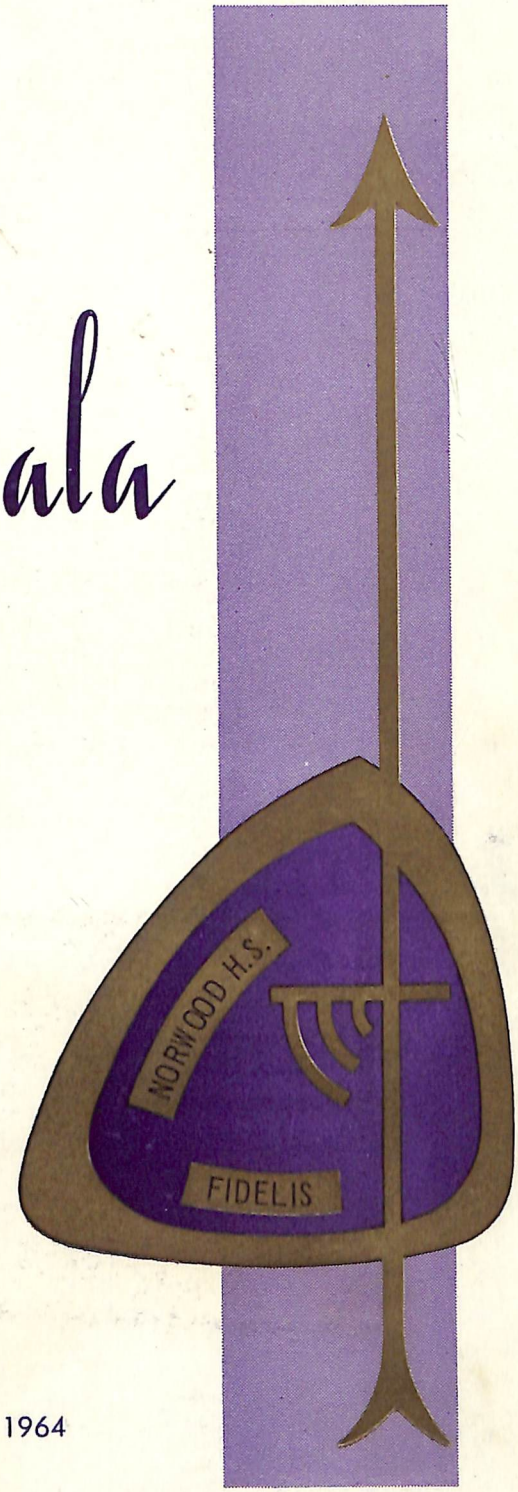
Weemala



DECEMBER, 1964

ERRATA

P.2. Line: Norwood regrets to see leaving too many of its teaching staff.

P.10. Italics: Weemala wishes all its readers.....

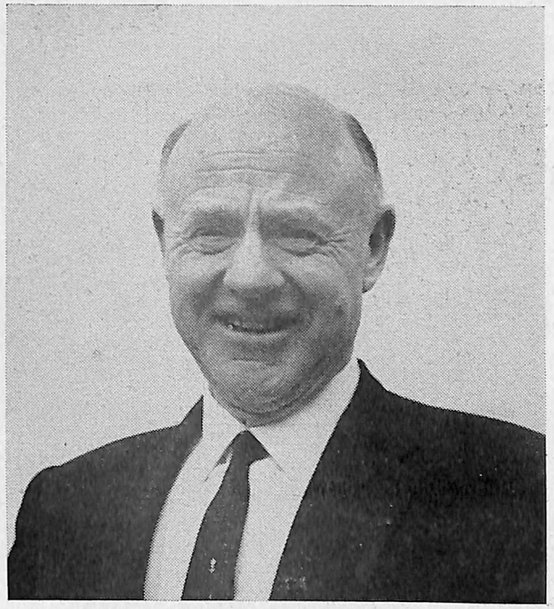
P.7. Line 9: ....contest between the houses;

P.15. Josephine Simonds. Andrew Giles-Peters, VI.

P.35. Yarra House Report; omit Line 1.
Line 13: how to be philosophic about .....

P.39. Photo caption should read: A well judged mark in a Yarra-Mullum House Match.

Headmaster's Message



A School is a living thing. It grows and develops, but remains basically the same. The factor which makes one school differ from another is not the number of students, nor the development of the site, nor the age of the school, but the students themselves. The students make the school, and their attitude towards School and towards life itself makes the "spirit" of the School. This is what distinguishes one school from another. Let me point out one way in which I think interested students can help to develop school spirit.

Our High School has been established. We have created our niche in the community. We have had some measure of success, scholastically, in sports, and in that larger and more intangible field of extra-curricula activities. No doubt we can feel some pride in our successes, just as we can feel shame for our failures; but this does not mean we cannot strive to do better. We must be prepared to criticise, to find faults in order to achieve more; as our own famous Australian essay writer, Professor Murdoch, was wont to say, "It is our sacred duty to growl".

"Any fool can find fault" is levelled at all critics at one time or another. Certainly any fool can find fault foolishly, but it takes a wise person to find fault wisely. To say precisely what is wrong, to point out defects, to state boldly what you think is wrong in our prefect system, in our time tables, or for that matter, in anything from the purchase of sports material to the organization of a Speech Afternoon is no work for a fool, it calls for intelligence and wisdom.

The world is made up of two kinds of people, broadly speaking, those who acquiesce and those who growl. If we are on the side of those who growl, we must be sure that we grumble in the right direction. We serve no useful purpose to protest against the inevitable any more than we do when we complain about past mistakes.

Do not let us just accept the tenth rate just because it is easier to do so. Let us be prepared to concede that although we did well in sports this year, other schools of a comparable size did better; that our examination results were good, but not as good as they could have been, in fact, whatever our success, we can and will do better. The danger to avoid, of course, is to grumble about something just because we do not like having to do it. Some pupils grumble about sports periods, some at having to do music, others protest against school uniforms. But our criticism must be of a constructive nature; we find fault in order to achieve more, not just to shrug off our responsibilities or dislikes.

There is an old saying "It is better to be Socrates dissatisfied, than a pig satisfied". Viewed in this light, grumbling is not a sin, but a spur to finer and more enduring success, so that the School lives and its spirit grows and develops.

R. C. Carding

Staff, 1964

Front Row. Left to right: Mrs. Lurajud, Mrs. Grainger, Mrs. Thorek, Mrs. Farrington, Mr. Samblebe, Mr. Cording, Miss Dryden, Mrs. Jeavons, Mrs Reeman, Mrs. Block, Mrs. Groves.
Second Row: Mr. Avison, Mrs. Robb, Mrs. Bach, Mrs. Flentje, Mrs. Crofts, Miss Black, Miss Methven, Mrs. Mackrell, Miss Dyer, Mr. Stolk, Mr. Haddad.
Third Row: Mr. Jamieson, Mr. Waring, Mr. Bartels, Mr. Olsen, Mr. Ingwerson, Mr. Peckham, Mr. Ball, Mr. Sherman, Mr. Farnsworth, Mr. Lawn.
Absent: Mr. Meikle, Mrs. Rosewarne, Miss Hiscock, Mrs. Steele, Mrs. Gill, Mrs. Day, Mrs. Tipping, Mr. Plato, Mr. Feige.

Norwood regrets to see leaving, too many of its teaching staff. Every year and in every school, there is movement among the staff as some take promotion, some retire and some just leave. We are unfortunate to lose eleven teachers, a number that represents nearly a third of the staff.

Weemala, in expressing its feeling at losing well-known teachers. especially Mr. Stolk and Miss Methven who are foundation staff members, wishes bright futures to those who will continue teaching and happiness to those who are leaving the profession.

Apart from Mr. Stolk and Miss Methven, we are losing Mrs. Block, Mrs. Farrington, Mr. Peckham, Mrs. Robb, Miss Black, Mr. Plato, Mr. Olsen, Mr. Meikle and Miss Hiscock, In addition, two or three others are doubtful about returning for 1965.

WELCOME

Norwood welcomes Mrs. Dawson from Mitcham High, Miss Bowden from Greythorn, and those teachers who will be appointed to the vacancies at this school. It is hoped that all will find here an atmosphere that is not only congenial but is also one in which they will be able to gain satisfaction from their work.

BOUQUETS

Weemala wishes to thank the girls of 4C who have worked so well to type out the copy for this edition of the magazine. They will be pleased to know that their efforts are also much appreciated by the typesetters at the printer's office.

EDITORIAL

MEET WEEMALA'S PRODUCERS FOR 1964

Students, teachers, "civilians":—

They supplied reports on school and semi-school activities, and contributed the artistic efforts displayed throughout Weemala.

Douglas Williams — This one sub-edited, organised Gough's badgering and plagued Mr. Bartels and script writers.

Mr. Bartels — Copy boy, teacher, liaison and supervision. He instructed the editor and held same in check; took most of the snapshots throughout Weemala, and figured largely in its production.

John Gough — General Editor, badgered reports and artistic creations from pupils, teachers and "civilians" and made Mr. Bartels' supervising a sinecure.

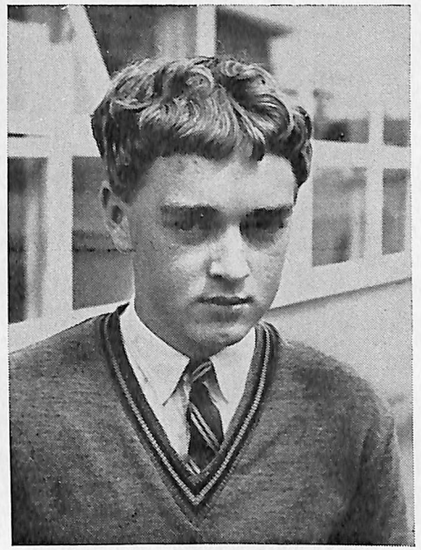
These are the cold statistics. They cannot, in the least, hint at the sweated labour and mad October rush to the printers that occurred in Room 1. Nor can it convey how grateful I am for all the help I received from those who worked in producing the magazine,

After a year's experience as the first student-editor, my only whinge is that editorial staff is not constantly being trained from the senior students. As a result, there is a lot of wasted time due to inexperience in magazine procedure.

Except for this, I feel the year has been a success. Weemala has expanded in size and, I think, quality. And with the first year of student editorship completed, a new area for direct action by students has been opened up.

On behalf of the editorial staff, I wish a happy Christmas and a brave new year to the members of the school in '65, whether they remain here, or branch off.

Good fortune,
JOHN GOUGH (Editor).



JOHN GOUGH, your Weemala editor.

MRS. "NO TROUBLE" LLOYD

An un-named Arab sage, claiming immediate sanctification for many-wived Arabs when they died, argued that women and trouble were related in the following manner:

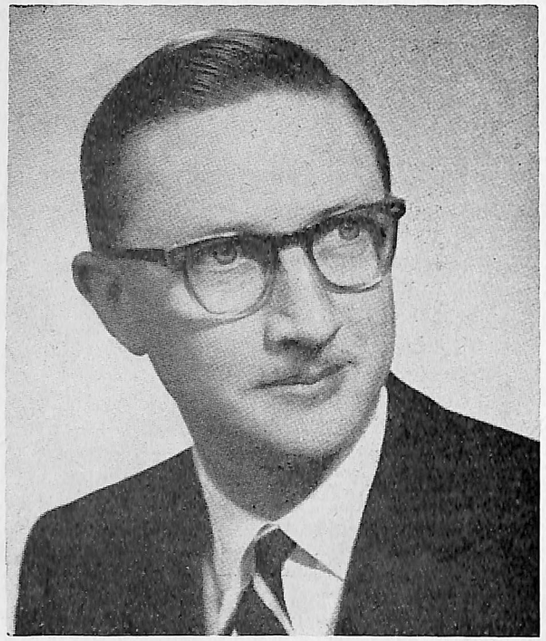
1 woman (w) : much trouble (mt)
2 women 2w : (mt)2
3w : (mt)3

Norwood has found the exception to this rule. Until recently, we had in the school office one very charming lady who, clerically speaking, carried the school on her shoulders without her charm wearing thin. However, very much overworked, Mrs. Groves' health was beginning to suffer.

During second term, Mrs. Lloyd joined Mrs. Groves, settled in quickly, and has been happily clicking her typewriter ever since. After the first tentative approaches to get something typed brought cheerful "No trouble" replies, the staff have learnt that behind the accent lies sterling worth. Now, through getting some of their time-consuming work done for them, teachers are finding that some evenings can be devoted to non-school affairs.

We hope Mrs. Lloyd is as happy at Norwood as she seems to be and that she does not get calls on her time that will cause her to leave a place where her work is so valued.

PARENTS' PAGE



MR. R. SPENCER

PARENTS' AND CITIZENS' ASSOCIATION

There are many demands upon the leisure of parents at this time but in spite of the competition, we have seen two good fund-raising efforts this year. Our Fete on August 1 resulting in a profit of £620 and Paddy's Market-Book Fair of October realised £150.

The other main concern of our Association is to assist, where possible, in the Parent-Teacher relationships. Here we may not have been so successful. Our meetings which were addressed by teachers were not well attended but this could have been a tribute to the efficiency of the staff and a shortage of disgruntled or disturbed parents.

Several minor problems have concerned groups of parents during this year. These matters have been discussed with the Headmaster at our General Meetings and solutions have been found. I trust that this practice may continue.

On behalf of the Parents' and Citizens' Association, my thanks to the school for the unfailing assistance and courtesy extended to us as parents in 1964.

R. A. HAMILTON (President).

ADVISORY COUNCIL

With another school year drawing to a close, it is again my privilege to report on behalf of the Advisory Council.

It has been a year mainly of consolidating the achievements of the formation years of the school; but, although a great deal has been already done, there still remains much to do. The Advisory Council is at present planning for the construction of an Assembly Hall, to be built in two stages; the first stage will provide dressing room and shower facilities for sporting events, whilst the second stage will include the Assembly Hall proper and Gymnasium.

Government subsidy is available for 75% of the cost of Assembly Halls, and at present the Advisory Council has sufficient funds to finance its share of the first stage. Subject to Departmental approval it is hoped to commence the project in the coming year.

None of the things that have been done, or will be done, would have been possible without the wonderful support of the parents, the staff, and the School. The voluntary labour of mothers has enabled the Canteen to return a handsome profit, the Parents' and Citizens' Association, mainly through the Fete, has also been wonderfully successful, and the Voluntary Levy imposed this year was extremely well supported, and helped considerably to consolidate School Funds.

So it is my pleasure to say "Thank you" to all those people who have given so much of their time, their talents, or their money, that Norwood High School may progress. Without your support the Advisory Council could do but little.

R. O. SPENCER, President.

LADIES' AUXILIARY—1964

The ladies again entertained the teaching staff at a luncheon; this function, as usual, proved to be a successful medium for mothers to get to know their children's teachers.

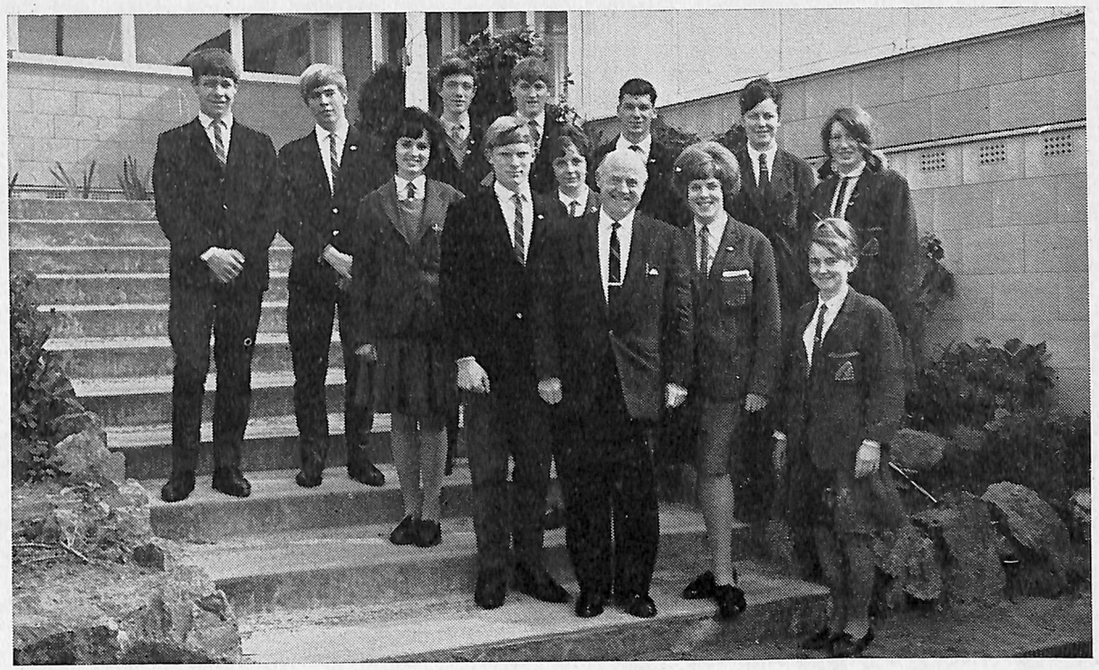
During the year many interesting speakers attended our meetings, including Cr. Penny, who addressed us on the Good Neighbour Council, and Mrs. Fallon, who gave a talk on Japan.

The aim of the Ladies' Auxiliary is to help raise money needed for the students' equipment and amenities, and this year the ladies' effort for the fete raised the sum of £245/0/0.

New mothers are always welcome at our meetings, and are needed to help carry on with this worthwhile work which we are doing for our children.

J. PRIOR, President.

Student Leaders



Back Row. Left to right: Colin Fox, Peter Marjason, Lindsay Moore, Richard Gridley, Christopher Stevenson, Margaret Fry. Francesca Kerkhof.
Front Row: Christine Wilkins, Colin Standfield, Susanne Dunham, Mr. Cording, Barbara Beissel, Judith Brown.

Let the Prefects say a Word!

1964, has been a memorable year for the seven girls and seven boys who were elected school prefects at the beginning of the year.

On the day of our investure by Cr. P. Vergers, then Mayor of Ringwood, we did not fully realise the magnitude of the job which each of us was undertaking — the responsibilities, the duties and the pleasures.

One of the highlights of our year was the invitation to a Prefect's social held at the Lilydale High School Assembly Hall, and organised by the Prefects. The hall was artistically decorated in the school's colours. The social was a wonderful success and we are sure that it was enjoyed by all who were present.

We would like to express our appreciation to Mr. Cording, Miss Dryden and Mr. Samblebe, as well as the other members of staff for their help and understanding and tolerance which they showed us during the year. Their assistance was sincerely appreciated by all the Prefects. We would also like to thank all the students who re-nominated and elected us at the beginning of the year; we can only hope that we have proved worthy of their support. The prefects for this year are as follow: Barbara Beissel, Margaret Fry, Lesley Mayes, Franka Kerkoff, Sue Dunham, Christine Wilkins and Judy Brown. The boys were: Colin Standfield, Colin Fox, Chris Stevenson, Peter Pridmore, Richard Gridley, Peter Marjason and Lindsay Moore.

