



Prospice

Magazine of the
CAMBERWELL HIGH SCHOOL
1954

"PROSPICE" COMMITTEE
1954

Editors: Helen Vercoe, David Johanson.

Sport: Elizabeth Amos, Ray Barnett.

Art: Judith McKinlay, John Finlayson.

Current Events: Anita Bush, Paul Martin.

Activities: Kwong Lee Dow.

Form Reporters: Lucy Hey, Susan Andrew.

House Reporter: Peter Browne.

Form Representatives: Judith Eltham, Kerrie Price, Peter Lee, Joan Homes, Ian Stirling, Joan Curry, Jean Ireland, Andrew Burnside, Roger Greenway, Glenda Jameson, Max Bray, Pamela Forbes, Carol Blake, Jill Davies, Henry Goodenough.

CAMBERWELL HIGH SCHOOL

HEAD MASTER

Mr. A. T. Ebbels, B.A., Dip.Ed.

SCHOOL ADVISORY COUNCIL

Cr. C. R. Cooper, Cr. H. W. Moffat, Cr. M. Dalley, Cr. A. J. Noble, Dr. N. M. Dalton, Dr. F. Duras, Rev. C. Martin, Mr. J. B. F. Moore, Mr. A. G. Brewer, Mr. H. P. Head, Mr. M. Levy, Mr. H. C. Pratt, Mrs. I. A. Robinson, Mr. H. Fleigner.

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Mr. O. J. White, B.A., Dip.Ed.; Mr. A. L. Dawkins, D.T.S.C. (Manual Arts); Mr. C. L. Hallett, B.A., Dip.Ed.; Mr. J. C. Tynan, B.Com., B.Ed., T.T.C. (Comm.); Mr. C. L. Stevens, D.T.S.C. (Manual Arts); Mr. R. A. Hart, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.; Mr. G. R. Horne, B.Com., Dip.Ed., A.A.S.A., T.P.T.C.; Mr. N. J. Higgs, B.A., Dip.Ed.; Mr. R. N. McCance, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.; Mr. J. A. Holloway, Dip.Phy.Ed., T.P.T.C.; Mr. J. W. Onyons, B.A., Dip.Ed.; Mr. G. A. L. Adams, B.A., Dip.Ed.; Mr. A. W. Muirden, B.A., B.Ed.; Mr. R. Cooling, Manual Training Cert's, Tech. Cert's.; Mr. W. I. Hayward, M.A., Dip.Ed.; Mr. C. Louvigny-Proffesseur es-lettres; Mr. M. Jenner, T.P.T.C.

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PREFECTS

Girls: Margaret Atkins (Head), Claire Fairhall, Verena Fisch, Shirley Floyd, Elaine French, Helen Fulton, Wendy Jensen, Alison Thompson.

Boys: John Addie (Head), William Blythe, Pierre Fink, Malcolm Douglas, Kwong Lee Dow, Alan Moore, Geoffrey Osborne, Barrie Yee.

HOUSE CAPTAINS

Churchill: Joyce Rowe, James Coyle.

MacArthur: Ingeborg Graze, John Foster.

Montgomery: Margaret Haines, Raymond Barnett.

Roosevelt: Lucy Hey, Keith Richardson.

FORM CAPTAINS

Va: Helen Scarce. **Vb:** Geoffrey Osborne. **Iva:** Merrilyn Rankin, John Clarke. **IVb:** Jennifer Tresize, Raymond Spark. **IVc:** Wendy Morcom, Gary Miller. **IVd:** Carol Day. **IVe:** Faye Crellin, John Passmore. **IIla:** Dawn West. **IIlb:** Rachel Faggetter. **IIlc:** Ian Sonderhoff. **IIId:** Ian Baker. **IIle:** Ashley Thompson. **IIIf:** Janet Brown, John Standeven. **IIa:** Ruth Pearson, Allan Kohler. **IIb:** Dorothy Green. Donald Collie. **Ia:** Jill Levy, Graham Barrow. **Ib:** Brian Horwood, Rae Lamb.

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PROSPICE COMMITTEE

Back Row (left to right): Raymond Barnett, John Finlayson, Paul Martin.

2nd Back Row (left to right): Roger Greenway, Peter Lee, Andrew Burnside, Kwong Lee Dow, Max Bray, Peter Browne, William Goodenough.

2nd Front Row (left to right): Jill Davies, Glenda Jameson, Jean Ireland, Ian Stirling, Judith Eltham, Pam Forbes, Susan Andrew, Lucy Hey.

Front Row (left to right): Joan Holmes, Carol Blake, Judith McKinlay, Helen Vercoe (Co-Editor), Miss Robertson, David Johanson (Co-Editor), Anita Bush, Kerrie Price, Joan Stanger.

EDITORIAL

THE great thinkers of this war weary world of ours have told us repeatedly that the alternative to war is education. For tomorrow's world to be peaceful, tomorrow's citizens, so they have said, must be taught the theme of "peace on earth and goodwill towards men." An educated race is the alternative to a barbaric one which will survive, should we allow our civilisations to be devastated, our cities to be razed and our culture to be annihilated by the atomic warfare which is threatening mankind.

The brotherhood of man is no myth. But we must be educated to understand it, to be able to organise it, and above all, to allow our own interests to be modified, so that we may appreciate the feelings of our fellow-men.

Our race must be taught to have a common object, to have one goal for which all nations shall work. Some great ideological plan, the fulfilment of a happy world, utter devotion to a Being far greater than ourselves — these are the ambitions after which we must strive.

Education, then, is the alternative to disaster,

but this being so, what are we to be taught? In what way will we educate our children, that peace may return to the earth once more?

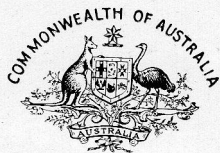
The answer lies in service — service to our fellow man, service to the community, service to ideals, and greater than any of these, service to God. For, before we know of what peace consists, we must submit ourselves — body, soul and mind — to the Prince of Peace.

In this regard our noble Queen has set us a shining example. She has been pleased to dedicate herself to service. Her whole life has willingly been surrendered to this cause, the service of others. The proof of this we have been able to witness in the past year, and there is scarcely a person on this earth who has set us a greater example than has our Queen.

For the sake of our fellow man, our descendants, and ourselves, therefore, let us educate, and allow ourselves to be educated, in the great things of life. And above all, let us serve.

—Helen Vercoe, Va, David Johanson, Vb.

A MESSAGE FROM THE PRIME MINISTER



PRIME MINISTER,
CANBERRA.

15th October, 1954.

Dear Helen and David,

Would you convey to the boys and girls of the Camberwell High School, through "Prospice" the best wishes of both myself and my wife.

When I was at school I had a hand at running a newspaper myself. That probably explains my nostalgia for school publications and my warm fellow feeling for those who undertake the labour of producing them.

And that no doubt explains why I have taken these few minutes off to answer your request.

But you wanted a message, so may I express this thought: "It's curious how easily a decent pride is confused with boasting. So far as talk of the British Empire is boasting, let us end it. But so far as it shows a quiet pride in the achievements of our fathers and our hope and confidence for the future let us stand up and be proud."

Again my very best wishes,

Yours sincerely,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, which appears to read "Robert Menzies".

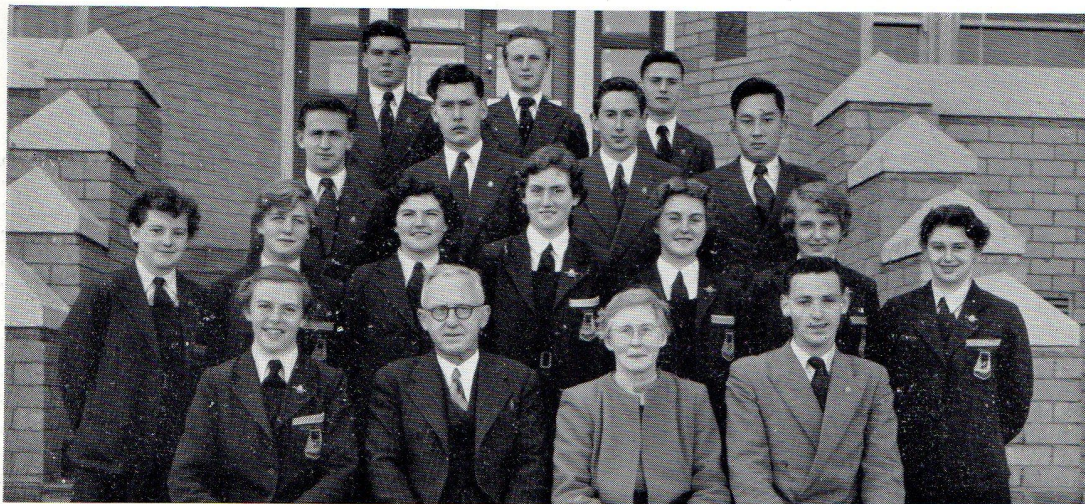
(Signed) R. G. MENZIES.

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PREFECTS

Back Row (left to right): Alan Moore, Geoffrey Osborne, Pierre Fink.

2nd Back Row (left to right): William Blythe, Malcolm Douglas, Barrie Yee, Kwong Lee Dow.

3rd Back Row (left to right): Shirley Floyd, Verena Fisch, Helen Fulton, Alison Thompson, Elaine French, Wendy Jensen, Claire Fairhall.

Front Row (left to right): Margaret Atkins (Head), Mr. Ebbels, Miss Robertson, John Addie (Head).

VALEDICTORY

IN August Miss A. P. Cook, B.A., Dip.Ed., our Senior Mistress, was farewelled by Pupils and Staff on the eve of her retirement.

After outstanding service in various High Schools, Miss Cook joined our staff in February, 1951. In charge of the Mathematics Department, she brought to her subject rare qualities of mind and enthusiasm.

Her interest in students who passed through the school continued beyond the classroom, for

she also followed their careers with keen interest.

In carrying out her arduous duties as Senior Mistress, Miss Cook not only won the admiration of both pupils and teachers, but at the same time won their affection also.

Miss Cook takes with her the sincere wishes of students, parents and teachers for many years of health and happiness in which to enjoy her well deserved leisure.

STAFF NOTES

At the beginning of the year, due to promotion, Miss Mustey moved to a position at Glenroy High School; Miss Mason at Mac-Robertson Girls' High School; Mr. Knight at University High School; and Mr. Miller at Dimboola High School. Miss Whatley and Mr. James continued University studies.

Members of staff who joined us at the beginning of the year are: Miss H. Gordon, Miss M. Bearlin, Mrs. N. Eggleston, Mr. G. Adams, and Mr. C. Louvigny. We welcome them to Camberwell High School and hope that they will enjoy their stay with us.

Early in the year we were very unfortunate to lose the services of both Miss Cook and Miss Dunne through ill-health. During Terms II

and III Miss Robertson had to take several months' leave on account of illness. Then at the end of Term II Mrs. Weir became ill and had to leave us. We wish them a very speedy recovery.

The loss of these teachers caused a staff shortage which was relieved by the temporary appointment of the following teachers:—Mr. Baird (Term I), Mr. Brandreth (Terms I and II), Mrs. McIntosh (Term II), and Mr. Atkinson (Term II). During Term II Mrs. Higgs and Mr. Jenner also joined our staff, and during Term III we gained the services of Mrs. Deed, Mrs. Franich and Miss Hunter. We greatly appreciate the aid of these people in helping us to overcome our staffing difficulties.

EXAMINATION RESULTS, 1953

LEAVING CERTIFICATE—*Passed: 61.*

GIRLS: Jennifer Bearlin, Barbara Bonniface, Jill Bottoms, Margaret Burr, Adeline Chapman, Gillian Cole, Norma Corrie, Wynsome Cousins, Dorothy Davies, Joy Denham, Dorothy Donnelly, Patricia Giblett, Valerie Gordon, Isobel Harris, Angela Hitch, Anne Holdaway, Roslyn Johnston, Beverley Jones, Elaine Jones, Jeanette Kinnersley, Dorothy Morgan, Wendy Morrow, Wendy Pomroy, Janet Richardson, Rosina Robinson, Glenise Rogers, Margaret Semmel, Elizabeth Spicer, Gillian Stewart-Murray, June Sutton, Janet Walker, Barbara Walters, Beverley Whitby, Edwina Wilde, Margaret Young.

BOYS: Richard Aitken, John Allpress, Roy Andrews, Ronald Armstrong, Neil Chick, John Cole, William Crook, Mervyn Day, Neville Daynes, Jack Henderson, Geoffrey Holland, Roger Holmes, Lynton Incoll, Peter Jennings, Thomas Klinger, Graeme MacNamara, Allen McNaughton, Barry Morgan, Malcolm Munro, Warwick Pace, Ian Phillips, Barrie Pittock, David Pitts, Graeme Pratt, Graeme Smith, Robert White.

INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE—

Passed: 125.

GIRLS: Margaret Atkins, Pamela Bellamy, Heather Brown, Suzanne Brown, Marion Ellis, Claire Fairhall, Judith Fenn, Shirley Floyd, Elaine French, Lesley Fulton, Ingeborg Graze, Judith King, Judith McKinlay, Margaret Parker, Jean Parkin, Kathryn Smith, Carleen Urquhart, Wendy Williams, Margaret Bandt, Elizabeth Amos, Susan Andrew, Judith Ball, Elaine Brooke, Rosemary Burr, Anita Bush, Lynette Dudley, Verena Fisch, Helen Fulton, Margaret Haines, Lucy Hey, Judith Ingwersen, Wendy Jensen, Kay Millar, Betty Rule, Helen Scarce, Elisabeth Shiffon, Judith Taylor, Helen Vercoe, Janice Wellwood, Patricia Buck, Helen Collyer, Judith Harris, Barbara Kirby, Wendy Layton, Margaret Mitchell, Jane Robertson, Joyce Rowe, Loraine Savage, Mina Weinstein, Janice White, Dawn Waller, Patricia Anderson, Lesley Bain, Marie Barker, June Blackwell, Robin Browning, Joy Burke, Elizabeth Couper, Denise Curry, Paulette Farrell, Barbara Fisher, Beverley Holmes, Shirley Johnston, Eileen La Galle, Gwendolyn Owen, Fay Pimm, Valerie Pitts, Maretta Thom, Alison Thompson, Margaret Thorgerson.

BOYS: Peter Browne, Brian Davies, Rodney Delbridge, Alan Droscher, Howard Eakins,

Malcolm Evans, Pierre Fink, John Finlayson, John Giltinan, David Johanson, Richard Langford, Paul Martin, Donald Matthews, Geoffrey Osborne, John Rennie, Alexander Rentoul, Peter Willoughby, Barrie Yee, John Addie, John Backstrom, Raymond Barnett, William Blythe, Rodney Boon, Ian Burnside, Malcolm Douglas, Donald Goodridge, David Henry, Kwong Lee Dow, James Martyn, Alan Moore, Alan Nicholls, Vaughn Read, Keith Richardson, George Rolfe, Bryan Stanistreet, Barrie Sutton, Graeme Atkins, Gordon Bower, Clive Brownsea, Alan Cooney, Jim Dyer, Kenneth Evans, Norman Fisher, John Foster, Geoffrey Francis, Edward Kidd, Geoffrey Kingsley, Alan Parker, George Priestly, George Russell, Bruce Smith, Barry Stafford, Raymond Symons, Stephen Wisdom, James Coyle.

JUNIOR SCHOLARSHIP: Clive Beed, Elizabeth Beilharz, Alan Cole, Nicola Donkin, Christine Fisch, Jean Ireland, Ian Kirk, Geoffrey Sproat.

FREE PLACE: Ann Caffery, Carole Day, Beverley Homes, Margaret Hunt, Geoffrey Nicholls, David Raby, Beverley Rice, John Riddell, Ian Smith, Michael Taussig, Margaret Russell, Patricia Robins, Antoinette Huttner.

LEAVING TEACHING BURSARY: Margaret Atkins, Margaret Bandt, Raymond Barnett, Elaine Brooke, Heather Brown, Peter Browne, Rosemary Burr, Shirley Floyd, David Henry, Lucy Hey, David Johanson, Kwong Lee Dow, Paul Martin, Helen Vercoe, Janice Wellwood.

ADVANCED TYPEWRITING:

8 Credit Passes; 32 Passes.

SHORTHAND THEORY (ADVANCED):

47 Credit Passes; 2 Passes.

SHORTHAND SPEED (120 Words per Minute): *15 Credit Passes; 1 Pass.*

SHORTHAND SPEED (100 Words per Minute): *29 Credit Passes; 4 Passes.*

NURSING BURSARIES: M. F. Barker, P. Bellamy, J. R. Curry, D. M. Donnelly, D. M. Kitchen, J. B. Love, C. G. Nelson, M. M. L. Sprake, B. F. Taylor, D. M. Turner, S. Watson, W. E. Witts, W. E. Worrel.

