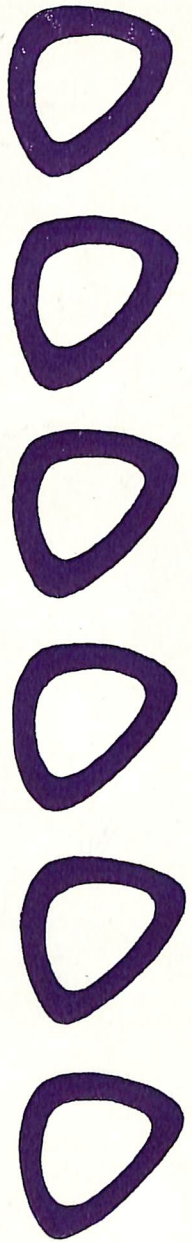


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WEEMALA . 68



1968 - weemala - the magazine of norwood high school

EDITORIAL

Last year, we suddenly realised that Norwood had grown out of the old Weemala. As a school grows, so does its need to express itself, and show the community that it has a character and a spirit of its own, and Weemala, with its original scope and format, simply could not meet this need in 1967. To correct this inadequacy, we scrapped the old layout completely, eradicated some of the weeds, and adopted a completely new approach: subordinating reports and results to original work and photographs.

The result was a mutation, and it proved itself better fit than its ancestors to survive the critical appraisals of the students. This year we have chosen to pursue this line still further, and try to present an interesting publication, and yet retain an accurate reflection of Norwood's development.

Weemala '68 contains, among other things, a great deal more poetry than past editions. To a certain extent, this represents a new trend in English teaching, especially among the junior forms, placing the accent on a less confined type of self-expression. One result of this has been a greater abundance of more unusual forms of creative work amongst this year's magazine contributions: another has been a great improvement in the quality of the material submitted.



Our Editor in his office.

The driving force behind this year's Weemala has been Mrs. P. Baker, and the magazine committee gratefully acknowledges her efforts, without which, I feel certain, we would have floundered. Thanks go also to those who typed material for us, and to all contributors to this year's magazine.

TERRY MORGAN.



MAGAZINE COMMITTEE

Editor: Terry Morgan.

Assistant Editor: Margaret Ford.

Art Editor: Cath O'Connor.

Features Editor: Hermien Flentje.

Sports Editors: Anne Roberts, Kevin Morgan.

Photographers: Kath Jones, Karen Walker, Mr. C. Lawn.

Committee: Helen Zachararweicz, Jane Welsh, Jane Worley, Prue Ford, L. Walker.

Staff Representative: Mrs. P. Baker.

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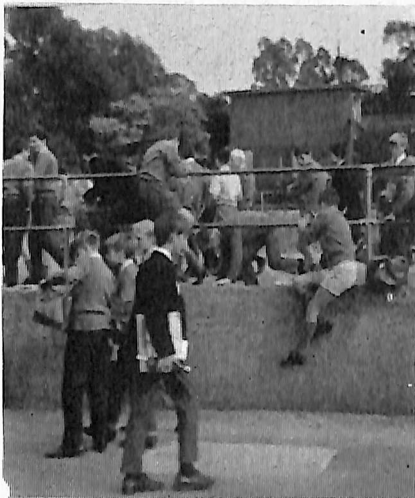


STAFF PHOTO

Back Row: Messrs. L. BIRD, D. BAKER, I. CONBOY, J. ONTO, P. WARING, L. BURNIE, B. GULTOM,
 B. GANGE.
 Third Row: Messrs. J. BUTCHER, G. KING, E. MILLS, L. KOLTAL, I. BAKER, E. SHERMAN,
 W. BALL, S. EDGLEY.
 Second Row: Mr. H. McDONALD, Mrs. O. MOLENAAR, Mrs. M. ELGOOD, Mrs. D. MORGAN,
 Mrs. C. STUART, Mrs. N. DREW, Mrs. L. McARTHUR, Mrs. D. WHITTENBURY, Mrs. D. LURAJUD,
 Mrs. C. DAVIDSON, Mrs. E. BEECROFT, Mrs. E. HALL, Mr. C. LAWN, Mrs. D. SMITH.
 Front Row: Mrs. K. NICHOLLS, Mrs. R. CLARE, Mrs. S. MILNE, Mr. S. COUSINS, Miss B. DRYDEN,
 Mr. D. McCARTHY, Mrs. S. COLDWELL, Miss S. LEHMANN, Mrs. M. CORRELJE, Miss S. WILLS,
 Mrs. P. BAKER.

SCHOOL DIARY FOR 1968

7th February: Return (only 206 schooldays to Christmas).



19th February: Inspectors for a week (our chance to blackmail teachers).

28th February: House Sports at Croydon Baths. Kalinda won.

12th March: Driving lessons arranged, conducted by Mr. A. Douglas, of Ringwood Driving School. Look out! Crunch!



19th March: Optional sport for 4th, 5th and 6th Forms introduced.

12th April: Few days for Easter.

1st May: Mouse slaughter by Mr. Sherman. Sombre funeral by Matrics. to pay last respects to lost buddy.

12th June: Mrs. Hillman left us to go to Moe.

19th June: Mr. Jamieson departed for Alberta, Canada, and the land-slides. Miss Wills came to take his place (impossible!).

25th June: Exams, but no longer do Forms 1-4 have to bear them. Wild celebrations in junior school.

26th June: Lino laid in the corridors, mix-up of lockers (who stole my French book? Give her a medal!).

8th July: Correction Day. Painters arrived (Italian operas in private study for some time to follow).

9th July: At last, the Assembly Hall in use, at least for Matrics. at lunch-time: table tennis, badminton (shoes off at the door, please).

15th July: Inspectors pay us another call.

16th July: Matric. conference at Croydon.



18th July: Long awaited induction of prefects. Everyone crammed in the hall.

24th July: Commonwealth Secondary Exams for 4th formers.

31st July: Careers' Night, all students in uniform.

16th August: Concert, Indonesian instrument, something new and different. Music and play great success.

20th - 21st August: Norwood students invaded Mirboo North and took the wet weather with them to Mirboo. Michael Bishop's description: T.R.E.M.E.N.D.O.U.S!

26th August: Commencement of holidays (D. Goodall, inspired by Eng. Exp. books jaunts to Qld.).

12th September: Inter-House aths. Sports. Yarra will win next year, defeated by 2 points. Kalinda won.

16th September: Music exams for first time held at the school.



26th September: Inter-school aths. at Olympic Park.

14th November: Form 6 leave to work even harder.

15th November: Form 5 ditto.

25th November: Judgment Day. External Exams.

11th December: Social.

12th December: Matric. Dinner.

20th December: Exodus.

FORM 5 TASMANIA EXCURSION

On May 1, forty two form five students, accompanied by Mrs. Rosewarne and Mr. Gange, travelled to Essendon Airport on the first stage of our trip to Tasmania.

For many of us it was our first aeroplane flight, and it proved to be a most enjoyable one. At Wynyard airport, we were introduced to our driver and guide for the tour, Mr. Lind.

On the first day we visited a mining museum at Zeehan and the Mt. Lyell copper smelters.

The next day found us on the winding mountain road to Hobart, with stops at a Hydro-Electric power station, Lake St. Clair and Derwent Bridge. Certain anonymous vocalists helped to brighten up the long trip, which culminated in an enjoyable evening at the Hobart Bowl, where Mrs. Rosewarne astounded us all with a strike in her first game.

Early the following morning, we visited the Cadbury-Fry-Pascall factory, and later visited Mt. Wellington.

Port Arthur played host to us on the fourth day, and, after a guided tour of the penal settlement, and some interesting geographical phenomena, we returned to Hobart, via Mt. Nelson.

On the fifth day, we left Hobart again, and departed that afternoon

from Launceston by fan jet for home.

On behalf of all the students who went on the trip, I would like to thank Mrs. Rosewarne and Mr. Gange very much for their support.

ANNE ROBERTS, 5.



MIRBOO NORTH AND ALL THAT

Once again this year the Norwood High "All Stars," under team manager Sherman, assisted by Mrs. Stuart and Mr. Edgley, went on a magical mystery tour to the hills of Gippsland. The destination of the tour was Mirboo North, where the "All Stars" played a series of exhibition matches against the locals. This team, which rivals Harry Beitzel's 'Galaks' as a touring combination, again emerged from the tour undefeated.

On the football field the "All Stars" played superlative, wet-weather football to crush the battling cow-cockies. The hockey team, which also played in the wet, won convincingly and the basketballers managed a tie.

The trip, however, was not only confined to sporting activities. Our hosts, although beaten on the sports field, bore no grudges and invited us to a social that night. Unfortunately, our captain, Peter Sarre, could not live up to his he-man image, and was seen sitting like a little baby on "Mother" Hare's knee, contentedly sucking from a bottle. After this exhaustive evening on the dance floor we retired to our respective billets; or did we?

The next morning a visit to a pig farm was undertaken; however, I am unable to report on that outing.



The tour was successfully rounded off by the "All Stars" talkative trio of Ford, Zacharewicz and Walker comfortably winning the debate.

Thus, after fond farewells, the triumphant "All Stars" boarded the coach for the trip home. After our previous day and night's activities we were tired out so we did not have the pleasure of listening to opera stars Green, Bishop, Harvey, etc. Instead we slept.

At 5.30 p.m. that afternoon the magical mystery tour came to a finish.

DAVID MITCHELL, 6A.

THE HALL

The opening of Norwood's Assembly Hall-Gymnasium celebrated our tenth anniversary. It is interesting that what was reported in the planning stage in Weemala '64 is now a reality and because of it, Norwood will never be the same again. We have reached maturity.