BARBARA BEISSEL and
COLIN STANDFIELD (Senior Prefects).

STUDENTS' REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL

The Students' Representative Council of 1964 comprised of representatives from the various forms in the school and the prefects. Meetings were held on the first Monday in each month and at these meetings various subjects were brought up by the representatives on behalf of their forms.

The subjects discussed ranged from the introduction of new playing area to an increase in sports time. After each meeting the Secretary, Barbara Beissil and the President met with Mr. Cording, Miss Dryden and Mr. Samblebe to discuss the motions which had been moved, seconded and passed by the Council.

It may be said that the Council failed to achieve many of the resolutions which were passed. In defence of the Council I would say that it was not necessarily its aim to have passed sweeping reforms altering the organization of the school. The Council aimed to enable those students who were sufficiently interested to present their suggestions for improvements to the headmaster, Mr. Cording. Each suggestion was given full consideration by Mr. Cording, Miss Dryden and Mr. Sambelbe in collaboration with the secretary and the President. The importance of the Council is as a liaison body between the students and the teachers. It not only enables students to take an active interest in the organization of the school, but it also helps to develop a good student and teacher relationship which is so essential if the school is to function effectively.

On behalf of the Council, I would like to thank Mr. Sherman for the interest he showed not only by his regular attendance but also by his many helpful suggestions. I would also like to thank the Secretary, Barbara Beissil and the Treasurer, Susan Dunham for the work they did during the year, and for their cheerful co-operation which made my task this year not a task, but a pleasure.

MARTIN BRENNAN.

FAREWELL

Today I leave Norwood High School for good and, as I write this, I wonder if it is the right thing to do. But knowing I dislike studying and exams a great deal, I will not change my mind, and stay.

I think leaving school is a big step in your life and working is very different. The first day at work would most likely be very difficult, but for me, I'm not so sure. I will be working with my sister at Shipping Newspapers in King Street and I already know the Boss and all the girls that work there. Travelling to and from work will not be so bad as I will have my sister for company. I will miss my friends and the teachers very much but I'm sure I will soon make new friends.

I know I will miss the long holidays, and I could even miss the subjects which now seem so much work. I will no longer have an afternoon off each Wednesday for sport so I suppose I will miss school in general.

But I still say "Good-bye to Norwood High School."

SUE McKINLAY.

THE SPECTACULAR — outstanding student contribution to the Fete. Martin Brennan claims he is really enjoying himself.

THE FETE OF '64

Our fete was held on Saturday, 1st August, 1964, a wet day unfortunately, but still enjoyable with many successful activities designed to raise money for an Assembly Hall.

As a change on last year's small-unit form efforts the stalls were this year organized to be run by the four houses. Because of normal inter-house rivalry this brought in an atmosphere of content between the houses; each striving to bring in the most money. And because of the large potential work-force in each house a more concentrated effort could be made to man the stalls with enthusiastic and efficient pupils. This undoubtedly resulted in a larger intake in this year's fete than in previous years.

The Parents' and Citizens' Association and the Mothers' Club organized and operated the usual high income stalls; the white elephant, the general goods' and the groceries stall. The Mothers also arranged a very popular item; the cake stall, which was run on a house dividend by girls from the houses. All these activities are well tried methods of bringing in the money; they did exactly that this year.

This year, Yarra was entrusted with most of the sideshows, including a coco-nut shy, darts, penny-in-the-bucket, skittles and others. These sideshows were the main source of entertainment, for the droves of young children who haunted the school that Saturday.

With Yarra fulfilling the entertainment needs of the youngest customers, Kalinda was well equipped to fill part of their nutrient needs. This filling consisted of fairy-floss and chips, always very quick sellers. For the slightly older customers, Kalinda had a car wrecking service, with prices at threepence a bash at an old car, and you can keep any part you knock off. An eight pound sledge hammer was provided for this nice escapist activity designed to cater for the brute in all the people; also designed to take away their money, and did this quite well.

Mullum combined all its activities to a concentrated effort directed at the junior pupils. In one small area, near the entrance to the covered way were hot-dogs, cordial and penny-board stalls. The money rolled in almost effortlessly as 5000 juicy hot-dogs boiled into delicious tenderness. While you waited for your hot-dog to be whistled up, you could fling pennies in mad ambition at the penny board, or drown yourself in a cool drink of fruit cordial. The Mullum stall had something for all tastes.

But for the sophisticated customers, Maroondah had the lot. The scheming of Mr. Stolk used the bait of glamorous waitresses and tantalising aromas to tempt all into a vast food palace. When in operation, Mr. Stolk had fried rice, coffee, fruit salad, doughnuts and cordial on the menu. The whole thing functioned in the manner of a highly efficient cafe, with a rumbling roar of conversation, clatter of cutlery and cheek too, from the waitresses. This restaurant was the most lucrative of the fete.

Just over the other side of the corridor from the "Cafe" was a delightful little swindle based on Pick-a-Box. This had been developed by Mr. Farnsworth and was run by the money-mad Maroondah seniors who pulled in the victims and their cash with expert salesmanship and a deafening loud-speaker.

MANNEQUIN PARADE — the most attractive student contribution to the Fete. These four beauties are (L. to R.) Anne Smith, Margot Lane, Stephanie Blackmore and the winner, Christine Wilkins.

After the roar of competition, for the parents, a haven of rest and orthodox eating was provided by the mothers in their Afternoon Teas lounge, where a sustaining quantity of cakes, scones and tea could be enjoyed in relative calm.

Following on from last year, this year's 6th Form put on a "Spectacular" in several sessions, which attracted gigantic, enthusiastic crowds to a very talented and noisy variety show. The Matric. students sang and played and joked their way through an excellent programme of jazz, rock and pop-music, in a magnificent effort that raised about thirty-pounds.

Despite the rain throughout the day, the pressure of selling and fun was constant, and the rain gave spectacular mud to the football games played on the oval, thus providing all the fun of Showday and a Grand Final.

The day ended with a gratifying amount of £704/13/8 resulting from the house totals of:

Yarra	£153	12	9
Kalinda	£169	1	0
Mullum	£171	13	5
Maroondah	£193	6	6

This is a really splendid effort by all those who worked for the success of the Fete.

PARLIAMENT OF YOUTH

..Only Martin seems concerned at the camera interrupting a last minute briefing.

"We of the Opposition maintain that Australian Governors should not be Australian born." With these words seventeen Norwood High School students appeared on thousands of television screens throughout Victoria. The programme was "Parliament of Youth." The day was Sunday the 21st of June. It was Norwood's second appearance on this programme which is sponsored by the Herald and Weekly Times, and conducted by HSV7.

The Government case was taken by the Church of England Girls' Grammar School of Geelong and the subject was, "Should our Governors be Australian born?" Norwood High School's case was presented by Barbara Beissil, Christine Wilkins and Martin Brennan. Martin Brennan showed why Australian Governors should not be Australian born, even if the position is a sinecure. Barbara Beissel pointed out why we should look outside Australia if the post were important and powerful, and Christine Wilkins mentioned some of the many advantages of choosing our Governors from other countries.

On behalf of those students who appeared on "Parliament of Youth" and also on behalf of all the students at Norwood High School, I would like to thank Mr. Bartels who was responsible for the weeks of preparatory work behind the scenes, organizing and preparing us for the debate. The experience gained by the students from their appearance on this program is invaluable. MARTIN BRENNAN.

Weemala is an appropriate place for the school to express its appreciation of the efforts put in by our three speakers in the preparation of speeches for Television sessions. Speeches are not written and learnt in a matter of minutes and on this occasion, our three were asked to prepare their case at short notice and just before their Mid-year exams. We thank here, Martin, Barbara and Christine for giving up so much of their private time for the preparatory work and for the afternoons at HSV7. J.T.B.

SOCIALS

Due to the help and co-operation of Mr. Bartels, the social committee, and pupils in senior forms, our first and second term socials were a great success and were attended and enjoyed by over two hundred senior pupils and teachers.

The first term social was held at Ringwood Town Hall which had been decorated beforehand by form five students. The scattering of balloons and streamers added a gay note to the large hall. The band was extremely good as the musicians were young and their style of playing was modern. Although many boys did attend, they were outnumbered by the girls once again. The dances were a variation of 'old' and 'new' to satisfy all tastes and dancing abilities. Half way through the evening, supper was served accompanied by coffee and soft drink. By this time, everyone was mixing well as shyness was put aside and all too soon, the evening ended with the singing of 'Auld Lang Syne'. Although all but a few enjoyed themselves, the social was a financial loss as supper arrangements were costly and the hall too big for the attendance.

The second term social was held at the Presbyterian Church Hall, East Ringwood, which had been skilfully decorated by the form six girls. The theme chosen was "Cauldron" and the decorations aptly illustrated this theme: Sheep skulls were plotted around the hall, and suspended from the ceiling were realistic spiders, moons, stars, bats and a rather flesh-creeping old witch, her white boney face surmounted by matted red tresses and dressed in black. An atmosphere enhanced by lights dimmed with coloured cellophane.

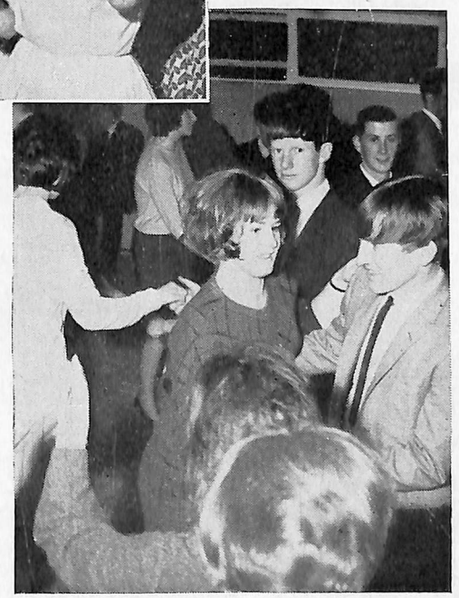
The non-ghoulish features of the night were the bright numbers played by Mr. Herry and his boys and the beautiful girls who could never be imagined as potential witches. Once again, a break was provided for supper which was followed by two very popular modern numbers, "Chains," and "It's been a Blue, Blue Day," which were sung by Margaret Bird and Barbara Beissil, accompanied by Martin Brennan on the piano.

The second term social was much more enjoyable than the first as the hall was smaller and less formally decorated than the Town Hall. As well as being a social success, this evening proved also to be a financial success.

The final social is to be held again at the Presbyterian Church Hall at East Ringwood, and it is to be expected to be one of the best socials we have had. The hall is to be decorated by form five, who are confident of creating an atmosphere that will immediately have all teachers and students in the mood.

LESLEY MAYES.

Social Graces



Features of this social were the informal mixing of staff and students in the macabre atmosphere of the WITCHES' DEN, and the variety of entertainment: games to waltz; twist to polite eating.

Top Left: Mr. Avison is pretending to dance, but is really just "holding hands".

Top Right: This limbo proved good fun, but really strains the muscles.

Centre: Shy little Judy Brown shows she knows the way to Mr. Jamieson's good graces.

Bottom Right: Richard Gridley and Sue Dobson enjoy a conventional quickstep.

NORWOOD EX-STUDENTS

Now that Norwood has matured to the point of having had Matriculation students study within its walls and leave to make their names in the world, "Weemala" intends to devote each year, some space to recording the progress of ex-pupils.

We realize that not all students will crown themselves with glory and that some will even achieve notoriety. "Weemala" wants to hear about those who become good citizens, not necessarily brilliant, but worth their place in society. Thus we ask you to let the current year's editor know what you or your friends are doing.

In giving this list to John this year, I have not aimed to include all who left Norwood during 1963 or previously. I have just jotted down those I could call to mind when he approached me. If you are not there, drop a line to the Editor, "Weemala" and get into print in '65.

Joan Bedford — Nursing. Box Hill Hospital.
Jennie Coombs — Kindergarten Training College on a Health Dept. Scholarship.
Ann Couch — Primary Teacher's College.
Lois Dewar — Primary Teacher's College.
Katy Green — Phys. Ed. at Secondary Teacher's College.
Pauline Harmer — Primary Teacher's College.
Erane Huissen — Melbourne Tech. doing an art course.
Gill Lake — Cancer research at St. Vincent's.
Anne Luscombe — Science course at Secondary Teachers' College.
Pam Northausen — Primary Teaching.
Sue Rule — Matriculation at M.L.C.
Mary McKay — Alfred Hospital from Queen Victoria, where she is doing General Nursing.
Stuart Dickson — Art teaching studentship at Melbourne Tech.
Henri Eecen — Working in Sydney.
Pat Ford — Primary Teachers' College.
Arno Haemmerle — Accepted for Monash University.
Peter Hill — Architecture course at Melbourne Tech.
Brian Horsewell — Accountant.
Keith Purdie — Matric.
Chris Stevenson — Matric.
Alfred Sung — Diploma course at a tech.
Jim Wilson — In Public Service. Shipping and Transport.
Gary Wilkins — Clerk at Amalgamated Travel Service.
Albert Prior — Switzerland Life Assurance.

ANNE LUSCOMBE.

Weemala wishes all it's readers a Very Happy Christmas and a 1965 crowded with success in whatever you may be doing - studying, teaching, battling in the world.

BLUEY TRUSCOTT

(by Ivan Southall)

This is a biography of a renowned war hero, "Bluey Truscott". The story briefly describes Bluey's high school career, and his outstanding success as a pilot in the R.A.A.F. during World War II. Bluey's ability to fly planes won him supremacy even over the toughest of enemies, as his aerial manouvers during fierce combat were miraculous.

One of the most exciting incidents was when Bluey was stationed at Milne Bay in New Guinea. The author describes how squadron 76 desperately fought the Japanese invaders, who were confident of over-running this small battalion of men, as their reputation for jungle warfare was very high. Bluey, his squadron, and a detachment of soldiers, fought with dogged determination, winning the battle which at first appeared impossible.

And so I thoroughly recommend this book to anyone who likes war adventure.

PETER ROBERTS, 3A.

Form Notes

1A

We have taken part in several interesting activities this year. Our forms excursion to Ancient Times House, where we saw many interesting historic relics, was enjoyed by everyone.

Every Monday morning we collect our Social Service money, but as well as this we have knitted squares to be made into a rug. We were delighted to receive a beautiful crocheted rug from Jeff Taylor's grandmother.

We are proud of our new form room and do our best to keep it clean and tidy, we have sometimes won the form room banner.

Several members of the form are to be congratulated on being chosen to represent either their house or the school at the various sporting activities.

Going to the Swimming Sports was fun.

On behalf of the form, we would like to thank Mrs. Gill for a most pleasing year.

1C

At the beginning of this year, we greeted Miss Dyer as our form mistress.

This year form 1C went on one excursion, to Ancient Times House in the city. It was a very interesting morning after we had been shown around, given a lecture and shown some films about ancient people. I am sure everybody agreed that it helped us in History. We thank Mrs. Bach and Mrs. Curtis for accompanying us.

A number of people from our form entered in the Inter-School Swimming Sports. All did very well. Also there are three people entering into the Inter-School Athletics Sports.

In our form ten girls belong to the School Choir, three boys belong to the Boys' Choir and two girls and a boy belong to the School Orchestra. All of these people joined in the Norwood High School Music and Drama Night.

We thank all teachers who have taught us this year and especially thank our form mistress, Miss Dyer.

1E

Our form teacher is Mrs. Robb, and we have voted for new form captains each term; these were Christine Fitzgerald, Dawn Whitehill and Christine Rodzic, and for the boys, Brian Edgar (who is now at Boronia), Stephen Lockhart, and Mark Hodgson. They have all tried to keep us in order. Our Social Services representatives have been Kerry Murray, Kaye Crettenden and Lynda O'Regan. We are sending our money to the Royal Victorian Institute for the Blind. During the year we went on a history excursion to Ancient Times House — which we all enjoyed. Several form members have represented the school in sporting activities; these include Lynda O'Regan and Howard Riley in the cross-country; Christine Campbell, Nina Kondratenkov in the Swimming; many of us have supported the Saturday Basketball team.

Many thanks go to Mrs. Robb and all other teachers for helping us during the year. For our first year at Norwood High School.

1D

In our form, we have 23 girls and 14 boys. Our form captains are Karen Blackmore and John Ingram. Mrs. Day is our form teacher. Among our few organization members we have Jan Haines as our Social Service Representative; Jane Chivell is on the Student Representative Council and Trevor Pillinger is on the Magazine Committee.

During the second term, Form 1 attended a history excursion to the Ancient Times House. It was a most enjoyable day in which we saw very interesting exhibits, such as mummified Egyptian cats.

In our class we have many athletes and swimmers. We also have softballers, baseballers, basketballers, footballers and also several people in the choir and drama groups. During the year we acquired three new members.

KAREN BLACKMORE,
JUDITH VALKENBURG,

1D'S POEM

Our form of thirty-seven,
Is very much like heaven,
When teachers pass us by.
They give a little sigh,
You'd think that we'd all been naughty,
It's just that we're so sporty,
We find some lessons boring,
English, maths, and drawing.

Our teachers aren't so bad,
But they sometimes make us mad,
They also think they're boss,
Which always makes us cross.
Our room is number four,
The sign is near the door,
Our teacher, Mrs. Day,
Is always very gay.

DIANNE and BARBARA.

1B

The first thing I would like to tell you about is the interesting History display in room 2, which is my form room. The form one pupils did Roman assignments. That is they either dressed up a doll, made a chariot or did something connected with the Romans. The form 2 pupils did English assignments. I hope you saw them.

The next thing I would like to tell you about is the guide dog appeal. We are trying very hard to raise £70 for a special two way radio. This enables the future owner to take orders from the trainer, to give to the dog.

Our form captains are Helen Gordic and Ronald van Reeves. Our form teacher is Mrs. Mackrell.

NOEL EDYVANE.

1F

Our form teacher is Mr. Olsen, and our form captains for the third term were Susan Schelfhout and Ross Lehmann.

Our form captains, who have tried to control us during the year were, for the first term, Rhonda Pascoe and Harry Zalitis, for the second term, J. Foley and John Francis.

Our Social Service representatives for the year were Susan Parr and Keith Henderson. Although we had no great achievements in the academic field we contributed to the sporting activities with Keith Henderson and Andrew Kerr competing in the Inter-School Swimming Sports and Wayne Dickson competing in the combined Athletics.

During the year we went on a history excursion to "Ancient Times House" with the other Form Ones. Everyone enjoyed themselves and gained a little knowledge of history from this interesting excursion.

Many thanks go to our form teacher, Mr. Olsen, and to our other teachers for helping us through our first year at High School.