MATRICULATION TEACHING BURSARIES:

Elaine Jones, Angela Hitch, John Cole, L. Incoll, A. McNaughton, G. Pratt, G. Smith.



HOUSE CAPTAINS

Back Row (left to right): Lucy Hey, Ingeborg Graze, Joyce Rowe.



SCHOOL DIARY

February 2: "Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers—?" q.v. "The Cry of the Children"—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

February 24: Queen arrived and came to see Camberwell High Display at M.C.G.

March 3: Geography excursion to the city to approve Melbourne's Master Plan.

March 14: For the eighth time in succession, Churchill expects to win the swimming sports.

March 15: MacArthur wins Sports. q.v. famous last words March 14.

March 24: Miss Moore makes hydrogen sulphide.

March 25: Prefects' Installation. School Orchestra rends pomp and circumstance for the twelfth time.

April 22: Exams.

April 28: Correction Day.

May 6: Select group of students sees Allan Ladd play, "Julius Caesar," and enjoys supporting movie about the world-champion fly-swatter.

May 11: Social-wow, such a night!

May 12: Hangover!

May 13: Mr. Hallett smokes a cigar.

May 14: School closes for ten days' truce.

June 4: Geography excursion to Holden Manufacturers to study acid action and hidden hunger.

June 5: Trog Invasion. Scotland Yard consulted.

June 7: Choir practice in grim earnest. Classics hepped and bopped.

June 21: Miss Moore makes hydrogen sulphide.

July 22: Warragul visits, is annihilated, and entertained at Social. c/f. May 11.

July 23: Two Warragul girls miss train. Reason?

July 28: Choral contest. Shock tactics by School Orchestra. MacArthur romps home.

August 6: Exams.

August 13: Correction Day. Kids make whoopie!

August 17: Sports Day. Organised brawls, and Tas. sells 80 crates of drink.

August 18: Parents' Day. Parents observe children in native fauna and study behaviour under pressure.

August 19: School Dramatic Society gets dramatic and takes off "King Lear."

August 20: Children are given Religious Instruction Film at Maling Theatre.

August 23: Miss Moore makes hydrogen sulphide.

August 25: Children see film of Queen on the big, luxurious, stereoscopic, panoramic, economy-size screen.

August 27: End of second round.

September 7: Staff and pupils shake hands and come out of corners fighting.

October 2: School Fete — the spirit was willing . . .

October 5: In beautiful surroundings the Inter-house Athletics Sports were narrowly won by Montgomery. It was neck and neck all day.—*Paul Martin, Vb.*

SPEECH NIGHT, 1953

THE School Speech Night of 1953 maintained the high standard of other such occasions, and formed an appropriate close to another year of advance in the School's history, during which we enjoyed the capable guidance of our new Headmaster, Mr. A. T. Ebbels.

This enjoyable event was held on the ninth of December, 1953, in the St. Kilda Town Hall, and, as a climax to the year, and an occasion calculated to inspire the School in the future, the success of the Speech Night was evident.

The massed singing, which was of a high standard, was followed by a speech from Councillor R. C. Cooper, a faithful friend of Camberwell High School, and President of the Advisory Council, who introduced to us our

guest speakers, Major-General F. Kingsley Norris, and his wife, Mrs. Kingsley Norris.

Our Headmaster, Mr. A. T. Ebbels, then delivered his Report, stating that he had much enjoyed his first year at the School, and thanking the Staff, the Advisory Council, and the Parents for the aid which they had given him.

Mr. Ebbels then stated that the School was in extreme need of both an Assembly Hall and a Gymnasium, and that he hoped to commence the construction of the latter during 1954. He also remarked that the School hoped to have a Matriculation Form in 1955.

Major-General Kingsley Norris then delivered his address, stressing that 1953 had been remarkable for two great events — the Coronation of



"Westminster Abbey" — Kerry Merrow, Form IIIc.

Her Majesty, Elizabeth II, and the triumph of the United Nations over the forces of aggression in Korea. He urged the school to dedicate itself to duty as the Queen had done, and to follow the example of the United Nations, in striving for peace at any cost.

Mrs. Kingsley Norris then presented the prizes and awards, after which followed further choral items — admirably rendered by the Junior School and Mixed Choirs, the Madrigal Group and the Form V girls.

Following more massed singing, this stirring and happy occasion concluded with the National Anthem.

PRIZES AND AWARDS

DUX OF SCHOOL: John Allpress.
Proxime Accessit: Albert Pittock.

Form IVa.	Paul Martin.
Form IVb.	Helen Vercoe.
Form IVc.	Helen Collyer.
Form IVd.	Alison Thompson.
Form IIIa.	Sigrid Beilharz.
Form IIIb.	Helen Fenner.
Form IIIc.	Gerald Robinson.
Form IIId.	Geoffrey Sproat.
Form IIIf.	Solomon Benporath.
Form IIIf.	Thelma Fuge.
Form IIIf.	Betty Schaefer.
Form IIa.	Elizabeth Beilharz.
Form IIb.	Antoinette Huttner.
Form Ia.	Barry Teesdale.
Form Ib.	Donald Collie.

SPORTS AWARDS.—Girls: Ina Robinson, Joy Burke, Verena Fisch, Wendy Jensen, Barbara Bonniface, Elizabeth Amos, Elizabeth Ward. Boys: G. Holland, L. Newstead, B. Smith, N. Chick, J. Purser, J. Dyer, G. Osborne, G. Macnamara, J. Mayne, D. Matthews.

HOUSE COMPETITIONS 1953—Girls: MacARTHUR, Boys: CHURCHILL. Aggregate: CHURCHILL.

HEAD PREFECTS: Elizabeth Ward, Graeme Macnamara.

MAGAZINE EDITORS: Anne Holdaway, Graeme Pratt.

—David Johanson, Vb.

THE INSTALLATION OF PREFECTS AND HOUSE CAPTAINS, 1954

The Installation of Prefects and House Captains, held on March 25th at the Maling Theatre, proved to be a most inspiring function, and the solemn dedication which the Prefects made was taken under the best of conditions.

The occasion commenced with the singing of the National Anthem, followed by items by the orchestra, and the massed singing of "Glad Hearts Adventuring." Our guests, Cr. and Mrs. Rolfe, Mayor and Mayoress of Nunawading; Cr. Moffat; and Cr. Cooper and Mrs. Cooper, were introduced to us by our Headmaster, Mr. Ebbels. Cr. Cooper, President of the Advisory Council, then welcomed Cr. Rolfe, Cr. Moffat, the parents, and those children new to the school, and he aroused loud applause from the body of the hall when he described Camberwell High School as "the best school in the metropolitan area." He extended, too, on behalf of the school, a farewell to the Mayor of Nunawading, who will be attending the function of the new Nunawading High School in future.

Mrs. Rolfe then presented the badges and pockets to the Prefects, and an address on "Citizenship" by Cr. Rolfe followed, and he used the words, "Know something about everything, and everything about something" as his theme.

The pledge was then administered by Cr. Rolfe, and signed by the Prefects, whom he congratulated. The Mayoress of Nunawading then spoke, and the House Captains were presented with their badges and pockets.

Following speeches by the Head Prefects, Margaret Atkins and John Addie, and another by Mr. Ebbels, this enjoyable occasion ended with the singing of the National Anthem.

—David Johanson, Form Vb.

ANNUAL HOUSE ATHLETICS MEETING

On Tuesday, 5th October, the Annual House Athletics Meeting was held at the Camberwell Oval in fine weather.

Montgomery and Roosevelt became the main rivals but Montgomery won on the day. Congratulations to Montgomery, and also the other Houses.

We wish to thank the Parents' Association who so kindly set up a refreshment kiosk at the ground.

Finally, we wish to extend our sincere thanks for work done by Mr. Onyons, Mrs. Eggleston and staff.

INTER-HOUSE SWIMMING SPORTS 1954

On Tuesday, the 9th March, 1954, the annual Inter-house Swimming Carnival was held at the Camberwell Baths. The day was perfect, neither too hot for the spectators, nor too cold for the swimmers, and, thanks to the efforts of Mr. Onyons and Mrs. Eggleston, the events proceeded without a hitch, enabling parents and students alike to spend a most enjoyable afternoon.

History was made at these sports. Churchill, after winning the last six swimming sports, was finally defeated, and, as can be seen by the results, MacArthur, the winning house, was victorious over Roosevelt by only half a point, much to the latter's disgust. The results were as follows:—

	Boys	Girls	Aggregate including Mixed Relay
Churchill	47	49	98
MacArthur	49	86	140
Montgomery	68	50½	119½
Roosevelt	83	48½	139½

Championships awarded were:—

Boys 15 yrs. and over .. I. Thompson
14 " " " .. G. Maley
13 " " " .. R. Bell
12 " " " .. R. Hill
11 " " under .. R. Connay

Gir's 15 yrs. and over .. L. Fulton
14 " " " .. L. Anderson
13 " " " .. J. Rennie
12 " " " .. L. Brewer
11 " " under .. P. Brewer

COMBINED SWIMMING SPORTS

On March the 9th, at the Olympic Pool, the Combined Swimming Sports were held. The day, although overcast, was agreeable for both spectators and competitors.

After two years of unsuccessful striving for first place, we won most convincingly, the aggregate scores being:

Camberwell	193
Geelong	139½
Coburg	122
Upwey	95½

Spurred on by the boys' 5½ point win, the girls excelled themselves with a win of 49 points.

Winning almost half the events on the programme, we feel that promotion from "B" to "A" grade is highly probable next year. Though competition will be stronger, it may be that, in

our present form, we shall yet exclaim — "How hath the mighty fallen!"

THE ANNUAL MUSIC FESTIVAL

The school's Annual Music Festival was held at the Hawthorn Town Hall on July 28th, the choral contest being the culmination of eight weeks' rehearsals by all pupils.

The School Orchestra opened the afternoon with an interesting overture and the Headmaster welcomed the Adjudicator, Mrs. Arnold Shore, Mus.Bac., Dip.Ed. As has been the custom, each choir sings two songs, a set piece followed by one of its own choosing.

Set Pieces:

Girls: "To the Night" *A. E. Floyd*
Boys: "Comrades of Mine" *W. G. James*

Free Choices:

Montgomery—

Girls: "The Shepherdess" *E. Blair*
Boys: "Non Nobis Domine" *R. Quilter*

Roosevelt—

Girls: "I waited for the Lord"
Mendelssohn
Boys: "Skye Boat Song" *arr. E. Sharpe*

MacArthur—

Girls: "The Apple Woman" *E. Blair*
Boys: "Water Boy," "I Got a Robe"
Negro Spirituals

Churchill—

Girls: "Oh the Summer"
S. Coleridge-Taylor
Boys: "Give a Man a Horse He Can Ride"
G. O'Hara

While the adjudication was being prepared, Miss Mills introduced a past pupil from the school — Wendy Pomroy, who played two piano solos in excellent fashion, winning well merited applause and appreciation. The Girl Head Prefect thanked Miss Pomroy and made her a presentation.

The adjudicator made many helpful and interesting comments as she spoke on the interest shown today in school music generally, and choral singing in particular. The points awarded were then announced, declaring MacArthur House winner in each section, and thus outright winners. Conductors then expressed appreciation of the co-operation shown by all concerned in their choirs; the Boy Head Prefect moved a vote of thanks to Mrs. Shore.

An inspiring rendition of "Song of the Music Makers" by the girls of the school followed; a most rewarding and satisfying afternoon concluded as the whole school joined in singing the School Song.—*Kwong Lee Dow, Form Vb.*



"Street Scene" — Carl Andrew, Form IVa

SPORTS DAY

One of the most successful functions arranged this year to raise money for the School Gymnasium Fund was a Sports Day for all students of the school, toward the end of the second term.

Throughout the whole day, about seven hundred students participated in various sports — Tennis, Table Tennis, Hand Tennis, Basketball, Softball and Volley Ball. Luckily the weather was fine, and careful planning and organisation in previous weeks gave way to smoothly-run tournaments with everyone entering enthusiastically into that spirit and atmosphere which makes a function of this type successful. Due largely to the help of certain students and their parents, forty crates of soft drink were sold, together with large numbers of sausage rolls, cakes and sweets.

Thanks must be extended to members of MacArthur House for their part in the organisation of the day, and to their parents, some of whom gave their time and energy to make and sell hundreds of sausage rolls; most particularly we must thank our Physical Education teacher, Mr. J. Holloway, who freely gave hours of his time to organise the event, and it is he who must be credited with the success of the day.

—Kwong Lee Dow, Form Vb.

THE FETE

The main effort in the drive for the gymnasium appeal was a Fete held in the school grounds on October 2nd. This event was preceded by much activity in collecting and making articles for the various stalls; for weeks, bright posters and countless broadcasts urged us to bring flowers, cakes, "white elephants," needlework and other contributions. The good response to these requests stocked many stalls, which proved successful by selling out rapidly on the day. There were also other attractions such as

a puppet show, a fortune teller and a "nerve tester."

Afternoon tea was provided by the senior girls and attracted many tired shoppers.

We are much obliged to the Parents' Association for their assistance and sincerely thank the prefects for their work in planning the Fete.

This enjoyable and successful afternoon raised £462, bringing the total of money raised by the school to £700.

METROPOLITAN HIGH SCHOOLS' ATHLETIC SPORTS, 1954

B Section: Tuesday, the 19th October, marked an annual and enjoyable event in the school's activities — the combined Athletics Carnival, held this year at the Carlton Oval.

Camberwell's enthusiasm was not dampened, nor its spirits lowered by the grey skies and occasional showers during the day. Competition throughout the day was keen and though we learnt a lesson in Athletics from the other schools in B Section (in previous years we competed in C Section) everyone was enthusiastic — the day was most enjoyable for all competitors and spectators.

Congratulations are to be extended to all competitors, particularly individual winners — Alan Bishop, Boys' Open 100 yds.; Jack Foster, Boys' Senior High Jump; Dorothy Green, Girls' High Jump.

Sincere thanks must be extended to the many teachers who freely gave of their time to train and help various teams and individuals, particularly to our Sports Master, Mr. J. Onyons, and our Sportsmistress, Mrs. Eggleston, whose untiring work culminated in the successful and pleasurable day.

Results:

Ballarat	1st Place
Upwey	2nd Place
Geelong	3rd Place
Coburg	4th Place
Camberwell	5th Place

CELEBRITY CONCERT

An outstanding effort to raise money for the gymnasium fund was a Celebrity Concert held at Hawthorn Town Hall on August 4th. Past and present pupils of the school who have achieved eminence in the musical world willingly gave their services to provide an enjoyable evening. Opening the programme Mr. Ebbels thanked all artists and the winning house choirs who also contributed.

The function raised £67.



ORCHESTRA

Back Row (left to right): Howard Davies, Barry Veith, Rodney Drake.

2nd Back Row (left to right): Brian Firth, Elaine Robinson, Kwong Lee Dow, Mr. Muirden, Brian Davies, Sandra Eltham, Edward Cole.

3rd Back Row (left to right): Ian Stirling, Margaret Livingstone, Brian Maley, Judith Christie, John Waterworth, Wendy Ablett, Norman Head, Margaret Walsh, Philip Newell, Geoffrey Davidson.

Front Row (left to right): Neil Curry, Margaret Neven, Betty Adams, Hilary Murphy, Miss Mills, Kae Winchel, Cynthia Capon, Denise Shand, Brian James.

ACTIVITIES

SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

Though the orchestra has suffered somewhat from a lack of experienced instrumentalists and from the difficulty of rehearsing outside school hours, it has been pleasing to observe the increasing enthusiasm taken by students of the school in orchestral playing. It seems that in the future the orchestra may take a prominent part in school activities and the outstanding progress made by some young members certainly augurs well for the future.

Members have gained valuable experience by playing publicly at the Installation of Prefects' Ceremony, and the School's Music Festival and are now preparing a programme for Speech Night.

Once again, we may extend our thanks to Mr. Hallett and Mr. Muirden for their help during the year. Farewelling Miss Mills who has conducted and inspired our efforts over the past four years, we wish to express our gratitude and appreciation of her untiring work, and wish her well in the future.

—Kwong Lee Dow, Form Vb.