Now the school has a focal point, a place where students can meet for a prefects' investiture, a careers information night, to produce a play, or just for badminton or Phys. Ed.

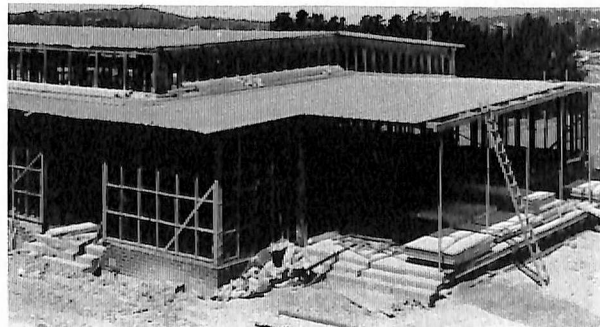
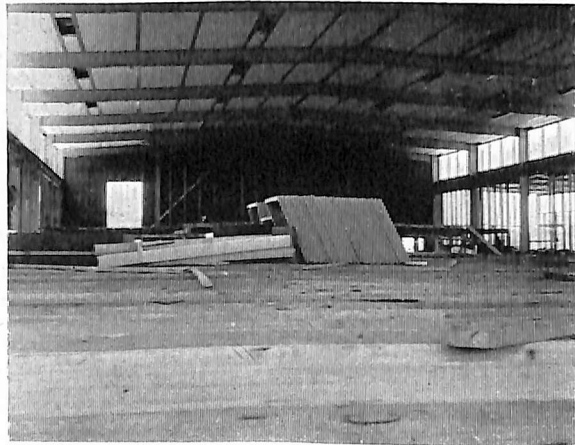
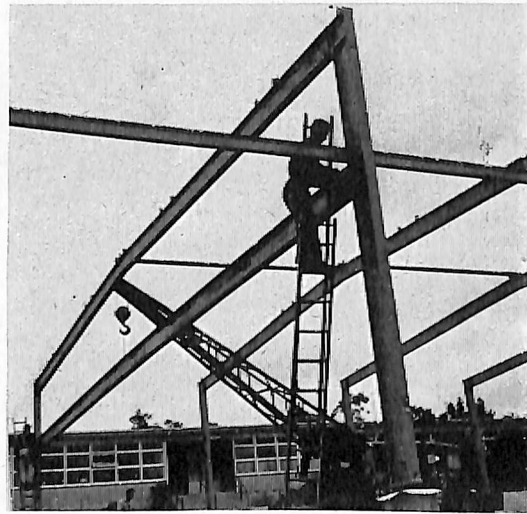
The staff has used it for drama classes, choir and orchestra and the new "Culture Period" for Form 3.

Norwood was able to have a Gymnastics Club and to hold the Concert and Social "at home."

We have a new role in the community: to lend the Hall to others, such as the district's primary schools for their music festivals.

The Matric. students who have watched the efforts of so many (including the Advisory Council and the woodwork classes) bear fruit, will celebrate leaving school in it, but the others will continue to reap its benefits and to add to them.

MARGARET FORD.



ADVISORY COUNCIL

A very good year to finish our biggest project and a year also to start on other tasks. 1968 has been just this. We see years of parents' work in the form of our new Assembly Hall and we face at the same time a serious problem with the oval. These are the highlights, but there are many smaller jobs which come in our direction.

Parents are always willing to help your school in every possible way and the co-operation that we receive from the Principal and staff makes helping so much easier.

The thanks of the Council go to all who have assisted in parents' activities during this year.

R. A. HAMILTON.

S.R.C. REPORT

Once again the S.R.C. proved to be an important body in improvements made in and around the School. This year's elected office-bearers have been:

President: Michael Bishop
Vice-President: Graham Beissel
Secretary: Rae Dickson
Assistant Secretary:
Lesley Whittaker
Treasurer: Ross Green

Throughout the year some of the motions passed by the council, and agreed to, at the meeting with Mr. Cording, Miss Dryden, Mr. McCarthy, Mr. Cousins, the senior prefects and the President and Secretary were — the unblocking of storm drains, a new mirror in the boys' toilet, curtains in the boys' changing rooms and the repairing of the cricket nets. Mr. Cording also addressed the Council when required to, for such things as the use of the new hall and the reasons for students not being permitted to drive cars to school.

Thanks must go to Mr. Sherman for his continued help and guidance with the running of the Council and to the members who regularly represented their forms at the meetings.

RAE DICKSON.
MICHAEL BISHOP.

STUDENTS ON WHEELS

At the end of 1967, with Mr. Cordings approval, a list of students interested in taking Driving lessons at the school was made. As soon as the school resumed in 1968, the car had been obtained and the driving instructor, Mr. Douglas of Ringwood Driving School, arrived at the school to give the first of three preliminary road safety talks. After the third talk and after a roster had been compiled three students waited at the bike-shed entrance for their first driving lesson. To make the cost of driving lessons at school cheaper than the cost of private driving lessons, each student pays one dollar, and three students take lessons at the same time. On asking one student what she thought of the lessons I was given the reply . 'Darn cheap!'

The driving lessons have now been operating for eight months and it is expected that many more people will enrol as soon as they turn seventeen. Already four people have gained their drivers licences and the current driving students are on the path to getting their driving licences, too.

MICHAEL CARMAN, 4D.



S.R.C.

Back Row (Left to right): Colleen Nankivell, Anne Roberts, Lesley Whittaker, Hermien Flentje, Cathy O'Connor, Rhonda Kirby, Debbie Houghton, Josephine Simmonds.
Second Back Row: Ian Harris, Graham Beissel, Peter Sarre, David Mitchell, Michael Carmen, Byron Reid, Perry Kaighin, Mark Weller, David Duke.
Third Row: Teresa Arnaud, Nigel Pollard, Wayne Price, Peter Anstee, Bill Harvey, Reid Stevens, Lester Marriner, Trevor Pillinger, Leigh Ahern, Kathy Hare.
Second Row: Charles Howitt, Julie Warden, Ross Green, Michael Bishop, Mr. Sherman, Rae Dickson, Helen Gordic, Peter Blackmore, Elizabeth Holliday.
Front Row: Judith Breakwell, Elizabeth Westlake, Lyn Breakwell, Malcolm Hart, Steven Burns, Ian Kett, Robert Holmes, Carol Burkitt, Ann Harrison, Debra Taylor.



PREFECTS

Because of the delay in the completion of the school hall, our prefects were not invested with their badges until 18th July; nevertheless, they made their presence felt around the school soon after their election. By far the most noticeable is MICHAEL BISHOP, who constantly has trouble with Form 1 students who try to attract his attention by reaching up and tapping him on the knee-cap. Somebody should tell him that he does not need a trombone to make himself heard.

Mike's opposite must be girl head-prefect, KATHY HARE (alias



Rab), who won't believe she is the sweetest tempered girl in the school. Kathy assures everyone that she does have a temper; maybe if she achieves her ambition and becomes a primary teacher, even her patience will be tried.

Room 51 features the singing prefect, LEIGH (Tiny Tim) AHERN, who, assisted by Form 6 boys' choir, can be heard directly after each locker bell with a rousing rendition of any soppy, dated hit-song within memory.



Bubbly RHONDA KIRBY can be counted on to overflow with enthusiasm over just about anything. Rhonda's favourite diversion is talking, when she can spare the time from conversation.

Boy head-prefect PERRY KAIGHIN'S ambition is to develop gills. Breathing is little more than an inconvenience to Perry, who surfaces only to play football and make grateful speeches.



LESLEY WHITTAKER is one of the "terrible trio," along with Rhonda and Kathy. Between them, they strike terror into the hearts of all rule-breakers in the lower corridor at lunchtimes, sallying forth from their base-camp (the room 52 heater), to scour the lower school for young offenders. Lesley is the "muscles" of the group.

GRAHAM BEISSEL (alias King Groover) — when interviewed, nothing could be extracted from him except, "Sock it to me, sock it to me, sock it to me . . ." so we did.

CATH O'CONNOR is our magazine art editor. Refuses to believe that mutual friend Digits McFroog is going bald. Must be intelligent — digs John Mayall.



BILL HARVEY (alias Rastus) would be very popular if someone would teach him to drive. Keeps alluding to a mystery friend called "Lulubelle."



RAE DICKSON — Quiet and reserved sums up Rae. We are told she is a raging terror on the basketball court — a bit hard to swallow though, isn't it?



ANNE ROBERTS — Prefects and sporting types run in the family. Disagreements in the Roberts' household must be rather violent with all that potential energy. Exuberance is not the least obvious facet of Anne's character.

PETER SARRE is very useful as he becomes both footballer and human plough at the same time. Opponents often wish the ground was all he churned up during a match. Pete wants to be a primary teacher. We could refer to him as the "friendly gorilla."



JOSEPHINE SYMMONS makes very little noise when not playing the flute. Does this indicate a secret shrewdness?



HERMIEN FLENTJE is part of another family tradition. If she has only half of Mum's "get up and go," she will do well in her intended occupation of Phys. Ed. teacher. Big sister could probably give her some good advice on controlling young miscreants.

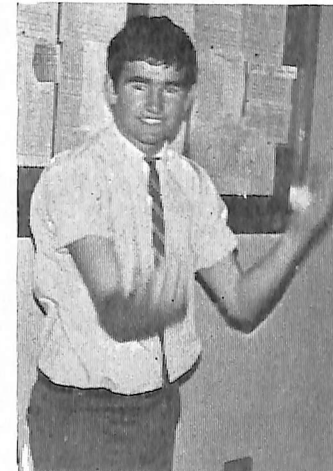
CHARLES HOWITT (Chip) — Mr. Butcher's "Village Idiot" is the Best Dressed Prefect of the Year (we wonder why?). Chip's ambition is to smash his car a fourth time before he is allowed to drive on the road. Is also particularly proficient at splitting his school trousers. (Hmm.).