ROSS LEHMANN.

2A

The year commenced with Mrs. Flentje as our form teacher, and Kay Jamieson and Alfred Strauks were elected as form captains for the first term. Our three "threepenny thieves" during the year, Carol Crokett, Susan Barnett, and Shirley Birch. The Inter-School Swimming Sports were held early this year and our form was well represented by Christine Young, Perry Kaighin and Patrick Oldermatt. Second term soon got under way, with Ann Watson and Derek Moore being chosen as form captains. The exams came and Alfred Strauks took top honours, our form average was in the eighties. The final term began with form captains, Denise Dunham and Charles Howitt. The Inter-School Athletic Sports took place on October 6, and 2A once again were represented by Christine Young, Campbell McRae, Perry Kaighin, Leigh Ahern and Greg Howaith.

The exams have not yet commenced but we are hoping that we will be able to gain high marks once more. Finally, we would like to thank all the teachers who have had to put up with us and have helped us through our second year at high, especially Mrs. Flentje who has had great patience with us.

CHARLES HOWITT,
ALFRED STRAUKS.

2B

1964 has been a year of many trials and tribulations for members of 2B. It has not been an easy year, but there have been the inevitable ones who always seem to enjoy themselves during school hours.

Those who went to the Swimming and Athletic sports enjoyed themselves, I am sure, even though there was a number of hoarse voices afterwards. We all had a fabulous time at our own school fete, although the weather was rather unkind to us.

Most of us have attended various orchestral concerts in the Melbourne Town Hall, and we wish to thank Mrs. Rosewarne for taking us to these recitals.

Our form captains are Bev. Briggs and Greg Houghton, both of whom are very capable students.

We would like to thank sincerely Mrs. Bach for doing a fine job on Monday mornings in keeping us all subdued.

Also, thanks must go to our teachers who have tried their hardest to succeed in teaching us some genuine work. I am sure everyone is looking forward to the holidays, but will be glad to start a new school year in 1965.

CATHY O'CONNOR.

2D

Our form has nineteen boys and twelve girls. Mr. Stolk is our form teacher and the Geography room is our form room. We have tried from the beginning of the year to make our form shine through outstanding behaviour and spotless form room and, although we may have failed on rare occasions, many are the times we surpassed other forms in the school.

In sport we had several stars who played in inter-school matches and we count among us some very good athletes. Let us not forget the names of Lynette Bowd, Diane Loriot, Tony Radcliff, Peter Glover, Phillip Adams, David Holmes, Darryl Cook and George Kondratenkov.

For us it has been a fruitful year as well as an enjoyable one and we will remember it in years to come.

DIANE LORIOT,
PETER GLOVER.

2E

We of 2E are such brilliant kids.
We never think of telling fibs,
We never think of quitting work,
We never fight, we never shirk;
All we do is work, work, work.

In maths we have such jolly good fun,
Our teacher, Mr. Ball, with whiskers Dun;
He's always handing out pages,
He has hardly time to earn his wages.

All through the recreation day,
With a ball, brandy we do play.
But, when the bell goes, we retreat,
To our lockers, our books to greet.

The girls are always squawking and talking,
The boys around are always pranking,
But really it's the best form out
With its courageous students, brave and stout.

JOHN GRAY.
T. STUBBS,

3A

At the beginning of the year, 3A was much the same as last year with only a few additions from other schools and forms. Mrs. Binns was allotted as our form teacher and we elected Annette Price and Eddie Elderhurst as form captains and Ann Hare and John O'Regan as Vices. Dawn Kidgell and John Simmonds were our Social Service Representatives while Peter Roberts was our S.R.C. Representative.

Mrs. Binns left during the year and Mrs. Crofts took over and proved herself to be equally efficient.

In our form we have a few budding swimmers including Jeanne Nowatka, Suzanne McAuley, Peter Roberts and Eddie Elderhurst and while in the athletic field; Robert Bradley, Eddie Elderhurst, John O'Regan and Malcolm Moore deserve credit.

A highlight of the year was the Canberra trip which everyone enjoyed. The Mirboo North trip at the end of August called for Sue Power, Sue Hickinbotham and Deidre Lawrence in the hockey team and Peter Roberts, Robert Bradley, Ian Prior and Malcolm Moore in the footy.

Eleanor Dickson, a new member of the school, topped the form for the first half year with excellent marks.

Most of the students were very co-operative throughout the year, although Reid's attention was often distracted. On finishing we would like to thank all the teachers for trying to teach us, especially Mrs. Crofts for a wonderful job as a form teacher.

3B

Form 3B would like to thank our form teacher, Miss Methven, who has worked hard trying to keep us under. We have not been to many places as a form, but some of us went to Canberra.

We are not very brainy, but we try to work as hard as we can. Our budding athletes and swimmers are: Marian Kaighin, Glenn Hardware, Robert Thomas, Geoffrey Clifton-Dobing, Barry Newlands. Peter Sarre went to Mirboo to play football. Sue-Ann Dines and Paul Dobson are our social service representatives and Linda Whelan and Peter Lehmann are our form captains.

We would also like to thank Miss Dyer, Mrs. Rosewarne, Mrs. Farrington, Miss Dryden, Mrs. Jeavons, Mr. Bartels and Mr. Ingwerson who have put up with us and taught us for this year of '64.

PETER LEHMANN.

3C

At the beginning of the year our form consisted of 41 but dropped in numbers to 38. We have some good athletes in 3C including Brenda Pridmore and Julie Dickson. Robyn Mahony is our best swimmer. Through the year we have had two form teachers, Miss Hughes, who left early in the year, and Mrs. Tipping. We would like to thank them both very much for the work they have put in. We would also like to thank all our other teachers for their efforts through the year.

3D

Our form is a very humorous bunch, with Mr. Waring who has been most helpful as form teacher. The form captains are Rae Dickson and Dennis Young; Vice-captains are John Bennett and Sue McKinlay who, being an active girl, has kept us from starving at lunch-time. Cheryl Ednie is our Social Service Representative. We, the members of 3D, wish to thank the students, who helped to make the year pass smoothly.

In our form there are several outstanding athletes, such as Lynette Dickson and Margaret Mensch, with the boys being Graeme "Tubbs" Bryant, Milton Gray and Dennis Young.

During the year there were a few trips away, but only a few of us went on them. Those who went seemed to have a very good time and saw quite a bit of Victoria, and even Canberra, the capital of Australia.

We would also like to thank the teachers especially, for putting up with us during the year. We all hope we go well in the exams and that we end up next year re-united in Fourth Year.

RAE DICKSON,
DENNIS YOUNG.

4B

We commenced the year with a group of 31 enthusiastic students, hungry for knowledge and ready and willing for a hard year's work, for as long as we were able to keep it up. Later in the year a newcomer, Janice Halliwell, made the small group of girls tally 11 in all.

Miss Black, our form teacher and maths "drill-mistress", whose brave and patient guidance kept the two groups of the class—21 boys and 11 girls—going, should not go uncongratulated. We thank her very sincerely for her untiring efforts.

The jobs of Form Captains were bestowed upon Vivian Nightingale and Ken Flack, while assisting them were Vice Captains, Susan Wilkins and Bruce McAdam. Nobody in the class envies them their job and we salute them for their gallant work.

Mild and meek Wendy Clugston and boisterous Brian Cleaves were the extractors of the form's social service and they also deserve recognition for their trying job. Glenys Parslow topped the class first term.

Our year was not without social events, as a trip to Kiewa was arranged and, as some of our members afterwards related to us, was quite an enjoyable trip. We were also represented by some of our sporting members when Norwood visited Mirboo North to play off in certain sporting events.

Just before finishing this report we would like to thank all the harassed teachers who have tackled the job of teaching us their subjects this year, for without their help and guidance we should certainly not have been able to sit for Intermediate exams.

Good luck for a successful 1965 to all the teachers and pupils of form 4B, and best wishes to all who are leaving us.

GARY CATT

4C

4C is a real swingin' form,
Consisting of girls who are rarely forlorn.
Sometimes work is hard and rotten,
But Mr. Jamieson's "classes" are never forgotten.
Mrs. Farrington is the head of the form,
In her English periods we cause quite a storm
Trying desperately hard to act Shakespeare
And to stop ourselves grinning from ear to ear.
Home-work is a thing which is never done,
When it is collected, we're all on the run,
Searching for reasons, excuses galore,
But who can blame us, work is such a bore.
Social Service, we have been taught,
On Monday morning, must be brought.
But our representative has quite a job,
To extract from us a "couple of bob"
Mods, rockers, and jazzers too,
Make up our number, which is none too few.
We are working hard, our Inters to gain,
To prepare for the jobs we hope to obtain
Some girls will settle in a house of their own,
Some girls may travel over the sea.
But wherever they go, each one will remember
The year she spent in the form of 4C.

4C GIRLS.

4A

In our first (and we hope, last) try at Intermediate, we were fortunate in getting a form teacher who had experience with our little eccentricities — Mrs. Rosewarne. Our form captains, who ably led us on our assault of 1964 — David Hunt and Dianne Lawrence—were well-supported by vice-captains, Robert Krober and Helen Martin. Our well known (ugh!) bespectacled juice-extractor in charge of Social Service, namely Paul Heinrichs, succeeded sometimes, in collecting our full quota: the large sum of twenty-six threepences.

During the second term, most of us were fortunate enough to be able to go on an excursion to the Alps in north-eastern Victoria. While on this three-day excursion we went to the Kiewa Scheme and Mt. Buffalo. A few days after this excursion, five members represented our form on the sports-trip to Mirboo North.

We had three members participating in the inter-school swimming sports. They were David Flowers, Diane Lawrence and Malcolm Le Masurier, and three members in the inter-school athletics: Linde Bretherton, Dianne Lawrence and David Hunt.

At the beginning of the third term, our form and several "angels" went to a musical concert at the Melbourne Town Hall. After waiting for quite a while after the concert we found our bus drivers and arrived back at school on the SAME DAY.

In the half-yearly exams we achieved good academic results gaining the first two positions in Form 4.

At the beginning of the year we lost several of our 3P friends but we gained pupils from other forms.

Finally, we must say farewell to Margaret Hodgson, Irene Kok and Judy Binns, and also to our social service representative — Paul Heinrichs.

We all would like to thank Mrs. Rosewarne, whose consistent efforts have pulled us through the long year whenever we began to retreat. We look forward to hearing reports from the form-members who will billet aborigines during the Christmas holidays.

DIANNE LAWRENCE.
DAVID HUNT,

FORM 5 BOYS

For the male Form Five group, 1964 has been a hectic year. Despite this, however, it has been a very enjoyable year for we have been a close-knit form and we made the most of our being put in monastic seclusion in Room 10 where we dwelt happily, luxuriating in blood-feuds sometimes hindered by the admonishing lash of "healthy" Mr. Bartels, our venerable form teacher.

I think the most memorable thing about this year has been the diversity of characters in our form: Profane Pete, Cassanova Ken, Mystic Fox, with the 'Most Eccentric' prize going to the indomitably eloquent and dogmatic Graeme Turton. It would take too long to mention all the neuroses for I think everyone had at least one, even Mr. Bartels showed signs of Watsomania at times.

Many excursions were taken this year by the combined Form V. Geography students went to Warrandyte and cooled off in the rejuvenated waters of Pound Bend after they had been hounded up under-cut slopes (really precipices) by "Slavedriver". Another notable Geog. excursion was to the Riviera (Port Melbourne) there enjoying a cruise on the "Commissioner". It was on this trip that Watsomania was first noticed, and Mr. Bartels had to be restrained from throwing Watson overboard. The French class went to see French films — alas, well censored — and to the Melbourne University for Schools Night, a quite hilarious affair even for the few who speak French, and could follow.

Our form was magnificently represented in swimming, athletics, tennis and football teams by many of our Adonises. The number of Aristotles, however, was slightly less. (Modest "Coff Kauffs" back-stage.) We did manage to top Form V, thus defeating these rabid feminists who claimed equality: our thanks to Colin Fox for capturing the Dux title.

The Form Captain was Colin Fox, who has done well at Maths, but proved quite hopeless at counting twenty-six boys during the form assemblies. Bruce Frazer, the Vice captain, developed a "not-wanted complex" through having nothing to do. Alan McAlpine, the Social Service rep., frequently extracted huge sums with painless dexterity, a heavy bicycle chain, and much noisy abuse. In the S.R.C., we have been very ably represented by Graeme Turton who

DUXES ALL

Top left: Josephine Simmons, I; Top right: Colin Fox, V; Centre left: Andrew Giles-Peters, V; Centre right: Alfred Straukes II; Botton left: Eleanor Dickson, III; Bottom right: John Jones, IV.

gave regular reports and suggested many things we could have discussed.

Our form enjoyed the year, and, although we would like to remain as a group to add tone to next year's Matric., we know we have to pass to be promoted. So we trust we will all be successful in the rugged world next year. Should any make Matric., we wish him well too.

Finally, we thank Mr. Bartels for his attempts to make us work and for his undaunted, though unrealistic ambition of making us think.

(Perpetrated by Sean Hanrahran, only through completely reversing all the comments, allegedly helpful, offered by the other Form Fivers.)

(Since the above report was typed, Colin Fox had a serious accident and will not be back this year. All the Form V boys will, I know, join with me in saying: "Hard luck, Colin. Hope to see you fighting-fit next year." Ed.)

FORM 5 GIRLS

Dear Readers,

To make a full report on *all* the activities throughout the year of form five girls would take an age and would fill volumes, so here we aim to give you merely a brief outline of the more important activities of our *school* year.

We began the year as the largest fifth-form for Norwood, so far. We had about fifty-six members, being then a combined form of girls and boys. However, our teachers felt that for form assemblies we should be segregated as this would make us slightly more easily supervised. So now we are just thirty-one girls. Mrs. Lurajud has endured as form mistress throughout the year and we wish to thank her for her guidance. Lesley Mayes was elected form captain. and Helen Clark, vice. Margaret King has collected our social service quota from us almost every Monday, and Wendy Buchanan has faithfully ferried our lunches and lunch orders to and from the canteen. Yvonne Evans represented us in the Students' Representative Council.

Geography students have been on excursions to Warrandyte and Port Melbourne with Mrs. Jeavons and Mr. Bartels, and to the Scoresby Horticultural Research Station with Mrs. Jeavons and Mr. Lawn. Those of us who learn French have been to a film afternoon at Blackburn and to an interesting and enlightening evening lecture at the Melbourne University, accompanied by Mr. Ingwerson. Art students spent an afternoon visiting the National Gallery, the Public Library and the Argus Art Gallery in Melbourne, with Mr. Plato. The entire form went to see the Shakespearian play 'Hamlet" at the Russell Street Theatre. We missed several of our members who spent a few days at Mirboo North on a sports trip.

Several of our form members took part in a student fashion parade at the school fete, and we would like to congratulate Christine Wilkins on winning the evening wear section. The year's socials have been very successful and have seen a fairly good attendance of fifth year girls.

We received one new member to our form early in the year — Carol Parkes, who formerly attended Maribynong High. We are sorry to report that we lost Nancye O'Connell for some months while she was in hospital with rheumatic fever. Fortunately, she is back with us now and we sincerely hope she has no further serious illness.

We do not wish to mention the word "examination" more than is absolutely necessary, but we should mention that several of our members sat for the Commonwealth Secondary Scholarship Examination in October.

Thank you, Mr. Cording, all our teachers and the rest of the staff who do not teach us (are these last, lucky or unlucky) for the help you have given us during the year and we hope we have not given you too many headaches in return.

Lastly, we wish all our own classmates who will be leaving at the end of the year, a happy and successful career.

Yours sincerely,

GIRLS OF FORM FIVE.

"Woodcut"
Max Amos.

FORM 6

Far from the maddening crowd, in Room 52
In splendid isolation, lives a noble crew:
The twenty-seven prodigies of Form-six,
The lords of creation that's Norwood High's Matrics.
Mr. Ingwerson, in charge, absorbed the shocks
The cold, hard world—and other teachers—dealt his flock;
And when his form incurred authority's wrath
He would sympathise, and often help to get them off.
There's such a mass of talent in every field,
Though owing to our modesty it's well concealed.
We have our intellectuals—Giles, for one,
Who makes ingenious statements understood by none;
And the artistic highbrows, like the type
That invites those "Birthday Odes", masses of libellous tripe.
We also are the sporting type, athletic;
Although some, to organized sport, are apathetic.
Our keepings-off team has never been surpassed,
Nor suppressed—although our game could have been the last.
Without a doubt it could have been the game's doom
Instead exile resulted from playing in the room;
The girls, remaining, had silence for a while
Despite which the boys were welcomed from durance vile.
In our world of sport we have some famous names:
The pale, martyred look of the suffering James;
Prof, champion for illegible squiggles;
Liz, record-holder for hysterical giggles;
Our un-named standers and talkers on corners;
And Stevenson, the greatest of all toast burners
Oh yes, we had toast and coffee further more—
At least, something called coffee—we weren't always sure.
The heater at "Blast Furnace", coffee in each mug,
Smoke pouring from the toaster—my hat, what a fog!
Despite hazards from sports, and the unhealthy clime
The sixth form survived and had a wow of a time.
We agree our Matric. year was certainly great:
We all love our school—it's just the work we hate.

(Your Correspondent from Darkest Matriculation.)

SCHOOL CRICKET TEAM

Back Row. Left to right: R. Garlepp, L. Michel, A. Howell, B. McAdam, R. Allen, D. Brush, R. Hall, S. Pascoe.
Front Row: B. Kaufmann, R. LeGuier, C. Fox, E. Lawrence, G. Bryant, C. Green, D. Hunt.

Original Literature

PROLOGUE TO THE LITERATURE CLASS

Whan thatte I took my way thru Norwode Hyghe,
A semely felaweshipe I gan espye,
Alle in a room thatte I had need to pass:
The Matryc Englysh literature class.

The techer was a ycladde in garmentes blew,
An wich I kanne, in soothe, wir not new.

A merrie, parfit techer, verray wys,
And lousye context questyons koude devys.
The smalest in the clas was clepen Pudde—
Aliasse Judye, — sooth a ryghte hoode.

A priefect, Pudde, and in authoritye—
I think to say namore woud safer be.

Next was a wilde wighte, yclepen Jan,
And sooth she was a verray Beatle fan.

A lazye sodde, in scole she fooled aboute,
She was a crazye mixed uppe kid, ne doute.

And eek ther was a skolar, clepen Lizze.

Gap-tooth she was from hockye stik in phiz.
Whan talk and foolynge angered hir, she moot
Shout loudlye, "Shutte uppe!" eek, "In thy
boote!"

Oon was ther eek that Glenda was yclepe,
And she, I trow, did in Litt. never slepe;
For she was alweys ther to anser back,
And leed the whol class doun a side track.

A carrote-top ther was, yclepen Patte.
A heftey hunk she was, tho sooth not fatte.

