong Huynh, John Kravaritis, Rebecca Holborn, Rob Joy, Simon Jacombs, Daniel Kerr, Carney Kucharski.

ROW 2: Kim Kwok, David Kovic, Tam Hong, Ming Kalanon, Byong kim, Daniel Hobba, Sarah Kerr, Lucas Kotros.

FRONT: Joyce Hsu, Ana Juric, Mirinda Hoffert, Julia Holmes, Sheree Kozaric, Sally Horn, Sally Hsu.





YEAR 11D

ROW 3: Allister McQueen-Parton, Simon Molan, Jens Moller.

ROW 2: Ben Materazzo, Alice Molan, Nicole Mattingley, Travers Loy, Kirsten McQueen-Parton, Rebecca McLennan, Katrina Milas, Mi Nguyen.

FRONT: Hieu Nguyen, Dakhylina Madkhul, Lawrence Leung, Joan Maule, Guy Martin, Dana Mous-saoui, Matt Maddern.

(Absent: Daniel Lin, Simon Liu, Jenny Moffatt, Sergio Navarro.)

YEAR 11E

ROW 4: Chris Rathgen, Emmett O'Shea, Paul Stephenson, Mark Rosthorn.

ROW 3: Tarren Peters, Ian Sherman, Ari Smith, Eric Owen, Jay Reading, Adam Read, Stephen Rawlinson.

ROW 2: Siobhan Paterson, Matthew Poc, Tahli Shields, Nic Orbitani, David Perry, Kristopher Origenes, Nicolas Parachu, Trevoe Robinson.

FRONT: Salome Romero, Katy Roose, Sancho Panettieri, David Prescott, Joss Peake, Sophie Richards, Rebecca Petit.



YEAR 11F

ROW 3: Tim Wood, Kristin Walker, Rick Turner, Steve Wu, Nathan Wong, George Varelas.

ROW 2: Brooke Volsbergs, Kok Wong, Jeremy White, Lachlan Walker, James Withers, Jamie Tee, David Warnod, Kathy Varelas.

FRONT: Sarah Tee, Renae White, Stuart Wilson, Geoffrey Tsai, William Zheng, Rachael young, Natalie Wygerse.

SRC REPORT

It would be reasonable to say, that in 1997, the SRC has had its most successful year yet. At the beginning of the year, Collin Byrne and I, the co-presidents of the SRC, share the same goal - being that we wanted to make a difference to Camberwell High. We've worked all year and are satisfied that on the whole, we have been successful. Firstly we endeavoured to give the SRC a bit of a facelift, by forming an advertising committee. All year they worked hard to keep the school up to date with SRC planning and events.

Posters for SRC sporting events such as the volleyball and Indoor Roller Hockey competitions were the first to be seen around the school in 1997. Due to the outstanding amount of student interest, sporting competitions such as these will continue in 1998.

The typical SRC sausage sizzle held each year at the house athletics was scrapped and replaced with the selling of hamburgers, drinks and chocolate bars. The change was a small one but welcomed by all.

As usual the SRC worked to raise money for various charities, but this we did it with a bit of difference. A cake stall was held for the Good Friday Appeal, (a new fundraiser for by CHS), money was raised for the Anti-Cancer Council by selling daffodils on Daffodil Day, and the annual cheque to the State Schools Relief Fund on behalf of the SRC was sent.

Last day of term 2 remained reserved for our annual SRC Talent Quest. This years was arguably the best one held yet with all (well nearly all) the acts being of the highest standard. How can we forget the winning bands who performed, the rendition of the 'Time Warp' and not to mention our very own 'Spice Girls' act. Andrew Gill is owed a huge thank you for helping the talent quest run so smoothly and for providing tickets to the basketball as additional prizes.

Our biggest fundraiser for the year, the SRC/Battle of the Bands was held as per usual on the last day of term 3. What a success story it was! We had so many different things happening. A boxing ring was set up on the oval (like a jumping castle, except padded gloves were worn and you bash your partner with them), Jamie (Year 12) ran a disco down in the old gym, there were novelty stalls and food stalls set up in the courtyard. The most successful stall was Chris, Poppy and Co.'s fresh souvlaki.

With all the money that we raised, our hardest problem was to decide how our funds could be best spent on the school. As of 1997 we decided there will be:

- an SRC Art Gallery. Each year several pieces of student artwork will be selected, framed and added to the collection
- both past and present school photos blown up and frame along the Conference Room walls
- tables and chairs for the canteen
- the framing of the annual Year 12 collage
- the House pennants put up around the canteen to provide atmosphere and tradition
- the upgrading of the SRC President's Board.
-

As co-president of the SRC I'd like to acknowledge the success the SRC has had throughout 1997 and to thank the SRC members and the school community making making my last year as an SRC member one I can be proud of.

A special thank you to Mr. Bruce Anderson for his help and encouragement.

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Joanne Albert.

◆ International ◆

THE SECOND AUSTRALIAN INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE ON THE EDUCATION OF GIFTED STUDENTS WAS HELD IN MELBOURNE BETWEEN THE 10TH., AND 13TH., OF AUGUST. AS PART OF THE OVERALL CONFERENCE STRATEGY THE INTERNATIONAL STUDENT PROJECT AIMED THIS YEAR TO INCREASE THE CONTRIBUTION OF SCHOOL STUDENTS TO THE CONFERENCE. THE PROJECT TARGETTED HIGHLY ABLE SECONDARY SCHOOL STUDENTS AROUND 15 TO 16 YEARS AND AIMED TO DEMONSTRATE BOTH THE DEPTH TO WHICH GIFTED STUDENTS COULD EXPLORE A TOPIC AND THE BENEFITS OF STUDENTS FROM DIFFERENT

International Student Project

together to share their knowledge and understanding. Camberwell High School

dramatic presentation for a more peaceful and equitable planet. Their solution involved, amongst a myriad of contentions, a staple diet



applied successfully for the involvement of eleven year 10 students in the project. Working with peers from the University of St. La Salle integrated school in the Philippines via the Internet, the students formulated a plan and a high-tech

of bananas. The Camberwell and Filipino students considered the dilemma posed by a hypothetical situation on the topic 'Limited Resources and Population Control'. They met for the first time at the conference

and with dedication put the final touches on their plan. Our students, together with forty students from around the world, including such diverse places as Latvia, South Africa and Cypress presented their final solutions to the conference in a twenty minute performance at the Hilton On The Park. Other events where our students participated included- 95 guests at Parliament House, formal dinners, a grand opening extravaganza and various other notable activities culminating in their recognition with the personation of certificates of achievements in the Great Hall of the National Gallery of Victoria. Congratulations to James Kemp, Melissa Ngau, Josh Clarke, Jez Hunghanfoo, Lilly Tang, Fontaine Cheung, Hailey Cook, Coralie Jocin, Govind Manapakkan, Josh Stewart and Mary Phan. I was proud to have coordinated your team (even if we did clock up over 700kms in less than a week's travelling on the 'Partridge Family' bus) and praise your enthusiasm, abilities and involvement- not to mention your outrageous and absurd sense of humour. It was an absolute pleasure and I thank you.

Vic Pappas.

THE GOOD WIFE.

Co-winner- Senior Writer's Prize.

A cool gust of northerly wind stripped the branches of their yellow blossoms, sending a shower of golden snowflakes spiraling to the ground. It was the spring of 1920, the beginning of a new decade and preparations were underway for a great feast to be held that day in the small provincial village of China.

As the sun struggled its way over the horizon, a red and gold litter wormed its way through the narrow streets of the countryside followed by a procession of excited relatives. Cheerful wedding tunes emanated from the crowd as it approached the large wooden house decorated with red and gold banners. The band waited outside as the litter was carried into the spacious courtyard with its anxious following. Once inside, they were moved to silence by the richness, which feasted their eyes.

The path was lined with yellow blossoming trees that shed their petals to form a golden carpet, leading up to the elaborately carved wooden doors. Two stone lions guarded the entrance on either side of the doors with cold, fearsome expressions. A small female figure, veiled in red and gold, emerged from the litter and was led past the stone lions into the lantern filled interior of the house. The air was thick with the smell of burning incense as the little figure knelt before the ancestral altar with her betrothed as dictated by tradition. Behind the red and gold veil, silent tears rolled down the motionless face leaving muddy streaks on the delicate features.

At barely fourteen years of age, she would be married off to the richest heir of the province. Her parents had considered it a fortunate match since they came from a poor, though respectable family.

"I have a surprise for you," her father had said excitedly to her one day. "In ten years time, you will be the proud wife of the richest landlord in the whole of the province." He beamed with happiness.

She had not understood what he had meant at the time but her father's joy provided encouragement to which she made no objections.

As the years progressed, her mother began to distance herself from her child in an effort to ease the pain that would eventually come with their separation. She did not dare to recognize her daughter for she knew that in the course of a few years, her baby would be living under someone else's roof and calling someone else mother. In this way, the little girl had grown up feeling rejected by the one person with whom she should have felt the most strongly bonded. As she knelt before the altar, she grieved for her childhood and the innocence that would be lost forever before the next sunrise.

Silence hung in the air like a thick fog, drowning out all the noise from the stillness of the room. The little girl sat on the bed awaiting the arrival of her husband. She had ceased to mourn; made bold by youth and curiosity she had begun to grow restless in her wait. The veil hung heavily over her face but she dared not oppose tradition by removing it, choosing instead to suffer in silence. As time passed, she began to ponder the appearance of her husband. She had never seen him before and tried to imagine what he would look like, but no sooner had she formed a picture in her mind before it disappeared again.

After what seemed like an eternity, she heard the soft creaking of the bedroom door and realized that the moment had come at last when she would see the man she had been betrothed to since the age of four. Before she realized it, her veil had been removed in one swift movement of a chubby arm.

"You're not as pretty as they said you'd be. I expected a lot better considering how rich I am. Oh well, in a few years, I'll just get myself a few concubines. Till then, I guess you'll do."

She eyed her husband with concealed revulsion. He was not much older than her though considerably bigger, the loose tunic failing to conceal the considerable bulge of his stomach. His face was clean but years of overindulgence had caused his cheeks to swell up to a point where his eyes had become two upturned slits, separating his forehead from the lower half of his face. She braced herself as he ran his chubby fingers over her face and down her neck. It was at this point that she vowed to escape from her situation at any cost.

"It's been over a year! What have you been doing with my son's seeds?" Her mother-in-law screamed frantically. "Anyone else would have kicked you out by now. You see how generous I am and this is how you repay me. From now on you are to remain in bed until you've provided me with a grandson, do you hear?" The girl wept silently as the bar slammed down heavily on the door outside, confining her to the eternal stuffiness of the richly furnished room. She remembered the vow she had made over a year ago on her wedding night and cursed herself for not having the strength to see it through. She had nowhere to go. Her parents could not accept her back even if they wanted to for they would be shaming themselves in the face of society. Everyone in the village recognized her and none would offer help. All at once, she was faced with the realization of her isolation and came to her final, desperate conclusion.

Later that night as her husband lay breathing heavily beside her, she crawled silently out of bed. The fluorescent moon peeping through the open window shed its cold light on the wooden pipe, which her husband had carelessly discarded on the bedroom table. She eyed the little table with a feeling of mixed dread and exaltation. Beside the pipe lay the instrument of her liberation and her demise. She held the little vessel with trembling fingers as she contemplated her decision. At last with an expression of determination and finality, she washed down the opium with some wine especially stowed away for those nights when her husband did not require her services. Resuming the proper position beside her husband on their marriage bed, she watched his huge bulge heave up and down as she herself fell into an eternal, deep sleep.

Anh Bui 12A.

CO-WINNER - JUNIOR POETRY

THE CHUBBA PUB CIRCLE

By Sam Foley - 8A

I'd like to start by saying this,
I don't enjoy using my fists,
this was purely self defense,
the story's explained in the text hence.

I was sitting in a biker pub,
when a biker said I called him chubb.
But had I called him names I know,
and I politely told him so.