REID STEVENS is Form 6's conservative, guitar-playing cynic. Reid does not need much prompting to pass a withering comment, but can be relied upon to stand up and give Kathy Hare a seat on the Room 52 heater.



HELEN GORDIC is "Glamour Gal" prefect for '68. Elected un-animously by leaving boy prefects. No more need be said.



PETER ANSTEE — Sportsman of the Year . . . or is he just a conscientious objector in the footy-soccer feud? At any rate Peter makes his presence felt in both games. (Ever hear of the "immovable object?").



THE ORCHESTRA

Another year of successful experience has passed for the orchestra under the leadership of Mr. Boon and Mr. Brookes.

Although our string section as yet consists of only four violins and the double bass, we are confident it will expand next year into a real symphony orchestra with the addition of many more violins and some cellos, thanks to the hard work put in by Mrs. Barton, both of our school and the primary school.

The introduction of the oboes, bassoons, and bass clarinet to the already strong woodwind section has greatly added to the general quality of "SOUND".

We are hopeful of increasing the strength of the brass section in the future by all the "up-and-coming trumpet virtuosi!" etc.

We must not forget the percussion section of the orchestra which, thanks to the work of Mr. Davis, has also grown in the past year.

As well as performing at the school concert, the orchestra played in Eastland during Education Week and for the opening of the Annual Croydon Festival, this year held in the Norwood High School Hall. A wind group (woodwinds and brass), also a string group were presented on the radio program "12 Bars Rest" on Saturday, 21st September.

On behalf of the orchestra, I would like to sincerely thank Mr. Boon and Mr. Brookes for their arranging of music and direction of the orchestra and also thank Mr. Cording for his interest and encouragement.

GLYNIS LOWE, 5B.



One member of our orchestra achieved distinction in the music exams this year. Lynette Milne, 4D, achieved the only honours in Australia in the Grade 7 Clarinet exam.



Members of the orchestra on television.

COMBINED SECONDARY SCHOOLS' CONCERT BAND

About twenty students and ex-students of Norwood make up a large segment of the Combined Secondary Schools' Concert Band which was formed in 1967 with the intention of experiencing ensemble playing at a more advanced level than usually found in school groups.

The other schools represented — Brighton High, Camberwell High, Mitcham High, Vermont High and Monash University. Mr. Boon and Mr. Brookes are the conductors and arrangers of music.

In March this year the Band was selected to represent the musical segment of the satellite exchange via INTELSAT 11, between Australia and Japan — an honour for such a young group.

Later in the year two tapes were cut for YOUNG AUSTRALIA broadcasts.

On September 25th the secondary schools concert was held, and the Band was acclaimed by many critical musicians to be comparable with overseas teenage bands.

On October 12th the Band took part in the Australian Boys' Choir's annual appeal concert.

Future plans include building a wide repertoire of established works. This will serve as a stepping stone to State orchestral performance, or even employment.

THE CONCERT

Norwood High School's inaugural concert in the new hall was appreciated by a large and enthusiastic audience. The concert opened on a high note with a sparkling performance by the orchestra under the direction of Mr. Boon. This high standard was maintained throughout the first half of the programme.

After interval the drama group took the stage with their production of "The Crimson Coconut." This item was highlighted by the performances of Elizabeth Luck as the Female Sky, and Paul Harper's smooth portrayal of the waiter.

The rest of the programme continued in the same vein, highlighted by the madrigal group and concluding with the combined choir's rendition of our new school song, "We are from Norwood."

Overall, I found the concert up to the fairly high standard set last year. The violin group, with the addition of new members, was much improved upon last year and the drama group showed the advantages of a well-oiled backstage crew, and of rehearsing on a proper stage. Apart from a few technical difficulties, which can be overlooked in a production of this kind, I found the concert to be a thoroughly enjoyable night's entertainment.

DAVID MITCHELL.

THE CHOIR

The Girls' Choir this year consisted mainly of juniors, but this was found to be no handicap and we progressed exceptionally well. We prepared two brackets of songs for the School Concert — one presented by the juniors and one by the full choir. Two old favourites, "Vespers" and "The Lord is My Shepherd", were included in the items. To conclude the concert a mixed choir, consisting of students and teachers sang "Creation's Hymn" and the new school song, which was composed by students from the school.

The Choir is now preparing for a choral evening at the end of the year. We would like to thank Mrs. Rosewarne for the wonderful job she has done throughout the year by giving up much of her spare time to help us, and also to Mrs. Hall for accompanying us, and we look forward to an equally successful time next year.

VIVIEN JEFFERY, 5

MADRIGAL GROUP

The Madrigal Group just managed to survive this year from the loss of last year's Matric. Student members, to perform three Elizabethan Madrigals at the school concert. The group consisted of eight girls and six boys, mainly senior students, who practised parts at lunchtimes and on Sunday afternoons with Mrs. Liberto. On behalf of the Group, I wish to thank firstly Mrs. Liberto for her work with us and also Peter Burns, who did a valiant job for us during the lunchtime rehearsals.

GLYNIS LOWE, 5B.



CHOIR

Back Row: Jennifer Payne, Annette Razenhofer, Helen Dellar, Jeanette Le Masurier, Barbara Wheeler, Elizabeth Westlake, Alison Milne, Jennifer Neal.
 Third Row: Debbie Jones, Susan Arnold, Lisa Hawkins, Glenys Whelan, Susan Beale, Kaye Twiggs, Rosemary McRae, Vicki Buchanan, Susan Scott.
 Second Row: Janet Truscott, Merle Jewkes, Lyndell Frank, Jennifer Hardy, Jeanette Steegstra, Annette Howarth, Maxine Jeffrey, Jane Worley, Jenny Wagner, Rhonda Dick.
 Front Row: Fay Redel, Barbara Truscott, Carey Walden, Ann Hawkins, Leanne Howarth, Hermien Flentje, Margaret Westlake, Glynis Lowe, Beth Williams, Vivien Jeffrey, Michelle Moore, Heather Lockhart, Caroline Askew.

ORCHESTRA

Back Row: Michelle Moore, Hermien Flentje, Josephine Simmonds, Vivien Marriage, Anne Orchard, Janet Truscott, Christine Weller, Jeanette Le Masurier.
 Third Row: Douglas Le Masurier, John Holmes, Steven Burns, James Sansom, Greg Shallless, Malcolm Buchanan, Alan McKenzie, Phillip Price.
 Second Row: Glynis Lowe, Colin Prohasky, Mark Weller, Brian Reed, Peter Burns, Ross Green, Stuart Rance, Michael Bishop, Christopher Parslow, Trevor Pillinger, Peter Blackmore, Robert Murwood.
 Front Row: John Worley, Robert Price, Alison Milne, Vicki Buchanan, Anne Hawkins, Jane Worley, Lynette Milne, Beth Williams, Julie Grenness, Lyndell Frank, Pam Richards, Ian Kett, Victoria Kent.



DEBATING

HOW: By alternately flattering, bemusing and frightening the audience with different faults of clear thought. (Try justifying the censorship of comics or "nipping the flower children in the bud" by any other method.)

WHEN: Anytime the mood (or the administration) strikes you, but mostly at lunchtime in Room 6 or on Friday nights at Grand Finals (where Norwood took supporters for their "A" and "C" grades and lost and where Melbourne Grammar and St. Alban's High came alone and won.)

WHERE: At other schools (who provided lavish suppers even when we beat them, which was often.)

At Norwood (where tea and teddy bears were served in the staff room.)

AND THEN: The Debating Club and I are grateful to the following: The Ringwood Jaycees, who prevented the debates at Norwood being adjudicator-less.

Mrs. Smith, Mr. Gultom and Mr. Sherman, who calmed the frequent panics, and to the other teachers who adjudicated during their lunch-hours.

The secretaries of the "B", "C" and "D" grades, Andrew Mitchell, Jane Worley and Susan Ford.

Mr. Sherman, who considerably postponed the introduction of inter-House debating until 1969. (A good idea but running it would be a student's nightmare.) The "B" and "D" grade teams, who won many debates.

AND NOW: 1969 will be a good year for debating. Those who helped this year will reap the rewards next year, but if that's too long to wait, thank you!

MARGARET FORD.

Margaret Ford

This year Norwood High School provided Victoria with her representative in the Jaycee Public Speaking Competition, "Youth Speaks for Australia." Margaret Ford won the competition at Norwood and went on to win the district, area and State finals. The National Final was held in Melbourne in July, and Queensland, represented by Lynda McDonald, came out the winner from the verbal battle, with Victoria third.

Margaret, in her prepared speech, emphasised the need to preserve a youthful state of mind for a progressive Australia. Her impromptu speeches were all delivered in the humorous category, the most remarkable of which was the one for which Mr. Sherman unwittingly provided the subject. Best of luck to next year's representative.

DEBATING

Back Row: Margret Ford, Karen Walker, Helen Zacharewicz.
Second Row: Noel Edyvane, Jane Worley, David McAlpine, Prudence Ford, Andrew Mitchell.
Front Row: Susan Ford, Christine Prickett, Elizabeth Mitchell, Elizabeth Fawell, John Worley, Heather Lockhart, Sharron Gillett, Diane McAlpine.