In hockye plaing she koude every trick,
A fersom syght whan weylding hockye stik.

Eek Marg: in clas mayde nat the slyghtest noyse,
For sooth she was too taken up with boys.

Butte it is wrong to dwelle on oon defecte,
And nat wys eek — I kan she is priefecte.

And in the class ther was a buddinge seinte—
If she koud but hav missed the genral tainte;
But good koud nat surviv that denne of syn.

This somdel brighte spot was clepen Gwyn.

Oon wight ther was that cam in seconde terme.
Yclepen Anne, she came from a ferme.
In Swanstoun Strete the sailors gav hir funne
It's not hir faulte they lyke to see hir runne.

In al this clas ther wir threye boyes. The firste
At tyms did suffre terribly from thirste;
With liquids he was parfit Communyst,
Al set for his fayre shayre was Alexis.
The second was a good felawe, I guess.

His lokkes crulle as they were leyd in presse.
Sooth Martyn was his nam. He song ful wel—
His songen often was more lyk a yel.

Eek Jym ther was, who was an evil weevle;
A charmyng lous, he looked lyk the Devyle.
He was a rippe and fond of foolyrey—
The only boye in Six Biologye.

And this the classe is that I saw that daye:
No wonder Norwode's fallyng to decaye!

JANET BROWN.

THE FLOODED VILLAGE

It had been raining for many days and the dam upstream from the village of Siam was nearly to the point of breaking. The villagers were restless and quick-tempered. The children who did not seem to know what danger lay ahead of them, played on without worrying greatly.

Anxiety was mounting as the days passed; the elders of the village did not sleep, but lay awake thinking of the destruction a flood could bring to their village. Another week of steady continual rain and still the dam held. By this time even the children were starting to sense danger, as waters from the flooded river entered the lower parts of the village.

Then it happened. One night, as the village lay in slumber, the great dam four miles to the east was about to break. The man on the radio control had warned everyone to be ready to leave at any moment, as a great crack had appeared in the wall of the dam, and the turbulent waters could rush down the valley destroying everything in their way.

The elders of the village were awake and when they heard on their radio this warning, they immediately rang the temple gong and started advising people to lose no time in packing their valuable possessions. It did not take the villagers long to leave, for in a few minutes people were leaving in all types of vehicles. The higher country was only a few miles on and everybody was fleeing madly, for safety.

When in the high-country the families watched the flood quickly descend upon their homes.

Three days later everyone started returning to the place where the village had once stood. All that remained now were ruins of the crops, for of the buildings, nothing was left by the flood. Families were heart-broken to think that years of hard work could be destroyed in a few minutes.

But within a few hours of their return, everyone was gathering pieces of debris and a few days later the village was sprouting up once more.

LYNETTE DICKSON, 3D.

THE JUDGE

To escape the hustle and bustle of town life, I had rented a room in an inn where I could study for my medical exams. It was a cosy little inn, isolated on the Yorkshire moors, and shrouded in mists for most of the year. To obtain greater solitude I became nocturnal; sleeping through the day and studying at night downing great draughts of tea at regular intervals.

I first noticed the portrait on the afternoon of my arrival. It was a grubby dark canvas, while, just discernible in the centre, was a seated figure in judicial robes and wearing a wig. The most outstanding feature of him was the intensely malignant leer on his face.

On the third night of my rural sojourn, I was making some tea in my quarters when I idly glanced at the portrait. Something familiar about it suddenly struck me. I continued gazing for what seemed to be an unterminable length of time when it dawned on me where the familiarity lay — the doleful judge was depicted seated on a chair in my very room.

As I stared, he appeared to frown more deeply than ever and I noticed in his hand, a rope, which legend has it, he used to terminate the lives of the unhappy victims of misused judicial power. I do not mind admitting now that I was, to say the least, uneasy, so I poured a strong cup of tea for myself.

On returning from my refreshment I noticed to my horror, the friend from the portrait, seated on a large chair in the room. The frown had now changed to a malicious smile and his thin lips appeared as a razor gash before the blood flows.

He spoke not a word, but laughed with an insane hollow laugh. His thin bloodless hands were feverishly fashioning the rope he carried, into a hangman's noose.

He arose from his seat jerkily, as though he was unused to muscular exertion, or rather as though he had no tangible muscles to exert. He shuffled around the table towards me, widening the noose as he walked. I backed away. My heart beat wildly. My throat was dry. I wanted to scream, but could not.

He threw the noose, but missed. His movements, now quickened by anger at his failure, became more accurate. His horrible chuckling gave way to a vicious growl and he lunged at me with his claw-like hands. Something inside me snapped. I could not move. My fevered brain screamed at my muscles to move, but they were frozen with fear.

If I say that the next thing I knew was the landlady waking me up in the afternoon, you will put the night-before's experience down to the strong cup of tea coupled with my strong imagination giving me nightmares.

But whether or not you find my harrowing narrative credible, the portrait is of just an old chair without the judge, and I am still wearing a scarf to cover the rope scratches on my neck.

CHRIS GREEN, 4A.

FISHING

Fishing for fish is lots of fun;
My mob set out to try for some:
We got up early, grabbed our gear,
Then walked our way to the fishing pier.

I caught a shark, a king-sized fish,
And Bluey, a flathead, a tasty dish,
But poor old Rod, though he did not fail,
Could not haul a three-ton whale.

PETER SARRE, 3B.

LOUIS GALBA'S

Drums are killing sound down there,
Soft, but intense beat,
Slow, slow rhythm hanging in the air.
"Smoke Jordan's playing!
Listen
That beat!
It gets you through and through
Somehow.
That boy's got a way
Of makin' people listen
When he's playin'."
Noise spills from the cauldron
That's brimming full of hot, hot sound—
Real music,
Live music,
Straight from a man's soul.
"An' when a man's unhappy you can tell—
Doesn't show much ony other way:
Just comes straight out by the way-of
Drum's rhythm, horn's note.
Same when a man's happy,
He plays for sheer
Straight love of makin'
Music."
Syncopated rhythm,
The bitter-ugly sound
Of sad, sad horn,
Harsh cords on the piano making jazz.
Music from a band that's made of
Men, whose life is making music.

"They got a girl here some nights;
A lot of folks come just to see her;
She's pretty good."
A long, narrow girl, name's Lou Marble;
She'd stand swaying, in a long blue dress,
Sleek and tall, her brown arms slightly raised,
And she'd sing
Quietly.
And you could hear every word,
Like she was close, and talking to you:
"This room is cold
And I'm in trouble."
She'd make it stand for all the trust,
And all the betrayals
Of all time.
And it became a true and tragic thing.
"The room is cold,
The streets are wet;
I'm here alone, Babe,
Did you forget?"

It's a place where music's made,
Played,
And listened to
It lives on through many years,
Not like men:
Men die and are forgotten.
Some names live on, really big names,
But men like Smoke Jordan,
Enjoy the fame that's but a lifetime long,
Then die,
And are forgotten.

HELEN CLARK, FORM 5.

DESTINIES

Life is but a book,
Beginning.
Ending:
Chapters, pages,
Weeks and days are these.
  Each man has his own biography,
Thoughts not written
It unfolds
Over life's span:
Tragedy, comedy,
Joy, sadness—
Each one has its place.
  Should all be equal
  The good, the bad:
  Equal in this great volume
  That is life's story?
Should a few be able
To speed onward
The destiny of others?
All too often it seems
One man speeds another's end,
His book ending.
But who can judge? Who can tell?
Fatalists say: It is all decided,
Your life
Is not your own.
  It is pre-determined, ordered,
  Typed as an author
  Types his book.
How to find out?
What can one do?
Just wait and watch
As life unfolds, the pages turn
Towards the end.

MARGOT LANE, FORM 5.

CARS

During my short life time, there have been many things that I have adapted for my own use, or grown to bear with. My parents took a bit of breaking in, but by and large, we co-exist peacefully. I have grown accustomed to defer to an older brother, and a self-centred cat. But, alas, one thing that I will never understand, much less like, is the motor car. And, bear witness heavens, it is not for the lack of practice, for I have known at least six cars. Some, like the firm's Holdens, I have just been car-sick in, and then forgotten, but some leave less pleasant memories. Take my brother's MG for instance. So tremendous is the cacophony from the various loose pieces of coachwork at a speed of only forty miles per hour, that I feel that it is about to fly to pieces, and plunge driver and passenger to an untimely end. The sturdy old 'forty eight' Chev. that we had, looked harmless enough, but it too, had an evil streak. One day when I was enveloped inside, it caught fire in the cigarette lighter, and according to my brother, my efforts to get out were marvellous. Then of course, mention must be made of his old Austin Seven, the one called Jibisca, but which was usually called Jib (which described it perfectly) the car which also had an incendiary trait. It caught fire one day in Toorak, and gentle brother pulled over to the kerb in order to hear my prophesy to the fate of the two youthful motorists who were fried to a crisp in an old car. He might have told me that he knew what the trouble was, and that it did this often.

But do not think that cars alone do all these horrid things to me. Why, so do stoves, shavers and all other types of gadgets. They are mostly in league with each other to plague me, tease me, and frighten the very daylights from me. Allow me to invoke the muse of epic poetry, and I will tell of the milk-white enamel monster that holds court in our kitchen, the electric stove. One morning I turned it on without saluting it, and in revenge, it gave forth a goodly "bang" accompanied by a flash of light, and then lapsed into sullen silence. The toasters have all turned against me as well. One of our toasters is of the pop-up variety with a mind of its own, for if you are just about to read the comics, it races through its complicated cycles in ten seconds flat, and the black handle by which you turn it on, slams home a nerve shattering bang, which puts you out of humor for "Colonel Pewter". The other toaster is a squat affair, with two hinged doors that hold the toast. It waits until the filament is hot, and as the toast is being put in, closes its doors swiftly. At other times, while it is standing idle, with doors open wide, it snaps them shut to break the peaceful quiet of the breakfast table. The trick is slowly wearing me down. Let me then tell you of a cunning air-compressor that is in the service station where I work. The throne room of this monster is a hot, dark passageway leading to the wash-basin. As I go past it to fill up the jug for tea, it hisses softly, menacingly, waiting until I begin to fill the jug, and then bursts into life with nerve shattering "pop whirr!" Fans, pipes and needles on its dials jiggle and wave as this happens, and I beat a hasty retreat as soon as I can, usually reaching the region of sunlight just as it stops.

Recently I discovered a way to hit back at these mechanical nightmares. It began when I got a job at the service station, and was brought into sharp contact with my first hate, the motor car. My horror of these beasts was overcome when I realized that they were in my power. There they lay, pacified, awaiting the life-giving petrol that I could give. The sense of triumph that this gave me helped me to face the domestic gadgets bravely. When the toaster rebels, I merely cut off its life blood. Does the alarm clock refuse to tick? A savage blow and it returns to the task to which it was ordained. Two bicycles have I exiled to alien owners for insubordination and stoves that do not work are given over to the corrective measures of the electrician. There is no Archilles' heel in my armour of complete mastery over machines, and I put on this armour simply by conquering the motor car.

JIM BADGER, FORM 6.

SAHARA DEATH

The blazing sun beat down continuously over the pitiless desert. Four figures and a camel made their way across the rolling sands.

Tony and Kathy Simpson, Fred McNay and John Hampton were on an archaeology expedition, and for three days had trudged across the endless desert. The camel carried most of the load, but they carried their own water.

"Please stop," Kathy pleaded with her brother. They sat down and John pulled out a map, "There should be an oasis about ten miles east and we could make it by about seven tonight."

They rose and walked on.

At ten past seven they arrived at the small oasis, where a few nomads were seen with their sheep. An old nomad came over to Fred and spoke some broken English to him. "Big tomb over the horizon", He pointed the direction.

"We'll head that way tomorrow," replied Fred.

They camped near a stream and lit a fire as the cold was deathly.

Next day, with a fresh camel and water, they began their treck across to the tomb. They reached a huge stone mass mostly covered with sand. After clearing away some of the sand, they found a small opening where the rock had been worn away.

The pattern of the tomb was the same as most tombs.

"It's a wonder no one has found this before," said Tony,

"The sand has probably only just been blown off," answered Kathy.

Suddenly, they met with a huge stone door. Across it was written a pharaoh's warning; John read it out: "Death to anyone who enters."

"Just another curse," said Fred.

After pushing around, the door suddenly swung open. Tony went in followed by Fred and John, then Kathy. The room shone with jewels of all kinds and a gold statuette probably of the king, stood over a large box, where most likely the body lay. Kathy jumped, "I heard a noise!"

"You're hearing things," said Tony.

"It was a screaming laugh," she replied.

None of the others heard it. They took the position of the tomb, marked it on their map and left.

A few miles on the camel became restless. A whistling sound was heard and clouds of red dust came over the horizon. It is one of those gusty storms so frequent in desert regions during the middle afternoon.

"Lie down! Simmoon!" yelled Fred.

They all lay down and wrapped their faces as fully as possible in their over-coats.

At the height of the storm a loud cry was heard, but as nobody could see anything, all remained prone and covered.

It was only minutes, but it seemed hours before the storm was gone. Kathy was the first to get up.

"Fred! Fred!" she cried, "where are you?"

Tony and John stood up and looked around them, but Fred was nowhere to be seen. Then they remembered the cry.

"He might have been blown away," said Kathy.

They scouted around but after finding nothing, decided to set up camp for the night. Kathy slept in the tent, and John and Tony outside.

The night was cold and quiet. Then once again a whistling noise was heard. It became louder and louder, the place became light, brighter than day light then correspondingly dark. The whistling stopped. Kathy, speechless with fright, scrambled out of the tent.

"Tony! where's Tony," she stuttered slowly. John got up and looked around. Then sat down horrified.

"Fred. now Tony." "You don't think ....," Kathy started then stopped. 'Think what?" queried John. 'I won't say; you will think I'm mad," replied Kathy.

They did not sleep that night, and early next morning, after a small breakfast, started off again. After some hours of trudging they decided to stop. John lay on the ground. He was no sooner relaxed when a quiet whistle was heard. Kathy was restless. John just lay there, motionless.

"John," said Kathy. Everything was quiet. She thought he must have gone to sleep. But then, a huge scorpion walked away from John's body. Kathy screamed, then got up and ran, and ran and ran. She felt her lungs bursting but she still stumbled on. She must keep going, keep running. Finally, she dropped exhausted. And even as she stumbled, she heard the faint whistle.

JEANETTE HEATH, 3B.

ESCAPE

I sit in class on a hot and drowsy day,
I think of cool green valleys,
With mountain streams, like silver ribbons
Flowing, winding, winding in and out,
Down, down, making small waterfalls and pools,
Small pools, with crystal water,
Green moss and tall, still, silent ferns.
I dream of when, I will be free:
I will go there then, just me,
And the tall green ferns by the stream,
While breezes waft the scent of flowering gum
And vines from high above;
Leaves came floating down from the
Mountain ash, which reach heaven-wards
With leafless ghost - grey arms
Swaying and creaking from a sudden gust.
Maybe I will fish or swim or, just
Admire the beauties of nature
Or even sleep on warm, grey rocks,
And drink the cool, sweet water
Flowing by; and there I'll stay
Content, the birds above me
And the fish below.

S. GERRARD, 3B.

KOUROS

Phidias and Praxiteles, great Greek sculptors,
One day were walking with the god, Apollo—
Unseen shadows from past glory
Rambling through a modern world.
Entering, by mischance, a museum,
They stood before a group of statuary.
"See that statue there," cried Phidias.
"It is mine. Strong and great, mighty
And awe-inspiring. An Athenian youth
Who looks like a god — such art!"
Praxiteles turned to another figure
And replied, "Look, this is mine. It is
Of our friend, Apollo. Such human grace,
Such natural beauty — an expression of life.
My god looks like an Athenian youth!"
They asked Apollo, "Which is better?
Which of these youths would you prefer,
Had you to choose?" Apollo laughed.
"Why should I choose your works?
I have my own." He pointed to a boy
Across the room. Tall and lithe he was,
Supple, strong, and tanned; blond hair fell forward
Over a face aglow, aflame with life.
A Greek statue in mobile youth.
"He is mine," said the god.

JANET BROWN.

THOUGHTS AT HOME

I lay on my bed thinking of today's experiences, troubles and enjoyments. My stuffed cuddly animal, the tiger, must be one of the most learned and experienced objects in the house. First I grab him up, look him straight in the eyes and tell him what a horrible day I have had at school. The teachers growled all day: "Wendy, you talk too much!" I lost my money, missed the bus and received a detention. I tell him, "Oh what a life I lead!" I lay him down gently and tell him how I wish mothers did not greet you with a "Get into your room and clean it up. It's an absolute mess!" He just looks blankly at me and seems to say, "I totally agree with everything you say."

The next phase of thought is about the boy I met coming home. Poor old tiger! Just imagine what he goes through next. I throw him up in the air, cover him up with cushions and just think. He suffers with me, laughs with me and comes into all my angers.

A shout comes wafting through the window. "Wendy, what *are* you doing? Get in here, feed the baby, wash the dishes and clean the benches." I screw tiger's tail and tell him someday I'll tell her what to do. He looks as if he agrees for two or three chunks of stuffing fall out of his neck.

He is the most agreeable friend I have, and he always helps me out of troubles. Another shout comes from the kitchen and I ask him if I will ever gain peace. I look him straight in the eyes and of course, Tiger says nothing.

WENDY CLUGSTON.

"MOODS OF A CITY"

I stood before the window, in the light
Of that seductive, sun-drenched afternoon,
And looked across the undulating land,
That stretched from me to that metropolis,
The buildings raised their flat, or pointed heads,
Like pinetrees on a silhouetted hill.
Mist wreathed their harsh and jutting lines till they
Seemed living in the creamy, dreamy light.
Rich pastel shades adorned the languorous scenes,
The hills dark grey, the trees a hazy green:
But those great steely monolithic cubes
Were bathed in rich, warm, misty orange light.
Then as the sun down-rode its curving path
The view took on a lighter, paler hue,
Till Morpheus dipped the vista in drab dusk.
And then as night lay liquid in the sky,
Like winking eyes, the city came to life
And sparkled in the joy of many lights.

JOHN GOUGH, FORM 5.

GONE IN THE WAVES

Seas tear at the old sea wall,
While sea-birds circle, plaintive call,
The sands glisten, then darken more,
Tides flow, oceans roar.

The shadowy form moves onward down,
A King is he, but without a crown,
The sea he owns but he pays no rent,
His hair is long and his back is bent.

He trundles on, the sea to meet,
As foamy fingers grip his feet,
His hat now floats but all alone,
Gone to the waves without a moan.

In waves' embrace some love is found,
He finds his love without a sound,
For love in life had passed him by:
Waves alone for old Sam Sigh.

SALLY MILLER, 3D.

FLOOD

It was hot and humid all day and by evening everyone was irritable. Dad said to Joe—the farm hand—that if it did not rain soon he would go out of business, the family would have to move us. Joe was very upset about having to leave into the city to live and he would have to leave us but he said it was for the best.