POTTERY CLUB

Under the enthusiastic guidance of Mr. Hart, and helped by a commodity very useful in pottery making for keeping the clay soft — Alkathene — a small group of pottery makers, numbering thirty-one in all, has, in the four meetings which have been held this year, produced ten articles of pottery — these are the first lovers of a potter's long life. The willing spirit of co-operation which has been found in all members, and the leader's inspiration, may give the world another Wedgewood—who knows.

ALLIANCE FRANCAISE AWARDS

Pupils of forms 3, 4 and 5 take part each year in the competitions conducted by the Alliance Francaise. This year a number of awards came to our school, viz: Georgette Fink —Diplome de l'Alliance. Mentions Honorables —Lucy Hey, Janne Rista, Diana Leech, Christine Fisch, Janet McIvor, Anita Bush, Judith Harris, Helen Vercoe, Rachel Faggetter, Jean Island, Laurice Dunstan, Robert Kearsley. Second Prizes: Corona Irvine, Diana Leech.

THANK YOU, TOO!

Many people have been thanked in these pages. But there are others, whom, on behalf of the School, the Editors wish to thank for their services in contributing towards the smooth running of our School. So, thank you, too . . .

Richard Langford, David Henry, Peter and David Chesterman for your contribution towards the beautification of the schoolground.

Malcolm Allering, for your aid in attending to the bicycle sheds.

Kenneth Styles, whose faultless timing endowed him with the worthy epithet of "Bell-boy," and all the Library-monitors.

INTER-SCHOOL CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP

The girls of the Inter-School Christian Fellowship group have had a year of interesting and helpful meetings which have included chorus singing, prayer and Bible study. Meetings have been held regularly on Monday afternoons under the guidance of Miss Chapman, and we extend our sincere thanks to her for her help and encouragement.

Many girls attended I.S.C.F. camps during the term holidays; the time spent, though short, proved most enjoyable and most profitable, and will long be remembered.

During the year, we enjoyed the privilege of visits by missionaries from India and the Solomon Islands. Miss Carnegie, of the Zenana Bible and Medical Mission, visited us and screened a film depicting the lives of girls and women in India. In this film, we were able to see the happiness of the Indians who trust in Christ as compared with those who do not know Him. We were reminded too, that not only Indians and other native peoples need to know Christ, but we too, need to come to Him, and accept His free gift of Salvation.

An open invitation is extended to all interested girls to join with us next year.

LIBRARY

There has been considerable change in the Library under the aegis of the new Librarian, Miss Gordon. Books have been rearranged with new labels and guides so that it is possible to see at a glance where the books about different subjects are housed. A magazine rack has been made by the craft department which is now filled by overseas magazines for Science and Humanities. A vertical file has been bought and stocked with pamphlets and paper cuttings. Three hundred and fifty books, of which the

greater part by far were for reference, were classified and catalogued.

The fiction library has been in the charge of some intelligent and very reliable people from 4b, who dispersed books and maintained order in the Library each lunchtime. The School is grateful to these people who have given much time to an important activity.

DRAMA SOCIETY NOTES

The Dramatic Society this year has been much more active than for several years, under the enthusiastic and skilled leadership of Miss Yeas and Miss Gordon.

During first term the senior members prepared two scenes from "King Lear": the renunciation scene — Act I, Scene I, and the scene in which the king was rejected by his daughter, Act II, Scene IV, for the Inter-School Drama Festival at Melbourne High School. Members of the Drama group, who represented the school as audience, declared that it was a profitable day as not only did it further the spirit and understanding of drama, but also provided an opportunity for the different schools to appreciate each other's performances.

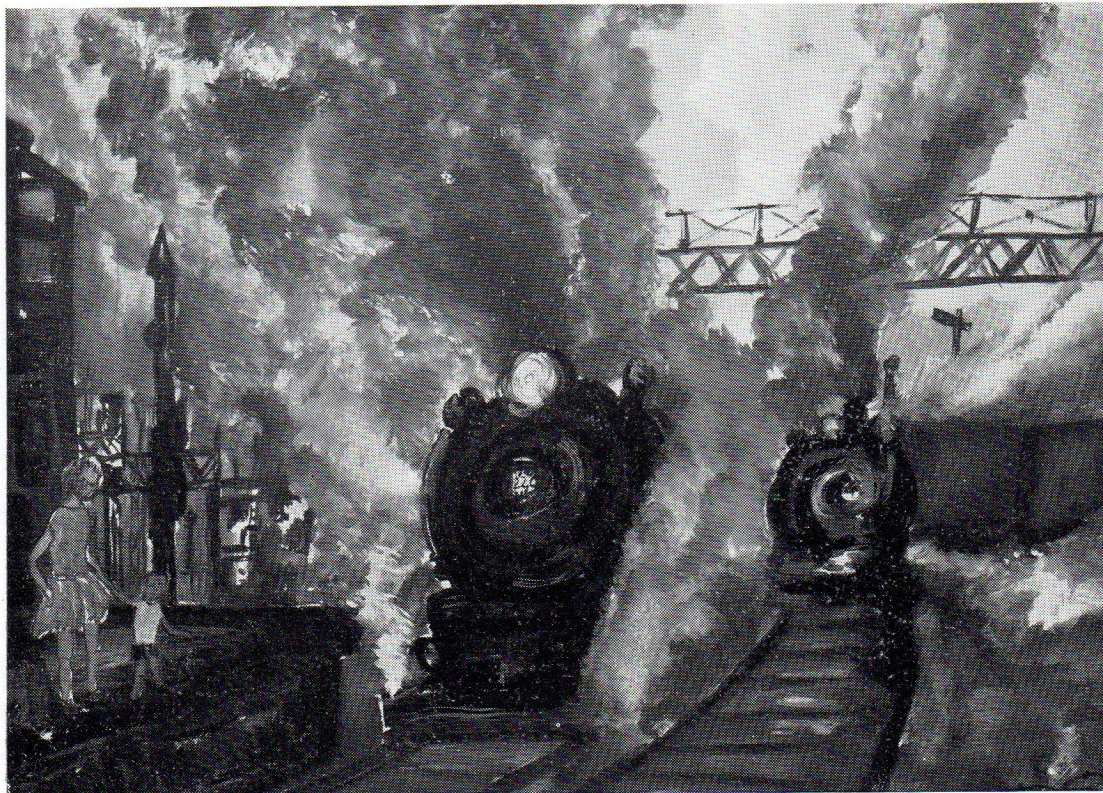
In Third Term the Society presented an afternoon of drama at the Camberwell Town Hall on Friday, October 28th, for the school, which was called "Of Kings and Things," because, in addition to the scenes from "King Lear" some third form members presented A. A. Milne's "The Ugly Duckling."

For the remainder of the year the Club hopes to concentrate on some different aspects of the theatre each week — the dressing, decor, lights, and production which will be expounded by experienced Melbourne theatre personalities.

THE SCHOOL CHOIR

The Choir this year is a considerably larger group than in former years. Unfortunately during second term, due to the Choral Contest, our usual activity period was devoted to House practices. Nevertheless a small group of our better singers entertained the parents by their rendition of "Panis Angelicus" and an Irish folk song, "O, Men from the Fields." As Speech Night looms nearer, "Sound the Trumpet" and "Ye Who Can Measure" from "The Marriage of Figaro" can be heard issuing forth from Room 2.

The Choir would like to take this opportunity to sincerely thank Miss Mills, under whose baton we have flourished, and Jeanette Falk, our capable pianist, for their help, guidance and encouragement throughout the year.—K. Smith.



"At the Station" — by John Finlayson, Vb.

BOOK REVIEWS

"THE SNOW GOOSE" — by Paul Gallico

This is an unusual story of a crippled painter, Phillip Rhayader, and a young girl Fritha, who came to know him, and see behind the grotesque form that housed him.

Rhayader, who because of his deformity chose to live a secluded life in an abandoned lighthouse in the swamp-land around the Essex coast, was surprised one afternoon, to see a child approaching, carrying a large white bird — a Snow Goose — which had been wounded. Rhayader tended its wounds and cared for it, while Fritha, the young child who had overcome her fear of the painter, visited him often and took a great interest in the progress of the Snow Goose. But with the coming of Spring, the bird answered the call of the breeding-grounds and returned to her native land. For years after, the Snow Goose came back to the lighthouse and finally made her home there.

On one of her frequent visits, Fritha was surprised to find Rhayader loading supplies into his small boat. He explained to her that he must go to Dunkirk to help rescue a British army who were trapped by the advancing Germans. Rhayader made numerous successful crossings, always accompanied by the Snow Goose, and saved many precious lives, but he was unfortunately killed by the enemy while piloting his boat across the Channel in a further rescue attempt.

This pathetic story — the legend of Dunkirk — is written in a simple but engaging style, and is indeed well worth reading.—*Helen Scarce, Form Va.*

"TONO-BUNGAY" — by H. G. Wells

"Tono-Bungay" is a book of many charms. Into a piece of delightful literature, Mr. Wells has infused subtly-blended humour for the pleasure-seeker, mind-stirring queries for the thoughtful, characterisation for the student of humanity, food for the cynic, pathos and a tale of broken affection for the mildly-sad, a gripping plot for the seeker after adventure — and that element of pure enjoyment which is the trademark of a really great book.

In an attempt to examine the English social system, H. G. Wells has created a unique character, whom he conveys through the various stratas of society, causing him to meet a series of diverse men and women from duchesses to bakers, chemists, and a poor and eccentric artist.

Through this latter character, H. G. Wells reveals his impression of the futility of the social system, the utter aimlessness of a community which lives purely for its own sake. He attempts to manifest to us the advantages of both a high liberal education and no education at all, and we marvel, with renewed vision, with him at the moronic blindness of a system which gives a charlatan of its best in return for his attempt to produce for it a useless tonic, such as was "Tono-Bungay."

However, should such profundity startle the prospective reader, it may be mentioned that Mr. Wells' sparkling wit is rarely in abeyance, and the racy, delightful style in which the book is written holds the interest (which has been primarily awakened at

the first page) throughout. Never once, except when nearing the book's conclusion, does sheer light-heartedness cease to prevail, or H. G. Wells' cheerful, yet mildly-satirical style fail to provoke both our laughter and our thought.

The story of George's two passionate loves for Marion and Beatrice, the tale of his escape from England in a balloon (with his insolvent uncle); the incident in which George shoots a man, while stealing radio-active material in Africa; his second meeting with his artist-friend — all these incidents spring to mind as delightful mile-stones in a delightful story.

Throughout the book, we feel the vividness of the characterisation — be it shown in the racy dialogue of George's aunt, in the boisterous salesmanship of his uncle, in the petty conventionalism and class consciousness of Marion, the narrow-mindedness of his Uncle Frapp or in the host of other characters who live each in his or her social sphere, before our eyes.

We cannot but help feel, throughout, the interested observance with which H. G. Wells must have seen life, and we feel his everlasting query — "Why?"

Nevertheless, whether we take the book as a humorous and interesting tale, as a faithful historical study of early-twentieth century England, or open our eyes to the underlying philosophy, we feel a sense of deep regret when we finally end the closing chapter, and lay down this enjoyable, interesting, and very well-written book.—*David Johanson, Form Vb.*

"PRIDE AND PREJUDICE" — by Jane Austen

The theme of this novel by Jane Austen is the life of a typical middle-class English family, Mr. Bennett, a gentleman of somewhat sarcastic temperament, and his wife, who is a prominent member of the society of Longbourn, and whose main aim in life is to find husbands for her fine daughters.

Jane Austen has taken this simple subject, and by combining her gentle analysis of character with her sympathetic, sometimes ironical humour, has turned it into what has come to be recognised as a great piece of literature.

Mrs. Bennett's excitement is aroused upon the arrival of two eligible, very rich young men, Mr. Darcy and Mr. Bingley, into the community of Longbourn. The two gentlemen are entirely different, Mr. Darcy being satirical and aloof, whilst Mr. Bingley is quiet and unassuming. Mrs. Bennett disregards propriety and the feelings of her daughters in order to achieve her aim, and immediately sees these two gentlemen as prospective husbands for her two eldest daughters. However, she dismisses Mr. Darcy as being a most disagreeable person.

Meanwhile, the arrival of a military regiment in Longbourn provides excitement for the younger daughters. This excitement eventually leads to the elopement of Lydia with one of the officers of the regiment, Mr. Wickham.

Elizabeth's contempt for Mr. Darcy increases when she suspects that he is responsible for Mr. Bingley's sudden trip to London without any explanation to Jane. However, Jane and Mr. Bingley are re-united after Lydia and Mr. Wickham are found and legally married. To the surprise of both family and friends, Elizabeth's feelings toward Mr. Darcy undergo a sudden change after visiting him in London and perceiving the change in his manner.

Thus another of Jane Austen's novels, which hold an irresistible appeal for all book-lovers, draws to a close.—*Judith Harris, Form Va.*

"REACH FOR THE SKY" — by Paul Brickhill

"Reach for the Sky", the brilliant biography of Douglas Bader, written by the Australian author, Paul Brickhill, is one of the most enjoyable and inspiring books of our day.

Douglas Bader, in his youth, gave promise of being outstanding both in his career, flying, and in his sport. This bright future however, was seemingly wrecked when, while engaging in some dangerous aerobatics, the plane he was flying crashed, and as a result, both his legs had to be amputated. Bader was daunted only momentarily by this grave accident, and set himself the task of living, as nearly as possible, a normal life. To the astonishment of his doctors he was soon walking on artificial legs without the aid of a stick, a feat which before had been thought impossible. Flying was his passion, and he could not bear to lead the life now expected of him, cooped up inside an office. He therefore forced his way back into the air-force, and by persistence and ability rose to the status of wing-commander.

During the second World War, he was one of the Few in the Battle of Britain, and the author of many successful air tactics. By the time he was shot down over Germany, he was a living legend.

If, once they had captured him, the Germans thought they were done with him, they were mistaken. Due to his participation in escape plans, Bader had to be transferred from one prison to another. After reading that section of the book, one almost feels more sorry for his captors than for him.

Although he is now quite middle-aged, Douglas Bader still leads an active life. He and his wife are continually flying about the world for his firm, an example to all those disabled, by war or other causes. One feels that only death, of which he is not afraid, would subdue this indomitable man.

A brief summary of this book cannot adequately describe the impact it makes on one. Bader's courage, his determination even in the face of pain and hardship never to give in to his disability, awe, even while they encourage the reader. For Brickhill has so written this book that the reader enters fully into all Bader's emotions, and fights with him his battle for independence.

Truly, this is a great book, written about a great man.—*H. Vercoe, Va.*

"THE SILVER CHALICE" by Thomas B. Costain

Writing with firm conviction and commendable skill in portrayal of character, Thomas B. Costain introduces the familiar characters of the New Testament, as seen through the eyes of a lad — Basil of Antioch — who is commissioned by the dying Joseph of Arimathea, to fashion a frame worthy to hold the silver Cup from which Jesus drank at the Last Supper.

The decision to include the portraits of the heads of the disciples in the embellishment of the Chalice, causes Basil to leave Jerusalem, and Deborah his wife. His sacred task leads him to Antioch, Ephesus and to Rome, where Nero holds giddy sway over his realm.

The thriving Christian church, Basil's task, his growing love for Deborah despite the attraction of the scheming slave-girl Helen, and the mental conflict which rages within him, are skilfully interwoven to create a book, which, in its class, is probably even better than "The Robe."—*Lucy Hey, Form Va.*



"Towards the Bay" — by Cedar Sonnenberg, IVa.

"THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST"
by Oscar Wilde

Oscar Wilde presents us with a cascade of sparkling wit in his greatest play — *The Importance of Being Earnest*. In his earlier plays he rescued drama from dull sentimentality and overpowering idealism — in them he at least made a pretence of realistic drama.

With irrelevant gaiety he pokes fun at Convention, verbally; the whole play is farcical throughout. Wilde shows himself to be master of the epigram and his aphorisms and maxims were really mockeries of the social customs of his period. Indeed, it would be difficult to find a rival in all English drama for the amazing overflow of wit and absurdity, as Wilde displays his caustic and bantering wit by flinging jest upon jest to the audience.

His real skill lies not in his plot, but in his dialogue. The plot is merely incidental and unreal but rather than developing into a farce of situation it becomes farce chiefly in the verbal sense. Practically the whole plot is revealed in the opening scene—at once we are confronted with Earnest Worthing—Jack's somewhat mythical brother, and Algernon's invalid friend Bunbury.

Though the characters were not intended to be really convincing, they are nevertheless, clearly drawn. Lady Bracknell is a fine caricature of a fine society "dragon"! Gwendoline and Cecily are developed as two interesting "young moderns"; Miss Prism and Rev. Chasuble seem to be somewhat stolid while Lane is shown to be the perfect stage butler.