DRAMA CLUB

Back Row: Charles Rance, Ron Van Rees, Michael Carman, Paul Harper, Gordon Harvey.
Fourth Row: Roger Wells, Andrea Summerhayes, Baiba Fogels, Sandra Nowlan, Elizabeth Luck, Jane Shepherd, Chris Parslow.
Third Row: Peter Salisbury, Victoria Kent, Sue Le Rossignal, Barbara Sinel, Sonya Shepherd, Vicky Ball, Ian Harris.
Second Row: Leanne Glasson, Julie Grenness, David Pridmore.
Front Row: Vicky Saw, Kerry Summers, Jenny Payne, Jeff Young, John Lee, Mr. I. Baker.



DRAMA CLUB

In the early months of 1967, the school Drama group attended the Dandenong festival, and with the help and advice of Mr. Swan, won the cup. At that stage, the group was made up of five members, and it was doubtful whether the group would continue after Mr. Swan's departure from the school. However, determined to see a developed and enthusiastic club introduced into the school, our new coach, Mr. Baker, guided us along the road to the 1968 festival. Not as fortunate as last year, we came back even more determined to see a larger and more developed Drama club, capable of winning future competitions.

With this thought in mind, Mr. Baker and a few of the drama club pioneers, held a meeting in July for all students interested in joining a Dramatic Club. The result was an encouraging attendance of thirty future members. We discussed the forthcoming concert and the play which was to be performed. Everyone was allocated a particular job, ranging from acting to running messages. Rehearsals were soon underway in the hall, and the day of the concert drew closer.

The concert on August 16, turned out to be a great success, and the play ran like clockwork. Every solitary person concerned with the production of the play, including the unequalled help of

Mr. Baker, our leader, deserves hearty congratulations. The drama club certainly proved itself capable of good entertainment.

While waiting for the next play, the club is starting to prepare a 'Happening' for the middle of the third term.

MICHAEL CARMAN.

* * *

LIBRARY COMMITTEE

1968 has been a very successful year for the library committee, despite the fact that twelve in one small back room is a bit of a squash. Mrs. Caldwell and Mrs. Clare have been a great help to us throughout the year.

Much work is done by Prudence Ford, Merle Buckmaster, Keryn Nuzum, Eleanor Farrington, Sandra Nowlan, Jane Worley, Leanne Howarth, Jenny Foltyn, Malcolm Buchanan, Lars Swart, Steven Burns and Keith Tann.

We owe a great deal to the ladies who come in on Wednesday mornings and mend so many books that would not otherwise have been done so quickly.

We would also like to thank the old(?) committee for their helpful(?) hints at the beginning of the year and wish the next victims success. One plea — PLEASE RETURN THE BOOKS SO WE CAN START THE NEXT YEAR FREE FROM PROBLEMS.

LIBRARY COMMITTEE



LIBRARY COMMITTEE

Back Row: Jane Worley, Lars Swart, Mrs. Caldwell, Leanne Howarth, Sandra Nowlan.
Second Row: Jenny Foltyn, Keith Tann, Steven Burns, Malcolm Buchanan.
Front Row: Merle Buckmaster, Eleanor Farrington, Prudence Ford, Keryn Nuzum.



A SUBSTANTIAL REWARD IS OFFERED FOR THE RETURN OF SANITY, FAIRNESS, FREEDOM AND SAFETY TO OUR MODERN CIVILISED COMMUNITY.

ANON.

IT WAS ABSOLUTELY FANTASTIC!!

KAREN WALKER, FORM 6.

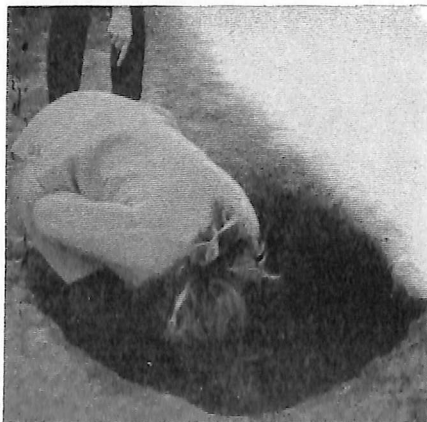
PLEASE EXCUSE THIS INTERRUPTION.

Mrs. LLOYD.

RHUBARB GOLOSHES ARE GOOD FOR THE MIND.

HOTFOOT AND LIGHTFOOT IN

OPUS 26.



C'MON TRAIN.
BILL HARVEY, FORM 6.

EDUCATION IS UNNECESSARY.

ANON., 5B.



HENDRIX IS GOD.
FORM 6 GROOVERS.
I DID NOT KISS PETER ANSTEE

IN PRIVATE STUDY!
ANNE ROBERTS, 5D.

LIFE IS LIKE A SOGGY CIGARETTE.

Mr. LAWN.

PHRED PHROG PHOR PRESIDENT.

PHRED PHROG, PHORM PHIVE.



THE SCENE

IT IS TIME FOR A DRASTIC AND LONG-OVERDUE REVUE OF THE SITUATION.

ANDREW MITCHELL.

OH DON'T BE SILLY, DAVID.
Mr. BIRD.



THE WORLD IS A PORK CHOP.
G. MAC., FORM 6.

JELLY BUTTER IS A WARM PUPPY.

K. PANK, FORM 6.



THE CRACK WIDENS.
ROSS GREEN, 5B.

Comments from people picked at random from around the school.

EXAM RESULTS 1967 MATRICULATION:

The following students qualified to matriculate:—

R. L. Barber, G. E. Beissel, R. Bradley, L. Bretherton, G. C. Catt, E. A. Dickson, A. Elderhurst, A. M. Flentje, I. D. Hamilton, A. M. Hare, P. G. Hunter, M. C. Jeavons, A. D. Kidgell, D. Lawrence, M. Macdonald, H. K. Martin, B. R. McAdam, J. H. Mertens, M. D. Moore, J. C. Nowatka, M. O'Hare, G. L. Parslow, A. J. Price, C. G. Prickett, B. J. Pridmore, P. J. Roberts, S. Saw, A. Sparks, A. Steegstra, R. W. Stevens, R. Wilkinson, R. S. Williams.

First class honours were obtained by G. Parslow (2), M. Jeavons (1), J. Nowatka (1), A. Price (1).

Second class honours were obtained by M. Moore (3), R. Bradley (2), D. Lawrence (2), M. Macdonald (2), E. Dickson (1), P. Hunter (1), M. Jeavons (1), A. Kidgell (1), R. Krober (1), B. McAdam (1), S. Miller (1), M. O'Hare (1), C. Prickett (1), R. Williams (1).

LEAVING RESULTS:

7 Subjects

P. S. Burns.

6 Subjects

M. J. Beak, D. G. Cameron, D. Dunham, M. N. Ford, K. Hare, G. R. Howarth, C. Howitt, P. D. Kaighin, R. J. Kirby, B. A. Luxton, I. McKenzie, D. C. Moore, T. Morgan, N. E. Motyer, C. Nolet, D. Rapson, C. R. Shepherd, A. I. Sparks, R. J. Truscott, C. E. Young, H. Zacharewicz.

5 Subjects

L. D. Ahern, C. M. Barnett, A. Brett, G. T. Brown, P. J. Collins, C. A. Crockett, M. A. Dannock, S. A. Dines, L. L. Frazer, R. E. Garlepp, A. G. Giles-Peters, R. J. Grenness, P. M. Hope, A. J. Hounslow, A. S. Jenkins, G. J. Macainsh, G. K. Markin, W. McAuley, R. G. Metcalfe, H. J. Miller, C. O'Connor, S. Y. Shepherd, R. A. Vanabel, L. Whittaker, R. J. Williams, C. A. Yewers.

4 Subjects

P. A. Adams, P. Blackmore, K. A. Brett, J. A. Burton, R. F. Dickson, S. C. Donald, J. C. Harrison, P. Holman, P. S. Kasby, R. G. Lowe, R. K. Mann, I. C. Manson, N. McConville, K. Pank, A. M. Ringrose, G. R. Symmonds, C. B. Walden, K. M. Walker.

COMMONWEALTH SCHOLARSHIPS (TERTIARY):

E. A. Dickson, M. D. Moore, G. L. Parslow.

ADVANCED EDUCATION SCHOLARSHIP:

M. C. Jeavons.

SECONDARY STUDENTSIPS:

R. L. Barber, L. Bretherton, R. Krober, D. Lawrence, R. S. Williams.

PRIMARY STUDENTSIPS:

A. Flentje, M. Jeavons, A. Kidgell, B. McAdam, M. MacDonald, A. J. Price, S. Saw, M. O'Hare, B. Pridmore, C. De Silva, W. Moore, C. Fitzgerald, S. P. Power.

LADIES' AUXILIARY

As President of the Auxiliary for 1968, it has been my pleasure to see an increased attendance at our meetings due to the change in time to 10 a.m.

Mr. Cording has come to every meeting to report on the progress of the hall and other matters of interest to mothers of pupils, and both he and Miss Dryden have been available to answer our queries. This has been greatly appreciated, as has the co-operation of the office staff in sending out notices, etc.

Our aim this year has been a more educational approach instead of fund-raising, and we feel this has been achieved.

Mothers have spent a few hours weekly assisting in the repair of books in the library as well as their work in the canteen.

The staff luncheon in July was again a success even though a little crowded.

A dinner for matriculation students is also planned for December 12.

Thanks are due to all mothers for their help and co-operation, and we hope for their continued interest and support for 1969.

Best wishes to the incoming office-bearers and committee.

LEILA HOLLIDAY,

WHAT IS I.S.C.F.?

Inter-school Christian Fellowship is an organization of Christian students, who by their weekly

meetings, profess their faith in Christ.