The next day it was still hot but there was a bit of a wind, by night the clouds had begun to gather, but the weather bureau forecasted that the change would not last. We all prayed it would. If it lasted, Joe could stay on and the family could remain the same as it had for many years. Then it began to pour.

Rain was coming down heavily, and, by the end of the next three days it was just as if the land had given way to the sea. The sheep had to be moved on to higher ground, but seeing that most of our land was flat there was not much higher ground. However, we managed. Over fifty sheep had drowned, but we were thankful that it wasn't all of them: they were only a handful.

Joe and Dad worked very hard, so did my brothers, and there were many other people, some we didn't even know, who had come to help us and our neighbours.

The rain continued to pour down heavily for about three weeks. By the end of the month it had finally eased up a bit. Every one rejoiced, even the sheep seemed happy, they weren't so frightened and even a few lambs were born.

By the end of about three months, everything was back to normal except the creeks and rivers which were still swollen. We got our mail which had been delayed because of the flood and when we opened the newspaper, we found that over six thousand sheep had drowned, four people had been killed, many had been injured by floating debris and well over two million pounds was the estimated price of damage caused by the floods. We all hope there will never be anything like that flood disaster, and that the drought will not happen again.

CHERYL EDNIE, 3D.

NAMED BY AYER

There it stands, the great red rock,
Timeless
Against the infinite desert wastes.
A thing of many moods is it:
Haven for the wayward traveller.
And then
Adventure for those few brave souls
Who like
To climb.
It frowns and glowers
Like an old man displeased.
But at sunset, the burning orb sinks,
Glides gently to settle
Behind the rock.
No, not now a rock; a palace
Romantic, glowing, beautiful.
Pink and gold fingers steal
Over it.
Blue and purple shadows play
At its feet.
It makes those lonely wastes
Friendly.

MARGOT LANE, FORM 5.

A FIRESIDE AND A BOOK

What a perfect way to spend a winter's evening! A warm hearth with firelight flickering into the corners of the room and a book are the best of companions. They do not force you to make conversation, but rather you are an intent listener to their tales. Other company is superfluous. Books are accomplished and varied conversationalists with their stories of love, sorrow, war, adventure and many other facts of life.

While a book's story can be mellow and mature, those of the fire are, by its nature, exciting, adventurous and even terrifying, Yawning, fiery pits gape suddenly, sending sparks dancing up the chimney as though they were glad to be free of the flaming cataclysm beneath them. Castles and towers are suddenly thrown up and, enjoying only a transient existence, are engulfed in their source. Weird and horrible faces appear and vanish only to peek again from behind some piece of coal—for I speak of coal fires.

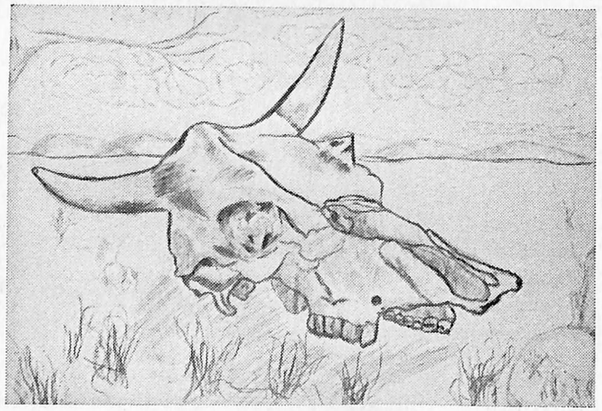
Their cousins the wood fires have not the same tales to tell. How could they? A coal fire has many millions of years of experience to call on compared with the mere hundreds of years of the oldest wood fire. What a store of tales there must be locked in those black prisons! Hidden in their depths there must surely be stories of primeval swamps and suns; of lush vegetation and fearsome monsters. Then there would be tales of millenia of sinking, upheaval, pressure and heat, slowly moulding and transforming the primordial forests into coal—the commonplace into the precious. What knowledge they must have of the earth's depths, of her innermost secrets, gathered while metamorphosing peacefully through thousands of years.

Theirs is a rude awakening, Drilled and blasted, they are removed from their resting places by sweating, swearing men. They must have wondered at the changes wrought during their inactivity when the Lords of Creation sent their young down to remove these ancient stones. Shamefully treated, they are finally thrown into sacks to be hawked by men with a poor understanding of nature's wonders and even poorer voices. Finally dumped in some cellar, they are allowed only a short respite before being consumed by fire, there to spend a brief time in telling their tales.

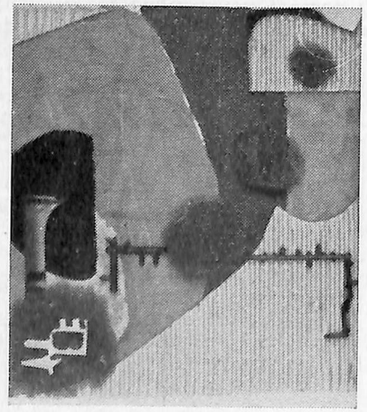
As my thoughts thus wondered, a piece of coal fell from the grate to the hearth startling me and breaking my train of thought. I laid down my neglected book and replaced the wandering coal among his companions, stirring the fire into more brilliant light as I did so. Turning from my reflections of the fire's story, I adjusted the lamp and returned to my book and its story of adventure.

ANNE SMITH, FORM 6.

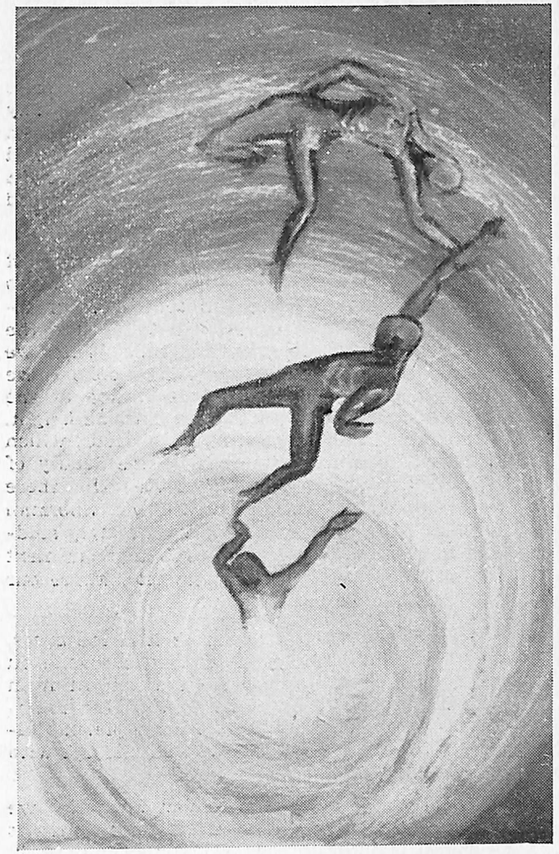
"Linocut" — Alan McAlpine.



"Skull" — Jeanne Nowatka, 3A.



"Collage" — Sally Miller, 3D.



"Whirlpool"

— Margaret Watson, 3A.

"The Beatles"

— Wendy Moore, 3A.

Excursions

CANBERRA EXCURSION

Still only half awake, we greeted each other at the ungodly hour of six fifteen. To most of us, it wasn't Thursday, it was Wednesday night, because the sun had not risen yet, many of us shivered, partly because it was cold, and partly because we were so excited. At six twenty, the two buses started off on the journey to Essendon airport. None of us had really thought that an ordinary bus ride could be exciting, but our conversation and thoughts on the plane trip and tour, soon turned the atmosphere of the buses into a very jolly one. By the time we reached Essendon Aerodrome it was obvious that the day in Melbourne was going to be good, but it did not affect us, because we were going to spend the day in Canberra. After a brief look around the terminal we assembled together, and Mr. Sherman told us that there was going to be a change of plans. Sixty two were going to fly in a Viscount, which is a fairly modern plane, and the remaining eight, of which I was one, were to go in an ordinary passenger service.

The journey was very pleasant, although very little of the geography of the Land was seen because we were above the clouds most of the time. We were served a delicious breakfast of bacon and eggs, which was appreciated by all of us.

When we arrived at Canberra, we were "herded" into the two buses in which our day was to be spent, and started off. En route to the city itself, we took a short-cut through "Duntroon" Army Depot. On the outskirts of the city we made our first stop at Regatta Point, on the edge of the recently-filled Lake Burley-Griffin. Here they have built small but attractive buildings which are typical of those built in Canberra. We were also given a comprehensive report on the planned growth of the Australian Capital Territory, past, present and future. After this we had another look around, inside and outside, and then we got back into the buses, to head for Parliament House. On the way to Parliament House, we saw many houses, and there were three different points about the houses, firstly they were all brick, no fibro-cement or weather boards; secondly there were no fences, and finally, all of the houses had beautiful gardens. These were sure signs of a well planned city and suburbs.

When we arrived at Parliament House we were given five minutes to take photographs and to stretch our legs. Then someone told us to go inside where a guide started our tour of the building. The guide started by explaining some of the items in the main foyer such as the document in the argon-filled case. Then we moved onto the chambers where the Parliamentary Debates take place. We were told some of the facts about the chambers and asked if we had any questions. The guide must have given a thorough talk, because no-one to my recollection, asked a question. After a look around some of the halls we again boarded the buses and headed for Red Hill Lookout.

On our way to the Lookout we passed most of the foreign Embassies which are a sight to see. There were so many different kinds of architecture, but they all seemed to fit into the flowing landscape of grass and hills. When we actually arrived on the top of the Lookout, we were greeted by a beautiful panorama of the city. Although we weren't at an extreme height. the layout of Canberra was very obvious, which is indeed beautiful, enhanced by the beauty of Lake Burley-Griffin. On top of Red Hill there was a kiosk, and rather quickly, Mr. Sherman and Mrs. Lurajud had seventy eight hungry students to control. We were assured that our next and last stop was the War Memorial, where our lunch was to be served.

When it was time to get back into the buses, there was no trouble in getting everyone in quickly, and soon we started the descent from Red Hill Lookout. En route to the War Memorial we travelled through the incompleted University. It, like Canberra, was well laid out with many buildings.

When we arrived at the War Memorial we were ushered into the small cafeteria which is near the Memorial, and at last we had lunch. That meal disappeared rather quickly, and then Mr. Sherman announced that we were allowed to go into the Memorial in groups. Within a half an hour the place was filled with Norwood High students. The sight of the many weapons and other things of the two World Wars provoked many thoughts and the next spectacle was the Hall of Memories, where the pictures of soldiers and other War Service People have been immortalized in intricate Mozaics.

Rather regretfully, because we were going home, we left the War Memorial and headed for Canberra Aerodrome. On the way to the airport, the bus drivers said that we were one of the best behaved groups that he had ever met, but I bet he says that to all the people he drives around.

The journey back was much quieter than the one going, mainly because we were all tired, but that didn't effect the bus trip from Essendon to Ringwood. Mr. Sherman had a hard time controlling the talking, but in the end it died down, fortunately.

Thank you Mr. Sherman and Mrs. Lurajud for making this excursion possible.

P. BLACKMORE, 3A.

GEOGRAPHY EXCURSION

POUND BEND, WARRANDYTE

On Tuesday, 18th February, the Form V Geography students set out to get acquainted and do the first of their Practical Study excursions for the year. The place chosen was Pound Bend where many good river studies may be observed.

Arriving at the Bend, we unpacked from Mr. Bartels' car our bags and the bags of all the other students before we, the five boys who had had a ride from the school, could get out. Armed with our sketch pads and pencils, we soon learnt that even a not-so-hot day becomes warm when one is scrambling up and down cliffs. We soon began to wonder why any sane person would want to do Geography and thought Mr. Bartels' trite "So we can better appreciate our beautiful country" to be mere raving. We felt we would, from then onwards, see landscapes as so many hills to stagger up or bounce down.

After talking about and drawing the various features, or, for the less artistic, taking photos, we were permitted to have a quick swim, to settle the dust. The price of the refreshment, was a bolt for the bus, except for those who were lucky enough to get a ride back.

Sober reflection the next day resulted in all voting that Leaving Geog. was all right and that we had learnt a lot even if we were enjoying ourselves learning.

PORT OF MELBOURNE

Tuesday, 14th April, saw the Geogs., still enthusiastic after Pound Bend, setting off for a study of the Port of Melbourne, accompanied by Mrs. Jeavons and Mr. Bartels, and equipped with plastic coats in addition to our pads and cameras. Having read the observations of last year's Leaving Geography group, we had a few questions to ask and were not daunted by overcast skies and a chill wind.

This trip is most informative and is interesting; it should be taken by all students who would be as ignorant as we were of what lies 'past Spencer Street'. We learnt about the organization of the port and of the plans the Melbourne Harbour Trust has for the future. Our return to land was the occasion for mixed feelings — excitement at getting warm again and gloom at the thought of the voluminous recording 'kind' Mr. Bartels would expect.

The highlight of the day was seeing an aeroplane apparently minus an engine, then seeing in the paper that night that an airliner had jettisoned an engine over the Bay. We wondered just how long the 'Commissioner' would float after an engine had dropped through it.

The "Geogs." dishevelled by a chilly wind, note quarry facts in sketches.

SCORESBY

The third excursion was to Scoresby Horticultural Research and Weather recording station. In the absence of Mr. Bartels, Mr. Lawn gave us great help by giving us booklets and telling us roughly what we would see and what we would be expected to do in our books. We thank him for his enthusiastic interest. Again our time was an eye-opener, for we had no idea the forecasting of the daily weather involved such an amount of scientific investigation and the study of weather over such long periods. We also learnt a great number of interesting facts about the science of orcharding for it really is a science; we had imagined one planted trees, sprayed them, and made fortunes from the harvest of fruit.

COLDSTREAM QUARRY

This, the final for 1964, completed what we now saw to be a plan. We had not suspected Mr. Bartels of such guile: a river landform study, an urban development study, a rural (plus meteorological bonus) study, and an extractive industry.

Our quarry trip was most interesting and vied with the Port as the most spectacular: near vertical faces of rock sixty plus fifty plus another fifty—and some of that rock looking rather loosely perched—were really awe inspiring when viewed from the bottom or the top. We thank Mr. McCann, whose research in finding out the old records and his courteous hospitality made this day most informative and most enjoyable.

In ending this report, I know I speak for all the 1964 'Geogs.' in thanking sincerely, Mr. Bartels and Mrs. Jeavons for taking us on these excursions, which were not only most instructive but were also very enjoyable.

GRAEME PRIOR.

MATHEMATICAL HOLIDAY

Those who think that mathematics could never be interesting, let alone entertaining, should attend a Mathematics' Summer Camp. The camp was originated two years ago, but this year was the first time a girls' camp had been held. Seventy-five girls and nine teachers spent the last week of January in a mathematician's heaven. We were housed at Ariston and The Preory, Teacher Training Colleges at Geelong and the lectures were held at Lunan College which is situated on the shore of Corio Bay. Those who wished, could swim before lunch every day.

There were six two-hour mathematics sessions and two two-hour physical education sessions. The lectures covered aspects of mathematics not usually met with in the school curriculum. We were introduced to complex numbers, curves drawn with straight lines, number systems in which 1 plus 1 equals 10, relativity, the theory of sets and Fibonacci sequences. This last is a sequence of numbers starting 1,1,2,3,5,8,. Can you see the connection between the numbers? The next number is found by adding the two previous numbers. This sequence was first investigated by Leonards Fibonacci of Pisa at the beginning of the thirteenth century. His particular problem was breeding rabbits but the sequence also occurs in such diverse subjects as the ancestry of the male bee, the number of seeds in a sunflower head and the number of shillings with shillings and florins.

Not all our time was spent in numerical pursuit. The two physical training teachers took our minds off our brain with gymnastics, volley-ball, swimming, judo and trampoling. One evening, a party tried their hand at ten-pin bowling. Other evenings were spent in a variety of ways: mathematical snippets, mathematics for enjoyment — including a mathematical description of Donald Duck, Graham Kennedy or Elvis Presley — films and a visiting lecturer. Miss Lester, a lecturer at Melbourne University, entertained us with an enthusiastic talk on curves with a varying parameter, which sounds awful but is really quite painless.

Altogether, it was a most enjoyable week. The members of staff were very friendly and helpful, taking apple-pie beds and missing pyjamas in very good spirit. The rules were not designed to hamper us, but were only common-sense precautions. Everyone returned home richer in friends, knowledge and understanding. Finally, I must pay tribute to the amount of work the staff put in and urge anyone who is doing Leaving Mathematics 1 and 2 in 1965 to attend the 1966 camp. After the camp I am sure the students agreed with Mr. A. McDonell, the Director of Education, when he said when visiting the camp, that mathematics is the language of numbers and it can be a living and not a dead language.

ANNE SMITH, FORM 6.

FORM 3 MUSIC EXCURSION

3A's and 3B's music excursion was well worth going on apart from the bus ride, especially when the driver wouldn't turn the Beatles on for us. On the ride back the driver took the wrong turn and we had an extra long ride.

The concert itself by the Victorian Symphony Orchestra, was lovely. There were six pieces from different composers, Mozart, Handel, Bach, Jarnetelt, Beecham, Rimsky-Korsakov.

A nine year old boy, Jeffrey Tozer, played two solos to the accompaniment of the strings. After that the conductor, Mr. Douglas, answered several questions brought forward by schools.

On behalf of the two forms we would like to thank Mrs. Rosewarne for making the trip possible and Mr. Lawn for helping keep us in control.

"Clowns"
ANNETTE RINGROSE, 2B.

2ND FORM MUSIC EXCURSION

At 12.30, Tuesday, April 14, the first musical excursion group consisting mainly of second formers (and other miscellaneous odd-bods) left Norwood in two streamlined buses.

We arrived at the Melbourne Town Hall well in time to see an excellent performance by the members of the Victorian Symphony Orchestra, under the energetic baton of Dr. Clive Douglas.

After having been welcomed to the concert by the conductor, the program continued with the lively "Carnival" Overture by Dvorak, the theme suggesting a Bohemian carnival. Following this, we were presented with a general description of the orchestra arranged by Dr. Douglas. This demonstration of the various instruments, playing individually and together, was the most humorous and energetic part of the concert.

The next item was the second and fourth movements of Beethoven's 8th Symphony, regarded as the happiest of his Symphonies. Then the school song, "My Country" was sung by the student-audience.

To round off the concert, the V.S.O. played "Dances of Galanta" by one of the leading Hungarian composers, Kodaly; a composition based on folk dances from the town of Galanta.

After this, the pupils returned, enriched in world culture, or having learnt at least how to get from the school to Melbourne and back. That much, perhaps, unfortunately.

DAVID CAMERON, 2A.