But this "trivial comedy for serious people" survives because it sparkles with verbal wit of every kind and creates whole patterns of absurdity.

—Kwong Lee Dow, Form Vb.

"STALKY & CO." — by Rudyard Kipling

The majority of Rudyard Kipling's works have been of a serious nature but here is a book in which he reveals himself as a most successful humorist.

"Stalky and Co." is not merely a school story, but an example of wit and humour. It is written in an amusing and fluent style and the characterisation is excellent. Kipling seems to have caught the true spirit of school life and presents the teachers in an accurate and delightful way. There is the learned respected head with a keen sense of humour; Mr. King, a rival house master who is proud and unfair to the boys; Mr. Hartropp, simple and kind; Mr. Prout the house master, and many more. Together with the school sergeant and the fiery Colonel Dabny, the masters and students are so vividly described that they seem to be alive.

The book opens with the three boys carefully misleading the suspicious Mr. Prout and the school sergeant, and finally leading them into the colonel's grounds. The shrewd, forceful colonel reprimands the cowering masters and banishes them, much to the boys' amusement. The unforgettable incident of the dead cat which Stalky places under the floor of a rival dormitory is hilariously related. Many other similar situations are skilfully told and these combine to form a most entertaining and enjoyable tale.

In the concluding chapter a meeting of the old school friends is held and they look back on the adventures they experienced during the long years in the army. Stalky's resourceful and heroic leadership is the highlight of the chapter and brings to a close a most attractively written tale — a book which will be read and enjoyed by almost every reader.

—Marion Ellis, Va.

Prefect Personalities

JOHN ADDIE: Head Prefect, House Conductor. Apart from being a well-concealed genius in almost every field (chemistry), his major pastime seems to be inventing improbable phrases to use as favourite sayings.

Favourite Saying: Cripes, you've got a head on you, Blythe.

Pet Aversion: Blythe's head.

MALCOLM DOUGLAS: Prefect, House Secretary. Says he possesses "golfing" potentialities of another Bing Crosby but no doubt they will remain potential.

Perpetual Occupation: Receiving heart to heart talks from members of staff.

Peculiarity: Can do physics.

BILL BLYTHE: Prefect. A peculiar prefect with a head, a wide grin, a roving eye and a packet of steam rollers. As a side-line he directs the most efficient grape-vine in the school.

ALAN MOORE: Prefect, Captain of Hockey and Softball.

Ambition: Detective (very senior).

Probable Fate: Occupant of cell No. A0105.

Favourite Saying: Righto Reid.

GEOFF OSBORNE: Prefect and Captain of Tennis Team. When not making milk-shakes for Al Moore, he is frequently seen in the company of undesirables such as Lew Hoad, Rex Hartwig, etc.

Ambition: To occupy a position which offers a minimum of thirty hours a week off (for tennis).

PIERRE FINK: Prefect. Has a definite tendency to hydrolyze with tetra-valent electro-negative ions converging on the cathode. Negligible resistance but potential difference is relatively high.

Ambition: Physicist and chemist.

Favourite Saying: Weeping Winnifred!

KWONG LEE DOW: Prefect, House Secretary, Conductor, and permanent board monitor. Between periods of frantic search for his wandering homework and ushering at Downbeat concerts he occasionally practices with School Orchestra.

Peculiarity: Wears a cap.

His (?) Favourite Saying: Err..., half a minute, there!

BARRIE YEE: Prefect, House Secretary. A polite and considerate character who, not wishing to shock anybody who might see him, sneaks into school at 9.00 hours. He is quite an agile dancer and not too slow at the other end, either.

MARGARET ATKINS: Head Prefect, Athletic Champion. Another tyrant who hopes to blight the rising generation by being a school marm. However, in a few years she will probably be seen gesticulating wildly to excited mobs on the Yarra bank.

Favourite Saying: I just want to make an announcement.

Perpetual Occupation: Loping round the Oval.

ELAINE FRENCH: Prefect. Informs us she is going to be a physiotherapist. Will probably spend her time massaging her own stiff neck caused by continually gazing upwards at her new ideal (6 ft. 4 ins.).

HELEN FULTON: Prefect. Lives up to her motto very consistently which is obviously "better late than never." She aspires to be a librarian but is destined to end up selling newspapers outside Young and Jackson's.

ALISON THOMPSON: Prefect, Secretary of Prefects. Has throughout the year maintained the honourable reputation of being the quietest prefect only bursting out with, "Oh, horrors," now and again, in a way which makes you want to "coyle" up and die. Her ambition is to be the "perfect secretary." Will more than likely be a bill poster (and be prosecuted).

CLAIRE FAIRHALL: Prefect. Has high hopes of being an efficient Headmistress. Fortunately for the school she will most likely end up as the capable charwoman.

Peculiarity: Takes everything in her stride.

SHIRLEY FLOYD: Prefect and rather a brilliant conversationalist. Says she is going to join the Department but one gets the impression that she will have sixteen kids and live in a shoe.

WENDY JENSEN: Prefect, member of School Swimming, Basketball and Athletic Teams and prospective physiotherapist.

Although born at a very early age, she has, peculiar to her race, grown into quite a charming iceberg of outstanding athletic ability.

Destiny: A pool of water.

VERENA FISCH: Prefect, Captain of Victorious School Swimming Team, member of Basketball and Athletic Teams.

After much earnest deliberation and prolonged discussion the conclusion was reached that her personality and character are too deep, involved, and psychologically complex to be unravelled and disclosed.

FORM NOTES

Form Va

The year has gone slowly by (except when approaching exams) and Va finds itself once more called upon to give an account of the dark and nefarious deeds which have blotted its book. Although naturally, being fifth-formers and at the head of the school, and (which is more to the point) with eight prefects and Miss Robertson in our midst, our opportunities for any startling activities have been limited.

We were extremely sorry when Miss Robertson our Form Mistress, was absent during the latter half of this year due to illness, though our Captain, Helen Scarce, and Vice-Captain, Wendy Williams, took over control most successfully. All we hope is that the abovementioned nefarious deeds did not contribute to Miss Robertson's illness. While our proper form-mistress was absent, we had a succession of teachers, none of whom seemed able to stand us for very long. Our thanks go to Mrs. Franich, as the last, though not least, of these stand-ins.

A hockey match was held between the staff and the pupils earlier in the year to raise money for the Gymnasium Fund. Some very startling fashions for both pupils and teachers appeared at this affair, and all in all it appeared to be very successful, as we raised £11/-/-, the highest contribution of a form effort to the Fund. At the school Fete held in October, we proffered our expert (?) assistance as waitresses for the afternoon tea room, raising about £15. Our congratulations are extended to Jan Wellwood for her capable management of this function.

Finally we would like to thank all those teachers who have had the task during our years at school of teaching us, and generally shaping us for the worthwhile citizens of the community which they hope that we will eventually become.

Form Vb

Throughout this year, Form V boys may have been seen hurrying with preoccupied step and frowning visages (adopted to impress the junior members of the school) up and down corridors.

The same spirit of preoccupation, however, has not been found in our form assemblies, where we abandon our air of importance to laugh at the witticisms of our form master, Mr. Hallett, and harken to his profound homily on degeneration of our generation. It appears that we are a bad, although amusing lot.

Thanks are due to our form-captain, Geoff. Osborne, for his remarkable ability in counting the absentees, and to our social service representative, Alec Read, who by threats of violence

and blackmail has succeeded in wringing from us a miscellaneous collection of tram tickets, buttons, frayed pieces of physics notes, and an occasional coin. Largely due to our efforts to play volley-ball, however, (which excited both the rebukes of the umpire and the ridicule of the spectators) we contributed substantially in this regard.

As usual, our chemists have succeeded admirably this year in sending both teachers and students hurrying from the vicinity of room 6 with breaths held, and the Latin classes' rendering of the song "Gaudeamus" led many junior forms to believe that the school was being favoured (?) by a visit from Johnny Ray.

We hope that we will remain shining in all our brilliance after the final exams, although whatever the results of those gruelling tests may be, we can sincerely say that we have enjoyed our fifth year at Camberwell High School.

Form IVa

IVa wish to thank form captains John Clarke and Merrilyn Rankin and form master Mr. McCance for their able guidance throughout the year. We have been fairly successful in scholastic achievements and all hope to pass the Intermediate Certificate examination.

Form IVb

Under the leadership of Miss Moore, who was assisted by Jennifer Tresize and Ray Spark, form IVb has spent a happy year. We pride ourselves on our many celebrities, among them being Jeanette Falk, conductress of the winning girls' choir. Others include John Macarthur of the Victorian Schoolboys' football team, and John Brown, Vice-Captain of the school tennis team.

Form IVc

Though perhaps not excelling in the scholastic field, IVc is proud to have among its members Allan Bishop and Ian Thompson, who are well-known in the field of sport. We would like to extend our thanks to Miss Yeas who has been our form mistress throughout the year, and to Wendy Morcom and Garry Miller, our able form captains.

Form IVd

IVd has been ably captained by Carole Day and has achieved much success in the scholastic field despite small numbers. We are very proud of our tennis captain, athletic champion and the three members of the softball team. Altogether we have come to the conclusion that the

school has never before produced so many competent shorthand-typists.

Form IVe

IVe has enjoyed a successful year under the guidance of Mr. Muirden and form captains Frank Passmore and Faye Crellin. We have been well represented in school sports teams and due to the full co-operation of the class with the teachers we have maintained what is to be expected of a fourth form.

Form IIIa

Under the capable guidance of Miss Bearlin and form captain Dawn West, IIIa has passed a successful and happy year. On the sporting side we have a swimming champion, besides other good swimmers and athletes. £4/10/- was raised in an exhibition of Polish Dancing in which some of our girls took part.

Form IIIb

Under the leadership of captain Rachel Faggetter the year has passed pleasantly for IIIb. We have held two fetes — one for Social Service and one for the Gymnasium Fund — and we thank our Form Mistress, Mrs. Weir, for her interest in these and other activities.

Form IIIc

Able captained by Ian Sonderhof, and with the help of Mr. Hart, IIIc has completed a successful year. We have an outstanding sportsman in Vice-Captain David Raby while David Hindle is the brain of the form.

Form IIId

IIId has developed into quite a good form under the guidance of form teachers Miss Crane, Mrs. Dawkins and Mrs. Deed, and leadership of Ian Baker. Many in our form have represented the school on the sporting field, namely John and Max Fyffe (football) and James Eastham and Greg Hanbrook (tennis).

Form IIIf

IIIf girls have been guided gallantly through 1954 by captain Ashley Thompson and her deputy Dawn Barnett. Although not brilliant scholastically, we are very good at sport and proved this by winning our section of the inter-form basketball matches.

Form IIIg

IIIg has spent an enjoyable year under the capable guidance of Mr. Brandeth and Miss Crane. Janice Brown and John Standeven have

ably captained the form. We have a fine sportsman in Gordon Bunning who high jumped his way into the school sports.

Form IIa

Under the helpful guidance of Mr. Adams, and ably captained by Ruth Pearson and Alan Kohler, form IIa has experienced another enjoyable year. Howard Davies, the leader of the Orchestra, is probably the best known of the five instrumentalists from our form, represented in this activity.

Form IIb

This year, led by Dorothy Green and Don Collie, we have completed our second year with reasonably good scholastic results, and also with a good response for social service and the gymnasium fund. For this end, we held a sale of rosettes early in the year, and our successful Fete in September raised £3/-/- for the gymnasium. We thank Mr. Higgs, our form master, for his encouragement in regard to all our activities.

Form Ia

To 26 girls and 19 well-beaten boys, add a dash of sauce, a sprinkle of spice, and a pinch of noise. Watch carefully, and with constant and occasional roasting by our form master, Mr. Stevens, form Ia will emerge. From this mixture we have produced Pat Brewer, junior swimming champion, and Geoff Dobbin, athletic champion. Our form captains, Gillian Levy and Grahame Barrow, have helped us to complete our first pleasant year at Camberwell High School.

Form Ib

We have almost reached the conclusion of our first year, and thanks to our English teacher, Mrs. Hurnall, and our Form Captains, Rae Lamb and Brian Horwood, it has been a pleasant one. Our personality is Ralph Hill whose performance on the sports field is worthy of note. We wish to thank Miss Mills for taking us to the operas "Hansel and Gretel" and "Amahl."

EXCHANGES

The Editors acknowledge with pleasure receipt of the following magazines: The Record, Goulburnia, Marunari, Silver and Green, The Hill, Pallas, Flotsam, Patchwork, Adelaide G.H.S. Magazine, The Scotch Collegian, Old Gold, Lilydale H.S. Magazine, The Gate, The Mildurian, Preston T.S. Magazine, The Cygnet, Korumbeia, Essendon H.S. Magazine, The Spirit, Echoes, Venture, Vitai Lampada, Fintonian, The Breeze, Highway.

HOUSE NOTES

★ CHURCHILL

As the memorable year of 1954 comes to a close, we, the enthusiastic Churchillites, must look back upon the record of our achievements of the year. First, let us take the Swimming Sports. After a strenuous day of splashing up and down the Camberwell Baths and producing champions right and left, we managed to come—last. But our hopes were not dashed, for we next looked forward to the Choral Competitions and under eagle eyes and strict batons of Lynette Dudley and Les Davies, and with much strain and effort of our vocal chords to create a pleasing and harmonious sound, Churchill was placed — last. Of what, we ask, was our adjudicator thinking? Even then our spirit was not broken and after a grand show of energy and enthusiasm at the Athletic Sports we came a triumphant third!

Although it may appear to the outsider that Churchill has not exactly had a successful year, we must hasten to correct this false impression for we have been well represented in the School's football, basketball, cricket, softball and hockey teams and we have felt that it is the sporting thing to do, to give some less talented House the chance for a win once in a while.

At the close of this brief statement it is only fitting that we should sincerely thank Miss Mills, Mr. Hart, Joyce Rowe, Judith McKinlay, Jim Coyle and John Macarthur, our long-suffering but efficient House Leaders.—*Verena Fisch.*

★ MACARTHUR

Under the guidance of Miss Bearlin, and the tender hand of Mr. Holloway, assisted by Ingeborg Graze and Jack Foster, MacArthur House has seen one of its most successful years.

We made an early start by winning the swimming sports by an easy margin. Our thanks here are due to all officials, and especially to Dick Langford who floated corks on the water at the end.

Modesty forbids that we make excessive mention of our startling performance in the cross-country field.

The Inter-House Choral Competition presented no difficulties to veteran crooners such as we, and both boys and girls won outright. The inevitability of success was assured by our good fortune in the services of two very capable and versatile conductors, Jeanette Falk and Kwong Lee Dow, and their accompanists, Gail Harrison and Norman Head. Their duties ranged from

packing a pistol and lariat to assemble participants and arouse House spirit, to creating the illusion of producing melody from discord.

Unfortunately we lost the Inter-House Athletic Sports, but Montgomery House has our congratulations for its remarkable victory, and we should like to close this epistle with sincere thanks to the other Houses for their keen competition shown throughout the year.

—*Paul Martin, Catherine Beard.*

★ MONTGOMERY

With Mr. Adams and Miss Crane presiding, and about a dozen other eager and competent officers and mates at the helm (including House Captains, Vice-Captains, six Prefects, and "Chook"), we steered a somewhat erratic, but none the less commendable course through the year.

The Swimming Carnival saw us, baling furiously, paddle up Camberwell Baths to fill third place behind Roosevelt. MacArthur House deservedly took the Laurels, breaking Churchill's rather formidable hold on the title.

We recovered however, in the Cross-country Run, and later in the term coasted in, a sedate and comfortable second to dominating Roosevelt.

At the eighth Annual Music Festival and House Choral Competition we were well and truly beaten. Even Miss Moore's much appreciated aid and John Addie's unquenchable fervour failed to produce more than gurgles from the apparently drowning males. The young mermaids did little better, managing to bluff a third place from the Adjudicator. Once again, MacArthur was up for'ard.

Having skilfully lulled the other Houses into a false sense of security and well-being, we began our colossal devastating and morale-shattering run. With colour flying we laid back our ears and leapt to victory in the Athletic Sports (both boys and girls).

On the way we fostered six and one half champions.

Thus, with Summer and Winter Sports well under control, we look like coming through on the rails and snatching the Shield.

And since our Juniors are our strength, we appear to be going to hold it for some time.