This year we have been led in the planning and carrying out of our meetings by our able counsellor, Mrs. Rowntree. Our programme has included such features as inter-school quizzes, films, speakers, Bible studies, teacher panels and a special series of meetings led by Open Air Campaigners.

We have been pleased to see more students at our meetings recently especially from the junior forms and we would warmly welcome both seniors and juniors whether Christians, agnostics or atheists who might wish to join us at any of our meetings in the coming year.

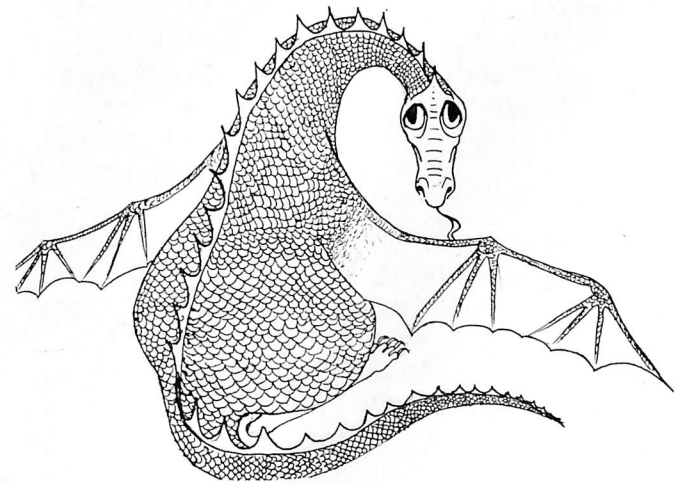
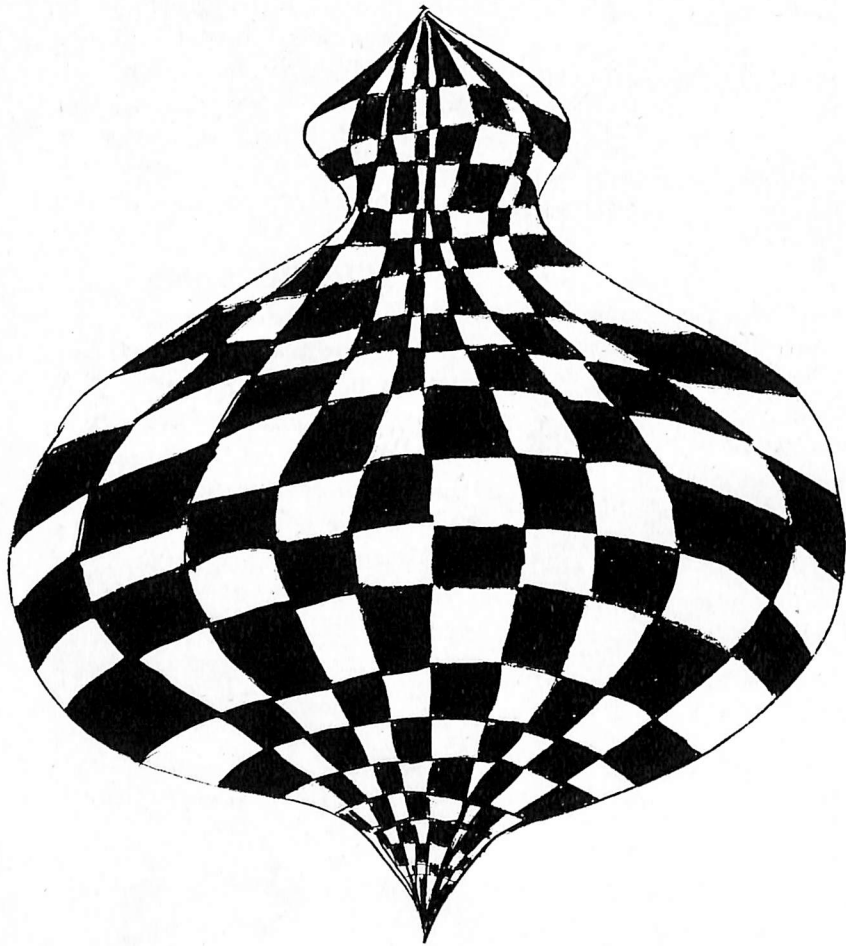
SCHOOL BANK

One of the unsung services provided for students by their fellow students is the school bank.

A small band of enthusiasts every Friday lunch time set up their centre of operations in room 23 and have developed some very good teamwork.

Apart from providing a valuable service, these people have also obtained some excellent experience in clerical functions involving a high degree of trust. Thanks go to the following for their enthusiasm and co-operation; Dianne Gilbert, Sue Whelan, Julie Michel, Trevor Cutler, Robyn Sloan, Margaret Lowe, Margaret Webb, Trevor Cartwright, Lester Mariner, Visma Rasa and Margaret Flowers.

creative section



THE GREATEST SIN OF ALL

Few people today could or would disagree with anyone who announced that the world was in a "sorry state." For one thing the statement is irrefutable, and for another, it would come as no surprise. Troubled as it is with wars, racial disturbances, fierce competition for scientific prowess between leading nations and with large scale criminal organisations throughout it, the world is a victim of what is, in my opinion, the greatest sin of all, man's intolerance of man.

In choosing intolerance above the "seven deadly sins" we must investigate the causes of the world's greatest trials, those of the past and of the present. Almost thirty years ago the Second World War was fought and the most horrifying inhumanities were perpetuated. Human beings were tortured and murdered because their beliefs aroused intolerance in others. At present the South and North Vietnamese people are undergoing similar trials of torture, murder, and the loss of their homes, not, as with the Jews, because of their religion, but for political reasons. Intolerance prevents communist policy and democratic policy being drawn into compromise or discussion, and intolerance always makes people suffer.

The world's two leading countries, in terms of scientific development, America and Russia, are engaged in a "race to space" which

requires long, secret, expensive, and, of course, individual endeavour to gain the lead. Intolerance of policy and a mutual desire for supremacy prevents them pooling their mental and physical resources to benefit mankind. Racial intolerance works in a similar way to keep Black South Africans from White South Africans and American Negroes apart from white Americans. In fact, ironically, while America's intolerance urges her forward in one direction it hinders her progress in another, which since it involves people, is more important. There are at present, operating throughout the world, huge networks of criminals engaged in extortion, murder and blackmail. These people rely a great deal on intolerance between clans within nations for their business. The Mafia of Sicily and America is an example of this type of operation; preying on other people.

The existence of Man's intolerance seems to hamper his progress in racial, scientific and religious fields; the three main facets of his life. However, it can be argued that intolerance is stimulating, providing competition between races and religions and that sloth, one of the seven deadly sins, can be more dangerous to the world's progress. It is true that a stagnant state is unhealthy for our development, but it is equally justifiable to claim that stimulation is not worth the price in human life and misery which must be paid for intolerance. A

happy compromise of friendly co-operation would ease the world's state without allowing us to halt our progress. Ideally we would strive to help one another under such a scheme, but it would be sufficient to live and work contentedly.

It is sometimes claimed that man's make-up prevents him from "loving his neighbours" as much as he should and therefore to argue that intolerance is a sin is to imply that a natural emotion can be controlled. I feel, however, that there are sufficient examples before us of societies which have managed to rid themselves of intolerance and live as harmonious and productive communities for us to feel sure it can be done. The Hutterites in America are an excellent example of this. I feel that in another way this argument is unjustified. Even supposing we humans were constitutionally unable to reject all intolerance, (though it has been observed that children have none), we could make an attempt.

Consideration of "man's inhumanity to man," of its callous perpetrators and its tragic results, leads me to conclude that, although any one of the "seven deadly sins" may, on a large scale, seriously harm the world, and although I would be being naively idealistic to suppose banishment of all intolerance possible, the greatest sin of all, with regard to man's worldwide prosperity and happiness is intolerance.

MARGARET FORD, 6A.

THE FISHERMAN

The long, low mist drifts off the murky waters,
To blanket the surrounding paddocks;
The waters gurgle, but not merrily, as in the daylight hours,
And the waves lap mockingly against the nearby bank.
He sits, but quietly, rod in hand;
A duck is heard a mile downstream;
The moon rises, half hidden by the mist,
And the night is cold.
A fox barks. The fisherman starts, but steadies,
So as not to jerk that tender thread;
A fish rises,
And all is quiet, with expectancy.
An hour till dawn,
And the eastern sky turns grey;
The cattle wake, gently munching the dewy grass;
A frog croaks on the far bank.
The mist drifts away,
As the sun crowns the eastern hilltops
He quietly packs up his things,
And walks to his tent on the hill.
And when he's left,
The waters again slide merrily over the rocks,
In the morning sunlight;
And once more the frogs croak in the reeds.

JAMES SANSOM, 4D.

A NATURAL PHENOMENON

I swam lazily through the clear water, peering through my mask in search of rare coral. The sea was calm, but a slight wind swept across the surface and chilled my body.

Below me was another world. A world of fantastic shapes, colours, a world of silence, a world of slow, graceful movements. The coral was at its best in these warm waters, and I sighed with amazement at the many different types, even although I had seen and studied them before. A school of silver fish darted beneath me, vanishing in a moment beyond my experienced eye.

I was becoming discouraged; there was nothing; I had seen all of this before. A tiny piece of red coral then caught my eye and I dived down to have a better look. As I did so, I felt the water current grow and I sensed it was becoming stronger. I hung back, too timid to venture further. I was suspended there in the water, fascinated by that tiny piece of red coral. It glowed a brighter red and became bigger, then shrank again. Cold wind swept once more across my back, as I had risen to the surface. As if in a daze, I dived once more. With my eyes fixed on the red coral once again, I felt the stronger current, but the glowing piece of coral held me in a mysterious trance. Hands outstretched, my dive was unchecked and when at last I

reached the bottom, my hands automatically clutched the red coral.