HAMLET EXCURSION

After an uneventful, but rather cramped journey along the usual Norwood-Melbourne route, form 5 and 6 arrived at the Russell St. theatre to watch a reproduction of "Hamlet". The small theatre provided a better contact with the audience and the actors.

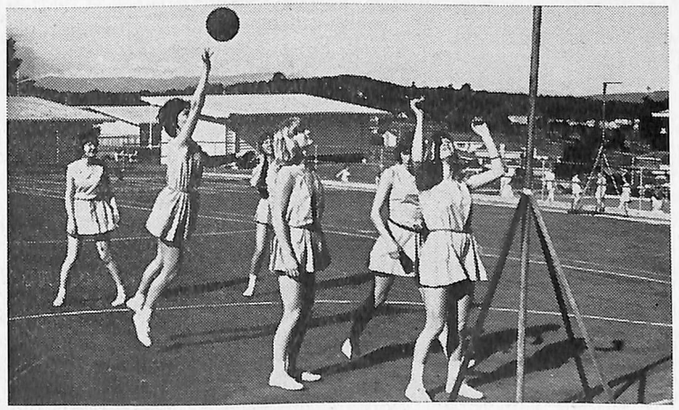
The scenery consisted of some furniture and coloured curtains which were placed in varying positions on a rugged terrace-type stage platform. Although it was simple, it was also effective and ingenious. The lighting, also excellent, helped in conveying the right atmosphere and in making the scenery appear acceptable. The costumes were in the style of Russian aristocrats of the 1850's, huge cloaks, empire line gowns, cummerbunds and riding boots.

The appearance of the ghost, looking like a huge, green scarecrow wearing a night-shirt, raised a hearty laugh. All the other characters were excellently portrayed, especially the character of Hamlet, which was played by Kevin Colson. In the last scene everyone cheered when the King died and at the curtain call, there was a mighty cheer for Hamlet.

Then followed another uneventful trip back and a group of satisfied students were deposited at Norwood. We are sure that all the students would like to thank Mrs. Lurajud and Mr. Bartels for taking us to see an excellent, very helpful production of "Hamlet".

JAN LOOSLEY, JOHN GOUGH,
FORM 5.

WEDNESDAY HOUSE MATCH—KALINDA V. MULLUM



Sue Dunham shoots for goal in a Wednesday House Match.

THE KIEWA EXCURSION

FIRST DAY

On that Friday we were all up at six, dashing around in a last mad rush. After a quick breakfast we stood on the station, all packed and ready, impatiently waiting for our train. At eight o'clock we were at Spencer St. Station and at a quarter past eight, on our way to Wangaratta. We spent three solid hours in the train, which rattled and roared its way along, and which must have travelled at ninety miles an hour. We whizzed past flat open land with an occasional hill, past towns, sheep, cows, creeks billabongs, rivers and men working on the railways. The next thing we knew was that we were on a bus touring Wangaratta and seeing as much as we could see between our half closed eyes. All the while the bus driver was making a running commentary on anything and everything about us. Then the bus stopped and we lumbered into a cafe called Atlantis, with fish all over its walls and a mural of the Parthenon. The owners must have been Greek.

After an appetizing meal we were refreshed and criss-crossed the main street before we hopped back on to the bus. Then we were off on our long journey to Harrietville. Amid the buzz and hum of excited voices we fell asleep only to be awakened when the bus came to an abrupt and sudden stop. We clambered off and found ourselves looking up at immense pines, about 150 feet high. We were in a big pine plantation. After we had investigated the plantation and heard all about it from the guide, we drove on and visited the tobacco field. The dried tobacco leaves were being sorted in the sheds. After a stop at Bright to stretch our legs we reached Harrietville at 5 o'clock, unpacked and had dinner on the first floor of a big log cabin.

After tea, some games of table tennis and some films, we retired for the night.

SECOND DAY

In the morning we got up at seven and before breakfast, went for a walk along the nearby Ovens river. Straight after breakfast we set off for the Kiewa Hydro-Electric Scheme.

The first highlight of our bus trip to the Scheme was the splendid view from Tawonga Gap. The most striking sight, here, was that of the snow-covered Alps; Mt. Bogong being the closest, only ten miles distant. Far below us, in a basin between Tawonga Gap and the Alps, lay the upper Kiewa Valley. The Kiewa River looked like a thin thread winding its way through the broad green valley. The high power lines from the Hydro-Electric Scheme could also be seen. Several miles down the road we stopped again for another view. This time we saw the township of Mt. Beauty, spread out around a small reservoir. Within a few minutes we were on our way again.

After going down a long, winding road on a heavily-wooded mountainside, we found ourselves on the broad fertile valley of the Kiewa River. Before long we were in Mt. Beauty, where we stopped to pick up our guide and to have some refreshments. Then we drove out of Mt. Beauty through the S.E.C. checkpoint and up into the mountains. Soon we were following the steep-sided valley of the East Kiewa River.

In this part of the valley the road was narrow, with a drop on one side and a steep mountainside towering above us on the other. Sometimes small masses of cloud hung on the mountainside. Occasionally, we caught glimpses of the swiftly-flowing river far below us. Before long we could see the snow-capped mountains, which gradually came closer and closer.

About seven miles from Mt. Beauty the Clover Dam and Power Station came into view below us. Further along the road we saw Junction Dam and Bogong village.

The next highlight was when, at exactly 3000 feet above sea level, we reached the snow-line. From here, all the way up, almost everything was covered with glistening, white snow up to several feet deep.

We then stopped at the McKay Creek Power Station where we were shown around. First of all we took an elevator to the generator floor. 250 feet below the ground. When we reached this floor we found it was a huge room — ninety feet high — with six generators. It had been gouged out of solid rock, three walls being lined, leaving the fourth as a natural, rock, feature wall opposite the entrance. It was well-lit, brightly-painted and air-conditioned. After seeing the generators we went down to the turbine floor where we looked at the turbines and pressure tunnel. Then we came back up and boarded the bus.

The next halt was Howman's Gap where we were instructed not to play in the snow and get wet before we had dinner. We were given plastic bowls and spoons and received our dinner in a big shed. After dinner we fought a rather unfair battle. The girls were trapped behind a shed which had no snow around it to throw and the shed was surrounded by the boys, but luckily they did not throw very hard. After that exhausting episode we went to Fall's Creek. We spent a half an hour there in the snow and then began our long trip home to Harrietville. That night we had a social and went to bed at eleven o'clock.

THIRD DAY

The next day we were up at six o'clock, our bags packed and ready to go on the bus. Again we were off straight after breakfast. We stopped at Bright and then pushed on and saw the steep solid rock face of Mt. Buffalo capped with snow, ahead of us. As the bus crawled up the winding road around the side of the mountain we could see a beautiful view of the country-side below. Then the bus stopped; we jumped out and walked a half a mile to see the Eurobin Falls. The water flowed over the huge massive rocks in torrents. *It was a splendid sight to see.*

Another hour's travelling took us up the winding steep round on the way to the Mt. Buffalo Chalet. At various places en route the valley below came into full view, the background provided by the majestic Australian Alps. A tree-lined river meandered along the valley. Red-roofed houses scattered along the river course added a touch of colour to the natural greens.

After travelling for another hour, we arrived at the Mt. Buffalo Chalet. The green and yellow building was covered in snow, the entrances and a few tracks having been cleared by snow ploughs. The Chalet spread approximately one hundred yards from a precipitous drop to the Bucklan's Valley below.

The view from Bent's Lookout, at the top of the mountain, was fantastic. It was the kind of picture you see in the story books from European countries. One could hardly believe it was real.

The Alps stretched for miles; the snow glistened in the sunlight. The green valley and the tree-lined river added to the awe-inspiring panorama. The variety of natural greens which gave dramatic contrast to the white snow, was incredible. The blue sky with a few wisps of cloud highlighted the Alps in their dominating position. The snow on the mountain slopes was interspersed with trees, giving a mottled effect. A small cloud in the valley below added to the impression that the view was unreal.

After having lunch at the Chalet we continued on to the ski-run where, although we did not do any ski-ing, we made good friends (and in some cases, bad friends) with the snow. There were large white expanses of snow in almost every direction with indentures and hollows where a stream wove its narrow way. The meaning of these indentations was revealed when some enthusiasts chased after a wombat and found themselves suddenly sinking waist deep in snow.

Behind the ski-run we could see a gigantic tower of sheer solid granite rising out of the top of a close mountain. There were only a few trees on this rock tower and they seemed very fragile against the back-ground of giant pillars and huge boulders.

All too soon the trip ended and as we drove down the road on the way back to Wangaratta we realized just how spectacular the mountains really were.

We arrived at Wangaratta, had tea there, crossed the main street once more and boarded the six o'clock train bound for Melbourne. At half past nine the train pulled in at Spencer St. Station bringing us, its tired but messy occupants, to their waiting parents.

ROBERT KROBER, JOHN JONES,
JUDITH BINNS, EDMUND PARKER, 4A.

A FAMILIAR SIGHT — the Assembly conducted by Mr. Ingwerson, here having a heart-to-heart with his mike.

LITERARY CRITICISM

Rex Ingamells in "Maquarie Harbour" makes the poem interesting by attracting the attention of the reader straight-away with a first line:

"The jailers lock the sullen gates no more"

that in its words "jailers" and "lock" bring out the main oppressions of prison life.

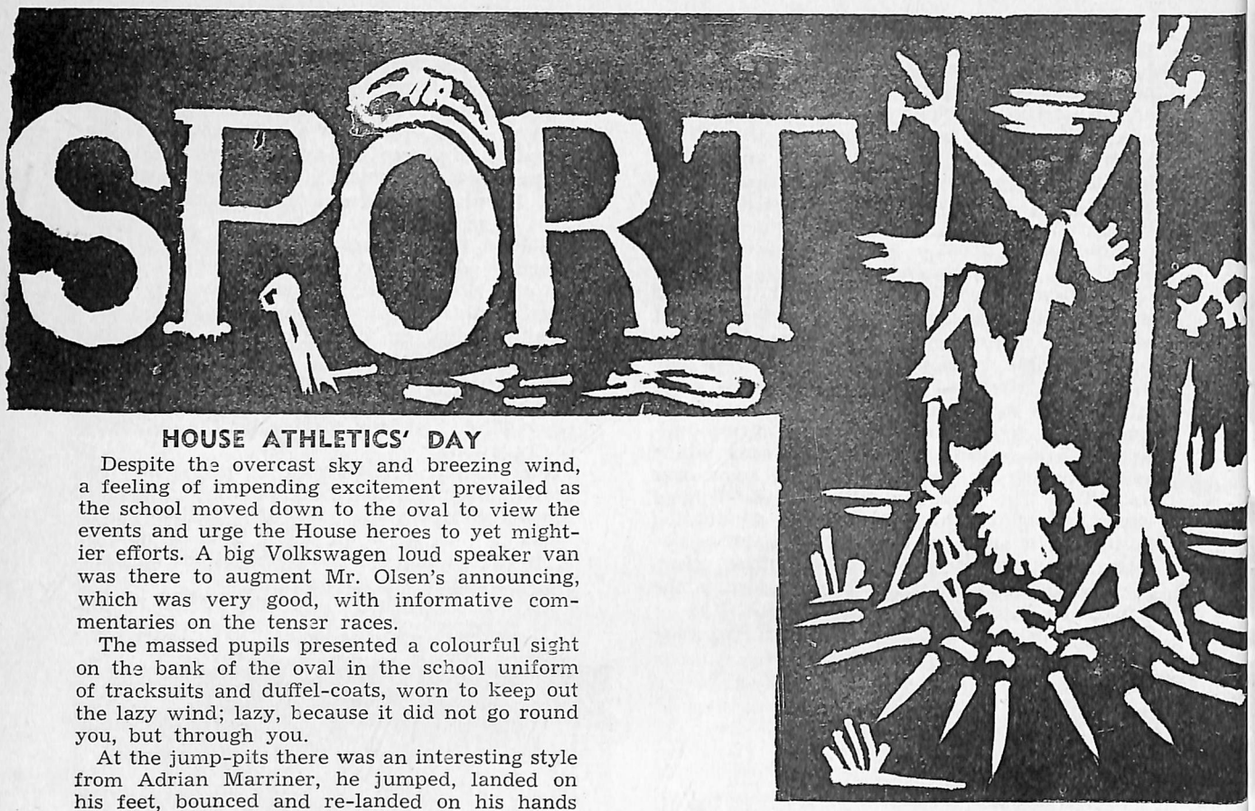
The poem seems to have an atmosphere about it which puts the reader into a mood of depression. One has a feeling of sympathy for the bolter who is cold and starving with the hounds which are close behind him knowing that he has no chance of escaping because the country-side is so barren.

In the last verse, Rex Ingamells gives the reader the feeling that the gales up in the mountains are the hounds which are after the bolter. This description he gives in the lines:

"but gales that whine among the hills sniff at the savage tracks".

We are made to realise that, even though the bolter is escaping from the cruelties of man, he probably does not fully realise the cruelties of nature: the poor man cannot escape cruelty.

LYNETTE DICKSON.



HOUSE ATHLETICS' DAY

Despite the overcast sky and breezing wind, a feeling of impending excitement prevailed as the school moved down to the oval to view the events and urge the House heroes to yet mightier efforts. A big Volkswagen loud speaker van was there to augment Mr. Olsen's announcing, which was very good, with informative commentaries on the tenser races.

The massed pupils presented a colourful sight on the bank of the oval in the school uniform of tracksuits and duffel-coats, worn to keep out the lazy wind; lazy, because it did not go round you, but through you.

At the jump-pits there was an interesting style from Adrian Marriner, he jumped, landed on his feet, bounced and re-landed on his hands and then rolled. He must have been saving his legs for more serious work such as the 440 yds. and the 880 yds., in which he later aquitted himself well.

Despite the attraction of the Open boys' javelin event, all wise spectators kept a good fifty yards (the maximum killing-range) from the energetic lads.

At the start of the track events, the teachers had a bit of a turn for a moment when the starting gun disappeared, but it soon turned up. Though there were no vindictive fatalities, one or two had a near heart attack at the thought of past exams they had marked.

Soon, despite a quick start, Mullum was trailing behind Kalinda, and Yarra and Maroondah after them. The contest continued.

Good work from ace discus-thrower, Bruce Buckthorpe (pardon the kauf koff)—he hit one of the opposing House's athletes with the discus. The victim was not hurt, only thought he was. However, Bruce, disgusted with the judge's decision on his throw, walked off with the discus, but it was soon returned. (Better luck with your next strike.)

At this time, a rather weary, and fictitious House captain was heard to say, exasperated, "Where's your House spirit?" and got in return, "I, hic, drank it all!"

By the time of the lunch break, three quarters of an hour of eating and recuperating, Kalinda led Mullum by fifty points, the Athletics' cup seemed to be firmly clutched by Kalinda, who had already held it for three years.

Now the track events continued in deadly earnest. David Hunt, arms working like pistons, charged home in grand style in the 100 yds. dash. Following this, Lesley Mayes won by a good twenty yards in the Open 220, and she had to run in the outside lane, normally a severe handicap to an average runner. Then David Hunt again won the under 17 220, with ease. Colin Standfield, at the end of the Boys' Open relay, slid across the tape in an extreme effort to win. Near the end of the programme, John O'Regan, with real stamina, not only won the Open, but came second in the under 16 mile, two miles, with no more than two minutes breather. To top that, he ran with equal spirit in the House relay.

The House relay, previously an item to amuse the spectators, this year brought them to their feet cheering wildly, encouraging madly their representatives who were engaged in a bitterly fought race. It was the final stroke for the glory of the House. Each runner ran with near ferocity and devotion. Positions in the relay were painfully contested, but after having lagged all day, Maroondah raced home, leading by half a lap to win from Mullum, followed by Yarra and Kalinda. A fitting climax to a good day.

Though the races were finished, the teachers were not. We assembled on the battle scene for the results, announcements of champions, and thanks to all officials, contestants and spectators.

Colin Standfield and Lesley Mayes almost escaped making the address from the winning House, but they were re-captured and replied admirably. Then with cheers all round for nobody in particular. we went home.

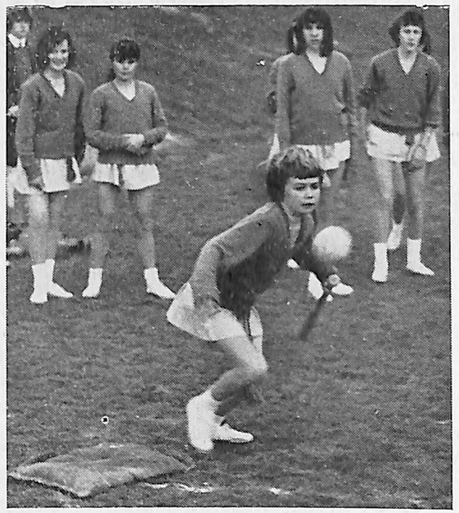
RESULTS:

1st Kalinda, 378 points; 2nd Mullum, 283 points; 3rd Yarra, 249 points; 4th Maroondah, 242 points.

CHAMPIONS

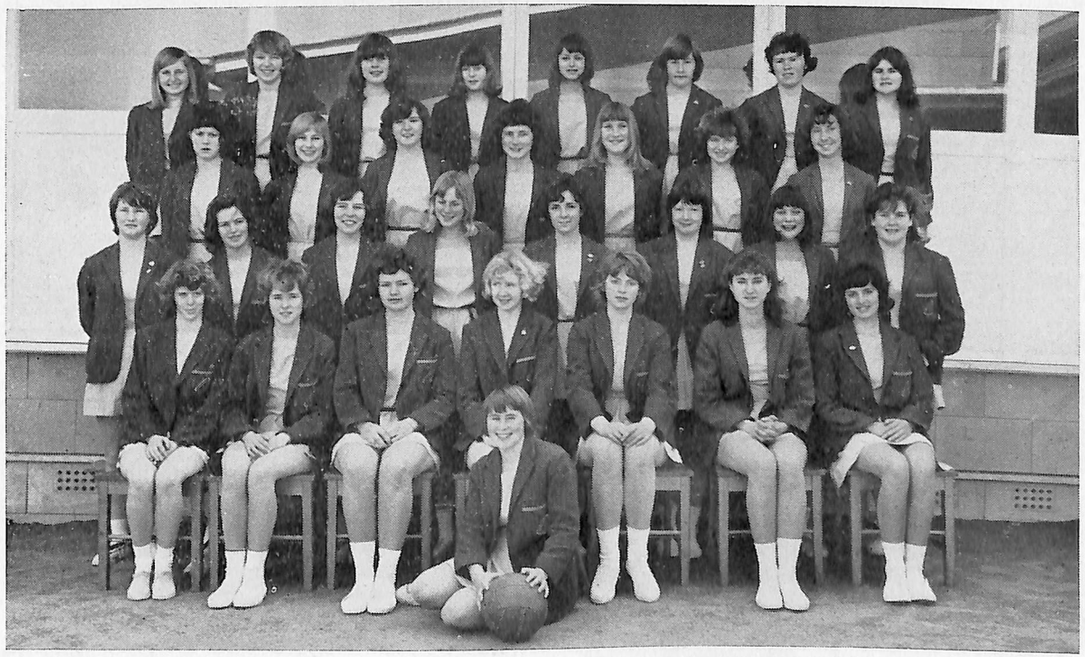
Girls U.13: Gail Thompson, Mullum.
Boys U.13: Michael Bishop, Yarra.
Girls U.14: Lynette Bowd, Kalinda.
Boys U.14: Greg Howarth, Maroondah.
Girls U.15: Julie Dickson, Kalinda.
Boys U.15: Geoffrey Clifton-Dobing, Mullum.
Girls U.16: Francis Fryer, Yarra.
Boys U.16: Robert Bradley, Mullum.
Girls U.17: Wendy Buchanan, Yarra.
Boys U.17: David Hunt, Maroondah.
Girls Open: Lesley Mayes, Kalinda.
Boys Open: Colin Brown, Maroondah.