Sincere and hearty congratulations are proffered to all who think they deserve them.—Margaret Haines, Raymond Barnett, *House Captains*; Nicola Duncan, John Clarke, *Vice-House Captains*; Malcolm Douglas, *Secretary*.



ATHLETIC CHAMPIONS

Back Row (left to right): Graeme Galt, Brian Blythe.

2nd Back Row (left to right): Tony Willing, Brian Maley, Neil Twitt, Alan Bishop, John Graham.

Front Row (left to right): Helen Opwood, Ngaire Bonniface, Margaret Atkins, Dorothy Green, Heather Cathcart, Elizabeth Grymes. *Sitting in Front:* Geoffrey Dobbin.

★ ROOSEVELT

Under the capable guidance of Miss Yeas and Mr. Higgs, and the excellent leadership of Lucy Hey and Keith Richardson, our House Captains, Roosevelt has enjoyed a happy and successful year.

This year the will to victory, the undying faithfulness to the House, and of course the typical modesty possessed by all Roosevelt members, has prevailed just as strongly as in the past. During those arduous weeks of preparation for the Choral Competition these characteristics perhaps became more apparent than usual, and doubtless lightened the burdens of our harassed pianists, Loraine Savage, David Wilson and Peter Wilson, and conductors Keith Richardson and Carleen Urquhart, to whom for their inspiration, patience, and skilled instruction, we give our sincerest thanks.

We are justly proud of our efforts, and the prominence we have shared in the various school activities throughout the year. You will agree

that our second placings in the Swimming Sports, the Choral Competition, and the Athletic Sports, are extremely consistent and outstanding performances. We sincerely congratulate MacArthur for winning the Swimming Sports and the Choral Competition, and Montgomery for winning the Athletic Sports.

Both the girls and boys of Roosevelt are to be congratulated on their achievements in the weekly house matches; the girls especially, since they have not yet been defeated, while the boys are to be lauded for their overwhelming victory in the Cross Country Run. More congratulations must be extended to our Athletic Champions, Elizabeth Chrimes, Dorothy Green, Margaret Atkins, Anthony Willing and Neil Twitt, and to our Swimming Champions, Lorraine Anderson, Lois Waites, Russel Conway, Ralph Hill and Ian Thompson.

Finally, Roosevelt thanks her members for their unceasing co-operation and enthusiasm, and the other Houses for their keen and friendly competition throughout the year.—Barrie Yee.



BOYS' CRICKET TEAM

Back Row (left to right): Geoffrey Davidson, Peter Friend, Rodney Moore.

2nd Back Row (left to right): John Standeven, Brian Firth, John Massey, Brian Edwards.

Front Row (left to right): Lesley Davis, John Duncan, John Macarthur, James Coyle (Captain), John Ingram.

SPORT

CRICKET

The match between Staff and Students last year resulted in a victory for the Teachers by the very narrow margin of three runs.

Scores:—Staff 9/83, (Mr. Holloway 47, Mr. Onyons 18, Day 2/4, Chick 2/0, Coyle 2/24, Munro 2/35), defeated Students 8/80, (Ingram 20, Duncan 16 n.o. Mr. Holloway 4/25, Mr. Onyons 2/14).

Earlier this year Camberwell visited Melbourne High School to play a great game of cricket. There were two turning points in the game, both being in Camberwell's favour.

Melbourne batted first and were off to a very good start with 0/60 on the board. Then Geoff Davidson came on to bowl and achieved immediate success. One would never think that such a change could come over a game in such a short time. In twenty minutes Melbourne were 6/76, Davidson claiming all 6 wickets. Geoff's final figures were 6/36. Melbourne's innings closed at 8/103.

Camberwell needed an average of 5 runs per over to win, but after 5 overs only 6 runs had been scored. With the score at 3/24 Camberwell was struggling.

Then the scene changed again as John Ingram and Peter Friend made a gallant stand and

played the bowling with apparent ease. John and Peter made a 4th wicket partnership of 71 runs in 9 overs. With the board showing 4/95 and still 6 overs left for play, a win for Camberwell seemed certain.

Peter Friend batted brilliantly for 32 runs and John Ingram stroked in dashing style to score 53 runs.

As a grand finale to the match John Duncan posted the winning run with a mighty hit that just failed to hit the boundary.

JUNIOR CRICKET

Camberwell High v. Camberwell Central. The match was won by Central due to the bowling of Leipper and Little, and the opening partnership of 38 runs.

Central 8/68 (Schuabb 22, Monk 11, Webster 3/9 defeated High 43 (Fenton 11, Leipper 5/19, Little 3/7).—*Jim Coyle*.

FOOTBALL, 1954

The School Team was captained by John Macarthur and Peter Friend and coached by Mr. Onyons. The side had the ability but lacked practice as a team, emphasised by slow starts which cost us each game. With the team

comprising mainly 3rd and 4th formers, this weakness should be rectified next year.

Results:— Melbourne High, 8-8-56 defeated C.H.S., 7-6-48. **Best:** J. Macarthur, D. Raby, J. Coyle, M. and J. Fyffe. **Goals:** J. Judge 4, J. Passmore, P. Friend, J. Macarthur.

Melbourne High, 10-11-71 defeated C.H.S., 8-9-57. **Best:** J. Macarthur, D. Chesterman, P. Friend, J. Coyle. **Goals:** P. Friend 4, J. Macarthur, G. Galt, J. Duncan, M. Heron.

Warragul High, 9-11-65 defeated C.H.S., 3-3-21. **Best:** J. Macarthur, P. Friend, M. and J. Fyffe, R. Moore, J. Ingram. **Goals:** P. Friend 3.

HOCKEY

This year although only two matches were played, both of which were against Melbourne High School, they resulted in two wins for Camberwell, proving that the Team is still superior to others. The team was captained this year by Alan Moore.

The first match played against Melbourne High resulted in Camberwell's winning two to nil, and in the return match Camberwell had an even better win, defeating Melbourne six goals to nil. Again our thanks are due to the Camberwell Hockey Club for the loan of their ground for our games, and also for coaching several of our players.

SOFTBALL

This year the Softball team, capably led by Alan Moore, was successful in winning the only softball game they played which was against Warragul.

This match proved to be a very exciting and hard-fought game and it was only at the end that we defeated Warragul ten runs to nine runs.

All the boys in the team were keen and there were no outstanding players as each boy played well to defeat Warragul and we are sure that had the game continued a little longer, the score would have been more in Camberwell's favour.

TENNIS

This year, our tennis team was successful in nearly all matches played, except one match against Melbourne High. Unlike other years, we have played Upwey High, but owing to bad weather the day's sport was postponed.

We played Melbourne High twice, one match of which we won, in a very close game. It was necessary for the last singles match to be won 6/1, otherwise our opponents would have won by one game, and Welch played well enough to be successful. The other match against Melbourne was very easily won by them, on their home courts.

During the Warragul visit, our tennis team was again successful. In rather windy conditions



BOYS' FOOTBALL TEAM

Back Row (left to right): John Addie, Max Heron, Graham Galt, Graham Cox, John Duncan.

2nd Back Row (left to right): Max Fyffe, Neil Twitt, David Raby, Rodney Moore, Brian Blythe, Ian Stirling, John Passmore, John Fyffe.

Front Row (left to right): Laurie Edwards, John Ingram, John Judge, John Macarthur (Capt.), Mr. Onyons, Peter Friend, David Chesterman, Pierre Fink, James Coyle.



SCHOOL TENNIS TEAM

Back Row (left to right): James Eastham, Margaret Haines, Lynette Welsh, Kathryn Smith, Edward Kidd,
2nd Back Row (left to right): Barrie Sutton, David Jamieson, Gregory Hanbrook, Jeffrey Welch, Brian Dawson, Donald Goodridge.
Front Row (left to right): Loraine Savage, Marie Minogue, Neil Leemon, Elwyn Abbot, Geoffrey Osborne, Elaine French, Diane Whitney. **Front Seated:** John Brown.

we lost only three sets, but we had to fight rather hard against determined opponents. Many of Warragul's team came down to Melbourne for the schoolboys' tournament in May.

All due thanks to the team members, who pulled together as a team, and to Mr. Hart who helped organise our matches against other schools.

GIRLS' SPORT

HOCKEY

The school hockey team has had quite a successful year. Of the matches played, Camberwell defeated Burwood Teachers' College and the games against Warragul and East Camberwell were drawn. The inter-house matches resulted in very keen competition. Much of the success of the year's hockey was due to Miss Yeas whose help was very much appreciated.

Results:—C.H.S. v. East Camb. Girls' School: C.H.S. drew E.C. 2—2 goals. **C.H.S. v. Warragul H.S.:** C.H.S. drew W.H.S. 2—2 goals. **C.H.S. v. Burwood Teachers' College:** C.H.S. defeated B.T.C. 4—0 goals.

SENIOR BASKETBALL

This year the Senior Basketball team has had many wins. In the two matches against Burwood Teachers' College, Camberwell won 24-12 and

21-2 goals. In the matches against East Camberwell Girls' School we were again victorious, winning 18-9 and 10-11.

Once again teams came from Warragul to match us in sport. After an exciting game we won 17-12.

At our School Fete we played the "Old Girls" of the school, and again we were the victors. We feel that all our victories are due to Mrs. Eggleston's coaching and would like to extend our gratitude to her for all the time she has spent on our behalf.—*Wendy Williams (Capt.)*, *Heather Brown (V.Capt.)*.

JUNIOR BASKETBALL

It has been a very successful season as we have won and enjoyed every match. We wish to thank Miss Bearlin for her assistance during the season.—*Betty Bunnnett (Captain)*.



SENIOR GIRLS' HOCKEY TEAM

Left to right: Helen Jenner, Wendy Worrals, Helen McIntyre, Sigrid Beilharz, Faye Crellin, Kerrie Price, Helen Burford, Elizabeth Amos (Captain), Elisabeth Shiffon, Marion Paton, Dawn West, Nicola Donkin.

TENNIS

The tennis team, captained by Elwyn Abbott, has been successful in winning the only two matches played this year. Two pairs played against East Camberwell Girls' School, and three pairs against Warragul High School.

We would like to thank Miss Gordon for her interest and the help she has given during the year.

Results:— C.H.S. v. E.C.G.S.: 1st pair—C.H.S. d. E.C.G.S. 9-2. 2nd pair—C.H.S. d.

E.C.G.S. 9-2. C.H.S. v. W.H.S.: C.H.S. d. W.H.S. 5-4 sets.

SOFTBALL

Though the School Softball Team has not been in evidence quite as much as the other girls' teams, its match against East Camberwell Girls' School resulted in the defeat of the visitors. Our thanks are extended to Mrs. Eggleston, and Jill Chrimes, our capable captain.

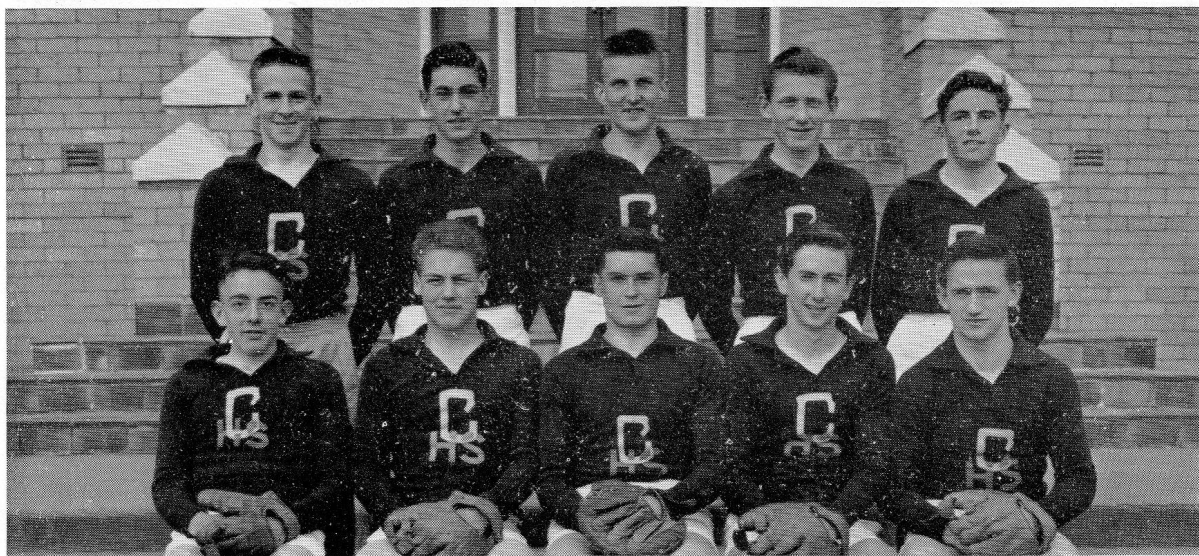
Result: Camb. defeated East Camb. 7-1.



SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Back Row (left to right): Ngaire Bonniface, Helen Fulton, Sybil Watson, Ingeborg Graze.

Front Row (left to right): Verena Fisch, Heather Brown (Vice-Captain), Wendy Williams (Captain), Judith Grant, Wendy Jensen.



SOFTBALL TEAM

Back Row (left to right): Paul Martin, Graeme Maley, Howard Eakins, Brian Blythe, Ian Burnside.
Front Row (left to right): Rodney Boon, Alexander Read, Alan Moore (Captain), Barry Yee, William Blythe.

PARENTS' ASSOCIATION

The Annual General Meeting of the Parents' Association was held at the School on Monday, 29th March, 1954, with a good attendance of Parents.

Office bearers for the current year were elected as follows:—*President:* Mr. A. G. Brewer, *Vice-Presidents:* Messrs. H. P. Head, L. W. Doherty and Mrs. I. A. Robinson, *Secretary:* Mr. B. M. Curry, *Treasurer:* Mr. W. L. Kerr.

520 Parents have subscribed to the Association this year, a very gratifying result indeed. This is 126 more members than our previous highest total.

At the Annual General Meeting, it was decided that any money raising effort, other than direct giving, should be confined to the Pupils of the School. By various efforts during the year, they raised approximately £240, and on the 2nd October, 1954 (with the assistance from the Parents' Association) held a Fete at the School, from which a profit of £350 was made.

Our Annual Ball was held in the Hawthorn Town Hall on the 9th September, 1954, and was acclaimed by all present as a very pleasant evening. Five debutantes were charmingly received by Mr. Whately, M.L.A., and Mrs. Whately. Official guests included the Mayors and Mayoresses of Camberwell and Hawthorn, and our Headmaster, Mr. A. T. Ebbels.

At General Meetings this year, we were entertained by School Pupils, with Choral and Orchestral items, followed by an address by Mr. Ebbels on various phases of School activities.

The Director of Adult Education, Mr. Colin Badger, who is also a school parent, gave us "Some thoughts on the Decentralisation of Education in Victoria."

On behalf of the Committee, I would like to express our appreciation of the unfailing co-operation and help of our Headmaster, Mr. Ebbels.

At a Committee Meeting of the Parents' Association, a motion was carried that we convey our thanks to all who helped and came to make the Fete, held on the second of October, such a success, and a word of congratulation to the children for their splendid efforts.

—B. M. Curry, *Hon. Secretary.*

OLD PUPILS' ASSOCIATION

This has been a most successful year for the ex-students, both socially and financially. We were very pleased to be able to repay the loan made to us by Dr. James.

Our year's programme has included picture and theatre nights, dances, and the annual snow trip to Mt. Donna Buang. We would like to thank Keith Stubbings and his band, who officiated at our dances, more as members of the association than as a professional band.

As well as the Annual Ball, held in conjunction with the Parents' Association, the ex-students this year held their own Cabaret Ball, which was a great success, and it has now been decided to make this an annual event.

The two basketball teams were very successful this year, when for the first time they both



SCHOOL HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row (left to right): John Seeber, John Burke, Brian Allender, John Giltinan, Neale Hagland, Howard Davies.

Front Row (left to right): Malcolm Broadbent, Alan Bishop, James Martin, Allan Moore, Clive Brownsea, Geoffrey Wyss, Melville Mollison.

reached the semi-finals in their respective grades in the V.W.B.B.A.

Among our members who have gained prominence in the sporting field are Norm Maginess, now playing football with Hawthorn firsts, Don Douglas, who represented Hawthorn in the V.F.L. seconds, John Butler who is playing cricket with South Melbourne, and Val Finlayson who had the honour of playing against Maureen Connelly during her recent visit to Australia.

We would like to thank Mr. Ebbels for his co-operation throughout the year in making the school available to us on Saturday afternoons and for meetings during the year.