At that same instant a series of tremors ran through my body. I felt my hands tingle, as if I had a violent attack of pins and needles. They began to burn and swell. I tried to pull them off the coral, but the red rock came away in my hands. Again I felt the current swell, till I was being whisked along at a fantastic rate. The coral raced by in a blur of colour, the seaweed forests clutched at my legs, sand flew into my face. But the fish! The sea was literally fish. I almost had to thrust them aside so that I could move. Their slimy bodies felt repulsive on my bare skin, while their wicked eyes stared with hate on my tortured body.

Gradually the sensation wore off. I saw once again the tiny branch of red coral. But this time I backed away and sped to the surface.

MERLE BUCKMASTER, 4D.

HATE

I have come to know hate;
I have seen it often;
I have felt it grow within me;
An embedded loathing.
An eternal tradition.
I have come to know hate;
To use it for protection.
Against the white pigment,
For salvation.
To my own black skin.
I loathe hate,
And wish to be rid of its bond
Forever.

VICTORIA BALL, 4D.

THE HOUSE

The floor creaks,
The walls hum,
The cobwebs move,
And the trees bend,
Then bump — a heart beat passes.

The wind whistles,
A shadow lurches,
The air is cold
As the shadow moves,
Then bump — a heart beat passes.

The sweat oozes slowly,
The blood runs cold,
An alien figure silently treads,
The trees cease to bend,
Then bump — a heart beat passes.

The walls close in tightly,
His skin tightly too,
While the shadow of hands
Come closer, and faster
Then bump — a heart beat passes.

A dry mouth screams,
The hands cease to sweat,
The walls fade darker,
As the floor meets his face,
Then bump — the heart beat stops.

MICHAEL CARMEN, 4D.



WISDOM

What is wisdom?
Is it the creative genius some have,
Or do we all have it,
Hidden in the corridors of the
brain?

Does our teacher have it;
Has she the right to teach us?
Age is a great barrier,
It ties wisdom down.

Do we need wisdom?
Must we search for knowledge,
In this competitive world?
It seems we must.

Will I ever find wisdom,
In an old age where it is useless?
When I do, I know,
I shall want to be young, and
ignorant.

Genius is on the edge of insanity,
Wisdom on the verge of stupidity,
Where is the deciding line,
And if I find it, what then?

JAMES SANSOM, 4D.

MOONLIGHT

There was a scream
Like in a dream.
I woke,
And slipped out of bed.
I opened the door
And tiptoed across the lounge-
room floor
While the moonlight filtered in.
There came a shout,
And a lout
Who'd been hiding in the cupboard
Threw open the door, and was out.
And I was left on the kitchen floor
While the moonlight filtered
through the door.

CAROLINE ASKEW, 1B.

MY VISION OF HELL

A brilliant flash of light blazed across the vast subterranean world of my mind; a deafening cacophony of harsh metallic noises jangled through me in its path. Long, orange tendrils stealthily wreathed themselves around me, cunningly tightened their hold, and suddenly squeezed my breath from my body. Purple stars appeared before my eyes, and dazzled my senses. A fetid taste in my mouth sickened and revolted my aesthetic discernment to its innermost sensitivity.

A long, black corridor stretched its murky depths in front of me. My feet began to run; I ran and ran. The tunnel's bare, monotonous walls engulfed me in their impersonal silence.

A red explosion blinded me. I lurched about as if I was either drunk or drugged. A sliver of steel stabbed me in the back, and it sent white-hot flames through my flesh. They receded; a ruddy glow ached, and prolonged the agonizing torture of my mind.

I felt the perspiration glueing my clothing to my body. The air I breathed was heavy; it dropped with numerous untold tales of terror and fear. I ran on, the background unchanging, exhaustion the only witness to my exertion.

The dim walls were pressing in on me, gradually coming nearer and nearer. I tried to stop them, but it was of no avail. I beat on those cold, merciless walls, but all I

earned for my trouble was a pain — sore hands. In my despair I fell on to the floor, weeping from the frustration of my position. I don't know how long I remained there, but when I recovered my senses, nothing had changed.

I was entirely enclosed in a cell of minimal proportions. At least, I thought I was entirely enclosed. Through the wall which had suddenly become transparent, I distinctly saw my feet cheerfully waving to me. God, I thought, I must be insane. However, far worse was the sight of my unfortunate feet calmly walking away along the corridor.

I looked askance at my body. Yes, it was true. My legs ended neatly just at the point where my ankles used to be. I looked ahead and the dark tunnel yawned for aeons in front of me. I struggled to my pitiful stumps, and then miraculously, my feet had returned. Without really knowing what to do, I began to run. I ran and ran, and in the distance once again I felt an outbreak of colour slicing my cerebral matter into a thousand shreds.

JULIE GRENNESS, 4D.



THE CLASSROOM

The jumbled mess of words
Float on the hot, heavy air.
They reach my ears, but do not
penetrate,
The speech is silent but it can be
heard —

Just as the day is silent but can be
felt,
English is as jumbled as Arabic or
German,
I cannot communicate or be
communicated with . . .
Nor do I want to communicate with
those around me.

Those in front of me — they feel
the same.

And those behind, to the side
And in the next classroom.

It is the same in all schools.

The weariness of words,
The pulsating pressure of
notetaking.

Is there no other system of
education,

But by this prolonged painful
method?

Must the human race always be
Cramming knowledge into the
minds of the young and innocent
Who will be duplicates of their
teachers in time?

Is the simple pleasure of learning
by nature

Completely buried?

Oh for the days of cavemen!

When hunting and running and the
mere existence

Were the only subjects in

The School of Nature!

HELEN SMITH, 4D.



THE KANGAROO

My colour varies from grey to red,
I'm an unusual creature it can be
said,

For when at birth I'm as big as a
bee,

When grown I'm as big as a man
you see.

My tail is long,

My tail is strong,

My feet are strong but not as long.
I roam around the Billabong.

DIANNE McALPINE, 1B.

* * *

THE SPIDER

Ooh!

The spider's hairy,

His legs are long and thin,

His web is glittering and sticky

He may bite! Don't touch him!

PAM RICHARDS, 1B.

LETTER FROM MOON CITY

21st February, 2001
DOME 7,
Section 8,
Mare Imbrium,
Moon.

Dear Steve,

I've been on the moon for six months now, and have seen just about everything in Section 8. In case you did not know, Section 8 is the dome on the outskirts of the Mare Imbrium which the locals call "Old Mary," although I don't know where they get their "old" from; it's the newest city on the moon. It's the second holiday resort here on the moon and it certainly lives up to its reputation as a luxury resort. All you need to do to get food is dial the required food on the computer beside your bedhead and, after a few clicks and purring noises, out it comes, steaming hot, on a tray.

I live in Dome 7, one of the smaller domes inside the main one. It, too, is made of a clear plastic substance which gives you that fish in a bowl feeling. The locals tell me that they've built one inside the other so that if one dome collapses for some reason, the outer shell protects it until repairs can be made.

Yesterday, we went for a tour around "Old Mary." We visited the new launching site being built. It is similar to the one at home with a few modernised appliances. I

believe they are installing the new launching controls. I saw them in use on television last night.

Tomorrow, we are going to the underground food supply. I'll tell you about that next time I write. Until then I must say goodbye.

Yours friend,
ANDREW TAYLOR, 1B.

THE CAT

Dancing in the moonlight,
Sharpened teeth in a fight,
Twitching tails and sniffing snouts,
Dancing in and out!

In the day my cat lies still,
Lying on the window sill,
Basking in the warm sunlight,
Dreaming of a dark, still night
When she will pounce, claw and
scratch,

Daring anyone to meet her match!
LORAINÉ CHRISTODOULOU, 3E.

CRUMBLING MEMORIES

Lonely it stands,
Bereft of all friends.
Empty, deserted, down-at-heel and
gaunt.

Gone is all sign of human life
From this spent and aged cottage,
Where weeds, its wandering path-
way, overgrown

To support the crumbling roof and
walls

The creepers throw out embracing
arms,

Lonely it stands
Down-at-heel, gaunt, weary and old
Decaying and deserted.

Ah! But what memories it holds.
ANDREA POLLARD, 1B.

CITY STATUES

Sad statues outside:

Their shape is one instant of life
Now frozen — cut off.

Around throbs a life
Strange to these dead.

Their happiest time is the rain,
(Empty grey streets);

Generous skies
Pity their dead eyes —

Tears running down
Their hard cheeks.

JOHN GOUGH, Past Editor.

EMBARRASSMENT

Wrong amount of change;
Vexed I rush to the counter;
Complaint in my voice.

Eyes watch curiously;
The server pleads not guilty;
Frustration is mine.

I remember now
I used it for a phone call.
I blush, deep red.

VICTORIA BALL, 4D.

LATIN LIMERICKS

In oppido Marcus ludebat
In moenia is ascendebat
Praeceptis cecidit
Mater doluit

Sub floribus is mox iacebat

ELIZABETH HOLLIDAY.

Sextus in vicum intrabat
Post ludum et cibum optabat
Tum malum cepit
Et id momordit

Sed vermibus in malo celebrat.

LYNNE BIRCHALL.

A JOURNEY IN A CROWDED VEHICLE

There were only two of us, but we still needed more room. Indeed, my legs were trailing on the ground. What made it worse, was a fine, misty drizzle and a howling wind.

Christopher had been in the habit of meeting me on his tricycle and putting my case in the back. However, this time he had his trailer and numerous packages as well as my case, and he insisted on my boarding the fragile trailer.