He told me to stop being clever,
or my neck, he would sever.
I needed to escape this drunken foe,
so I said "I need to powder my nose."

At this he mocked and laughed and jeered,
and said to me, "It's just as I feared.
You're just a woman in men's clothes."
And at this he aimed a punch at my nose.

This was the thing that made me snap,
and I began by saying "Look here drunk chap,
if you don't leave me alone,
I'll tell the manager and the police he'll phone."

"I'm the manager of this here pub,
and the last thing I'll do is phone the cops bub."
At this I wondered how and why,
a most brilliant man such as I,

could be so poor as to not have a car,
and a man such as this could run a bar,
and I thought life couldn't get any less fair,
so from then on I did not care,

and on this man I dealt my wrath,
swinging my fists like a psychopath.
To my surprise I knocked him out cold,
and all the bikers thought me very bold.

They recruited me into their club,
and told me I could run the pub.
So that's where I worked for a couple of years,
but then the job started to bore me to tears

Till one day a new guy entered the pub,
and a biker whispered "He called you chubb."
I addressed the guy as though he was a menace,
and the next thing I knew he'd knocked me senseless.
I woke to find myself at home,
and on my lap I found a short poem.
My eyes adjusted and I cleared my head,
and I looked at the poem and it read,

"First twas Harry,
then came Rob,
after him Barry,
then I think Bob,
you were next but won't be last,
and from our club, you've been cast,
don't get mad with face of purple,
be proud you've played part in
The Chubba Pub Circle."

BATS

BAD BEHAVIOUR TRIUMPHS!

Choosing 'Bats' as the musical for 1997 presented a major problem for the production team. You see, the real heroes of the story are a group of very naughty boys and girls with nicknames like Spider, Whoopsie, Titch and Amonia. They behave in a way which is described in a section of the schools Welfare and Discipline Policy as 'likely to lead to serious consequences'. To start with they tell very bad jokes: "Why do they call you Amonia? Because amonia a little girl. Why do they call you Whoopsie? Because my parents say I was a mistake." But even more serious than bad jokes- they chew gum, sneer at their parents, wear heaps of make-up and sing the subversive lyrics of Pink Floyd's 'Brick in the Wall'. You know the song, 'We don't need no echewcation, we don't need no thought control.' Disgraceful!

Well, we decided to take the risk and hope that we wouldn't be accused of encouraging bad behaviour or holding up poor role models to the youth of today. Besides, the gum-chewing, surly subversives do overcome the forces of evil. Dracula is the Prince of Darkness, don't ever let us forget this fact. What would you prefer, Dracula dead and well stalking the corridors of school, or a bit of chewy and an attitude problem? (Don't answer straight away. Have a think about it for a while.)

The decision made, production began. Compared with 'Sheik, Rattle 'n Roll (1996) when we had to use bribery to get the cast together, auditions for 'Bats' were standing room only. Particularly encouraging was the number of VCE students that wanted to be involved. So, over two or three weeks I don't know how many people stood accompaniment, and sang.

"What do you want me to sing?"

"I don't know, what can you sing?"

"Dunno."

"What about the school song?"

"No way."

"The National Anthem?"

"Dunno the words."

"Something you know and like."

"What about 'You Sexy Thing'?"

"Terrific. Off you go, one two..."

"Ohhh, youuuu sexy thanggg...."

"Thankyou. What part were you auditioning for?"

"Dracula."

"Thankyou. Next!"

Tess Lysiotis had agreed to direct the show. I said I'd continue as producer despite the fact that I'd resigned from the Directorate. Julian Cairns, Mark Loveday, Joy Bloumis, Angela Velos and Jeanette Botham agreed to participate despite the fact that they had ongoing employment at CHS.

By the time we got to the 'retreat' at the Salvation Army camp at The Basin, we were a couple of days behind schedule. The intense work we did here was terrific. It was two days of unremitting, solid work. We had already ditched a couple of the original songs in preference to Abba's 'Money', and that thing by Kylie Minogue which Katrina Milas and Gede Suparsa sing under the garden arch. (Gosh it's the only Kylie song title I can't remember.) When the Junior Gang sang their song from the score, it was...well, O.K. We talked about it and thought the cast here deserved something better. Julian suggested 'Brick in the Wall', that incredible anthem by Pink Floyd. I thought it was too risky, especially at that stage. Julian and Tess said 'Let's try it.' We tried it. It turned out to be a highlight, especially when you threw in David Manton's guitar solo. (That's why I'm the producer and not the director.)

In the life of a school musical production, there is usually a point where it gathers a wonderful momentum. (You always hope this comes before the show is over. It's rather wasted otherwise.) With 'Bats' it was at some point in the week before the performances, which was excellent timing I thought. Kids who have worked hard, particularly those in minor roles, and have got their parts under control, now they want to be a lead, to have more rehearsals, to wear their costumes to bed, to add performance to the schedule. We did three public performances on March 24, 25 and 26. They were three first rate performances. The students can be justifiably proud of their efforts. It was uniformly good, avoiding the emotional highs and lows which sometimes affect school productions. You know, the first night takes a while to get going then warms, second night is flat, final night is over the top. They were....professional.

As a last hurrah at Camberwell High, 'Bats' fitted the bill for me. It was a delight and honour to work with directors of the calibre of Tess Lysiotis and Julian Cairns, and with Mark Loveday as stage manager, and Jeanette Botham as wardrobe mistress. I am grateful to the members of staff who provided practical and moral support. As for the cast - superb!

Seriously, it will stay with me until I lose my marbles.

Geoff Sinclair

Formerly Assistant Principal, Producer of 'Bats'.

LEARN YOUR LINES!

By fourth term 1996 it had been decided: there would be another. Once again we were prepared to dive into the murky, mystic and musical depths of what is known to most of us as....a school musical! The musical 'Bats' promised to be hipper, gutsier and more....um, musically oriented than its predecessor. Only weeks after the announcement had been made we threw ourselves into auditions, watched over by Ms. Lysiotis and Mr. Sinclair. Even the most timid of us gave searing renditions of vampires, brunhildes (sex unknown) or even a dog.

A week later the decisions had been made, all of us either overjoyed or merely satisfied with our new duties as schoolyard actors. Mr. Cairns began coaching us in the art of how to sing 'Things That Go Bump In The Night', 'Midnight Madness', 'Whirlwind Global Tours' and other such harmonious delights with which we could deafen our audience. Copies of the script were given out for some intellectual stimulation over the Christmas holidays, and we were told to immediately - all together now - LEARN YOUR LINES!

When we returned the next year Mrs. Botham had us trying on the various wonderful costumes that would bedazzle our viewers in a mosaic of anything that glitters.

It was then that the rehearsals began. Before school, lunchtime, after school, the weekends were sacrificed so that we could sharpen our thespian skills under the masterful direction of Ms. Lysiotis. While some decided that the strain was not for them and had to pull out for other duties such as studying, the majority drove on with skilful, if not rather wearisome, determination.

As the first performance hurtled recklessly towards us, we were thrown into a couple of mini buses and driven to The Basin. While staying at the Salvation Army camp, we perfected both the musical and theatrical part of our dramatic extravaganza, the surrounding hills alive with the sound of....um, our voices.

From then on it was full notes ahead not sparing the voices as we acted and sung our best to an audience of about 600 primary school kids, closely followed by the main three public performances.

The cast and crew of 'Bats' enjoyed the sweet taste of success, all proud that we had lasted longer than the Broadway musical 'Chess'. The sounds of 'Things That Go Bump In The Night' will remain in the minds of our audience for many years to come. All participants, barring none, are to be congratulated on a tremendous performance. Hang on - did somebody say something about next year?

Stuart Wilson - 11F.



Winner: The Don Anderson Award.

RETREAT

She sat on the front step, gently folded into herself and the dimness of her surroundings. Unable to avoid thinking about him, she placed her thoughts at the beginning; pulling apart the memories she had kept so closely knitted in her mind, slowly drawing them out of herself, trying to discard her delusions. Within the passage of minutes, the loosely woven truth she discovered collapsed into a messy tangle of reverie and hindsight....

When they had first noticed one another, she had been desired in his company. Things went on and they discovered a mutual feeling of the other's presence, until no longer merely one to flirt with, she was sought above others. She had been his un-affirmed weekend girl. Then she was the only one. The fascination of each had centered on the other; she was at his core.

He was the kind of person any girl would lose herself in. She had given her inch; not questioning whether the mile he took was all she had. *"And everybody thinks that I'm the fool but they don't get any love from you...."* She had been taken, and lived for his company, his compliments. Him.

The sweet shock of mutual possession had dissolved and he found others to sign his contract of mutual flattery, as she had done. She had felt undermined and foolish for discovering his fine print later, and not before. *"Maybe she's just pieces of me you've never seen...."* The stranger, singing her song from across oceans and time had felt it for her. He had made her vulnerable. She had tried too hard.

She refused to think about her ridiculous efforts. These memories were painfully embarrassing, they returned to her each time he smiled. Her submissions had seeped into every action. He had tainted her existence, and the rosy dreams of their first summer had been dumped on the other side of the fence like the depressed contents of his ashtray. She had been unable to feel anything other than an explosion of pathetic, helpless frustration inside, waiting for the courage to detonate, and her fragile shadow of self had retreated, looking for the strength.

She had been brooding for days. Until she could feel the expression on her face, and had darkened the road to everyone she knew. An old man walked past, startled to see her there, as though alone, he too had forgotten how many others surrounded him.

Withdrawing into the hall and the comfort and honesty of the familiar, she caught a stricken look in the eyes of her reflection, but turning her head, watched a second too long and felt foolish. Staring at herself staring back. She moved away.

Was it the glimpse he wanted? The hint of an eye, a tear, but not the look itself? She felt like she knew it was, and she thought she could give it to him.

RETURN

The house was silent, standing useless over the sweet smoke of confused memories. Weeks had passed. She felt him coming, the door opened, she was crying. He looked at her feet. It was like a dream.

Inside, coffee was brewing. She finished making it, carrying the mugs through their empty home and out to the verandah. He was smoking, sitting on the step.

"Are you the one I've been waiting for?"

The girl from yesterday, the tiptoed dream of a shadow. She sat down, by his side.

The cloud of winter flowed into the autumn sky. A strangled mosquito net swung from one of the leafless trees, a shadow of their summer. She stared at it.

"Thankyou," was her reply, "for waiting...." It seemed final.

She watched a single star until it appeared to move across the sky, until she could see a star where it had always been, as well as its wandering shadow. She loved the tricks her eyes could play.

He stirred. She turned back and he had her eyes in his. His fingers brushed past her wrist and she looked away. *Too quickly.* She regretted the weakness.

"I missed you."

Really? There was a loose thread on her skirt. She twisted it around her finger, until it broke. Her lungs expanded but she drew no breath, it seemed lost inside. She could barely speak. Her lips parted.

"I thought..." Then quietly, strongly, "I know."

He reached out and she placed the tears in his hand. She felt pained. The silence was painful; it seemed in his command. He smiled, and drank. She closed her eyes. *Kiss the cup that keeps you up and sip the one who makes you tired,* she thought to herself.

A gust of wind blew through them, throwing leaves in their faces. It shocked her. She felt invaded, momentarily losing herself in the confusion. The cloud had covered her star, and she began to shiver - the cold was mocking her. Secretly, desperately, she plucked a daisy in her mind; *he loves me, he loves me not, he loves me, he loves me, he loves....love....*

It felt guilty. A heavy headiness inside. There were moments when she felt it rising, when she knew he was reading the doubt in her downturned eyes. In her vague touch. She couldn't let him see her shadow, hear her whisper. *Please don't take me over.*

She put her head on his shoulder, pleading. The weight of his arm across her back deepened, his hand softly capturing the curve from neck to head, affirming its presence. It was over, they talked.

She had found him, below his smiling self, his flattering arrogance. *"I know I know you well, well, better than I used to..."* The elusive shadow discovered in her withdrawal had brought him to her. Not needing him had left her with something to give.