Our congratulations are extended to several of our members who announced their engagement during the year, namely:—June Coppin, last year's president, to Alan Wenborn; Bev. Challinor, Judy Maley, Chris Watson, Lance Bolam and Peter Tregaskis. Our best wishes also go out to Lesley Dickson and Don Whitehead, ex-officers of the Association, also Anne Merton and Peter Mercer, Max Lowe, Ron Milne, June Addie and Lance Reeder, who were married during the year.

Next year we are looking forward to adding many new names to our membership roll, and invite all those leaving school this year to cement friendships made at C.H.S. by joining the C.H.S.O.P.A.

THE WARRAGUL VISIT

The sky was covered with dark, ominous clouds as 9 o'clock drew near and everybody was anxiously waiting for the sun to break

through. As the Prefects left school to welcome the visitors there were still no signs of the sky clearing, but by this time the Warragul pupils were well on their way and that was some consolation for the preparations which had already been made.

The Prefects had not been waiting long at Caulfield Station when the train came into view and sooner than anybody realised, there was a great deal of bustling and chattering as everybody greeted friends. On arriving at school, the Warragul girls and boys were welcomed at a General Assembly, had morning tea and then prepared for the various team-games. By this time rain had started to fall and the prospects of playing sport were dimmed, but the heavens were merciful and the games proceeded under pleasant conditions. These continued for the remainder of the day and Camberwell were victorious in most sports. The sporting spirit in which both spectators and players took defeats and victories added greatly to the enjoyment of the afternoon. Afternoon-tea was served to the tired competitors and later the visitors left with their billetes, as everyone eagerly looked forward to the social which was held in the evening.

Towards the end of the evening the effects of the day began to show and after a very enjoyable social the best thing to do was to have a good sleep in readiness for the early departure of the train which the Warragul pupils had to catch the following morning.

Back to earth at school the next day, everybody settled down to work again after an enjoyable day of relaxation.—*Wendy Jensen, Form Va.*

ORIGINAL ITEMS BY STUDENTS

THE QUEEN'S VISIT — CHILDREN'S DISPLAY

It was a blazing, hot day, but a small group of girls in blue didn't seem to notice the heat as they excitedly chattered and impatiently waited for the train. The long months of hard practice seemed suddenly to melt away at the thought of the exciting day before them. Their practices had become routine and the actual reason for them seemed almost to be lost, when suddenly the uniforms had arrived and all were reminded that it was only three weeks to the great day. Next had come the excitement of a full dress rehearsal on the M.C.G. and now at last the day we all had been waiting for had arrived.

I'm sure the M.C.G. had never seen a gayer sight than it saw on March the fourth, 1954. Thousands of excited school children, all colourfully dressed, were gathered on the green grass. Some were in pink, others in blue, some were fairies, some rabbits, and all were jumping up and down for joy, chasing each other, causing their teachers a great deal of trouble as they vainly tried to keep their "flock" together and keep the precious uniforms all in one piece.

The stands around the arena were packed to capacity and everywhere there was a buzz of excitement. Exasperated officials ran around anxiously trying to keep excited children in lines, and looked for missing squads — but at last the display commenced.

First, the junior boys, all smartly dressed in dazzling white shorts and shirts, marched on and performed their flag drill. Next, the "tinies" staged a unique toy dance, followed by a floral dance. By this time all eyes were fixed upon the slow-moving hands of the clock. All the children had been marched on to the arena ready to present the tableau before Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth II and His Royal Highness, the Duke of Edinburgh. It was for them, that all these preparations and the long months of practice had been endured. There was a hushed silence all around the crowded stands and then suddenly, exactly at two-thirty, a cheer was heard near the gate and the Royal car swung into the arena.

As the car drew up at the dais, an official exclaimed to all the children, "Children, this is the moment we have all been waiting for." And how well all the gay, dancing little figures knew it. The Royal couple were escorted into the box and then the tableau was presented. Upon a whistle, all on the arena lay back, so forming the word "Welcome." It was greeted by a burst of applause and then after some minutes they were brought to attention once again. Then was the great moment for all of us, when the Royal couple circled the arena. What cheers burst forth! What deafening cheers! Excited children raced around, anxious to catch a second peep at their Queen.

But once again the officials became busy and marched all from the arena, in preparation for the Senior Girls who were to perform before the Queen and Duke. I do not think I have ever felt more proud than I did that day when we marched on to the arena with all arms swinging, all toes pointed, and all heads held high.

First came our figure march, then the rhythmical dances and last, but by no means least, the sash

dance. Ah! Yes! We had been through them all before. But never had we held our heads quite so high or turned each corner quite so smartly. Yes, we all felt very proud that afternoon.

And then, quite suddenly, it was all over. We had marched off, gathered our belongings together and had set out for the station. As I stood hemmed in by excited golliwogs, dancing fairies, coloured balls, and jostling boys, I knew suddenly that it had been well worth all the practices and toil involved. It had given me a lasting impression of a very proud and memorable day.

—Jennifer Brewster, Form IIIb.

ON THE SANDHILLS

Dead, eerie silence —

Unbroken,

Save for the distant thunder of white waves,

That pound, (beyond the sandhill's crest)

Upon the shore.

Yellow dunes,

Red clay,

Stunted brown growth, and a blue sky.

White bones, uncovered

By the howling rage,

Of a wild wind that tore these mounds,

And hurled them here and there, as a boy

Tosses a penny.

It was destructive, but it now

Is still.

—David Johanson, Form Vb.

WALHALLA

Walhalla is a tiny "ghost town" twenty-six miles from Moe, in Gippsland.

Once, in the days of the gold-rush, it was very prosperous, with a large population. But now, Walhalla has eight inhabited houses and two guest-houses. There is only a handful of people living there now. A few fossickers who still believe there is much gold to be found in the district are included in this number.

Walking beside the gurgling Stringer's Creek, one wonders that this small trickle could flood, and carry huge logs and debris down to the Thompson River.

It is uncanny to be walking through the bush and unexpectedly come upon a plum-tree, or an apple orchard with the fruit hanging temptingly on the boughs. Sometimes one comes across a doorstep, or the ruins of an old house, with the untidy garden blooming around it.

The hillside is honeycombed with tunnels, and many holiday-makers explore these in the hope of finding gold.

This lonely little town tucked away in the ranges seems to call to me, and I am looking forward to the day when I will again visit Walhalla.

—Rosemary Mead, Form Ib.



GIRLS' SOFTBALL TEAM

Back Row (left to right): Judith Hampton, Wendy Couttes, Sandra Macnamara.

Front Row (left to right): Joan Homes, Joan Treeby, Jill Grymes (Captain), Lucy Hey (Vice-Captain), Carol Day.

MIDNIGHT!

It was 12 o'clock. From somewhere in the dark hall the clock struck eerily. Every sound made the blood tingle in my veins, and icy cold shivers ran up and down my spine.

I peered into the darkness and two green eyes stared steadily back. My heart turned a somersault. Then a faint "mee-ow" greeted me from the end of my bed.

I laughed at my foolish imagination, and turned over and tried to sleep. Bang!! What was that? I jumped out of bed, grabbed a torch and struggled into my dressing-gown and slippers. This had to stop. Whoever it was down there would have to show himself. I cautiously opened the door and looked down into the hall.

A silvery shaft of moonlight spread slowly across the floor, and except for the howling wind, all was quiet. I turned to go back to my room, when — "creak" — what was that? My hair stood on end, and my blood ran cold as a mocking laugh greeted me from the door leading to the lounge.

Then I heard people talking.

"Ha! Ha! You are in my power!"

"No! No! I will not do it," cried a shrill voice.

Hugging my dressing-gown I stared into the darkness. Where was the villain who was obviously threatening the poor maiden?

Instinct made me glance at the open French windows just as a large white mass flew steadily towards me. I shrank back against the wall, to be enveloped in a large white sheet which I had forgotten to bring in from the clothes-line.

Drawing in a deep breath, I laughed softly to myself, and just then I heard the voices again.

"Let us murder her."

"No! No!"

"Be quiet! Perhaps a little torture would be wise. Ha! Ha!"

I had never fainted before in my life, but I was very near doing it then. Who wanted to murder my eldest sister? — and why?

I was absolutely terrified, and ran up the stairs, only to find my dressing-gown clutched from behind. I stood there, not turning round to see who my unknown attacker might be.

I do not know how long I stayed in the same cramped position, but at last I gained enough courage to peep over my shoulder and I saw — nothing. My dressing-gown had been caught on a nail on the wall.

I freed myself and was just going on my way when I heard stealthy footsteps — and my brother came in and turned on the light.

"I say old girl, I thought everyone was in bed. Just tinkering around with the jolly old wireless, you know. By the sound of things it's working — just in the middle of that thrilling old murder play. Have you been listening? Oh, just a minute, old girl — you don't look the best. Is there — ?"

Merciful blackness enveloped me as I fainted.

—Ann Patterson, *Ib.*

FEEDING A BABY GULL

*A ball of greyish down,
A large, wide-open beak,
Two bright, grey, curious eyes,
A small, discordant squeak.
A swoop of snow white wings,
A dirty piece of bread,
A gulp, the bread is gone,
And baby gull is fed.*

—Alison Burns, *Form IIIb.*

TO ECHO

*Beside the gurgling streams, in all the stately mountains:
Amongst the ferns of shimmering green, which
hide the fairy fountains,
There lives, with neither friend nor foe,
The solitary form of "Echo."*

*On days, when the land is kissed by the sun,
Akin to the fleet-footed deer, she will run
Over the hill tops and down in the dales,
Trying to find some escape, yet she fails.*

*She tries to escape from the faint mocking tones,
Yet fails, for, wherever she roams,
She has to answer the voices of all,
With her pitiful, yet her faint silvery call.*

*Yet here she will stay, till time ends at last,
And then, she can, with great happiness cast
This wicked spell off, and gain friend or foe,
Leaving behind the form of "Echo."*

—By "Sparks" IIIe.

SCHOOL IN GERMANY

Since school is such an important factor in our lives, I shall tell something about German schools.

Everyone starts school at six years of age; he attends primary-school either for four years and after that goes to high school or after eight years at primary-school, attends a technical school. There are nine forms up to matriculation.

The school year starts at Easter. There are three main holidays, the ten days at Easter and Christmas, and six weeks' summer holidays which begin at the end of July. And twice a year the whole school is granted a holiday when each form goes for a form hike accompanied by a teacher.

The school day begins at 8 a.m. and lasts till 1 p.m. There are no lessons in the afternoon, but Saturday is an ordinary schoolday. Each class stays in its form room all the time except for science, art and music. There are no terminal exams but instead, many tests each week; this means hard work all the time as, "You never know, there might be a Latin test tomorrow!" The marks range from 1 to 5; 1 being the highest and 5 the lowest, 3 average.

The subjects taught are very similar to those here, except languages are stressed more. Everyone learns three languages, but he does not start them all at the same time. For example, he might learn French as the first language; after three years Latin is added; and after another three years he studies English.

Each month an amount of about £2 has to be paid to the school. If the parents cannot afford this and the pupil shows promise, he can secure a free place. If his textbooks are too costly they are borrowed from the school and have to be returned at the end of the year.

No school uniform is worn, but the clothing has to be sensible. No girl would arrive in evening dress or shorts!

Many schools are even more overcrowded than in Australia. In lower forms there are often sixty pupils or more.

Comparing the six German schools I attended with our school, I say that we can be quite proud of our Camberwell High School.—*Brigette Gatzke, Form IVb*

THE DAY I SAW THE QUEEN

The visit of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II and the Duke of Edinburgh to Melbourne occurred nearly a year ago, but the memory of it is still fresh in our minds.

The excitement this beautiful city of ours, Melbourne, experienced during those wonderful days, will ever remain in our memories. Melbourne, usually hustling and untidy, was transformed into a twinkling fairyland. Our city became all that we desired for a brief period.

Nearly everyone in Melbourne on that fine February morning was out to see the Queen. Fortified with blankets, thermos flasks and sandwiches, they took their positions along the seemingly endless barricades, with a wait of hours ahead.

The route from Essendon aerodrome to Government House was packed: I wonder how many thousands lined that triumphal path? — and how many children stared nonchalantly from under those barriers.

The sun became warmer, dinner-time arrived, and with it food. How we envied the young girl with the cool drink sitting behind us — and how we pitied the grubby little boys selling peanuts! There was still a wait of several hours ahead of us. The footpath was becoming a trifle hard, and our noses sun-burnt. Time slowly marched on. Messengers were travelling up and down the road, and an echo of cheers resounded as the telegraph boy pedalled exuberantly towards Government House.

A plane roared overhead! Startled, we craned our necks upwards, as the shiny silver form circled above us. Would five o'clock ever come?

Suddenly it was five o'clock. A row of cavalry paraded majestically by. The Queen, we were sure, would follow in the second car — it passed, but disappointed us. Then we saw her — and in a flash it was over! My first impression was that the Queen looked much younger and lovelier than in her photographs — and the Duke taller and more tanned.

But now they had passed, the wave of excitement and cheering drifted towards Government House, accompanying the Queen, each of the twenty cars that followed receiving a special cheer.

The National Anthem was played, and our eyes smarted as we heard our Prayer ring out in the presence of Her Majesty. Surely it had a new meaning for all standing at attention that afternoon!

This was the climax of the whole inspiring day. The press cars returned, Her Majesty was in residence at Government House, the Queen's standard fluttered overhead.

As we returned by the path that leads by the House, we caught a glimpse of the Queen, standing at a window. Was she admiring Melbourne in all its grandeur and pomp?

The exciting day was over. Others followed rapidly, and all too soon our Queen had departed. However, her visit left us the knowledge and feeling that the bonds between the Motherland, our Queen and the Commonwealth have been strengthened, and will survive through all trials.—*Heather Brown, Form Va.*



SWIMMING CHAMPIONS

Back: Graham Maley.

2nd Back Row (left to right): Richard Bell, Lorraine Anderson, Ian Thompson.

Front Row (left to right): Russell Conway, Jean Rennie, Lesley Brewer, Lesley Fulton, Patricia Brewer, Ian Hill.

HOW THE WAVES CAME ON THE SEA

Many, many centuries ago, before life as we know it existed, there were no oceans or seas at all. In their stead were wide, green and peaceful plains. In some places the land rippled merrily in little ridges; in others it rose high in sharp, craggy mountains; but for the most part it rolled on in gently undulating plains covered with strange whispering trees and dainty little red and yellow flowers; all of which the sun painted green during the day, and the moon bathed silver every night.

The only mortals living there, were a beautiful princess and her two small children — a pretty little girl and a charming little boy. They dwelt in a huge white palace at the top of the highest mountain. The palace had a very beautiful garden full of plants which could speak, and tiny fountains which glistened like rainbows as the sun's rays caught every dancing drop of clear water.

Thus, everything went peacefully for many years, for nothing in that land grew any older. Then, one terrible day, the little children's silvery tones ceased wafting around the garden and their golden heads no longer nodded with the flowers — because they had suddenly become very ill, and with the setting of the sun the little boy was dead, and with the rising of the sad moon the little girl was gone also.

For a little while after this the princess was so sad that she did nothing at all; but then she suddenly became very bitter and unfair, for she blamed this beautiful land for the death of her children. Overnight she changed from a beautiful, quiet girl into an embittered woman determined to seek revenge. Because she had the power to do so, she caused the whole glorious scene before her to tremble for a

moment and then dissolve into a green mass of rolling, writhing water.

So, the waves we now see lapping the shore are really the little ridges which were once solid and covered with grass. The roaring breakers we hear in a storm are pieces of the tall mountain; the foam, the crumpled white palace.

Sometimes of a summer evening the waves become hushed, while on one side the dying sun sends out a golden path over the water, and on the other, the rising moon does the same, and they raise themselves wistfully to see if perhaps a pretty little girl, and a charming little boy will come dancing out along the paths, but then they sigh, and go on, for they know that the golden heads and silvery voices have gone forever.—*Glenda Jameson, Form IIIe.*

SEA-FEVER (with apologies to John Masefield)

*I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely seas
and the sky,*

*And all I ask is my old bike, and bars to steer her by,
And the wheel's kick, and a tail wind and the fixtures
shaking,*

*And a heat haze on the sea's face, and the soft sand
baking.*

*I must go down to the seas again, for the call of my
riding mate,*

*Is a loud call, and a harsh call — I feel I cannot wait;
And all I ask is a high tide, and a jetty clean of cops,
So we can dive to our heart's content, until the sun's
rim drops.*

—*Margaret Walsh, Ia.*

THE ABORIGINES OF CENTRAL AUSTRALIA

In a vast area of little rainfall, animal life and vegetation, exist small tribes of the primitive race of aborigines whom we were fortunate enough to meet and talk to on our short trip to the Centre.