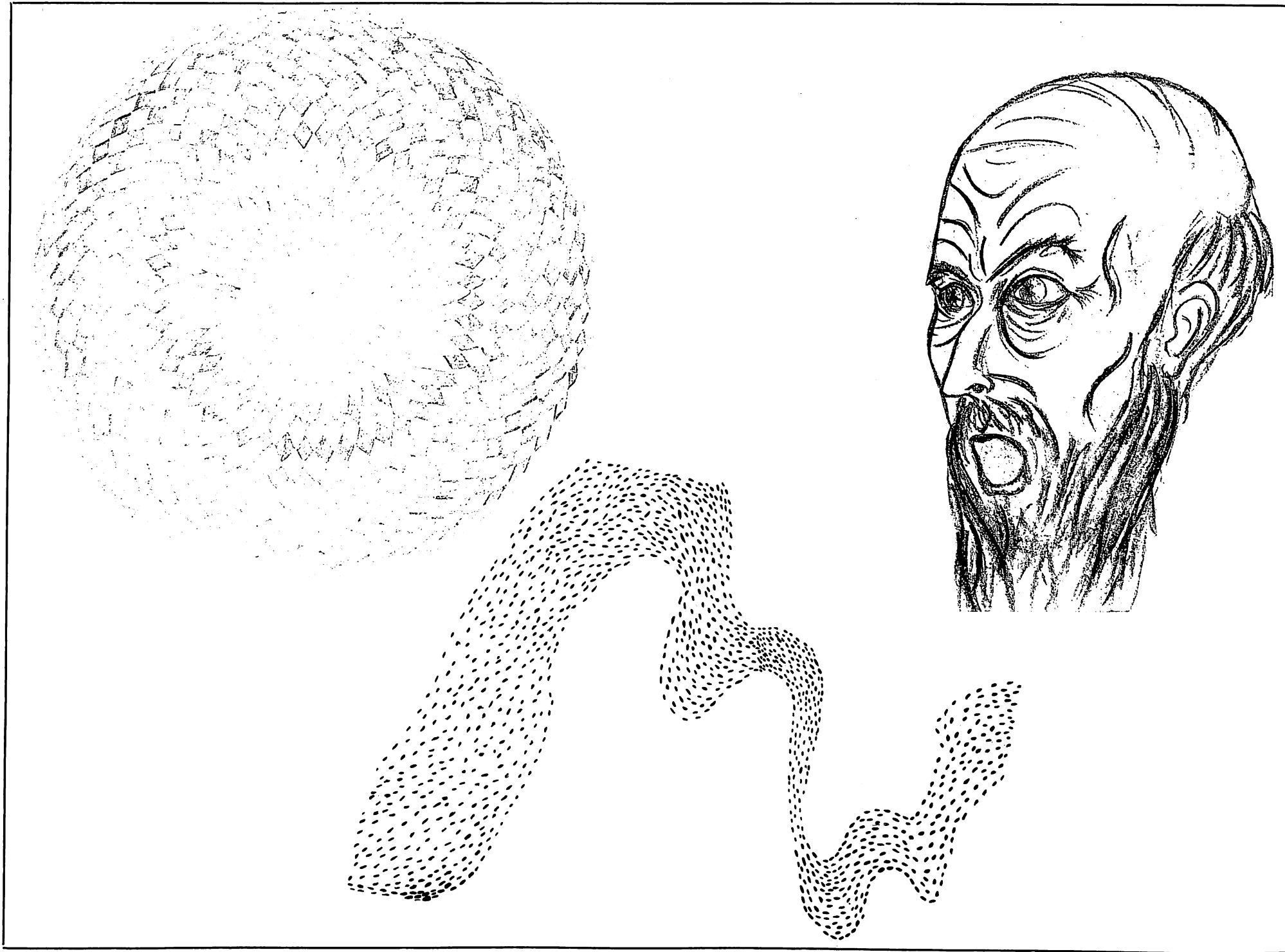
Rather than causing a fuss and getting utterly drenched as well, I stacked my case and packages in the back of the tricycle, pushed my hat firmly on my head, and attempted to look pleased. He gathered speed and I grabbed my hat.

We were going fast, so as to get over the bridge at the bottom of the hill. The only trouble was it was irregular and bumpy. We came to the middle and I took a flying leap.

I suppose I ought to be thankful for not landing in the creek, but sliding on my rumpside through slimy mud isn't comfortable.

S. GILLETT, 1B.





MOVING HOUSE

Moving house is a complicated process practised frequently by the Fords. With practice we have the business down to a fine art, accomplished in four stages. The order of execution of these stages is the only thing that remains in doubt with each family upheaval.

Packing of furniture and personal belongings is a primary step in the move, and, with each successive transplantation our large family, seems to have more furniture and fewer personal possessions. My mother is particularly ruthless about discarding superfluous, sentimentally hoarded "knick-knacks."

Having removed all trace of Ford infestation we proceed to put the second stage of the master plan into action. Operation "clean-scrub-polish" begins, and we take pride in telling ourselves, as we rub liniment into our joints later that the house is cleaner now than it was when we moved in. We Fords are fastidious animals.

The order of the third and fourth stages changes frequently during the execution of a "move." Their final order depends upon the efficiency of my father, and upon the "co-operation" of the housing situation at the time. It is desirable that, before we hire the furniture removal men with their large van, and before they have the van loaded, we establish their destination. However, Ford and Co. have proved it is not essential. Indeed,

we have verified our first result and have succeeded in loading the van and **then** finding a house to move into on two separate occasions.

Every house we have eventually found has succeeded in raising problems and in giving us new experiences. As newly-arrived native Western Australians, we had the dubious pleasure of moving into a totally-carpeted house, equipped with a gardener with an inferiority complex, and a hollow-flanked goat. The pleasure, as I said, was dubious. In fact, after twelve months, there was little pleasure left. The gardener resigned, having kicked the goat with hollow sides, which had to be shot by a policeman. If that sounds complicated, try showering in a carpeted bathroom with an inadequate shower curtain, or æsticulating at a grocer's delivery boy who is standing patiently outside the exterior door of the toilet, whistling!

We Fords found life of a different sort in a house of a different style (lino on all the floors which were not relentlessly cemented), with neighbours of a different nationality. Our neighbour-next-door-but-one kept battery hens, and it was only after six months of fruitless pleading, with remarks such as, "Oh, those poor cooped-up hens," that I realised the poor chap could not understand English.

Neighbours, in general, we abhor. A neighbour is never involved in our lives sufficiently long to be-

come a friend, but just long enough to become a time-consuming nuisance. If I sound cynical and bitter, it is because of hard experience. I remember baby-sitting three intolerable children once a week for a year, while their mother, who was a Councillor on the local City Council, attended meetings. When she renounced her retirement, the relief was great, as was the disappointment when her husband decided to stand in her place — and won.

Yet another of my neighbours required my (unremunerated) services to help her small son with his cuisinaire every afternoon. Had she resigned herself to the fact that her boy was **not** a budding mathematician, the two of them would have been much happier. I had a feeling I had a vocation by the time I finished, but fate removed the object of my labour, as the head of our company, Father Ford himself, announced we were moving again, to a fresh house and fresh neighbours. But first the four stages in our plan must be completed, causing me once more to bemoan the complications of "moving house."

MARGARET FORD, 6a.



DROUGHT

The farmer stands;
His head bowed low —
Gazing at the withered strands
Of crops he did once proudly sow.
With weary legs
He wanders out,
Out into the fields, where
Dusty, dirty, cruel drought
Has shown its face once more.
The weeds are high
With red, dusty leaves,
The corn is dry,
Where once it came in mighty
sheaves —
When will it end?
This selfish drought —
Claiming all that depends
On the gushing rains
Seeping in to the thirsty soil;
That which only God can send.
Perhaps — one day — the farmer
thinks,
The drenching rains will come,
To give new life to those that
drink —
The corn, the wheat, the gum.

ROBYN LAMONT, 3A.

YEARNING FOR WHITE

The mist hung suspended in the air,
The dull grey bough held no colour.

A dew drop hung from a leaf,
Glistened silver, and then fell,
Fell to its doom.

As it fell its beauty was flung away,
And evading a single green stalk, it
hid itself in the grass that
had still to find colour.

I looked, and thought, and felt my
life lost.

My heart longed for the beauty of
freedom it had so long
missed.

But the beauty would never come.
Just as the dew drop would never
appear.

I compared myself with this small
drop of water,

So pure, so white, which could
never be black,

Wishing I could be such.

I longed for escape,

I wanted to be free, to walk on
firm ground,

Not drag through heavy, thick
mud,

Not to hold this shovel, or dig
this ditch,

Or wear these clothes of black and
white

I longed to be free.

I wanted a chance to escape.

But, I would always be enclosed in
this shell of black,

Which inside knew fear, hurt and
sorrow . . .

— And could also hate!

VILJA PANK, 4E.

TEN-MINUTE ESSAY

How is one to approach such a
task? Write an essay in ten
minutes I am told. It sounds ridi-
culous. All my other work in this
field is planned, written and re-
written. I spend a whole evening
carrying out this exposition of my
thoughts. Now I have a mere ten
minutes. No plan, no forethought
is possible.

What shall I write about? Which
subject thrusts itself to the front of
my mind? Will I expose some hid-
den, lifelong desire? Perhaps it will
be a country scene of gum-trees and
mountains, forests and streams,
with all kinds of birds making
various sounds? A nice thought,
surely, but it is not very original.
I have written several essays on this
topic and I class myself as being
normal. I can therefore expect most
normal people to have written
several essays on this topic and I
do not wish to rehash their words.