She felt detached, and wise to let him think he knew her well. The wind returned and teased the cloud into wisps, drawing it out. Again she stared at the star, willing it to herself, capturing its encouraging twinkle in the memory of her shadow. He would never find it there; no cloud would separate her from it again. She smiled. "Come inside," she said.

He led her in.

Elizabeth Walker 12F.



Moon Festival

For the past three years, Camberwell High School has been celebrating the Moon Festival, with all the E.S.L. students participating. This year the festival has been a tremendous success.

The Moon Festival is celebrated in Vietnam, Hong Kong, Taiwan and China. It is also called the Mid Autumn Festival. It is one of the most important festivals on the 15th August, in a traditional Chinese calendar. When the moon is perfectly round, the shape symbolises the unity of the family, so all members of a Chinese family get together for a reunion dinner.

The 1997 Camberwell High Moon Festival consisted of songs by E.S.L. students, Didgeridoo by Nicholas Parahu, piano by Miki Nakagawa and a poem by Michael Yan. The play on the legend of the festival was quite spectacular featuring the performances of Jamie Tee, Geoffrey Tsai, Qin Qin Wu, William Zheng, Tien Bui and Sally Yiu.

All the participants had a lot of fun performing. It was great experience and we look forward to taking part in next year's festival. We thank Mrs. Velos for her directing and tremendous help and all the students who got involved.

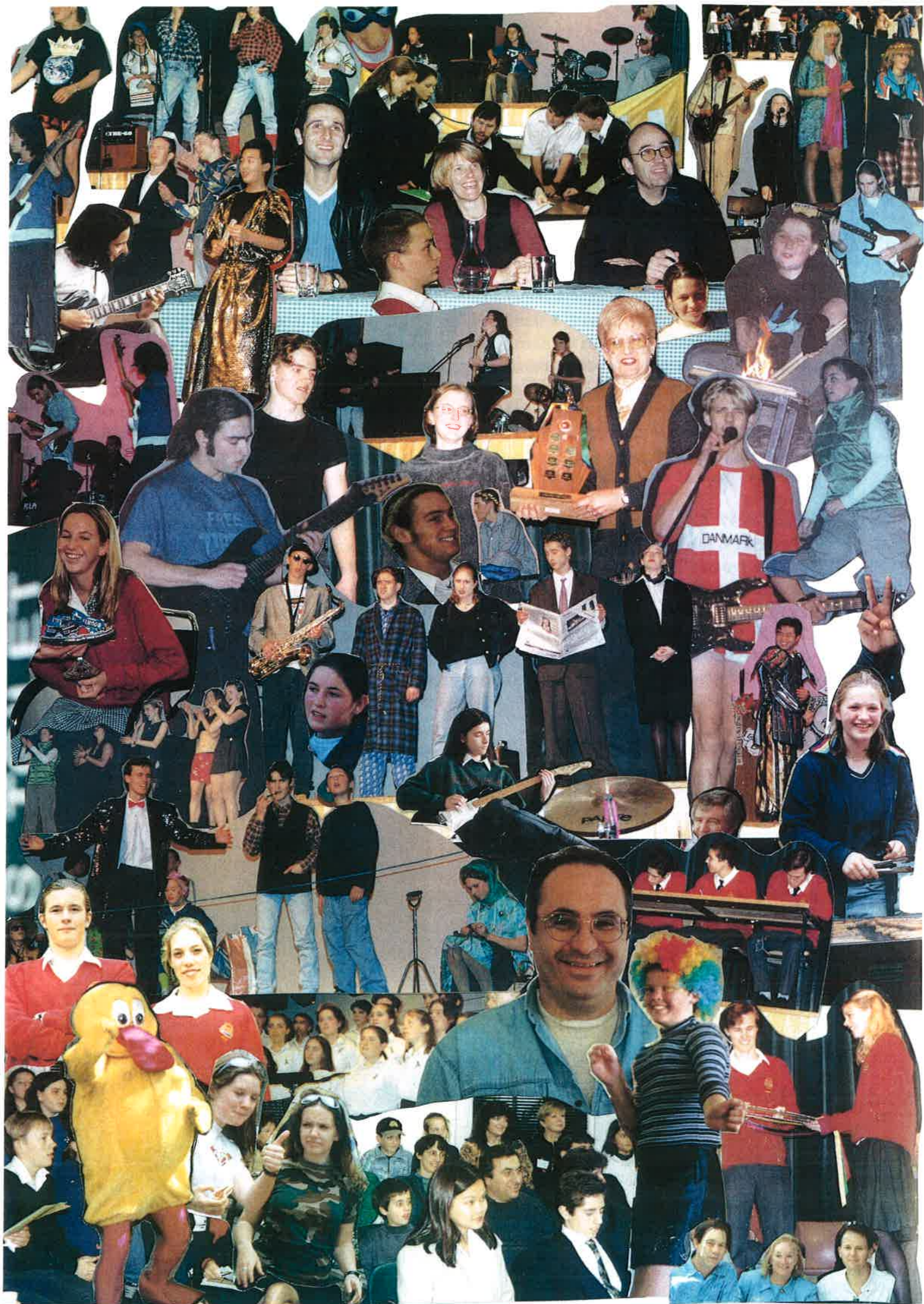
Lisa Choy

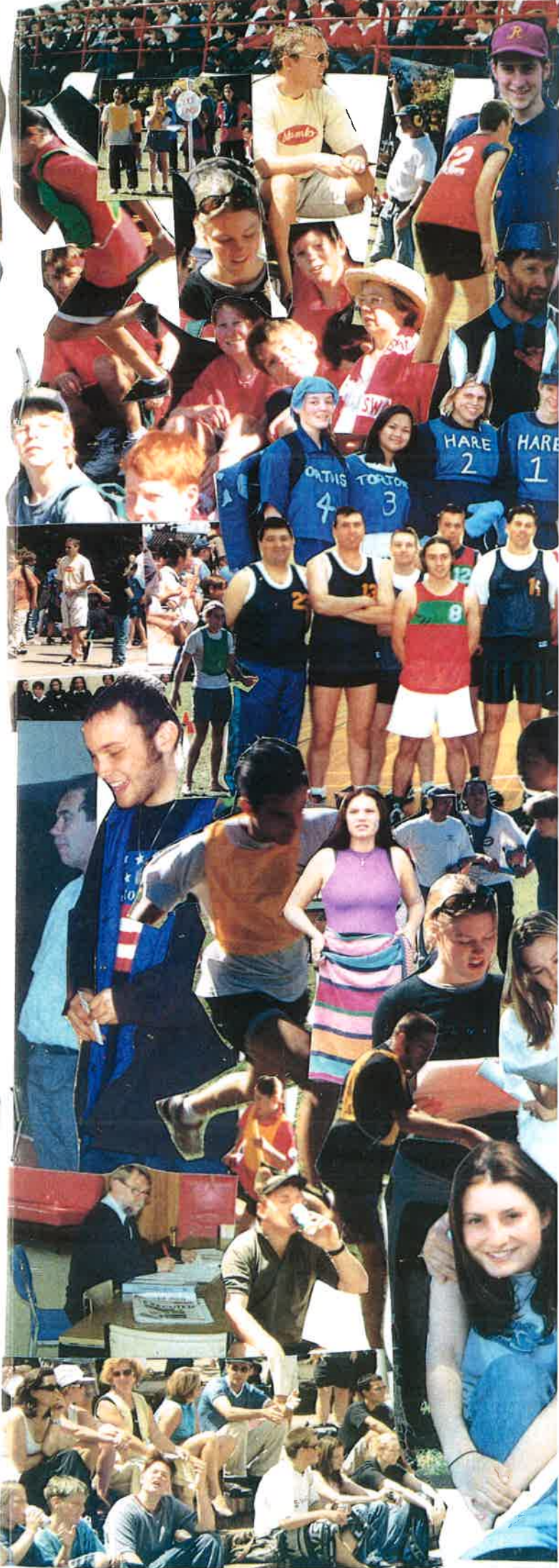
Qin Qin Wu

Thien Tien Bui

Synthia Yuen









OPEN DAY

Open Day is really just an excuse for us to show off how good our school is. As with all school events you get the welcoming speeches by Ms. Brereton, Mr. Tenner and Mrs. Botham. After the formalities there is an opportunity for the school community to visit displays around the school which provide an insight into C.H.S.'s creativity and educational programs.

The L.O.T.E. displays showed us that not only a language and culture is taught in class but also flag making in French and cooking in Indonesian. The Art department put on a show of variety and colour. The Technology area put on a similar display proving that C.H.S. has a truly creative flair.

The school musical 'Bats' presented earlier this year was a great success and costumes, photos and other paraphernalia showed how much effort went into the production.

Sport is important at C.H.S. and this was evident when we walked into the Sport's display room and viewed many posters, ribbons and photos from past events. In the Science rooms the teachers were showing students that science can be fun by showing them how to make 'Slime'.

In the Driver's Ed. room people could 'drive' a car on a simulator to check their reflexes and to make sure they could drive home that night. In Health Ed. we tested to see if we could pour standard drinks. It was surprising how many adults failed!!

Then came the entertainers. Gerald Wells sang us a treat, Rhiannon Stevens played up a storm on the piano and then the Junior Debates took the floor with Roosevelt taking the honours against Montgomery. Oh, and who could forget the famous trial 'Is Elvis Still Alive'?

As we supped on delicious Minestrone soup and hot tasty pizzas provided by the students from Home Economics, the school band entertained us. The day was a huge success with many, many thanks to all who helped make it what it was.

Jessica Monaghan 9D
Allison Burt 9D
Sarah Botham 9D

WOMAN OF THE FUTURE

*I am a child.
I am all things of my past.
I am the bad spelling of my Aunt
I am the determination of my Mother,
When she swims a mile at the beach.
I am all I see.
Mother busy in the kitchen.
Leaves falling each Autumn,
Red and brown.
Possum in the dark, shady tree of night,
Dropping nutshells on the roof.
And the sun as it rises in the east.
I am all I hear "For goodness sake"
"How many times do I have to tell you?"
"Have you done the washing yet?"
The trains as they rattle past.
The creaking of the door in the small hours of day
As Daddy goes to be a garbage man again.
I am all I feel and taste.
The warm blaze of the fire on my back
On a freezing cold night.
The stickiness of my fingers
When I get up to play in a concert.
The angry stare of a teacher when I've
Forgotten to complete my homework.
The fresh damp air in a cool forest.
The crunch of burnt potatoes.
The hot taste of pepper on my tongue
When I've put too much in a tomato sandwich.
I am all I remember.
When we lived on a sheep farm in Apollo Bay
When Daddy laughed and was happy.
When I chased a peacock and got lost.
I am all I've been taught.
"Only add and subtract like terms."
"Every action has an equal and opposite reaction."
The Lord is my shepherd.
Hair must be tied back.
I am all I think.
When will all this confusion end?
When will uncertainty cease?
When will I know who I am?
I am a pale pink rosebud, tightly
furled, glistening with dew,
But one day slowly my petals will unfold
Releasing my fragrance, revealing my beauty
to the world.
For I am the woman of the future.*

Benita Lunnon 8E

Co-Winner of the Junior Poetry Competition.

THE SHARK

All is silent and still,
In the blue depths of the sea.
All is silent until,
The mighty shark lurks free.
Crashing through the rippling
water,
He searches for a tasty meal,
He is a hunter born to slaughter,
He is born to hunt and steal.
In the darkness all you can see,
Is the twin black pools of his
eyes,
He is the maker of terror,
The maker of silent, dark cries.
He glides through the wrecks of
a long sunk ship,
To his hide out of rust and
decay,
He sees a small fish and he
snaps like a whip,
Then he silently glides away.

Katherine Neuendorf 7B.

Co-winner: Senior Writer's Prize.