On entering the Hermannsburg Mission Station we were given a royal welcome by the Arunta aborigines. The women and children lined up and waved enthusiastically while men, either smoking or chewing tobacco, leant against posts or sheds and just grinned. On the Thursday, it being Ascension Day, we were obliged to attend the aboriginal service in the church which proved rather interesting, though not exactly enlightening. The women and girls sat strictly to the left, the men and boys to the right. Throughout the Service there was a continual shuffling of feet and a loud sniffing which was completely drowned only when the hymns were being sung for the aborigines obviously concentrated mainly on volume. However we were all very impressed by the way in which they know the four parts to each hymn. We were later informed that the singing that day had been more restrained than usual owing to their shyness towards visitors. The Scripture Lesson was read in Arunta by the artist Henoch Raberaba who constantly paused to make use of an enormous handkerchief which dangled from his pocket.

The same day we set off on a rough 80 mile trip to the Areyonga Mission Station, accompanied by Albert Namatjira's oldest son, Enos, who was on his way to Haasts Bluff via Areyonga to see his second wife. Throughout the trip we humoured his insatiable appetite by constantly offering biscuits and apples which despite the fact that he had a large store of his own he would never refuse unless he was smoking.

When the truck stopped at the mission, the aborigines who belonged to the Pidginjarra tribe and appeared to be a little wilder than the Aruntas, crowded excitedly around the truck. The small boys shook hands with three year old Rosemary and the old men chewing tobacco walked by the cabin in single file and said "G'day" to Mum while the rest appeared to find us a very amusing spectacle. It was here that we first saw Albert Namatjira leaning moodily against a post and then a little later we saw him at his camp where, while cooking some dirty meat in a dirty pot with buzzing flies and sniffing dogs for company, he showed us five of his latest paintings.

That evening we set up camp in a dry creek bed and while we were attending church again, some of the blacks' dogs raided the camp and made off with our cheese, butter and blackberry jam. It was noticeable that to every black there were about two dogs, the reason being that the more dogs the greater warmth at night. We were also told that since the Government had ceased to supply the aborigines with soap the dogs have gone hungry. Early next morning Albert drove over to our camp with his paintings for us to film. With him were four of his five sons, Enos, Ewald, Keith and Maurice, who are all good painters — even handicapped Ewald who had one eye shot out in an accident during the war.

We were told by the Missionaries that should Albert bank and save the money he collects for his paintings he could, without doubt, be one of the

richest men in Australia. However, like all other aborigines, Albert has no conception of providing for the future and with the help of his friends and relations his money is soon all spent on cars, petrol and stock, and sometimes he finds himself in debt. If this happens, instead of selling his paintings through Rex Battarbee, the agent in Alice Springs, Albert practically gives them away on the sly to fortunate motorists for a few shillings or pounds according to his immediate need.

Throughout the trip we found the aborigines friendly, intelligent and very shy, and the children, although they frequently quarrelled, never showed any pettiness. The missionaries' children refused to play with them because they were teased too much. Whilst we would have prepared to stay longer and study the habits and culture of the aborigines, the pressing, academic demands of our great city forced us to return.—*Verena Fisch, Form Va.*

MUSIC CAMP

During the past decade, excellent and increasing opportunities have been available for young people in Melbourne who are interested in music and music making. Guided and directed by the Victorian Schools' Music Association, various choral and orchestral occasions have been given by school students, and the Australian Broadcasting Commission has arranged free orchestral concerts for school children and a fine series of Youth Concerts. However, it is when these organisations combine with the National Fitness Council and the leading professional musicians of the country, that young people really open their eyes to the miracle of music, and discover the joys and pleasure of making music together. Such is Music Camp, where a sense of team spirit, of comradeship, and a love of music joins even the most diverse members into a happy, self-governing community, brought together by "not only the common love of music and music making, but the simple things of everyday life — sports, recreation, fun and friendship."

From a rather experimental beginning when sixty-five students and tutors met together to make music at Point Lonsdale during the summer of 1947, Music Camp has grown steadily over the years, and the last year at Geelong Grammar School over two hundred students, tutors and associates, came from all over the Commonwealth, some from Asia, America and Europe, all believing in the basic essentials and ideals upon which Music Camp was founded. This summer holiday school is unique for young music lovers in Australia, and, we are told, bears comparison well with other similar organisations in Europe and America.

The Camp timetable is as enjoyable as it is strenuous. Players are divided into three student orchestras, according to ability. Far from being intended merely for brilliant instrumentalists, Music Camp is for all who are keen and enthusiastic, and everyone is encouraged to contribute in some way and to attempt to scale heights that they would not essay under ordinary circumstances. Mornings are devoted to orchestral rehearsals and tutorial classes where expert tuition is available to all. The afternoons are set aside for recreations — swimming, tennis, cricket, archery — and for the rehearsals of



"Loading Cargo" — by Ian Baker.

numerous chamber music groups. A short concert is given before tea, usually small groups such as trios, quartets and other chamber music contributions. After the evening meal there may be chamber music concerts given by advanced students and tutors, sometimes full orchestral concerts with camp students as concert soloists. Some nights, however, are devoted to dancing, games and films. Such was Music Camp, 1954.

It may well be, however, that this is merely a beginning of awakening interest in music in Australian youth. At each Camp the numbers have been steadily increasing — it would now be impossible to exceed the present number without losing that friendly family atmosphere, so essential to the ideals of Music Camp. It is obvious, therefore that other Music Camps must be started in other parts of Australia, and these may well follow the fine tra-

ditions and ideals of Music Camp in Victoria. It may also be possible to use Music Camp as a starting point for a National Youth Orchestra.

It is with these aims in mind that, during this year, a special body, "The National Music Camp Association," has pledged itself "to continue and develop Music Camp as it is understood by those who were most active in its foundation."

Those of us who believe in Music Camp feel little can be more uplifting than to contribute to the exhilarating throb of a full orchestral crescendo, as during last camp, the senior orchestra rehearsed Brahms' First Symphony, under the direction of the instigator and Music Director of Music Camp, Professor John Bishop, to whom may be traced the beginnings and ideals of this fine movement, which is fast becoming an annual event of great importance to music in this country.—*Kwong Lee Dow, Form Vb.*



Lino Cut — Geoff Sprout.

THE CROSSING OF THE RED SEA

A short one-act play based on the crossing of the Red Sea by the Children of Israel.

Characters: Moses, leader of the Israelites, and his chief captain.

Scene 1—

The Israelites approach the Red Sea, closely pursued by the Egyptians. The cloud which has faithfully guided the Children of Israel slowly lifts. Moses and his captain walk in front.

Captain (frightened): Master, see the cloud, it lifts . . . above our heads it passes . . . is the Lord to leave us now after He has come so far with us? . . . I fear that if . . .

Moses (interrupting): Fear nothing, my captain, the Lord shall not leave us; He has promised deliverance, and we therefore have no cause to fear.

Captain (amazed, still watching the cloud): It falls . . . Yes! It settles between us and the Egyptians.

Moses: Did I not tell you. The Lord will not leave us.

Captain (thoughtfully and fearing): Master, have you not realised that we are trapped. On two sides of us is desert, behind us the Egyptians and before us the wide expanse of the Red Sea.

Moses: Cast away your fears, for the Lord has given us His promise that we will be delivered out of the hands of our pursuers. In the morning, we will cross the sea.

Captain: Sir, I doubt not your knowledge, but we cannot walk on water.

Moses: The night falls, sleep is essential for tomorrow's journey. Call the order to halt, and set up camp.

Captain: It will be done, master. (He turns, and the order is given).

Moses: Before we retire we have but one duty. (Slowly Moses lifts his rod and bows his head. His eyes close, and his lips move in fervent prayer. A strong east wind develops swiftly. The sea grows rougher and then, barely discernible in the falling darkness, a path is seen in the midst of the sea.)

Sleep well, my captain, and trouble not.

(His captain disappears into the darkness. Moses kneels on the sands with closed eyes.)

Moses: Thank you, Lord. (He rises and is soon lost in the darkness.)

Scene 2—

During the night the land which was beneath the sea has dried. The Israelites are nearly across the Red Sea. The Egyptians have entered the path, gaining distance in their chariots.

Captain: The east wind serves us well, master.

Moses: Yes, the Lord has watched over us very carefully.

Captain (anxiously): We must hurry, master, the Egyptians are gaining in their chariots.

Moses: Be not afraid, the shore is close, and the Egyptians are not yet half-way.

Scene 3—

The Israelites have reached the shore, the Egyptians are only half-way across. Moses stretches forth his rod and prays. Slowly the wind drops.

Captain (amazed): Master, the wind drops . . . the sea closes! The Egyptians perish! They die, we live, free from enslavement.

The Captain falls to the ground praying: O God, forgive my lack of faith, I now believe that with thee all things are possible.—*Barrie Sutton, Form Vb.*

FRIENDS

Without true friends we would lead a lonely and worthless existence. Throughout the ages countless men and women have enjoyed the companionship and affection which really make life worthwhile. In times of trouble it is our friend who gives comfort and solace, but we must remember that true friendship consists not only of receiving but also of giving.

Among the friendships which have achieved fame is that of James Boswell and Dr. Johnson. These two literary figures met in 1763 at a bookshop in Covent Garden. Boswell's biography of Dr. Johnson is reputed to be the finest in English literature.

The sometimes stormy alliance of Sir William Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan was truly a partnership of genius. Together they produced many sparkling comic operas including "The Mikado" and "The Gondoliers." Two famous Lake Poets, William Wordsworth and Samuel Taylor Coleridge, were lifelong friends and each created immortal verse.

A mutual belief in Socialism was the basis of the friendship of the famous playwright, George Bernard Shaw, and Lady Astor. Together they made a trip to Russia to inspect Socialistic conditions. A recent example of a well-known friendship was that of the late Mr. Chifley and the Prime Minister, Mr. Menzies. Although in opposition in public life, these two statesmen were warm friends in private life.

The wonderful Biblical friendship of Ruth and her mother-in-law has inspired reverence and admiration for countless generations. Ruth's deep affection for Naomi is expressed in her words, "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God, my God."

Thus, we see that nearly all friendships are based on mutual interests or ideas, but we should also be tolerant and friendly towards those who do not share our opinions. If we wish to gain the best from life we should cultivate friendships which are true, lasting and centred on affection.—*Jeanette Falk, Form IVb.*

!!!

It has always been my desire to write a book! I believe one is meant to start by writing items of national and economic interest and sending them to the local newspapers.

For years I have fervently banged away on my antiquated typewriter, churning out in an almost continuous flow, articles of national and economic interest; diligently I licked stamps and envelopes and made exhilarating trips to the post-box, sending in my addition to the great daily newspapers.

I have papered my bedroom walls, and I am half-way through papering the sitting-room walls with rejection slips. This, so my psychiatrist informs me, reveals an undaunted spirit and a hearty broad-minded outlook on newspaper editors, who are so often the victims of malicious and derogatory gossip at the hand of the rejected author.

Now that I have given a clear outline of my so-far experienced literary career, I should like to introduce the title of the main topic of my article, viz: "*Choral Contests — Noted Methods of Avoiding and Winning Them.*"

Firstly, a note on the wrong attitude of boys of the school in trying to avoid them. Between the months of June and August, the number of cases of common cold, influenza, laryngitis, sore throat and general voice-affecting complaints, medical historians inform us, treble — mainly in the case of the male pupil.

However, this is counter-acted by the guile and "never-say-die" attitude of music-loving teachers, prefects, fifth-formers and House-Cup loving House Captains.

On a survey taken by Independent Undertakings Limited, it was noted that teachers use many methods to induce little boys to sing. From the taking-aside and talking around, to the gentle inducement of the gun

poked in the back, the teacher persuades the boys to sing. Fifth-formers and prefects, so the statistician informs us, use the more rigid inducement of the rack, thumb-screw (which, however, often loses a choir's pitch) and the iron maiden.

Here is a time-table of the choir-conductor's duties during a rehearsal:

- 12.00 Chase boys from classrooms to rehearsal room, brandishing whip.
- 12.05 Lock and bolt door. Inspect barred windows. Threaten to shoot house pianist unless he plays.
- 12.10 With aid of senior boys persuade boys to sing. — Tra la.
- 12.12 Keep boys singing. Put Smith Minor through the mangle for wrong note.
- 12.15 Steady nerves with tot of whisky. Conduct boys with right hand. 1, 2, 3, 4. Start game of Patience with left. Jack, Queen, King.
- 12.20 Stop singing "May your Sins be of Scarlet." Tighten Dinglebrane's thumb-screw for the double forte opening of "What Have You Done with the Drunken Master?"
- 12.40 Black queen on red king. Stop singing. Cosh Hallenburg for breathing. Induce pianist by dropping piano on foot. "God Save the Queen."
- 12.40 (02) Ghastly! — basses are flat. Tighten their racks three more places. Begin again:
- 12.41 "God Save." etc.

And so the happier social side of school life thrives under the baton of sweet music (?)

Now to deal briefly and particularly with my second point: "*Choral Contests — How Won.*" Some fool conductor fourteen years ago decided to allow his choir to sing without the usual persuasions . . . His body lies buried in the right-hand corner of the school oval — the tombstone bearing the inscription "Stultus! O Insanus! Discebit." ("Fool! O Madman! Thou Shalt Learn.")



Lino-cut — Helen Fenner, IVa.

Graft and espionage are also brought to bear on our traditional Choral Contest, but time and space do not permit me to give further detail. However, when the Royal Commission on Choral Contests is published next year . . . — *John Finlayson, Form Vb.*

A SPRING DAY

It was a misty morning, that kind of morning which in Spring promises a fine day. Two birds — thrushes, a male and a female — were pecking about in the grass for worms, giving little chirrupings of happiness to each other as they worked. The few people passing smiled at them, sharing their joy in Spring, that great and glorious rebirth of the world.

Suddenly, with one accord, the birds soared into the air and began swooping in great arcs through the misty sky, occasionally fluttering down to earth, then up again to their welcoming dance of Spring. Up and down, turning to right and left, separating, then converging again in graceful spirals — on and on it went. Then, briefly, they were on the ground again, on the road, fluttering, chirping, pecking playfully at each other.

A car roared out of the morning mist. The driver was late, and glanced momentarily from the road to his watch. He felt a slight bump, but did not stop to investigate. After all, he was running late, and it couldn't have been anything important . . .

But on the road a female thrush lay dying.

Her mate had been knocked aside by the car, but by good fortune had not been hurt, and had flown away. Now he came back, waddling over to her, chirruping anxiously, begging her to get up and soar with him above the clouds. But there was no movement. She was already dead.

The thrush flew to a nearby tree and perched there, watching the bird on the road, and obviously trying to understand what was happening. He called to her, flew over her, called plaintively again and again. At last he flew away.

The day wore on. The sun had dispersed the last of the mist, and its rays beat down on the road, stiffening the little dead body. People passing looked at it with pity, made a mental protest against careless driving, and then forgot it.

And the day wore on. The sun shone mildly on two thrushes in the air, looping and spiralling joyously, glorying in the spring afternoon. The thrush, with another mate, had forgotten the bird lying dead on the road. For in Nature's inexorable cycle of reproduction, there was no time for sentiment or memory.

The sun sank slowly. Its dying rays shone palely on two thrushes nestled together on a tree branch, bathed in a rosy glow a dark, still form humped on the road.

Then all was dark.

—*Helen Vercoe, Form Va.*

PARODY by Marjorie May on DRAKE'S DRUM MUM'S FUN

*Mum she's in the laundry an' a-washin' out the clothes,
(Copper, art tha boilin' there below?)
Slacks an' shirts an' singlets, she's a-singin' as she goes,*

*An' dreamin' of the dress she'd like to sew.
Yarnder looms the clothes line, yarnder hang the pegs,
Wi' socks they are a-dancin' heel-an'-toe,
The soap suds are flyin' but Mum she's now a-sighin',
'Cos she sees it arl so plainly as she saw it long ago.*

*Mum she's doin' washin' till the weary day is o'er,
(Copper still a-boilin' there below),
Hopin' ever hopin' that there won't be any more,
An' dreamin' of just what you'll never know.
Ca'll her from the laundry, for to get the tea,
Pocr old Mum, she's askin' "Wait a mo'."
For the washin' now's diminished, an' Mum she's just on finished,*

But next week you'll find her washin' as you found her long ago.

With apologies to Sir Henry Newbolt.

—*Marjorie May, Form IIIa.*



Lino-cut — Irene Hill, IVa.