RON BELL, DAVID MITCHELL.



Smallest softballer ever. Rae Harrison hits off for a run against Bayswater.

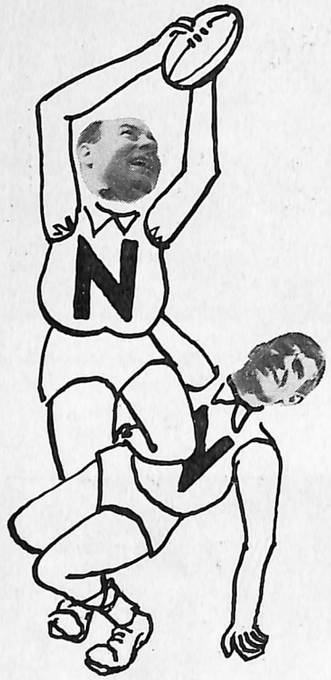
SATURDAY BASKETBALLERS



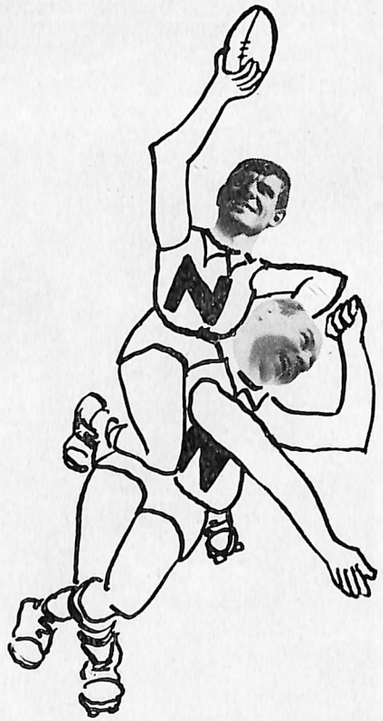
Back Row. Left to right: A. Hare, L. Morris, V. LeMasurier, S. McKinlay, A. Van der Beek, M. Stocks, F. Brown, L. Gibson.
Third Row: Y. Evans, B. Price, C. Smith, A. Nelson, D. Ireland, H. Miller, P. Johnson.
Second Row: D. Kidgell, D. Lawrance, J. Fitzgerald, R. Mahony, S. Dunham, J. Reid, G. Hutchinson, P. Henderson.
First Row: S. Rogers, S. Wilkins, H. Jakubenko, A. Price, A. Muller, L. Gordic, C. Wilkins.
Front: H. Lowe.

Flights of Fancies

Every Monday during the football season the Staff Room — and probably most of the students — are treated to differing versions of the Saturday matches. A strange feature of these versions is that often the accounts of particular incidents are completely contradictory. Here our artist, Mr. Plato, has faithfully recorded Mr. Jamieson's and Mr. Peckham's account of one mark and the methods used to take that mark.



THE JAMIESON VERSION



THE PECKHAM VERSION

Malcolm LeMasurier ready for his 93rd Saturday match for Norwood

HOUSE REPORTS

YARRA HOUSE REPORT

Under the leadership of House Captains, Lindsay More and Margaret Fry, with vice-captains, Sue Dunham and Ed. Lawrence, Yarra House finished first in the weekly house matches. In the House Swimming and Athletics contests, Yarra was not quite so fortunate, but, at least, we provided our share of contestants and there must be losers to have winners. What is important is that our House Captains and House Teachers, Mr. Olsen and Mrs. Reeman, Miss Robb and Mr. Bartels, kept us trying and showed us how to be plulosophic about this winning and losing.

Star performances in athletics were Chris McDonald, Wendy Buchanan, Roger Daniels, Annette Nelson, Francis Fryer and Dennis Young. In the swimming were Dennis Young, Barry Newlands, Rod Allen, Peter Roberts, Wendy Cole and Jane Bennett.

Yarra Juniors count among their number, many promising scholars and athletes. As a group they have not shone this year, but we are confident our future is golden.

We thank our House Teachers, our House leaders and all the Yarra House members for their efforts during 1964, and we hope to achieve greater things in the year to come.

MARG. FRY, LINDSAY MORE.

JUNIOR AND SENIOR HOUSE CAPTAINS

Back Row. Left to right: Pat Odermatt, Margaret Fry, Lindsay Moore, Colin Fox, Barbara Beissel, Gregory Houghton.
Middle Row: Shirley Anne Gardner, Marilyn Pott ter, Robert Rattray, Perry Kaighin, Lynette Bowd, Julie Guiheneuf.
Front Row: Judy Brown, Colin Brown, Mr. Jamies on, Mrs. Block, Colin Standfield, Yvonne Evans.

MAROONDAH HOUSE REPORT

Although Maroondah House has suffered many upsets this year, it has weathered its challenges very well.

Early in the year the Senior Girls lost their House Mistress, Mrs. Binns, who for many years had been a wonderful inspiration for the House and was always prominent on Fete day. The Junior House lost Miss Hughes, during the year, but gained Mrs. Day, who has been of great assistance to the House. The Senior House was fortunate in gaining an ex-Yarra Mistress, Miss Black, who for a while was not sure which House she favoured. On the day of the athletics sports it could be seen that Miss Black had forgotten the Old House and is now enjoying being in the "new".

It is most regrettable that next year, we will lose Miss Black, who has shown great enthusiasm in helping the House this year.

The boys were fortunate in gaining a new Junior House Master in Mr. Farnsworth, who helped us win the Fete with the Pick-a-Box Competition. Next year there is a possibility of loosing our Senior Boys House Master who for six years, has worked tirelessly to keep Maroondah near or at the top. Thanks to him, Maroondah has won five Fetes in succession, I am sure we shall always remember Mr. Stolk and his Fried Rice Cafe.

In the swimming this year, Maroondah regained some of its old prestige of being the top swimming House when it came a close second to Mullum; next year, Maroondah can look to better things in this field. In the athletics, Maroondah did not fare so well, although Maroondah won three individual championships in the boys, the girls only won one event. With a little more effort from the girls, the athletics cup could easily be Maroondah's in 1965.

The Juniors this year won the cross country quite well and we hope they can do this again next year. Maroondah had a relatively successful year, and with a little more effort from the Junior House and the Girls, Maroondah can again be top House as it was in 1958 and 59.

Maroondah House Captains,
JUDITH BROWN, COLIN BROWN.

SENIOR HOCKEY

1964 will be remembered well by the Senior Hockey team as our most successful year, for not only did we win five of our seven matches but we managed to reach the finals of the Mountain Division. The season was highlighted by a trip to Mirboo North, where, though playing determinedly, we were defeated by seven goals. The improved performance of the team was due in part to much better equipment and a more sincere approach to training as a team.

Apart from the liberal mud covering and the few accidental knocks and bumps, only one major incident reduced our numbers. The unfortunate member concerned, Liz "Slasher" Strode, lost a tooth in an enthusiastic scramble in one of our house matches.

The season proved very eventful for all members of the team but especially Margaret Hodgson, who scored unusually by diving head-first into the goal. Judy Brown, the golf player and that little third former, Janet (flat on the back) Brown.

Our thanks go to Mr. Stolk. His efforts were appreciated by all team members who shall be sorry to lose him next year. We wish him success at his new school, but for his sake we hope he will not have another team like us to coach!

P. CRAIG.

BASEBALL TEAM

Back Row. Left to right: P. Blackmore, J. Gillespie, N. McConville, A. Steegstra, N. Lee-Archer.
Front Row: G. Willard-Turton, A. Sparks, R. Krober, B. Falconer.

KALINDA HOUSE REPORT

Kalinda wishes to thank Mrs. Crofts, Mr. Peckham, Mrs. Gill and Mr. Avison for all their help throughout the year. In the organization of weekly sport, in House Sports and the Fete, Kalinda has had a successful year: once again we won the House Athletics and each of the competitors is to be congratulated.

Although Kalinda did not raise the highest amount for the fete, the willing help offered was most appreciated. All houses worked hard and co-operated to make a very successful day, enjoyed by all who attended.

Thanks once again to our competent House organizers. I would personally like to say thank you to my assistant, Yvonne Evans, and to all the Kalinda girls for their co-operation in House Assemblies and for their willingness to enter for teams.

LESLEY MAYES.

ATHLETICS CHAMPIONS

Back Row. Left to right: J. Bennett, M. Allen.
Third Row: L. Bowd, F. Fryer, G. Clifton-Dobing, W. Buchanan, J. Dickson.
Second Row: R. Bradley, D. Hunt, C. Brown, D. Young. Front: G. Houghton.

INTER-SCHOOL SWIMMING

After the inter-house swimming carnival at Croydon Pool had competitively chosen our best swimmers, in a very thrilling series of races (Mullum house winning the carnival), our champions were prepared to defend Norwood in the inter-school competition.

Having assembled on the day at Ringwood Station, the pupils boarded the train, and, with some pupils standing, speedily travelled to Richmond Station. There we detrained and, protecting ourselves from the other schools, in a hundred yard-long column, walked to the New Olympic Pool.

Having entered this, we were immediately stifled by a wall of chlorinated water-miasma. The multitude sat and settled into the hardwood-padded seats, thirsting for some wins. Soon the events had become a patterned process in which there was a lull before the storm, a staccato bang, and then a solid roar that filled the ears and from which only the closest shouts, even bellows and screams, could be recognized as meaning anything.

In the first few minutes, a number of such races were won by Norwood, achievements which prompted the mass of students to stand all yelling in fierce delight, while teachers demurely clapped with satisfied half-smiles on their lips.

Amazingly, soon it was time for lunch, a period of relative calm.

After this, the tension mounted as Norwood surged up and took up a position of equal second. More races were being won and the decibels soared in roof-raising noise of stamping, clapping, shouting, yelling and exhortations. The school's morale soared even higher in glorious exultation.

Bellows, screams, louder and more smothering, roars of triumph, cries of mounting tension.

Finally, after a very fiercely contested relay series, came the results. To the greater glory of our school Norwood WON the Intermediate section, with 50½ points and came third in the Aggregate, a real improvement over previous years and some which will continue ever upward.

Three heroes of the Combined Swimming meeting; Perry Kaighin, Marion Kaighin and Barry Newlands.

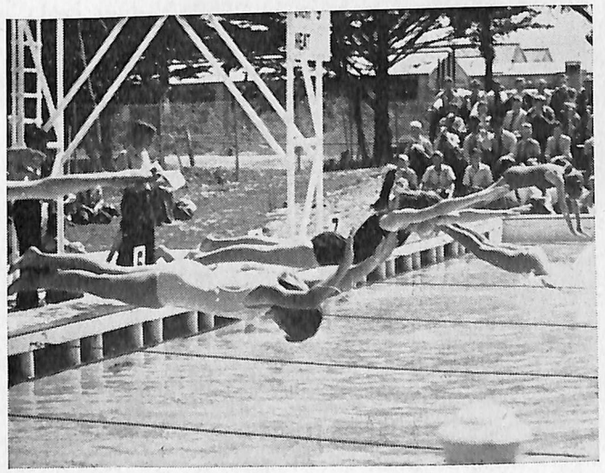
The final roar of approval to these results, having nearly disintegrated the pool, caused the officials to send us home, in jubilation. Thus ending the day.

Those to whom we owe our great success were:
Marian Kaighin, winner of 4 events.
Barry Newland, winner of 1 event.
Perry Kaighin, winner of 2 events.
David Flowers, winner of 1 event.
Dennis Young, winner of 1 event.
Colin Fox, winner of 1 event.
Norwood also won the Under 13 Freestyle Relay, with a record time of 2.31.7.
There were also many other place-getters who boosted Norwood's score.

Though we were the ones who got wet in the pool, we realise that our success is largely due to the efforts of our trainers, Mr. Olson, Mr. Peckham and Mr. Jamieson, who gave so freely of their time—much of it outside school hours. We also think a pat on the back is due to all those other swimmers who participated in the House Swimming Sports and in practises because the competition our swimmers received, spurred them on to faster times.

COLIN FOX, RICHARD GRIDLEY. 5.

HOUSE SWIMMING



Girls U15 Freestyle. Winner was Marion Kaighin, second from the camera.

SWIMMING TEAM

Back Row. Left to right: R. Glennister, W. McAuley, J. Bennett, H. Miller, S. McAuley, M. Kaighin, W. Buchanan, W. Cole, S. McKinlay, M. Allen, D. Cook, P. Odermatt.
Fourth Row: A. Kerr, P. Blackmore, G. Hardware, M. LeMasurier, P. Roberts, B. Newlands, P. Whitelaw, R. Allen, A. Sparks, P. Kaighin, K. Henderson.
Third Row: C. Fox, C. McDonald, D. Flowers, E. Elderhurst, D. Young, C. Davy, A. McAlpine, B. Flowers, R. Wilkinson, G. McCreery, M. Gray, R. Gridley.
Second Row: C. Matuska, R. Mahony, P. Craig, S. Hunt, L. Gordic, Mr. Olsen, S. Blackmore, J. Meggs, D. Lawrance, F. Kerkhof, M. Mersch.
Front Row: N. Kondratenkov, K. Blackmore, B. Crawford, M. Potter. B. Henderson, J. Guiheneuf, A. Roberts, H. Lowe, G. Campbell, R. Harrison.

TENNIS

This year there occurred at Norwood considerable increase in interest towards the school's tennis activities. As it is now a regular Wednesday afternoon sport, a squad of about 25 students can be seen improving their game and enjoying it under the able eye of Mrs. Meyland, our supervisor. Although a mixture of South Warrandyte, North Ringwood, Ringwood East Club members, a Norwood High team was formed and entered in the district competition.

The beginning of the Winter E.M.R.L.T.A. competition saw N.H.S. being represented by Mrs. L. Meyland, Hella Jakubenko, Andrew Rasa and Adrian Marriner in Section 13 Seniors. Play was drawn only twice during the season, with many great games being played in the 2nd round season. At the end of the season, Norwood High School held 3rd position, having to play St. Edmund's, the top team, in the semi finals. They were beaten by 8 games in a very hard fought match, where everyone gained valuable experience.

On July 9, Norwood played a Mitcham High School tennis team at courts in the Mitcham area. At Walker Park, the boys represented by Ken and John Watson, Alan McAlpine, Graeme Prior, Andrew Rasa and John Jones, played in seeded pairs to win 2 out of the first three doubles matches. In the two singles games and one double set that followed, Norwood only succeeded in gaining one win, thereby tying the sets at 3 all. On games, Norwood lost by 7, but the terrible wind conditions and unfamiliar courts are an excuse if one is needed. The girls of our team, Margaret King. Margaret Reynolds, Hella Jakubenko and Jeanne Nowatka made up for our loss by winning 21 games to 15 after a 3 set draw at the Courts of Mitcham Methodists.

Continual play on Wednesday afternoons, hours of practice, and great deal of experience will weld the Norwood tennis squad into a formidable one, and I'm sure that the next competition season will find Norwood near the top of the ladder.

ALAN McALPINE.

Yarra-Mullum House Match.
A well judged mark in a

THE OLYMPIC GAMES

Modern day meetings of the Olympic Games have come a long way since the meetings of the ancient Greeks. The Greek olympics were held during the summer of four year intervals, in honour of Olympian Zeus. These meetings were strictly for the men, and women were not permitted to watch or compete.

The modern revival of the Olympic games is due mainly to the effects of Pierre Baron De Coubertin of France.

The first meeting was in Athens in 1896, but it was not very successful and none were successful until 1908 in London.

They were held in Stockholm in 1912, Antwerp 1920, Paris 1924, Amsterdam 1928, Los Angeles 1932, Berlin 1936, London 1948, Helsinki 1952, Melbourne 1956, Rome 1960 and Tokyo this year.

In 1914, 1940, 1944, the games were cancelled due to the wars.

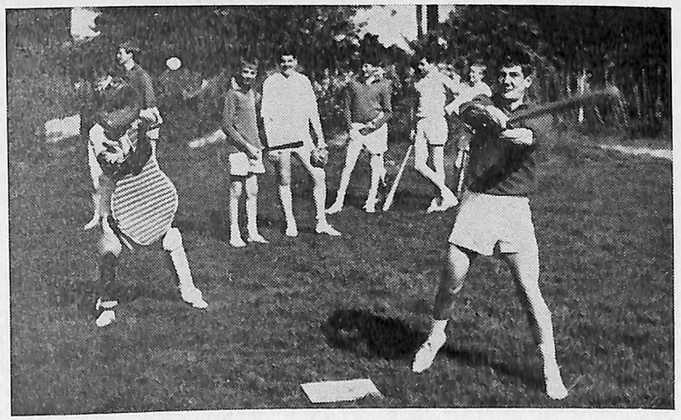
In October of this year, the games will officially open and seventy-six nations will be competing against each other.

The number of entrants from competing nations for athletic events has gradually increased from the traditional track and field events. Some of the added sports are swimming, cycling, shooting, rowing, polo, basketball, canoeing, handball, equestrian sports, rugby-football, soccer, yachting, weight-lifting, boxing and wrestling. We now see a further change—women competitors, who first made their appearance in 1912.

At the beginning of each games, the flag of every nation competing is raised and a torch bearer runs one lap of the arena holding the torch above his head.

ROBERT THOMAS.

Neil McConville plays a strike.



Clubs

BIOLOGY REPORT

This year, under Mrs. Binns, and later Miss Dryden, five girls and one boy studied Matriculation Biology. During the year we have covered such interesting topics as the origin of goose pimples and why woodlice keep walking in dry conditions. In March we went on an excursion to Flinders to study Ecology. Jim was very busy making a photographic record of our findings. It is amazing how he always managed to include a female Biology student, in shorts, in his photos of the rocky shelf.

We Biology students are always eager to share our Biological discoveries with our fellow pupils; this explains the large intestine with stomach attached, conscientiously displayed on the backboard of room 52.