Circus

Flags of red and blue drift in and out of focus as she swings on the trapeze. The tent surrounds her. There is no escape from its blurred carcass of hollow joy. Swinging back and forth, a tainted breeze rushes past her skin, the hairs on her arms standing up in response. Not long now, she thinks, until I can return. Not long until the end of all this insanity: not long until I can go home. Her hands slide down the rope before releasing it. Her body dangling, her feet pointed skyward. She closes her eyes in case she should look down at the sawdust littered floor and become frightened, frightened to let go, frightened to hold on.

She swings up once again and sits upon her perch. They call her the bird woman. Her black feather wings itch her back as she adjusts the spangled leotard which lies stretched and contorted around her body. She is the awkward angel, heroic enchantress of small children and old women.

The ringmaster arrives. His red suit is too small and his whip is made of paper. He looks around and scratches his head, speaking thoughts out loud, remembering a time long ago when music sounded pure and he knew not of fear. He looks toward the bird woman, telling her to concentrate, to be beautiful, to fly.

She tries to imagine that nothing is real, that she does not exist, but it is too late because the strong man has grabbed her hand. He swings toward her and speaks foreign words of love and faith.

"Only you, my Angel, only you."

"Speak no lies my friend, you cannot love what does not exist."

He is freakish in his Tarzan garb of leopard skin. He is no strong man. He is as weak as a kitten, or a feather, or a cloud.

She swings higher, skimming the edge of a dream. Blisters form on her hands, itching as the skin tears open. Raw flesh exposed. Blood on the ropes.

A long time ago the bird woman visited a fortuneteller, who, upon enquiring, informed her that she would fall in love with a dark and handsome stranger, and that all her dreams would be realised. She fell in love with a thief who broke her heart, and dreamt of flying away from the world, flying high into the clouds and hovering above all the people she once knew. She discovered that once dreams are fulfilled there is nothing left but shells and souvenirs.

So here flies an angel above the people she once knew, and all is empty. The shell of a carnival tent, once filled with life and laughter, now haunted by grotesque images of sad clowns and bearded ladies. She lives in a caravan amongst the freaks, and cannot step outside for fear of breathing. Souvenirs of passion lie scattered about the worn linoleum floor: photos and pencils and green perfumed silk. She is crowded by burnt out candles and scratched records. Shells and souvenirs, nothing more, still swinging here, swinging eternally in this pit of memories and despair.

Across the floor, a man of strange appearance starts to claw at the trapeze ladder. He climbs awkwardly to the top, where he stands as a grinning mockery of the bird woman's beauty. He is the Indian rubber man, social outcast, freak of freaks. He flies toward her, his face distorted with piercings and blackened by charcoal.

"How long I have loved you, my Angel. Black beauty, come home to me."

"You are a mystery."

"I am a freak."

"I'll never go home to anyone, dream brother."

The Indian rubber man flies away, and the bird woman is alone once again. Tears begin to burn through the eyelashes, forging black rivers down her powdered face.

She whispers to herself,

"When I close my eyes, the world does not exist. There is no sky, so there is no ground. I cannot fall without the ground, I cannot be afraid."

She whispers to the crowd,

"Wide eyed children, do not seek the truth, do not reach for the stars, do not dream of life. Think not of tomorrow, and don't look back. Never look back."

Upside down and spinning, around and around forever. Look mummy, no hands. Blood rushing to her head, her face flushed and her knees numb. She can see the clown smiling at her from the ground.

He calls to her,

"They are waiting for you, are the strong and rubber men. Don't let them take you away Angel, don't ever come down."

The two men had fought over the bird woman for years. She would often laugh at the struggle between strength and flexibility, between passion and compassion. Each day they would beg her to decide whom she could love. For her there was no choice, no love meant no sorrow. Now she swings by one silver leg, completely lost in herself. There is a cry from reality and she opens her eyes, a bird whose cage is suddenly exposed to the morning light.

The strong man's hands are placed firmly around the Indian rubber man's neck. The strong man's grip tightens as the rubber man gasps for air, his veins swelling, his face darkening. Gagging, choking away this barbaric death, the Indian rubber man musters all the strength within him, looks up and shouts "Forever!" before wilting to the ground.

The ringmaster opens his mouth to speak as the crowd begins to panic. The freak show has ended. It's not so funny like this. It's not supposed to happen this way.

The bird woman laughs loudly, hysterically, passionately, as she releases her hands from the perch. She flies free, if only for a moment.

Her body shatters upon the sawdust floor, wings torn apart, black feathers littering the ring. No halo, no robe, only bloodstained sequins and fractured limbs.

A clown approaches her body and weeps as he smiles a painted smile. The ringmaster shakes his head and mutters

"Another fallen angel," as her body is dragged away.

Antonia Semler – Year 12.



VISUAL ARTS AT CAMBERWELL HIGH SCHOOL.

THE BUILDING DOWN ON THE OVAL IS THE ARTS CENTRE AND MANY GREAT CREATIONS HAPPEN IN THIS ISOLATED SHED.

MANY STUDENTS WOULD HAVE SEEN THE FANTASTIC WORK ON DISPLAY IN THE EXHIBITION HELD IN THE HALL IN SEPTEMBER AND A SELECTION OF WORK ON DISPLAY IN THE LOWER HAWTHORN TOWN HALL. THIS EXHIBITION WAS PART OF THE 'SPLASH' EXPO ORGANISED BY THE YOUNG PEOPLE OF CAMBERWELL. MANY STUDENTS HAVE BEEN WORKING TOWARDS THE SINGAPORE AIRLINES EXHIBITION WHICH WAS BASED AROUND THE ELEMENTS OF EARTH, WIND, FIRE AND WATER AND VARIOUS DIRECTIONS WERE EXPERIMENTED WITH FROM AN ABORIGINAL DIRECTION TO AN ASIATIC FEEL, BOTH IN 2-DIMENSIONAL AND 3-DIMENSIONAL WORK.

THE ART TEACHERS WERE FACED WITH THE DIFFICULT TASK OF SELECTING A VERY SMALL NUMBER OF WORKS TO BE CONSIDERED FOR DISPLAY BY THE COMMITTEE OF THE EXHIBITION AND A CHANCE TO WIN A TRIP TO SINGAPORE. UNFORTUNATELY AT THE TIME OF WRITING IT WAS NOT YET KNOWN IF ANY OF OUR STUDENTS HAD BEEN SUCCESSFUL.

ANOTHER FEATURE OF THIS YEAR'S AND NEXT YEAR'S PROGRAM WILL BE THE INTRODUCTION OF ASIAN ART AND CULTURE AND AS PART OF THIS WE INVITED ANTHONY SUM TO DO A NUMBER OF WORKSHOPS IN CHINESE ART AND BRUSH PAINTING.

CERAMIC ART STUDENTS HAVE ALSO BEEN INSPIRED IN THEIR MASK MAKING BY ASIAN CULTURE.

MANY COMPLEMENTARY EXCURSIONS HAVE BEEN ORGANISED WITH GRAPHIC COMMUNICATION STUDENTS HEADING TO THE ZOO, AND GRAPHICS AND PHOTOGRAPHY GROUPS TO LUNA PARK FOR INSPIRATION. MANY TRIPS TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF VICTORIA HAVE ALSO OCCURRED ACROSS ALL LEVELS.

THE ARTS CENTRE HAS BEEN A HAPPENING PLACE IN 1997 AND IF YOU HAVEN'T FREQUENTED THIS ACTIVE AND LIVELY CENTRE ALREADY, MAKE A TRIP FAIRLY SOON.

MEGAN WATSON.

ANTI-CLOCKWISE FROM TOP RIGHT:

1. ROBYN ELLIS YEAR 12
2. EDDIE DUFFIELD YEAR 7
3. STEPHEN GIBLETT YEAR 12
4. TOM MYERS YEAR 10
5. GEMMA CAIRNS YEAR 8
6. YEAR 8 CUBIST COLLAGES.

SAYAMA KEIZAI HIGH SCHOOL.

So this was to be the task for next few weeks - to persuade students and parents of C.H.S. to open their hearts and homes to 24 Japanese students and their three teachers, visiting the school for 9 days from Sayama Keizai High School. Easy, I thought, and as the offers of accommodation came rolling in, it was interesting to try matching student with student/family - who liked pets, music, basketball, movies, who was vegetarian, who wanted to stay with a large family etc. etc.

This was the first time that Camberwell had hosted such a large overseas group, and we gained as much information as we could on the cultural differences and possible problems, but there were still concerns about homesickness and food, as these students had not been overseas previously. We need not have worried - our guests took to Australian food with gusto. Strangely, Vegemite did not receive universal approval!

The visit to C.H.S. was to be educational, and so the students received intensive English lessons in the mornings, then integration with normal classes and special sessions with C.H.S. teachers in Art and Technology. But there is no doubt that their education was equally extended by their time spent with our students and host families. Visits to the markets, St. Kilda, Healseville, the Footy, Chadstone, Southbank.....the list goes on. The generosity of our host families was really wonderful. When our guests sang "Close To You" at the farewell function, there was hardly a dry eye in the place.

At the start of the visit, as problems arose, Mr.Linton and Mrs.Stocker could be found wandering the corridors of school, darkly muttering, "Never again". But by the of the 9 days, as the Ned Kelly clocks were packed away into shoe boxes and the last little jars of Vegemite were popped into the showbags (you never know, they could change their minds about it!) we were starting to talk about the "next time".

The anxious wait at the school ended when we saw the first of the students walk into the school's driveway. Eventually the student, Azusa, found us. It was a bit awkward at first, especially in the car on the way home. Mum kept pointing out golf courses and Azusa, who didn't really understand English, just kept nodding politely. The first night at home was spent flicking the pages of phrase books.

Azusa traveled to school with me and my brothers in the morning. She attended English classes in the morning followed by either Woodwork, Metalwork. Art or Table Tennis. It was a little difficult to talk to her because my Japanese was about as good as her English and a lot of time was spent pointing out words in dictionaries. The Thursday night, Azusa had gifts for all of us. A wooden fan for my parents and some Japanese toys for us.

The weekend started off with the Vic market on Saturday morning. My friend Natalie also had a student staying with her. We met up together and Azusa and Ayaka really enjoyed shopping. We found a Japanese food shop in the deli section and Mum bought the girls a variety of sushi and some tofu. The sushi was much appreciated but the tofu was not such a success.

After the market we split up from Mum and headed to the zoo. The highlight of the day for the girls was the penguins. We stood at that enclosure for about fifteen minutes while the girls snapped away with their cameras. Azusa with penguins, Ayaka with the penguins, Azusa and Ayaka with the penguins, Natalie with the penguins, me with the penguins.....

On the Sunday we went down to Philip Island to a koala sanctuary. The girls were very excited to see live koalas in their natural habitat. We also took them to Ninety-mile beach where Azusa got to use the boomerang we had given her.

Azusa left on the Tuesday. There had been an official farewell at the school the night before where the host families went to the hall to see a performance by the students who sang a couple of songs in English and then one Japanese song from their top ten. Many of the students cried during the official farewell but Azusa saved all hers for the next morning. We won the prize for the most tears at the bus. She didn't want to get on and kept coming back for just one more hug. We were both in tears and promised to write to each other. It was a great experience having a student staying with us and we learned a lot about Japan. Although language was a barrier, Azusa and I became friends and I will certainly miss her.

Paula Stocker

Overseas Students Program

Siobhan Paterson 11E





FROM THE MUSICAL DIRECTOR

Camberwell High School is well-known for its ongoing commitment to music-making. This year has been no exception. Tony Brookes, Ed Grigoryan and I have welcomed to the Music Staff Ms. Sandra Cameron and Mr. Gianni Marinucci whose contributions to student music performances have been remarkable.

First, the establishment of the Junior Band by Sam Cameron and its progress through the Daylesford camp in prep for Open Day and its subsequent appearance at the St. Paul's Cathedral Concert in September caused many a parental smile of approval. This group will continue to operate under both Sam's baton and her commitment to the task of a developing ensemble.