Lino-cut — David Wilson, IVa.

PAPER-TALK

AR' GUS! I leant by the POST in the SUN for an AGE, reading the HERALD at eleven A.M. In it, I found about the TRUTH of the WOMAN who broke another WOMAN'S MIRROR over the head of her GUARDIAN, who threatened to REPORT 'ER. This gave me a NEW IDEA of the WILD LIFE some PEOPLE live.

Over the fence, I could hear the SMITH'S WEEKLY quarrel, of which I am a frequent LISTENER IN, giving EVERYBODY'S version as to who would be the new country party LEADER. It seems that the MAN PIX the quarrels. The Smith's had evidently not based their HOME BEAUTIFUL on a TRUE ROMANCE, and a WALKABOUT their HOUSE AND HOME soon proved that Mrs. Smith is no GARDEN LOVER. I cannot DIGEST as to why in the WIDE WORLD they got married.

Just then I heard my BOY asking if I knew where LILLI PUT the letter which had to catch the SATURDAY EVENING POST.

—Christine Fisch, Form IIIb.

EGYPT, LAND OF MYSTERY

Egypt! When one comes across this name, one's mind is usually attracted to the East, full of mysteries and peculiar customs. Among the Eastern countries which all lack the civilisation existing in the more advanced Western countries, Egypt leads the way. This is probably due to the fact that so many European people have come to live in Egypt. They brought with them their knowledge and capability. They introduced modern methods of cultivating cotton and irrigating the Nile, thus placing Egypt on a firm foothold.

Egypt now has a population of approximately 22,000,000 people, of which over 20,000,000 are poor, illiterate and uncivilised. The few wealthy ones own large areas of cultivatable land. They sometimes

rent it to other farmers, but usually they employ people who work for as low as 2/- per day, the working hours being from sunrise to sunset. The conditions under which the majority of them live are dreadful. The whole family—and it is usually a big one — sleeps in one room, in which their domestic animals sleep too, the same room being also used for cooking and other purposes.

The villagers, or 'fellahin,' as they are called in Arabic, usually have two or three wives and consequently about ten children, who spend most of their time playing in the dirty streets. Primary education is not compulsory, there are no Social Services, and no basic wage, a fact that enables the wealthy people to pay whatever wages they want. In a few words, the fate of the people is in the hands of the plutocrats.

But life in Cairo and other main cities is altogether different. Cairo itself is a very beautiful city. In its main streets, large hotels stand prominently among other buildings. In those hotels, tourists can spend a very enjoyable and comfortable time. Picture theatres and dancing halls are numerous. For lovers of night amusement, the nightclubs provide much. All those places are frequented mostly by the European population. So, from the amusement point of view, Cairo is a prominent city.

The Pyramids and Sphinx attract many tourists from all countries, as do the tombs and monuments of the Ancient Pharaohs found in Luxor and Attwan, south of Cairo. During the Christmas and Easter holidays many tourists visit those places. Egypt has much to offer to a tourist. So don't forget! When you have the opportunity to go abroad, it is worth paying a visit to this mysterious country.

—Chriss Grigoropoulos, Form Vb.

THE WHITE VIOLETS

The streets gleamed white in the noon sun. Shadows were clear and dark, like pools of ink on the pavement. The heat of the cement soaked through the soles of his shoes, and his feet felt tight and hot.

He walked slowly, watching the tired white faces of the people passing him. "What are their stories?" he thought, "What has given that young man in the crumpled suit those deep lines around the mouth? And that woman holding her child so carefully, so tenderly, what has put fear in her eyes?"

"Oh, you poor, poor people, how I wish you would let me understand you better, so that I might help you."

There was a flower stall set up at the edge of the gutter. Daffodils wilted, camellias and boxes of strawberries and violets were arranged under a striped canvas blind. He handed some coins to the man behind the stall, and picked up a bunch of violets.

"Small white stars of fragrance," he thought as he looked at them. "How painstakingly and lovingly Someone must have created you, Someone who created the man at the stall and the weary people on the street."

The sun prickled the back of his neck and he turned into an alley where buildings formed a tall barrier against the sun, and it was cool.

There were children playing on the road. He watched them hopping from one chalked square to another. How sweet and innocent they were! Too

young to have tasted the bitterness of life, too busy living to be soiled by its disappointments. He walked near, and stood in a doorway watching them.

A very small child in a blue frock was standing away from the group watching the other children at their play. He walked over and stood looking down at her. How beautiful were the pale gold curls on her head, like rings of sunshine, so clear and good. And the little face, it was like a flower, a violet — like the white flowers he was holding.

"Child," he said, and his voice trembled with the emotion bestowed only on those who can understand beauty. "Child, these violets, I wish you to have them."

He held out the flowers and marvelled at the depth in her grey eyes. "To think that she is part of me, as I am part of these people of the street, as they and myself and she are part of these violets."

The little hand let the flowers drop to the ground and the little pink mouth twisted as she screamed, "Ya! Ya! dirty nigger, dirty nigger, Ya, Ya, Ya, dirty black nigger!" — *Susan Wood, Form IVa.*

THE NEW HEBRIDES

When Captain Cook made a thorough survey of these islands in 1774, he named them the New Hebrides. They lie 1,200 miles due East of Cooktown (Queensland) and there are 80 islands. These islands are volcanic in origin and make a link in the

chain of volcanic islands extending from Japan to New Zealand.

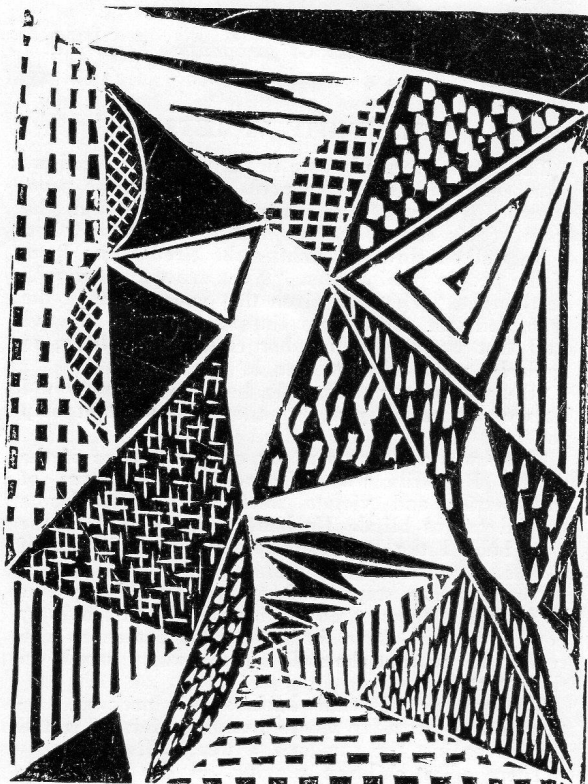
The islands are beautiful in a strange, wild, exotic way. Anewa is a low coral island, but others have sandy beaches and inlets, while some have rugged granite coastlines. But on each island rise majestic inland mountains. They are covered with dense tropical jungle and seem to dominate the whole island.

Reverend Maurice Trater writes, "The climate of the New Hebrides is what always was and always will be — a trying climate for white men." People who visit the islands in the cool season are tempted to call it a health-resort, but abundant rainfall and dense tropical undergrowth provide ideal breeding grounds for mosquitoes which bring the fatal disease malaria.

The people are classed as Melanesian and are usually described as being — "flat-nosed, frizzled-haired, strong and muscular." It is claimed that there is a mixture of Polynesian blood, thus accounting for many natives who have light skin, brown hair and sharp features.

The New Hebrides is a perfect babel of tongues. Over 50 languages are spoken and often the dialect differs from village to village. Some speak pidgin English and the more intelligent manage simple English. The study of language presents a tremendous problem to the missionaries.

Thirty years ago the natives lived in fear because of superstition, evil spirits and witchcraft. Tribal war and cannibalism were quite common, but today it is very different. The hardest pioneering work has been done but what are we doing now, and what shall be done in the future to help these people? — *L. Dudley, Form Va.*



Lino-cut — C. J. Kirkman.

SO THIS IS CRICKET

Or was it? Have you ever taken the trouble to look at what the Encyclopedia Britannica has to say about it? Apart from its reputation as being England's national game it had, as have most modern ball games, its origin in a mild form of mahem.

Apparently, about the time that Cromwell was doing his best to eliminate the Cavaliers, a game called cricket was played with a bat which, if our interpretation of E.B. serves us right, was shaped something like a hockey stick and was used not only to swipe the ball, but also to crunch the fingers of the opposing fieldsman, whose object it was to run out the batsman by putting the ball in a hole in the ground (the wicket) before he put his bat therein.

No bumpers, no bodyline, no wickets even! Just a little hole in the ground, but, oh my goodness!, what a lot of trouble must have been in it for someone around that same little hole.

Don't ask us how, but the next remarkable development designed to discourage the bowler was the adoption of a wicket with a couple of stumps about two feet apart, one foot high, with a crossbar (the modern bails), and the poor trundler had to hit one of these sticks, or if a run out was to be achieved, the same old hole in the ground still existed between the sticks for the same purpose.

Then the bowler started to have a say, when the distance between the two stumps was reduced to six inches and then an extra stump was put in.

There is lots more to it and you can find it all, or most of it, in our reference. Whatever the incidentals in its development, the modern game to me has a great appeal. I think greater than would have been the case in the old days. Mr. Len Hutton will find one at least who is glad that Mr. Lindwall has a greater chance of hitting the stumps, as they are, than he would have had in the seventeenth century, when there were none to hit at all.—*Kerrie Price, Form IVb.*

A.B.C. YOUTH CONCERTS

Every year the Victorian Symphony Orchestra, in collaboration with the Australian Broadcasting Commission, presents two series of six orchestral concerts for young people under the age of twenty-five.

This year, subscribers have been presented with some very fine programmes, which have embraced all types of music by composers from Handel to Vaughan Williams. Their symphonies, concertos, tone-poems and overtures have afforded young music-lovers a great deal of pleasure.

Many famous international artists have also appeared at the Youth Concerts, among whom are the world-renowned conductors, Walter Susskind and Enrique Jordo, oboist Leon Goossens, violinist Maurice Clare, and the brilliant young pianists, Bela Siki, Richard Farrell, and one who not so very long ago was a student at this school — Roger Holmes.

These concerts are held in the Melbourne Town Hall at very convenient times—6.30 p.m. to 8.30 p.m. The two series are spread over about six months, usually from April to September.

Contained in the colourful programmes are comprehensive notes on the selected music, written by members of the Youth Committee. As well, the conductor usually adds to this by giving a short description of the various little themes and what they represent, and this makes the music much more interesting.

All Victorians should be proud of our fine orchestra and the work they and Walter Susskind, the resident conductor, are doing in bringing so much pleasure to young people.

If it were not for these Youth Concerts, many ardent music-lovers would not have the opportunity to understand and appreciate good music, or to hear the famous international artists whom the A.B.C. presents every year in their Youth Concerts.

—*Judy Eltham, Form IVa.*



Lino-cut — Tass Panaretto, IVa.

BROWNIE PRANKS

*There's a wise little brownie that nobody knows
Who patters about on his light little toes;
With a little peaked cap on his cute little head,
When the moon is awake and the children in bed.*

*When that naughty wee brownie calls "Hulla-
baloo!"
With a terrible noise like a clattering shoe,
Down pound all the dishes, turn somersaults,
bow,
And finish the night with a rollicking row.*

*Then suddenly, somewhere, loud whistles an elf,
Off jostle the dishes to cupboard and shelf;
Tick, Tick; not a sound, no, not even the toes
Of the gay little brownie that nobody knows.*

—*Margaret Livingstone, Form Ia.*

THE WOOD-CHOPPER

*The sound of the wood-chopper's axe can be heard
From the timbered hills by the sea,
Soon all the majestic forest will fall
To a mortal man, like me.*

*Why were these trees so doomed to die
Beneath a swinging blade?
These wondrous giants, so broad and high,
The finest God has made.*

—*Gillian Levy, Form Ia.*

POSSUM

*One night he is there, from nowhere he comes,
On a quiet Spring evening, with his mate, in the
gums.*

*He is small, like a ball of soft grey fur,
His tail, with white tip, keeps him safe, secure.
He builds him a nest in a hollow limb spout,
And lines it with grasses to keep the rain out.
He sleeps there all day, but comes out at night,
For this little animal hates a bright light.
He clings with his hands, and also his tail;
For climbing by moonlight, there's none can
prevail.*

*He feeds on the tips, on the smallest gum leaves;
And lives with his mate, through the spring, in
the trees.*

—David M. Wilson, IVa.

"SCHOOL OF OUR YOUTH"

From the time a student enters Camberwell High School to the time of his ejection a brief five years later, a miraculous transformation of character and appearance is effected.

The first years are those delicate years when the potential qualities of the student are cultivated to fullest advantage by conscientious teachers. Simultaneously discipline must be instilled into the student, firmly, but subtly, as portrayed in the following typical example:—

*Teacher: "Smith! You breathed! Come here!"
(Exit Smith via the window.)*

The difficult task of developing stamina and sporting ability is attacked gradually and skilfully, students commencing with brief five mile runs and similar exercises, working up to full efficiency later. The boys now begin to become aware of the existence of girls: The impression comes at first in a detached manner, but later with growing impetus. A period of bashfulness follows, during which teachers may expect characteristic answers such as: "Er gee da coo shucks. I dunno!"

The boy awakens to the necessity of neat appearance and acknowledges the virtues of school uniform. A group of boys makes an impressive sight entering the premises with caps pulled down over ears and noses, and with crew-cuts bristling.

The years pass swiftly, and are interspersed with various house activities, one of the most successful being the inter-house choral festival. This great event is preceded by months of arduous training. Students "volunteer" one dinner hour per week in pursuit of vocal perfection; and all are fiercely infused with the lust for tone modulation, clarity of articulation and personification of spirit in a ballad such as "The Kid's Last Flight." The moment arrives, when, with a total disregard for the school motto, they deliver their offering, and trot off the stage amid bursts of applause, the winners borrowing an unbreakable cup for twelve months.

The student now passes to the senior section of the school where he begins to be treated as an embryo citizen. The rigid discipline of earlier years is relaxed, and is gradually displaced by the informal discussion group. Here the maturing youth becomes aware of latent sources of reasoning within him. He

learns the art of debate, and soon converses proudly with his fellow-students, with much coining of effective phrases and indisputable rhetoric. An argument between students may be most revealing, with dialogue as follows: "Yup?" "Nope!" "Yup?" "Nope!" "Yup?" "Nope!" "Yup?" "Nope!" "O.K. You win!"

Here, too, social life commences with zest. Dances are held, and everybody turns up, burning to paint the town red. Boys arrive in school caps and ties, but to girls it's different! It's a night out! A boy entering the hall is due for a severe shock. Before him he sees a room full of alluring women, dressed to the teeth (in full war-paint) and the atmosphere reeks so thick with perfume that you could float paper boats in it. At the dance, Trog syndicates meet, and vices, such as the paper-pellet habit, are initiated. At the close of the evening, a double row of thoughtful parents-cum-cars outside the hall provides a heart-warming panorama to the eager male escorts, and a satisfying close to a grand night.

As the end of the fifth year approaches, the student is subjected to the effects of deep cumulative emotion. The school acquires an air of homeliness which strikes to the depths of the soul: the teachers acquire a certain benignity of countenance and depth of understanding which will bind them ever in the memory of the student. Relations between the two become sincere and intimate. Dialogue between a senior student and elderly teacher on meeting might be thus—*Teacher: "Hi! Jack." Student: "Lo Fossil!"*

But the days pass swiftly, and it is with genuine regret that the student takes leave of this institute which has been his home for five years. It is a virtuous, honest, upright character who takes his final journey through the school gates with his cap pulled down low in his trousers' pocket.

—Paul Martin, Form Vb.

MEMORIES

*When the moon gilds the garden,
And our eyes are dreary and
Soft with sleep;
When hearts are drowsy and far away
In the deep sleep that remembering brings
Out of the dull warmth of the room
On wings
Of frail memories,
Till our eyes are clogged with tears
And we see
Forgotten evenings around the fire,
With old faces caught in its rich warm glow
Sighing back through the tangle of years;
Forgotten corners in the garden;
Streams whipped into voices by the wind;
Loved shores in our childhood
Plunged deep
In the last grey shadows of evening death;
Trees in the morning mist.
Then our minds leave their sleep
And take hold of reality
That bring's death's sweetness,
And we can remember no more.*

—Peter Lee, Form IVc.