It takes no special type of person to study Biology, the only requisites are a strong stomach and a strong writing hand. Pat is our artist and is noted for her magnificent sketches of Liliaceae. Liz is an ardent collector who gathers slimy black elephant fish in bottles. The chemistry questions are always applied to Sandra, while Marg contents herself with suffocating poor defenceless tadpoles. Jim stands back and beats his admirers off with his scalpel. I am the first to turn green, so a warning to future Biology students, when black aqueous humour begins to pour over your hands from a staring sheep's eye, one is inclined to become a bit queasy.

GLENDA WOOD, FORM 6.

DRAMA CLUB NOTES

This year, the Drama Club, under the direction of Mrs. White, started soon after the school started operations. The attendance of few members, after Mr. Cording's advertising campaign, was overwhelming. Mrs. White soon sorted out the stickers, by making the first day of drama into a factual lecture on what drama involved, by the next meeting, the members had dropped from 45 to about a dozen. This greatly increased the capacity for work, and Mrs. White approved this population deflation.

The work was much and laborious, as the new form one-ers had to be skilled in the art of acting before we could carry on our normal activities, of further widening our knowledge of drama.

The numerous meetings during holidays and weekends, made possible the performance of plays for the music and drama evening.

The Chinese play which was enacted on this program went off well, and the Shakespearean excerpts were well accepted.

Due to severe lack of time (three-quarters of an hour a week) our activities are limited.

On behalf of all, we would like to thank Mrs. White for her perseverance, and her faithful attendance, although her available transport was poor. Till next year.

JOHN SIMMONS, GEOFF PAYNE, 3A.

NORWOOD ORCHESTRA—1964

The orchestra has successfully operated again this year under the direction of Mrs. Argall. The size has increased with the addition of a drum, tenor recorders, two clarinets and four flutes, who's players are now having lessons at the school. The orchestra performed at a lunch time concert and the "Music" and "Drama" evening. On this occasion, four string-players and three wind- players performed chamber music which was something new again, for the school. The orchestra has twenty members at the moment and hopes to increase in size and improve in standard in 1965. In connection with the development of the orchestra we feel it should go on record in the school magazine because, owing to the generosity of the School Advisory Council in giving £100 for the purchase of instruments, the school now has two flutes, a trombone, a drum stand and several new music stands.

It is to be hoped that eventually the school will be able to make available other unusual instruments to students who have a desire to play them.

MARGARET HODGSON,
CHRIS BROWN.

THE ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS—1964

Four orchestral concerts were given this year for High School students. Mrs. Rosewarne arranged for some forms to be present, as the music was connected with school work, and one concert was attended by members of the choir, orchestra and drama group.

The Victorian Symphony Orchestra played music to suit every taste—even the most ardent pop music fan would have enjoyed the liveliness of the Hungarian and Russian music.

The conductor introduced the audience to the pieces and explained each fully. He was not just a man with a baton in front of a group of musicians, but became a real person, making the music live for the listeners.

The concerts were given to help students appreciate classical music, and to present the many different forms and moods it takes. I know my friends who have been to a concert, have seen more in classical music since, so perhaps these concerts are achieving their aim.

WENDY MOORE, 3A.

CHOIR AND MADRIGAL

We started off our year with several new members, mostly from Form 1, and also managed to form a small Boys' Choir. These children have done remarkably well and we all hope they keep up their fine work. Choir members know practices have their trying moments but it is well worth all the efforts in the end.

The beginning of the year was filled with preparations for our Education Week concert held on the 20th August in the Methodist Hall, Ringwood. A lot of work went into the concert, mainly that of the students themselves, although our thanks must also be conveyed to Mrs. Rosewarne and Mrs. Flentje for the tremendous job they had in organizing us. We must also thank Mr. Waring for making the choir stands for us, and Mr. Avison who helped us with the black card that Helen Clark transformed into programmes. Last but certainly not least, we wish to thank Mr. Cording, our headmaster, for the help and understanding he gave us.

Included in the year's programme was a Music Festival at the Croydon High School Assembly Hall, on the 18th August. The Choir upheld the name of the school very well, singing two songs; 'Five Eyes" and "I Wondered Lonely as a Cloud". Many other schools were represented, but most were Primary Schools. At the moment we are preparing our songs for Speech Night. We will present a series of Christmas Carols, in two, three and four parts. The girls Madrigal will be mixed with the boys and we hope that our presentation of the Carols will be a good one.

On behalf of the Choir and Madrigal, I would like to express my thanks to Mrs. Rosewarne, who has done a wonderful job with the girls and boys. No-one will know (except the members) of the tremendous strain put on both pupils and teachers while preparing for a concert or festival. We all came out of it though, and far better people for having done it. There were many times, I know, when Mrs. Rosewarne felt she could not take us any longer but she put up with us and came back for more. I especially, would like to convey my most sincere thanks for Mrs. Rosewarne as I am leaving at the end of this year to go on to new fields. The Norwood High School Choir has been like a home away from home and I know that the others who are leaving at the end of the year; Margaret Hodgson and Margaret King, will agree with this. We are very, very sorry to be leaving, but we hope that the ones left behind, keep up their good work and make Mrs. Rosewarne as proud of them as they are of her.

FRANKA KERKHOF, FORM 6.

SCHOOL CHOIR

Back Row. Left to right: M. Stocks, R. Fitzherbert, L. Ardern, P. Wade, C. Miller, A. DiGregorio, S. Hickinbotham, S. Power, J. Hickinbotham, V. Welling, J. Bennett, M. Coldwell.
Fourth Row: I. Stevens, S. Scott, A. Van der Beek, P. Fairbairn, S. Rance, M. Bishop, M. Beale, P. Burns, M. Hodgson, V. LeMasurier, M. King, D. Lawrance, D. Fawell.
Third Row: C. de Silva, M. Cheel, F. Kerkhof, A. Grossman, K. Walker, A. Dickson, H. Clark, W. Buchanan, W. Cole, C. Curtis, S. McCauley, E. Dickson.
Second Row: D. Lawrance, S. Beale, M. Jeavons, S. Lehmann, J. Loosley, Mrs. Rosewarne (Choir Mistress), A. Price, A. Flentje, C. Fitzgerald, S. Hunt, C. Cutler.
Front Row: B. Heath, G. Buckley, M. Haemmerle, V. Jeffreys, W. Moore, P. Grieve, J. Heath, T. Grotto, G. Lowe, P. Argyll, H. Flentje, B. Brits.

SCIENCE REPORT

The year opened to find the syndicate once more firmly entrenched in the science room. This year, however, they intended to work and work they did.

There were the usual mix-ups with illustrations and once again around the middle of the year, the delicate aroma of Sulphuretted hydrogen (H2 S to you) was wafted down the corridor of the school to the accompaniment of the usual groan.

A new danger was added to the myriads already present in the science room, when areas of the pep room floor began to explode "when we only just looked at them". "Steady with the nitro, boys. We might need that floor next year!"

Other dangers seem to include a constant rain of black ash during physics periods caused by people burning naptholene to blacken calorimeters. "All in the interests of science, deah boy!"

Not content with this, some people produced a miniature Hades in a fume cupboard, complete with leaping flames and rolling clouds of black smoke and — "I tell you, old boy, it had horns!"

A lighter note was struck when Mr. Peckham, passing the science room, noticed the syndicate toasting the world with wine glasses of sparkling liquid. Subsequent investigations proved the liquid to be plain old H2O (Water to you) "April fool in August, Mr. Peckham?"

Mr. Peckham is considering patenting two discoveries. One is that organic chemistry molecular models make wonderful toys — "What do you mean, second childhood? He never came out of his first!" The second one, a new line of easily spreadable butter, which he produced one practical period. "Any one got a paint brush? I want to butter the toast."

To those who noticed the sixth form tripping about the corridors trailing yards of springs, supervised by Mr. Farnsworth; we were not suffering from a brain storm, brought on by over-work (not really surprising if we were) we were only conducting experiments in wave motion.

Back to chemistry: one of the more interesting experiments in practical chemistry was the testing of the properties of alcohols. We found that tasting is really the best test for the properties of alcohols.

If some people have noticed a member of the syndicate skulking around corners and deep shadows (not that he usually does not) it is because Mr. Jamieson wants his blood. This state of affairs came about because the syndicate gave Mr. Jamieson the wrong information about charging batteries. The only charging is likely to be "Assault and battery," if he catches us.

To end on a more serious note. This is the last of those reports that I shall be writing, so I would like to wish all those people whom I probably will not meet again, after the end of this year, the best of luck in their future careers, whatever they may be.

"PROF." BROWN, VI.

LIBRARY COMMITTEE

Left to Right: Linde Bretherton, Marjorie Toppin, Irene Kok, Marianne Pieters, John Gough, John Jones, George Negrin, Graham Willard-Turton.

LIBRARY REPORT

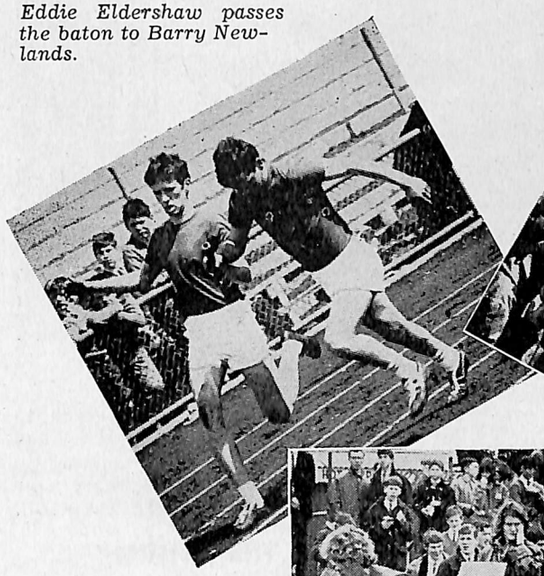
This year has been one of great advance in the library. It has expanded rapidly under Mrs. Grainger's guiding hand. No fewer than twelve hundred books have been brought into circulation this year. The backroom has swarmed with twelve committee members preparing books for the shelves, while Mrs. Grainger has been left to the considerably more difficult task of classification and cataloguing of reference books. The library has been beautified yet more by cultivation of plants above the shelves, a wood carving, a new display board for new books, and numerous items of contemporary furniture, including the wildly modern tables. The library has been used by the students to a greater extent. Accordingly, the reference section has received a great deal of attention and expense in expanding it.

This rapid expansion of the library has led to the acquisition of Room 16 for library purposes. This has now been fitted out for senior reference work and private study. Such vast jobs as this are normally given largely into hands of the committee. These hardships are set off to some extent by simple but comfort-producing amenities in the committee's back room. Our job is made more pleasant by excursions to Book Week Meetings. Our fourth form members attended two of these and came back madly enthusiastic, and charged with ideas.

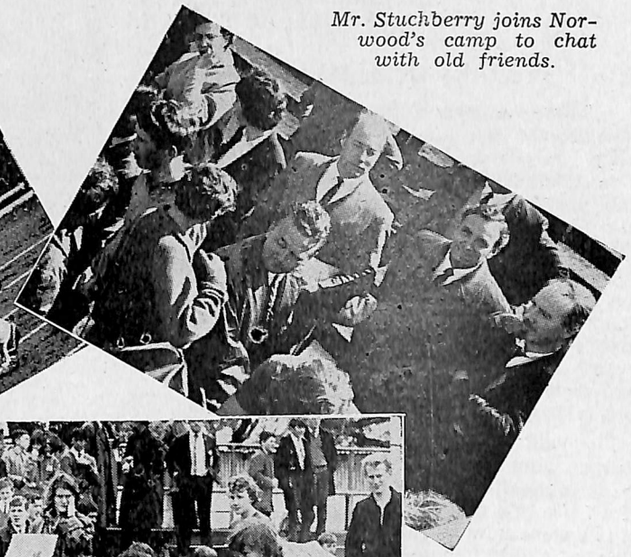
On the more personal side, we wish to draw attention to the indefatigable efforts of Mrs. Cheel, Mrs. Westlake and Mrs. Lloyd (until other committments took her from us). We would like to thank these ladies for their support through this year. While still dispensing thanks we give them freely to Cheshire's Publishing Co.. which kindly donated several hundred text books. Many thanks also to the individuals who have donated books of all descriptions during

INTER-SCHOOL ATHLETICS

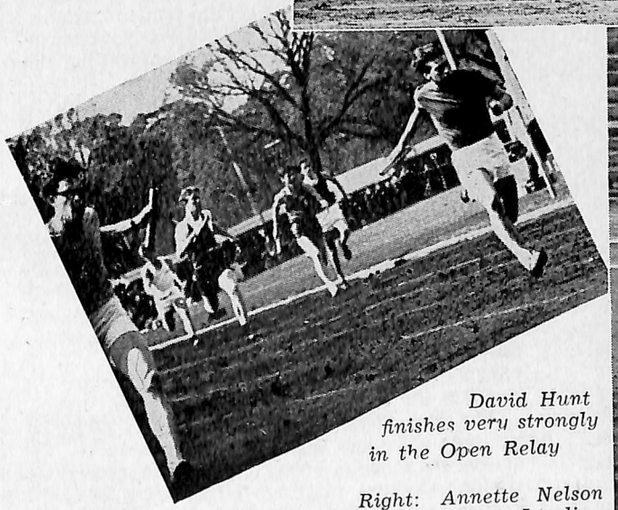
Eddie Eldershaw passes the baton to Barry Newlands.



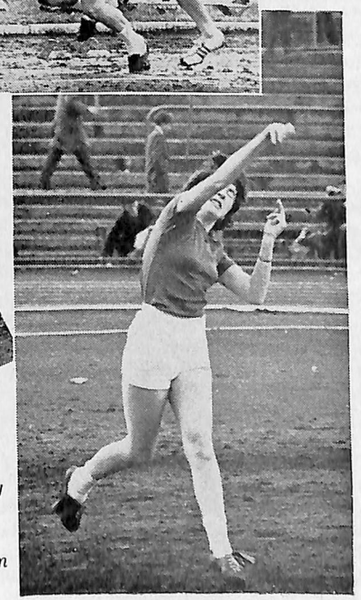
Mr. Stuchberry joins Norwood's camp to chat with old friends.



Lesley Mayes gets quickly away from the blocks in the Open 100 yds. Lesley, who had been badly scalded a week previously, showed great courage and enthusiasm in going to the sports and in running so determinedly.



David Hunt finishes very strongly in the Open Relay



Right: Annette Nelson wins the Open Javelin

the year. We also express our thanks to all the form monitors for their Trojan work during library periods. And finally, to the pupils who have produced book reviews, our Public Relations Officers.

THE LIBRARY COMMITTEE,
GRAEME WILLARD TURTON.

"THE DIARY OF SAMUEL PEPY'S"

There he goes, a smallish man, bright-eyed and dressed in a fine suit of silk. Prosperous, yes, very prosperous; a J.P. in the administrative side of the Navy. Yes, in this year of grace 1666, this fine fellow is said to be worth over £6000, and at all entertainments at his home they say there is nought but silver plates on the table. Ah yes, the portrait of a prosperous man indeed!

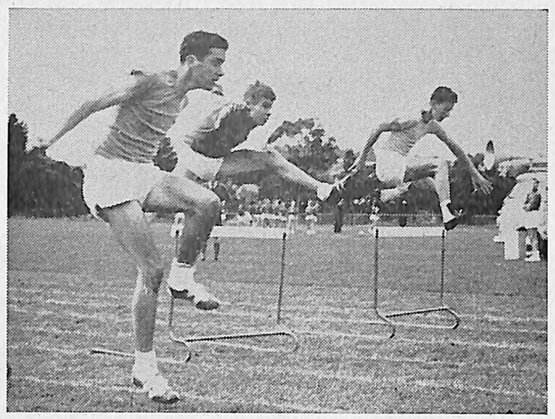
The very picture of a social climber, a man "on the make" almost in fact, a "crawler". But prosperous certainly, quite successful. Samuel Pepy's naval expert musician, scientist, politician, social-climber — Samuel Pepy's, son of the nearly bankrupt London tailor.

This odd mixture of financial wizard, man of culture, and social outsider was born in 1633. He is interesting because he recorded nine years of his life in a diary — "The Diary of S. Pepy's". In it we see how he raised himself from the position of Clerk to high places in the admiralty. In the diary we see Pepy's primarily as a human being because he wrote in a fascinating, frank way; and we may see emerge a very vivid picture of a man.

Pepys was a very hard worker. In the admiralty office he would work from 4 a.m. till late into the evening, often till midnight. His salary was quite inadequate, but having a good job, obtained by having an influential cousin, Lord Sandwich, Pepys was able to gain a little extra through bribes—a normal occurrence in England of the 17th Century. He had a child-like thirst for knowledge.

Then quite apart from reading Pepys as a study of a fascinating person, you can read him to get an idea of England of that time. As I have said, Pepys travelled a lot, not only in England but in Europe as well. In the diary there is an account of his journey to Holland.

But the England of the time in the diary is not all scenery; there are descriptions of town life, especially during the 1666 Fire and Plague. Much of the descriptions of these that you learned in Form II comes from Pepys. Do not imagine that the diary is dry old history. Some parts, it is true, relate in detail the business of commissions, and Parliament, but there is much that will hold your interest. Pepys' ideas on the status of women, descriptions of ships, portraits of all types of people from the King down to the maid of his household, the town-life with its plays, rumours, plots, hangings, fires, gamblers, merchants, pub-keepers; Country life and life in Europe. In this diary, life is really made alive.



Colin Brown winning Open Hurdles.

Read the "Diary of Samuel Pepys" both to find out about a livewire man and a golden age in which he lived — and do not be daunted by the size of the book — you will find every page interesting.

JAMES BADGER.

"MUSIC OF THE SPHERES"

(by Guy Murchie)

Guy Murchie is a very accomplished man and is suitably fitted to write knowledgeably on the intricacies of modern science.

He takes view of a man circling the earth in a space ship, observing all of nature, history and the universe with an uninvolved but frequent curiosity. Starting with the quite well-known planets, he continues from there in logical development, to the stars, the Milky Way, the neighbouring galaxies and the entire complex universe; studying all this historically, scientifically, artistically and with great enthralling detail.

Having studied the large material world, he continues with increasing delight to consider matter and scientific philosophy. He explains as well as he can, the modern ideas of matter, atoms, gravity, space, time and energy: startling ideas that stun the mind.

In all of his investigations he develops his views with almost poetic descriptions of the wonder and strangeness of the world. From time to time he recalls the mystic almost inspired words of past great men, as he records the steady development of science from the days of Anexagoras to the twentieth century, revealing the burning curiosity and tenacity of men.

And throughout the book he tries to find connections between differing phenomena — the similarity between atoms and solar systems, the reason why the rings of Saturn and the solar system have definite, non-haphazard orbits — that are similar to the old concept of the music of the spheres which combine into a startling, unbelievable symphony of the harmony of all Creation.