Second, the Stage Band with Gianni Marinucci got many a foot tapping to its strains of Basie and the like. A great sound and enjoyable for all students in that ensemble.

The School looks forward to a long association with both Sam and Gianni.

'Bats' was the musical in Term 1 and enjoyed by all. School musicals have a habit of creating a certain amount of esprit de corps whatever that musical should be. I enjoyed having the regulars in the backing band especially Bruno D and John Corniola. They are able to give the backings a great amount of push and I know that the kids are inspired by their level of musicianship.

It was good to have Wilbur Wilde to the Choral Festival adjudication again: a night of musical variety to say the least - if you recall that juxtapositioning of Jay Barberis ["Khe Sahn"] and Richard Ibrahim ["Personent Hodie"]. But that's what Choral Festivals are all about - getting across the notion of style in all its diversity and projection of it to the audience.

The Concert in St. Paul's was a showcase of the year's achievements. My personal delight was to have conducted the Walmisley evening service setting. The Mendelssohn anthem 'O For the Wings of a Dove' and the Mozart Nocturnes. But what a thrill for any child to be able to say he or she has sung in the cathedral with the cathedral organ. I'll be leaving Camberwell with some of those sounds ringing in my ears. Thank you choir and especially the regulars - the 'backbone of the chorus' as I would call them and they know who they are.

We acknowledge and thank the outgoing Year 12 student performers for all their years of willing and unfailing contributions to CHS music: Hugh Kendall [trombone & bass singer], Rhiannon Stevens [piano], Rebecca Learmont [clarinet], Robert Kelly [clarinet & bass singer] Duncan Elliot [guitar], Adam Afiff [bass guitar], Tom Hurle [guitar], Ben Wilhelms [guitar], Nikki Bidlo [soprano], Alister Quinn [flute & bass singer], Leighton Vivian [violin & bass singer], Colin Byrne [percussion and tenor singer], Tim Burger [bass guitar & bass singer], James Wight [bass singer], and a late-comer but what an impact - Gerald Wells [baritone].

I know that 1998 will be an interesting year and I wish all those who participate in CHS music under the faithful guidance of Tony, Sam, Gianni, and Ed, the best of luck.

"Thank you" to my chief advisor, ideas man, and musician of depth and integrity - Tony Brookes.

"Thank you" also to Jeanette Botham and her efficient, no-fuss approach with a ready willingness to assist in matters of musical performances in the name of Camberwell High School.

MUSIC CALENDAR 1997;

March 25 & 26	Assembly Hall - the musical -	"BATS".
April 9	Regent Theatre, Collins Street	SUNSET BOULEVARD EXCURSION
May 19 & 20	Daylesford	JUNIOR BAND CAMP
	Assembly Hall	OPEN DAY JUNIOR BAND CONCERT
June 5	Assembly Hall	CHORAL FESTIVAL NO. 51
June 20	Assembly Hall	DR. BARRY KOPETZ - CONCERT BAND
WORKSHOP		
August 23	H.M. Theatre, Ballarat	BALLARAT COMPETITIONS - JUNIOR &
SENIOR BANDS		
September 18	St. Paul's Cathedral	C.H.S. ANNUAL CONCERT
October 5	Hawthorn Town Hall	BRASS GROUP - HAWTHORN CRAFT
MARKET		
October 23	Assembly Hall	YEAR 12 PRESENTATION ASSEMBLY
October 31]		
November 13]	Music House	AMEB EXAMINATIONS

Jullan Cairns
Musical Director



SPORTS OF ALL SORTS

INNER EAST DISTRICT

SWIMMING - INDIVIDUAL CHAMPIONS

JESSICA MONAGHAN - U15 EQ. 1ST

BONNIE STEPHEN - U21 - 4TH

BEN MONAGHAN - U13 - EQ. 1ST

DAVID MORRIS - U14 - 1ST

NATHAN JOYCE - U15 - 1ST

ROHAN YATES - U16 - 1ST

ROB JOY - U17 - 2ND

LEE HAUSER - U21 - 4TH

EASTERN ZONE TEAMS

JAMES MCQUEEN (YEAR 8)
U21 400M *NEW RECORD*

LEIGH WILLIAMS (YEAR 9)
U21 100M BREASTSTROKE
NEW RECORD

DAVID MORRIS (YEAR 8)
U14 BUTTERFLY: U14 FREESTYLE

ROB JOY (YEAR 11)
U17 FREESTYLE: U21 DIVING

NATHAN JOYCE (YEAR 9)
U15 BACKSTROKE *NEW RECORD*

BOYS U17 RELAY TEAM
SCOTT GANGELL, ROB JOY, BILL
BROWNELL AND DANIEL KERR.

TABLE-TENNIS

ALL HIGH WINNERS.

S. LEW
M. LAVROV
S. CHAN
C. GRAY-WILLIAMS
J. MARTIN
A. UGUZ

CONGRATULATIONS TO THESE
YEAR 7 BOYS.

SQUASH

ALL HIGH WINNERS

PAUL NIVEN
SAM DALY
MICHAEL DI BATTISTA
BYRON MERCER

GREAT EFFORT FROM THESE
YEAR 7 BOYS

V.S.S.A. SENIOR SQUASH FINALISTS

REBECCA MCLENNAN

MARI LOU FLORES

BROOKE VOLKSBERG

CLARE HAUSEGGER

MAUREEN KIERNAN



TEAM WINNERS

DISTRICT

YR 7 BASEBALL

YR 7 SOCCER

YR 7 SQUASH

YR 7 TABLE-TENNIS

(BOYS & GIRLS)

YR 8 BASKETBALL

YR 8 SOCCER

YR 8 SQUASH

SENIOR BASEBALL

SENIOR CRICKET

SENIOR FOOTBALL

SENIOR SQUASH

SENIOR VOLLEYBALL

ZONE

YR 7 SQUASH

YR 7 TABLE-TENNIS

SENIOR SQUASH

CHORAL FESTIVAL

On the freezing night of Thursday, June 5th, teachers, students and parents could be seen arriving at the school grounds for the 51st Annual Choral Festival.

Students and parents who were new to the school may not have noticed a change in format. Gone was the junior set song and the senior choir, to be replaced by one choir from each house singing two songs of their own choice as well as the new category of solo voice.

The musical side of the evening began when the band swung into Jay Chattaway's 'Odyssey'. Scott Gangell and Brooke Colbert compered and Wilbur Wilde was the adjudicator.

Despite being first Jay Barberis from Macarthur showed no signs of nerves, confidently starting the solo voice category, performing Don Walker's 'Khe Sanh'. Churchill followed with Richard Ibrahim singing 'Personent Hodie' by Gustav Holst. Montgomery's Colin Byrne chose Steve Tyrell's arrangements of 'Give Me The Simple Life'. The last soloist, Gerald Wells from Roosevelt, sang Schubert's 'Wohin?', German for 'Where to?'

After completing the solo voice items, the first group category began. Category 2 was the Instrumental Groups: the type of group varied considerably. Macarthur had a Brass Ensemble, Churchill a Flute Group, Montgomery a Rock Group, and Roosevelt a Woodwind Quintet. Category 3 was the Instrumental Solos. From Macarthur, pianist Rhiannon Stevens played 'Golliwog's Cakewalk' by Debussy. Churchill's saxophonist, Alana Quinn played 'Hard Rock Blues', while Montgomery's Jonathon Kwok played Bach's 'Violin Concerto in A Minor'. Roosevelt's Hugh Kendall on trombone completed this category by playing 'Trombone Concerto' 2nd movement by Rimsky-Korsakoff.

The final category was the House Choirs in which each house sang two songs of their choice. Elton John's 'Daniel' and 'Walk On By' by Burt Bacharach was sung by Macarthur.



Churchill sang Billy Joel's 'Uptown Girl' and The Clovers 'Love Potion No. 9'. Montgomery chose 'Hit The Road Jack', by Ray Charles and 'Four Seasons In One Day' by Crowded House. They managed to control the weather as it thundered during their song. 'Blame It On The Sun' by Stevie Wonder and Hall and Oates 'Rich Girl' was sung by Roosevelt.

While Wilbur Wilde tested his Maths, Katrina Milas provided us with a musical interlude singing Van Morrison's 'Moondance'. Then it was it time for what we had all been waiting for. Wilbur went through each of the performances making comments about each one. To break the news to Montgomery who came fourth, he said, "Montgomery you were the worst. I just thought I'd break it to you gently."

Churchill came third and when Macarthur was announced in second place, Roosevelt House members started screaming and punching the air. They knew that they had won. The cup was presented to victorious Creative Arts House Captains, Emma Juniper and Scott Gangell.

It was a thoroughly enjoyable evening and everyone involved deserved a big pat on the back. The new format made the night more interesting and provided a wider variety of entertainment.

Natalie Carter 9C.



WOLLANGARRA

Catrina Hodgson
Zoe Miatke
Gemma Cairns

Days 1 and 2.

Instead of putting on our school uniform and making our way to school on the 23rd. June, the students going to Wollangarra got dressed in old clothes and caught a two hour train trip from Caulfield to Traralgon station. From there we caught the bus to Hayfield where the leaders of Wollangarra picked us up to take us to camp, which was on the other side of a great flying fox. That afternoon we got to know the leaders better, did some bits and pieces around Wollangarra and got all our equipment for the next day's bushwalk. After a good nights sleep in our cabins and a fireside breakfast, we set off for our walk. In our two groups and after getting used to our heavy packs we began walking to our first campsite.

Day 3.

It was a frosty morning but we were more worried about what was ahead of us. Ursula, one of the leaders, said it was going to be the hardest day of the hike. We had hot porridge for breakfast and got our packs ready.

We walked along a dry river bed until we came to a muddy section which we had to climb. It was so slippery but we all pushed each other up. The other group had left ribbons so that we could follow their path. We climbed a steep track using our hands to dig into the soil but thankfully we had lots of rests. Finally, we reached a very muddy road near the top of the mountain which led us down to the foot of the mountain. We came to a place called 'Bushman's Letterbox' where we had lunch in heavy rain. The other group met up with us just as we were leaving.

A while later, we came across a cattleman's family home with a rotting cow nearby. The house was about 100 years old and was named 'Burgoyne's Hut'. We kept on walking through the wondrous surroundings of the bush and finally reached our campsite.

As usual we set up tents, got water, set up the toilet and cooked dinner, telling stories until bedtime.

Day 4.

When we woke up on the fourth day of the hike, we were wet. We were drenched through to the skin. Our sleeping bags, clothes, packs and tents were saturated. We emerged from our tents looking half drowned and we all got ready for the last day of the hike.

We had a great time that day with the hope that we would be at Wollangarra by nightfall.

We were walking along the ridges of mountains so it was very slippery and several of us fell but nobody really hurt themselves. The countryside was green and lush and we saw interesting tree and rock formations. We also saw a wonderful rainbow.

We made it back to Wollangarra back across the flying fox and feasted on a delicious dinner. We were all extremely proud of ourselves for completing the hike.

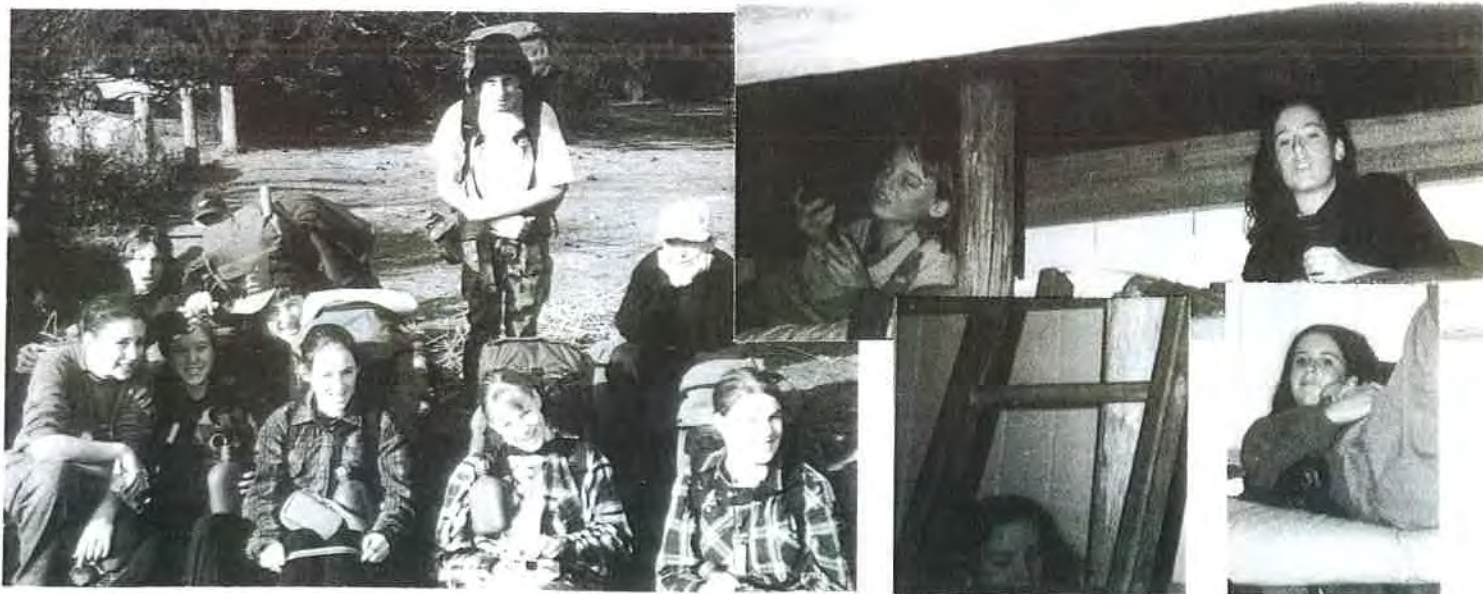
Day 5.

We woke up to another wet morning, but luckily this time we were in the cabins instead of the tents. We were all sad it was the last day, but we all felt a sense of achievement.

That morning we helped the staff to do chores around the house like taking all the bags across the flying fox, sorting out wet clothes from the hike, and some people were helping to things inside the house. We had lots of free time and lots of people took this opportunity to take last minute photos. We had lunch at Wollangarra and then were driven in the old army 4WD to Heyfield. We said our fond farewells (almost in tears) and we left the smiling faces of the Wollongarra staff far behind as the bus pulled away.

We jumped on the train at Traralgon, express to Caulfield where we met our parents.

We advise everyone to go on this camp - it was an opportunity of a lifetime.



ACADEMIC AWARDS

SPECIAL AWARDS

SENIOR WRITER'S AWARD

Shared between ANH BUI and ANTONIA SEMLER.

SENIOR POETRY AWARD

TOM WARK.

DON ANDERSON AWARD

ELIZABETH WALKER.

C.H.E.S.S. AWARD

COLIN BYRNE

ALL ROUNDER AWARD

GEDE SUPARSA

CITIZENSHIP AWARD

JO ALBERT

JURGEN TAUCHERT AWARD

STACEY MITCHELL

DUX OF THE SCHOOL

DIANNA PHAM

PRINCIPAL'S AWARD

KIMBERLEY COLTMAN



ACADEMIC AWARDS

Diana Phan: Chemistry, English, Maths Methods and Physics.

Alister Crow: Accounting, Economics and English.

Duncan Elliot: Specialist Maths, Physics and Maths Methods.

Kon Profitis: Specialist Maths, English and Chemistry.

Jo Albert: English and Maths Methods.

Kimberley Coltman: English and German.

Robyn Ellis: Art and Studio Art.

Nicole Kahn: English and Psychology.

Ming Kalanon: Biology and Classical Civilization & Culture.

Hugh Kendall: History and Music.

Penny Tan: Accounting and E.S.L.

Elizabeth Walker: English and Literature.

Ben Wilhelms: Geography and Media Studies.

Tara Angevin: Further Maths.

Seamus Barker: Classical Civilization & Culture.

Colin Byrne: Information Processing & Management.

Michael Foropoulos: Further Maths.

Terri Hilaris: Human Development.

Rick Lee: Graphic Communication.

Mohammad Malik: Maths Methods.

Stacey Mitchell: Materials & Technology - Foods.

Jacque Plasto: Physical Education.

Alister Quinn: Physics.

Arash Roshan: Chemistry.

Daniel Rule: English.

David Seddon: English.

Kim Stanning: Legal Studies.

Sarah Tee: Indonesian.

Joanna Yiu: E.S.L.

SPORTS AWARDS

PERFORMANCES IN THREE OR MORE SPORTS.

Cameron Baker: Athletics, Football, Swimming and Tennis.

Emma Buckley: Athletics, Basketball, Football and Softball.

Kimberley Coltman: Athletics, Basketball and Cross-country.

Gede Suparsa: Athletics, Cross-country and Volleyball.

Ben Wood: Athletics, Baseball and Soccer.

Paul Young: Athletics, Basketball and Cross-country.

Athletics: Nina McLean.

Baseball: David Shields, David Wood.

Basketball: Casey Asmus, Marcus Djuric, David Hedger, David Seddon, Kim Stanning, David Shields, Elyse Wood, Renae Wood.

Football: Casey Asmus, Tim Burger, Guy Mason, Gerald Wells, David Wood.

Golf: Jamie Agaliotis, Tim Burger, Stef Stefanakos.

Hockey: Luke Nelson.

Netball: Jo Albert, Joanne Palmer, Vyvyan Taylor.

Soccer: Chris Dimitropoulos, Stef Stefanakos.

Swimming: Colin Byrne, Lee Hauser, Bonnie Stephen, Marcus Djuric.

Tennis: Marcus Djuric.

Volleyball: Lana Collaris, Terri Hilaris, Rebecca Learmont, Kate Mumane, Joanne Palmer, Vyvyan Taylor.

Reflections, recollections and other such banter.

Which thoughts and details does one choose to recall, concerning the most dominant, yet on occasions most melancholy pursuit he has endured thus far in his life?..... Jeez, how would I know, I'm only just reaching the completion of VCE, the most gargantuan, sadistic mental voyage known to modern man. Despite this, the thought of life after school - in the big bad world, although seemingly attractive, scares me half to death.

These were the nonsensical yet frighteningly relevant thoughts infesting my mind as I hunched over my desk, lamp shining incessantly in my eyes and foul instant coffee rotting the walls of my stomach, on my first attempt at writing this here piece. My bed certainly looked warm and inviting, but luckily my better half saved me from imminent slumber....."Puff your chest with unwieldy pride son, you're writing this for *"Prospice"*.

Well, well, well, we're finally finishing school. It only seems like just the other day that I was a wide-eyed year seven, experiencing my first taste of high school potato cakes and the first horrifying whiff of the unseasonably fly-ridden boy's toilet block. Those junior days were times of uncontrollable mischief, when the average male student would attempt to break every classroom rule with heroic gusto daily, while his fellow classmates cheered him on with jovial abandon. It was a time when our future career path aspirations were a toss up between apprentice juvenile delinquency and a Bachelor of Applied Football. I guess we never change. A perfect example of such an anti-discipline school yard prodigy would have to be Brad Anderson. Who will ever forget him? His outlandish year seven orientation camp antics are still vivid in my memory today. If my memory serves me correctly, on three consecutive nights the teachers on the camp felt it hastily necessary to relieve our room's previously uncorrupted young ears from Bradley's graphically detailed verbal depictions of his ideas on the female anatomy debate. On each occasion Brad was immediately introduced to his swank alternative accommodation, the barn. This is but one mere example. Brad and many others were willing participants in numerous other school yard extravaganzas too potentially incriminating to mention. School life has been filled with such characters and not just students either. My year nine Maths teacher, Mr. Phillips was perhaps the biggest punk, in mind and body, that I've had the pleasure (or depending on which way you look at it) the displeasure of meeting.

But those days of classroom banditry are over now, yet great memories will eternally remain. Now we have to open our eyes, both thwarted and in turn protected by school walls for such a time and metamorphosise into "new and improved" people. Unfortunately, or fortunately for some, we have to consider a potential career (aside from juvenile delinquency and football). "Nothing is ever in tune. People just blindly grab at whatever there is: communism, carrot juice, Zen, surfing, ballet, herbs, vegetarianism, India, drinking, Buddha, Christ, frozen yogurt, handmade suits and then it all evaporates and falls apart. People just find things to do while waiting to die. I guess it's nice to have a choice." (Charles Bukowski). Who really knows what the future holds for us. I honestly believe that no one at our age really knows what they want to do with the rest of their life, and how the hell to function in our society without someone holding their hand. There is still (and always will be) a lot of learning to be done. Sure we have a few distant ideas, but how on Earth do we achieve them? Maybe you'll read about me some time in the future. I can see the headlines now.....

**Dan Rule, wealthy poet, philosopher and fireman wins
Nobel Peace Prize for being a generally nice sort.**

Unfortunate, but much more likely scenario:

**Dan Rule, failed and insignificant poet, philosopher and fireman dies
tragically when caught in crossfire between local fisherman and milk
proprietor, in dispute over recent increase in bait prices.**

Oh well, we must evolve and move on to life's next little set of challenges. "We are riding the wind, we are sailing the storm, through a new age of darkness, we are helmsmen of the dawn" (Kev Baker). I would like to thank all my friends, acquaintances, teachers and especially the canteen ladies for making my high school life an enjoyable one. Good luck in your future escapades and I hope you all have fun and "successful" lives. I'd better go. so in the immortal words of '90s comic hero Gonad Man: "Welcome to Lalaland.....it's all down hill from here."

DAN RULE Year 12.

LIFE IN V.C.E.



Hello there!
Read-on
and I'll take
you on a
casual
gander
through
an average
day of a
V.C.E.
Student.



Morning greetings
from Mr Tenner.



You, your late,
tuck your
shirt in,
is that
a t-
shirt?
now
look...
here...



Early
morning
hacky
sac
sessions

Art
class!



Less talk,
more work.



Lunch time
hacky sac
sessions.

Now, divide the fifth
function by the product of
the tangent, subtract the sum
of a dozen
sevens....
easy!



Maths
class.



Get to
class.....
Now!

Mid
afternoon
hacky
sac



Well there
you go, a
behind the
scenes glimpse
of a day in
the life of
a V.C.E.
student.
Time to
go home...
and start
homework.

HOME TIME!



RICK LEE. YR. 12.



PENNY TAN
Dream/Ambition:
 "To become the Pied Piper of Camberwell High School."
Quote/Saying:
 "Stay rich."



JIMMY CHIU
Dream/Ambition:
 "To be number one."
Quote/Saying:
 "No matter what you want to be, be the best."



HELEN HSU
Dream/Ambition:
 "To be happy everyday."
Quote/Saying:
 "Don't worry, be happy."



SHOU LI YAN



JOAN KEVREKIAN
Dream/Ambition:
 "To travel around the world."
Quote/Saying:
 "That's your opinion!"



JACK TANG
Dream/Ambition:
 "To explore the meaning of life."
Quote/Saying:
 "What a life!"



LEE HAUSER
Dream/Ambition:
 "To be a successful social worker."
Quote/Saying:
 "You're freaking me out, man!"



ANWAR MALIK
Dream/Ambition:
 "To be the first person to land on Pluto."
Quote/Saying:
 "If you want to be what you want to be, then be what you want to be, and to be what you want to be then believe in what you want to be."



REBECCA LEARMONT
Dream/Ambition:
 "To be free."
Quote/Saying:
 "The best things in life are free."



TERRI HILARIS
Dream/Ambition:
 "To become a physio and work in Europe."
Quote/Saying:
 "Gimme a chance."



KON PROFITIS
Dream/Ambition:
 "To become a doctor and remain a decent guy."
Quote/Saying:
 "I came, I saw, I conquered."



KON KYPARISOUDIS
Dream/Ambition:
 "To get into medicine or a medicine related course."
Quote/Saying:
 "I think, therefore I am."



LANA COLLARIS



DIANA PHAN



ANGELA VARELAS
Dream/Ambition:
 "To assist disadvantaged people or people in need."
Quote/Saying:
 "How romantic."



HEATH SHAKESPEARE
Dream/Ambition:
 "To be rich and famous."
Quote/Saying:
 "Brain damage is caused by thinking too much."



YUSRIA BAHFEN



ALISTAIR 'BIG AL' SHIELD
Dream/Ambition:
 "To write an episode of 'Melrose Place', give Aaron Spelling a heart attack, and win an award for it."
Quote/Saying:
 "Right versus wrong, good versus evil, God versus the devil: what side are YOU on?"



MICHAEL ANDERSEN



NARA GASCO
Dream/Ambition:
 "To travel the world."
Quote/Saying:
 "I feel sick"



JOHN COPLIN



NICKY BIDLO
Dream/Ambition:
 "To become a journalist and to play in a band at Wembley Stadium."
Quote/Saying:
 "Evil has many faces, mine is one of them."



MICHAEL MCCLELLAND
Dream/Ambition:
 "Mercenary."
Quote/Saying:
 "Umm, there's nothing better than the smell of Napalm in the morning."



RACHEL BLACKBOURN



KELVIN LEE
Dream/Ambition:
 "Umm...Rule the world?!"
Quote/Saying:
 "Du ma Way!!"



TRINH KHUU



JOANNA YIU
Dream/Ambition:
 "To be rich and happy."
Quote/Saying:
 "I don't know...oh yeah?!"



STUART CALDWELL
Dream/Ambition:
 "To find something to do."
Quote/Saying:
 "Help, I'm bored."



CHRIS POC
Dream/Ambition:
 "To become a designer."
Quote/Saying:
 "Calvin...you idiot!"



CHRIS DIMITROPOULOS
Dream/Ambition:
 "To be happy, healthy and successful."
Quote/Saying:
 "Life iz a killa so eez up Charlie."



WILMA TIEU
Dream/Ambition:
 "Success!"
Quote/Saying:
 "For a minute you're angry, you lose 60 seconds of happiness."



MIKI NAKAGAWA
Dream/Ambition:
 "To travel around the world."
Quote/Saying:
 "I cannot think of anything."



ERIC JIM
Dream/Ambition:
 "To become a rich man."
Quote/Saying:
 "Listen to your walkman."



JAMIE AGALOTIS
Dream/Ambition:
 "To become the most powerful man in the world."
Quote/Saying:
 "You have no evidence, sir."



LANA ZHANG
Dream/Ambition:
 "To find an answer to every question."
Quote/Saying:
 "Well....."



GIDEON TUINAUVAI



MARCUS DJURIC
Dream/Ambition:
 "To be movie director and earn heaps of money."
Quote/Saying:
 "Keep it simple, stupid!"



STEF STEFANAKOS



JAMES PICKARD;
Dream/Ambition:
 "To be 'Baywatch's' oil boy."
Quote/Saying:
 "Scruffy can be sexy."



THAI LE



TIM PERKINS



JANE INGRAM
Dream/Ambition:
 "To work in Canada."
Quote/Saying:
 "Rock on '97."



DENNIS VALETIC



CARL GOODIN



CASEY ASMUS
Dream/Ambition:
 "To have a problem free car for a week."
Quote/Saying:
 "Serious, don't lie....."



ANH BUI
Dream/Ambition:
 "Success!"
Quote/Saying:
 "Don't be such a cat!"



AMANDA VINCEC
Dream/Ambition:
 "To stay alive."
Quote/Saying:
 "Excuse me."



KIM STANNING
Dream/Ambition:
 "To live life largely."
Quote/Saying:
 "Go Bombers! Go AST!"



GEDE SUPARSA (AKA ROB KELLY, AKA FRITZ.)
Dream/Ambition:
 To get an invite into Hugh's trombone case.
 To own a red Mini Cooper 'S'.
Quote/Saying:
 "G'day."



DAVID SHIELDS
Dream/Ambition:
 "To grow the fro'. To prevent the extinction of the sunbear."
Quote/Saying:
 "I don't need a haircut."



JAMES WIGHT
Dream/Ambition:
 "To be a golf pro."
Quote/Saying:
 "Image is nothing, thirst is everything....drink tap water because it is cheap."



EMMA BUCKLEY
Dream/Ambition:
 "To be remembered."
Quote/Saying:
 "There's nothing wrong with being short."



NICOLE KAHN
Dream/Ambition:
 "To join the mile high club while travelling the world."
Quote/Saying:
 "Hang on, I'll ask Johnny."



EMMA JUNIPER
Dream/Ambition:
 "To live."
Quote/Saying:
 "Pass the ashtray!"



HUGH KENDALL
Dream/Ambition:
 ???
Quote/Saying:
 "I'm a legend in my own trombone case."



KENT MACKIESON



OOPS!



NICK COOK



RENAE WOOD
Dream/Ambition:
 "To fly helicopters."
Quote/Saying:
 "Crazy kids!"



MICHAEL FOROPOULOS
Dream/Ambition:
 "To own a CSV."
Quote/Saying:
 "V8 Power Rulez."



ASHLEY LYALL
Dream/Ambition:
 "To live and long and prosper."
Quote/Saying:
 "Have you seen Stacey anywhere?"



JIM RYAN
Dream/Ambition:
 "To get a decent job and earn lots of money."
Quote/Saying:
 "What's brown and knocks at your window?"



NINA McLEAN
Dream/Ambition:
 "To hear Channel 7 football commentators use correct syntax."
Quote/Saying:
 "Yeah, that's gunna be happening!"



EVAN PAPILO
Dream/Ambition:
 "To live forever."
Quote/Saying:
 "Have fun!"



STACEY MITCHELL
Dream/Ambition:
 "To own my own restaurant."
Quote/Saying:
 "I don't have a high pitched voice."



ASHLEY YETER
Dream/Ambition:
 "To be able to spot someone wearing camouflage in a jungle."
Quote/Saying:
 "Did someone say military?"



DAVID WOOD
Dream/Ambition:
 "To travel the Kimberley's whilst indulging in a vast almost plethoric array of worms, berries and the like as the apprentice 'Bushucker man'.
Quote/Saying:
 "Who's up for hackey?"



PAUL YOUNG
Dream/Ambition:
 "Represent Australia in the 1500 metres at any Olympic games."
Quote/Saying:
 "I, myself, had a good run, winning easily."



ANTHONY ACFIELD
Dream/Ambition:
 "To find the lost city of Atlantis."
Quote/Saying:
 "If at first you don't succeed... destroy all evidence that you tried."



JANA MARCAK
Dream/Ambition:
 "To be rich! rich! rich!"
Quote/Saying:
 "Just tricken'."



ELYSE WOOD



LUKE KNIGHT



ASTRID McCORMACK
Dream/Ambition:
 "To be a restaurant critic and travel the world tasting food."
Quote/Saying:
 "Go Bombers! Go Vin!"



DAVID BEATTIE
Dream/Ambition:
 "To avoid all types of correctional facilities."
Quote/Saying:
 "I've been tied up, used and abused, I just wanna go home!"



TAYA KOH
Dream/Ambition:
 "To make heaps of money."
Quote/Saying:
 "Can't wait to get to Uni."



LUKE NELSON
Dream/Ambition:
 "To travel around Northern Australia."
Quote/Saying:
 "Everyone gets what they deserve."



JACQUIE EVANS



LUKE WOLOKH
Dream/Ambition:
 "To sleep...and get paid for it!"
Quote/Saying:
 "You can put me in school, but you can't make me learn."



VAN DO



TIM BUIRSKI
Dream/Ambition:
 "Living and searching for the experience."
Quote/Saying:
 "Tune in, turn on, drop out."



TARA ANGEVIN
Dream/Ambition:
 "To find out my purpose in life."
Quote/Saying:
 "Humans speak of miracles but are we not a miracle ourselves?"



RORY TIDBALL



LIAM PATTERSON
Dream/Ambition:
 "To be an author."
Quote/Saying:
 "Bottoms up punters!"



ROBERT IVES
Dream/Ambition:
 "To trek around Australia on the dole."
Quote/Saying:
 "Git Sum!"



GUY MASON
Dream/Ambition:
 "To grow in my relationship with God."
Quote/Saying:
 "We live to die, we rise to fall, till life is naught and Christ is all."



CAM BAKER
Dream/Ambition:
 "To experience more of God."
Quote/Saying:
 "Jesus is the truth and life."



RICHARD WHITEHEAD
Dream/Ambition:
 "To coast through life easily and happily."



JACQUI PLASTO
Dream/Ambition:
 "To travel to the Greek Islands and Barbados *in style*."
Quote/Saying:
 "Only tequila and champagne will do."



JO ALBERT
Dream/Ambition:
 "To travel, be relaxed and keep being challenged."
Quote/Saying:
 "I don't think so."



ALYSIA MATTINGLEY
Dream/Ambition:
 "To travel the world and gain a better perspective on life."
Quote/Saying:
 "Life is either a daring adventure or nothing."



JAMES FRASER



TIM BURGER
Dream/Ambition:
 "To be a professional golfer."
Quote/Saying:
 "Like a lighthouse."



GERALD WELLS
Dream/Ambition:
 "To control your psyche."
Quote/Saying:
 "Trust me."



ALEX GIANNOPOULOS
Dream/Ambition:
 "To try everything twice."
Quote/Saying:
 "Chill right out."



KIMBERLEY COLTMAN
Dream/Ambition:
 "To meet a tall, dark and handsome man, with lots of money."
Quote/Saying:
 "I can't, I'm training tonight."

**DUNCAN ELLIOTT****Dream/Ambition:****"Rock Star."****Quote/Saying:****"Not everything in black and white makes sense."****ANTONIA SEMLER****Dream/Ambition:****"To change the world."****Quote/Saying:****"What a crock of schtumpy."****TOM HURLE****Dream/ambition:****"To live in the country with an open fireplace and a view of the stars."****Quote/Saying:****"Let's go out, I want some action!"****KAREN WHARTON****Dream/Ambition:****"To succeed."****Quote/Saying:****"These are the best choc-chip cookies in the whole world."****ADAM AFIIF****Dream/Ambition:****"Fast cars, fast women, slow music."****Quote/Saying:****"Now."****ELIZABETH WALKER****CAMPBELL BENSON****Dream/Ambition:****"To be a chick magnet."****Quote/Saying:****"Beer's better than brain cells."****CATHERINE FISHER****Dream/Ambition:****"To be a professional lollie tester."****Quote/Saying:****"If I was a pig, I bet I could fly."****BENJAMIN WILHELMS****Dream/Ambition:****"To travel to Hong Kong to London by land."****Quote/Saying:****"S'Fan...tastic!"****JOANNE WITHY****RHIANNON STEVENS****Dream/Ambition:****"To have success in life."****Quote/Saying:****"Bitch troll from hell!"****YOLANDE NICHOLSON****Dream/Ambition:****"To be famous."****Quote/Saying:****"Catch my drift, get the picture."****DAN RULE****Dream/Ambition:****"To surf, travel and be happy."****Quote/Saying:****"Retreat, you heathenous swine, or risk incurring the full brunt of my seething wrath!"****RICK LEE****Dream/Ambition:****"Travel, surf, draw and maintain dope, fresh moves."****Quote/Saying:****"Is this a height thing?"****STEPHEN GIBLETT****Dream/Ambition:****"To be better than Marc Martin."****Quote/Saying:****"I'm outta here!"****DANIEL KUKIEL****Dream/Ambition:****"To become a rap star and be respected for generations to come."****Quote/Saying:****"My style is more John Blaze than that."****BEN WOOD****Dream/Ambition:****"To keep the beats mean in the flatline crew from '97 onwards."****Quote/Saying:****"I'll give anything a go at least once in my life."****LEIGHTON VIVIAN****Dream/Ambition:****"To become an evil world dictator."****Quote/Saying:****"I can't believe how big it is."****MARC MARTIN****NICHOLAS DALRYMPLE****Dream/Ambition:****"To create a phenomenon bigger than 'Sesame Street'."****Quote/Saying:****"But that's another story...."****QUYEN THAI****Dream/Ambition:****"To be happy."****Quote/Saying:****"I'm bored."****VYVYAN TAYLOR****Dream/Ambition:****"To live to see this in print."****Quote/Saying:****"Whatever."****KATE MURNANE****Dream/Ambition:****"To travel the world and sky dive on my 100th birthday."****Quote/Saying:****"Don't change."****JOANNE PALMER****Dream/Ambition:****"To own my own business."****Quote/Saying:****"I'm not MINDA."**



ALISTER CROW



MICHAEL McMAHON
 Dream/Ambition:
 "To meet John Howard!"
 Quote/Saying:
 "I love Johnny!"



LUKE COATS
 Dream/Ambition:
 "To join the Army!"
 Quote/Saying:
 "Where's the beers!"



CALVIN TAM
 Dream/Ambition:
 "To be the best at what I do."
 Quote/Saying:
 "Knowing is not enough, we must
 apply,
 Willing is not enough, we must do."



SAM RAYDAN
 Dream/Ambition:
 "To be a master musician."
 Quote/Saying:
 "Yes sir, I know."



DAVE SEDDON
 Dream/Ambition:
 "The three 'S's'.
 Quote/Saying:
 "Why not?"



OWEN MATHEWS
 Dream/Ambition:
 "To make a million by age 25."
 Quote/Saying:
 "I refer you to the case of the
 rubber and the glue."



EMILY WHATMOUGH
 Dream/Ambition:
 "To live on an island and be rich
 and famous."
 Quote/Saying:
 "Mio."



COLIN BYRNE
 Dream/Ambition:
 "To be struck down by a falling
 dolphin."
 Quote/Saying:
 "Shattered."



ALISTER QUINN
 Dream/Ambition:
 "To cut down a tree with a her-
 ring."
 Quote/Saying:
 "I'm normal, everyone else is the
 weird one."



ROBYN ELLIS
 Dream/Ambition:
 "To be a studio Artist."
 Quote/Saying:
 "Good thinking, Batman."



NICK HAUSSEGER
 Dream/Ambition:
 "To be a plastic surgeon."
 Quote/Saying:
 "The bigger, the better."



BONNIE STEPHEN
 Dream/Ambition:
 "To go to Mars."
 Quote/Saying:
 "What ever ya reckon."

GOODLUCK CLASS OF '97

CANBERRA TRIP

Term one this year saw 40 Year 11 & 12 Legal Studies students take a four day bus trip to Canberra. Before there is mass hysteria at home, the students were accompanied by Mr. Laffin, Mr. Newman and yours truly.

The itinerary was action packed including visits on day two to the Royal Mint, the Film and Archives Centre, the Australian Institute of Sport and the Science and Technology Centre. Day three was just as busy with our program including a visit to the High Court of Australia, Parliament House, The Electoral Education Centre, a tour of Embassies Drive and a quick look at the National Gallery.

A most valuable trip, one which we anticipate will be offered every two years to complement the Legal Studies course.

H. Koutsougeras.



INTO THE DEPTHS.

As the four adventurers descended into the depths, which were the underhalls of Karaz-a-Karaz, they noted the foul stench of decay emanating from in the caverns. The party was very experienced in the art of battle, but every time they entered these depths they were still filled with the dread of the inevitable, death.

As they continued on they noticed the ominous sound of silence and thought it was all wrong. Where were the Orcs? The goblins? And what of daemons, beastmen and dragons? Something evil was afoot. Maybe it was an ambush thought Ungrun. Ungrun was an adventurous dwarf, and everyone knew he would never break from a fight. Wherever gold and a good fight were concerned, you could be sure that Ungrun would be there. Some say that he could win over a Bloodthirster in a hand to hand with one hand tied behind his back. Others have heard stories of him beating a Minotaur in an arm wrestle with one hand and beating off a dozen gobbos with the other one! Though personally I think most of them are a bit excessive, but there's no arguing that he's just about the best person (or dwarf) to have in a scrap.

Meanwhile Jikiri noticed the lantern went slightly dimmer, and with that the silence ended. Howls could be heard further down, along with the other, less recognisable noises. Jikiri was of course an elf, and with that title came many skills. Elves are very fast, compared to humans. Dwarfs and elves also live longer than humans, sometimes having a lifespan of 3-4 hundred years. Elves can also hear better and elven weapons and armour are the most well crafted items in existence, elegant artwork in their own right.

Magnus (the Red) could feel an evil source of magic nearby, because he was of course a wizard (of great renown I might add). Magnus was unfortunately shunned by the eight colleges of magic, because he did not put his mind to just one of the eight, but he follows all of them, which takes great mind capabilities to even try. So he was actually more akin to the High Elven' mages than human, being one of (maybe the most) the most powerful and mind blowing human wizards in existence. If some normal being were to have their mind filled with Magnus' knowledge, they would go insane or their head could even explode!

The wizard could sense a feeling of unease in the barbarian. Ragnar was a grizzled barbarian, though he was only 32. Ragnar was the powerhouse of the party, barging and bashing anything he did not take to his liking. Around his neck he wore a necklace of bear claws and slung over his back was a bearskin which compensated for his lack of armour, being the lining of it was meteoric iron, found in only small amounts in falling meteorites if there was any at all in them anyway!?

As they continued on down the noises and howls could be heard louder and louder, until finally they chanced upon a chaos sorcerer summoning up foul daemons from the realm of chaos, from whence time is meaningless and weak minded and weak minded mortals get roused into a sense of false security and are dragged away to become chaos warriors, following after their favoured god, Slannesh Lord of pleasure, Khorne the blood god, Tzeench the changer of ways, or Nurgle lord of pestilence and scourge of purity.

Possessing a sixth sense, the sorcerer dispersed into a thick, cloying fog. As the four brave adventurers studied the mist closely, they realised that it was forming in the shape of a Manticore, part lion, part bat, part scorpion, its spined tail lashing with anger, its foot long teeth grinning with knowledge of the forthcoming battle, and its wings beating with the dull rumble of thunder. The warriors stood, mesmerised by the sheer immensity of this beast, whilst all the time the sorcerer was growing accustomed to his new body, growing stronger and stronger by the second.

As the warriors came out of their trance, they realised what was happening and drew their weapons, whilst Magnus was busy gathering magical energy. I tell you for a short, stout little fellow, Ungrun could run faster than you would think. As Ungrun leapt into battle, Ragnar decided to join him whilst Jikiri was busy loading his bow. Ungrun hacked into the creature with all his might, as did the barbarian.

Jikiri was the master of the elven longbow and as he drew back, the arrowhead flickered with arcane energy and as he released the arrow everything seemed to momentarily slow down as the arrow ploughed straight through the Manticore's head, literally slicing its brain in half. A normal simply would have stuck into its skin and be done with it, but this arrow had been blessed by the wood elf queen, Ariel.

The Manticore groaned and fell to the ground, its limbs lashing about smashing everything in sight. As the adventurers looked on they thought it was all too easy, a Manticore killed by one single arrow? No way. Then suddenly the Manticore raised its claws and took hold of Ragnar pulling him towards its mouth. Jikiri and Ungrun attacked the Manticore with all their strength, Jikiri sending shaft after shaft into the beast, too fast for the eye to see. Meanwhile, Magnus had been gathering all his energy and with it he cast a great spell. Suddenly a huge magical glade formed in Magnus' hands and with it he himself began to glow with energy. His eyes glazed to a deep blue and his clothes tore apart as his muscles grew in size until he himself was transformed into a huge indescribable beast full of power and bound in magic. As he swirled the sword about him, it set itself alight and Magnus cast it down upon the Manticore slicing it in two. The innards of the Manticore spilled out all through the room and down the cavern.

Magnus then started to form into a pane of glass and with he shattered all over the floor, only then to form back into himself again, weary and in pain, otherwise alright. As Magnus started to regain his senses he wondered where he was and what he was doing there. As the other warriors began to give him an explanation he regained his memory and began searching the sorcerer for gold and weapons for now his back to normal, man not beast.

They had almost forgotten about Ragnar who lay in the corner a long gash through his torso and coughing up blood. Magnus then made a huge sacrifice: he gave away his consciousness and went into a coma in order to heal to the damaged barbarian's body for the spell was so powerful he had to commit his whole mind and body in order to even attempt it. As Magnus slumped to the ground, Ragnar's gash sealed itself up saving him from certain death.

As they took the magician's damaged body from the dungeon (along with piles of gold) they laid it on the back of their wagon on top of many expensive robes and fine silks. They carried back to the city hospital, where it has been ever since. So it is now four and a half years on and Magnus has still not awakened from his peaceful slumber.

Apparently Ungrun's family were slaughtered by hordes of Orcs and for that Ungrun began a slayer, and was killed at the hands of a dragon, less than a year ago. Jiriki has become the general of a wood elf host and leads them to war against the foul tides of the undead. And as for Ragnar he still sits by Magnus' bed waiting for the day when he finally awakes.

LEIGH KLAVER 9B

Winner: Senior Poetry.
THE LOVE SONG OF A POST APOCALYPTIC GENERATION.
by TOM WARK 12 F

Heavy thoughts
on lack of sleep
find me in the melancholy hours
staring over coffee cups
in hollowed out restaurants with a hollowed out sound-
track repeating in my head;
While I'm remembering something
While I'm remembering something....

Outside the towering steel buildings;
in the nameless streets filled
beyond their cluttered limits with hotels and roughs and
guns and cards
citizens and gangs scuttle like rats
flashing into view then out again
like the illuminiscent neon signs
which turn the choking fog to garish pinks and blues
through the rain.
People, hardly human
go about their seedy black - market lives
among the drizzle and ordure, the stench of filth and
food.
They are devoured in this steel jungle;
devoured by the humid monster of the night.

There is no time in this world
as black smog creeps insidiously along the streets
as black smog hangs heavy in the blood - red sky.
No time to feed, no time to love
no time to live,
to die.

The black mist of sulphurous smog
curling tendrils around the ankles of the passers - by
reaching out from street side grates and vents
to dissipate into the chilled night - time air -
I wonder where
the shuffling, shoe - scuffed denizens of this grinding
corporate world,
find their comfort among the bar codes of this cold steel
hell?

But in their watery, hollow, sunken eyes
I find no life that lies
below the surface of that frail human shell.
Numbers in the system
The corporate slaves struggle.....
Their dull hope slipping
to a mantra - like grind:
Consumption will fill the void
Inside the crowded clubs
Thrash bands play to writhing flesh
The tattoo'd bar - girl serves up oblivion
In the glass reality is drowned.
And the seething mob below the stage,
convulses, throbs, contorts in time,
Fingernails clawing at the pounding sound.
More bodies crowd the floor
More hatred fills the room
More anger swells below the band
dancing out aggression,
pining for release.

And the look of utter desolation
hangs heavy in the rancid air
as shapes and ghosts and memories
cackle to a smoke - filled sky
and all around, the wasteland of red ash and ruins
stretches,
stretches,
stretches on.....
Touching all horizons
the infinite ruin ending in infinite dark.

And the brain coloured rain; the thunder remembers....
remembers something.



CAMBERWELL HIGH SCHOOL STAFF - 1997

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Mr. Richard Arnold
Mr. Andrew Barrett
Mr. James Barut
Mr. John Beard
Mr. Stephen Beck
Mrs. Joy Bloumis
Ms. Elida Brereton
Mr. Tony Brookes
Ms. Jillian Brown
Mr. Michael Bucklow
Mr. Julian Cairns (good luck, Jules)
Ms. Sandra Cameron
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Mr. Rudy Dobron
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Mrs. Marcia Fowler
Mrs. Gail Frost
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