Perhaps it will be a strong mean-
ingful essay aimed at political or
social reform? I could sound the
cause for civil rights. I could expose
the atrocities committed in America
against the very-much-down-trod-
den negro population. I would be-
come over-emotional and thus
irrational. Consequently, anything
I wrote would not be comprehen-
sible.

Another topic foremost in my
mind is Vietnam. I again have
strong feelings on this subject.

Should we be there? Yes! We must
protect the honest and simple
people from the dreaded "Communi-
st curse." We have set an example
of our tremendous power. (By
"our" I mean the western world.).
Why, we can blast the land into
oblivion to prove our power, can
we not? Should their lives come
before our "show of strength"?

Again emotion is taking control.
I must find another topic before
time defeats me. Oh . . . time has
beaten me. Well, I've written . . .
exactly nothing. There is really no
reason to hand this jumbled mass
of words for correction.

RON GARLEPP, 6A.

JAPONICA

Scarlet blooms like drops of blood,
Staining.

Crimson flowers in a war-torn
world.

Beads of blood, blooming forth;
A war is raging but still they appear.

At first green growth
Which after a while expands
And changes colour.

Brilliant vermilion turns to scarlet
And soon this blood is shed.

Yet people admire Japonica
Instead of quelling war;

Perhaps they admire, too, That
Their hands are stained.

N. HOPE, 4D.

FREEDOM

The only people who ever talk
about freedom

Are those imprisoned.

Those who are free never value
their privilege.

But I know that freedom is a gift,
And I would fight for the right of
this heritage

That every man and beast should
possess.

For without freedom man is like a
puppet,

Who has no movement or thought
unplanned.

And to live without freedom would
be not living at all,

It would only be existing,

As a wooden image does

With no life of its own.

When I look at a seagull

And see it soaring and dipping,

And rising to touch the golden glory
of the sun,

I see a creature that is free.

I want to be like that,

To wander the earth as I please,

And be free.

JILL REARDON, 4D.



A BASKETBALL MATCH — TWO VIEWS

MIGHTY, MALE MATRIC. MAULERS v. SCHOOL B.B. TEAM (AT BASKETBALL)

Watched by thousands of enthusiastic supporters, the inexperienced matric. men inflicted a "crushing" defeat on the overconfident girls, who were often penalised for holding and body contact.

From the start of the match the superiority of the men in every aspect of the game showed through and the girls were unable to counter the men's attack. The defence also played a hard-pressing game.

The talent of the girls showed through in parts of the match, but the men were too good overall, as the three-quarter time scores indicated: 18-8 in the boys' favour. The last quarter was discounted, because at three-quarter time the girls' captain told the umpire a new rule: "Whenever the men get the ball there should be a penalty against them." This was still not enough help for the girls to catch up, despite excessive time-on.

The best players for the men were: G. Beissel, R. Stevens, T. Jenkin, B. Luxton, R. Garlepp, R. Truscott, C. Howitt; and for the girls: C. Walden (Ump.).

ROGER TRUSCOTT.

CHARLES HOWITT.

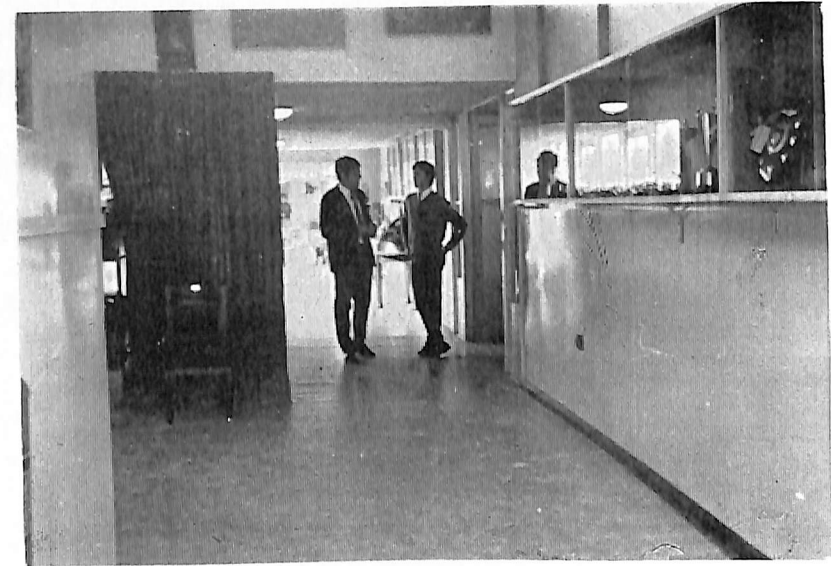
MATRIC. LADIES v. MATRIC. BOYS

On the 9th of August a spectacular basketball match was played, in which the Matric. Ladies thrashed the Matric. Boys thoroughly. The ladies began swiftly, using their skill rather than strength and height, to achieve victory. Despite the boys' regular training, they struggled to display any improvement during the match. The ladies, ignoring the constant body contact from the boys, managed to maintain their ladylike manner and disregarded the roughness displayed by the other side.

However, the boys were responsible for the scoring (honesty was not investigated), and thus, the score was 18-all. The umpire, who has completed her "A" grade examination, was responsible for the outstanding and just umpiring, ignoring any criticism from the defeated boys.

The most outstanding players were: Killer Kathy, Murderous Milson, Ferocious Fairley, Raging Rae, Rough Rhonda, Catty O'Connor, Wrestling Whittaker and, of course, Champion Carey.

Note: The above article was submitted as a report, but careful perusal will convince the reader that it rightly belongs in the creative section.



WINNING PHOTOGRAPH

The above photograph, taken by Kath Jones of Form 6, won a first prize in the Inter-School Photographic Competition for Victoria this year. The photograph was the winning one in the section 'Sport, design, action at school', Black and white, commercially processed. Kath had another photograph highly commended in this section, as well as winning second prize in the section 'Faces,' and being commended in the section 'Domestic Animals.'

This has been her third successful year in the competition as she won a second prize in 1966 and a third prize in 1967.

BLACK POWER

Black shadows dancing in the
flames

Of a great fire.

Heaping, rejoicing in the death

Of a great city.

Laughing, singing for the birth

Of a new power,

Ravaging, destroying the remains

Of the "Land of the Free."

T. MORGAN, 6A.

THE "GREAT" WAR

Broken, tired old men unwind

Nostalgic tales of former glories,

Brave and glad, romantic stories,

War was different then.

Broken, tired, young men wonder.

T. MORGAN, 6A.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor,

I think that our school should have a monthly newspaper to inform the students of the latest events around the school. Although it would involve a large amount of work, there are certainly those who would gladly offer to be reporters. It would be of contrast to the literary nature of the school magazine and could contain notices of coming events, such as sports, debates and concerts. The paper could also contain school sporting results, which are neglected.

The paper could be totally organized by students and the costs could be covered by a small charge. This idea has worked successfully at many schools with abundant co-operation; there is no reason why Norwood could not operate a paper successfully either. Please consider this.

LINDA CHEEL, 5B.

Reply: I can see many problems involved in your proposition. As half-yearly and final exams draw near, I think you will find your 'abundant co-operation' disappearing rapidly, and do you think, considering the necessity of a charge for the publication, that a sufficient number of students would buy it to make it a worthwhile endeavour? If these disadvantages could be overcome, however, I think a monthly newspaper would be a valuable contribution to the life of the school.

If you could obtain the necessary details concerning this type of thing from other schools in which it has been successfully undertaken, I suggest you arrange a meeting of those interested and discuss the prospects of this commendable venture.

— Editor.

Dear Sir,

As a first year pupil at this school I came across a Yard Duty roster which included each form as being responsible for the duty of that week. But now any person who has broken a rule or committed some misdemeanour is placed on the roster. Now many people break rules but are sly enough to conceal this end, but some who may have disobeyed for the first time, will be placed on duty. Often, through a loathing of this type of work, a student will develop a hatred for that teacher responsible for placing him on Yard Duty. Surely a more apt form of punishment could be devised, maybe something which could improve his essay writing and not cause tension between students and teachers.

STRATTON HAWES, 5E.

Reply: There is little doubt that the performance of Yard Duty accomplishes a useful purpose in keeping the school grounds clean, and I can see no other way of doing this except putting everyone on permanent yard duty. If, as you

suggest, students resent teachers when they are made to do this work, we would then have eight hundred odd students hating the staff instead of a dozen or so. In any case, I hope the majority of students need a better reason than this for hating anyone.

— Editor.

Dear Editor,

The change from compulsory sport has lowered the standard of our athletes. Many promising athletes do private study instead and our school house teams are weakened. Instead of approximately fifty girls in our house doing sport, we have only twenty taking the trouble to play.

I know it is not much use forcing people to do that which they would rather not do, but many just waste time instead of studying and don't make proper use of the privilege. This also puts the teachers out because there is inadequate room in the library and many teachers, instead of correcting homework and preparing lessons, have to supervise the private study students.

I think that only those who have some justifiable excuse or their parents are agreeable, and write a note, should be excused from doing sport. This would cut down the number doing private study and those who really wish to do private study could arrange that with their parents.

So, although there are advantages in doing sport only if you wish to, I think that the disadvantages outweigh these and we would be better doing sport.

SUSAN BEALE, 5B.

Reply: I do not think that any number of reinforcements will strengthen the house teams as long as they are doing sport against their own will. Twenty keen players will enjoy a game more than forty unwilling ones, and a sport can only suffer if it is inundated with unwilling participants; therefore, for the sake of those who enjoy sport, I think the option should remain.

— Editor.

Dear Sir,

I would like to protest strongly against the unnecessary emphasis placed on the length of boys' hair at this school.

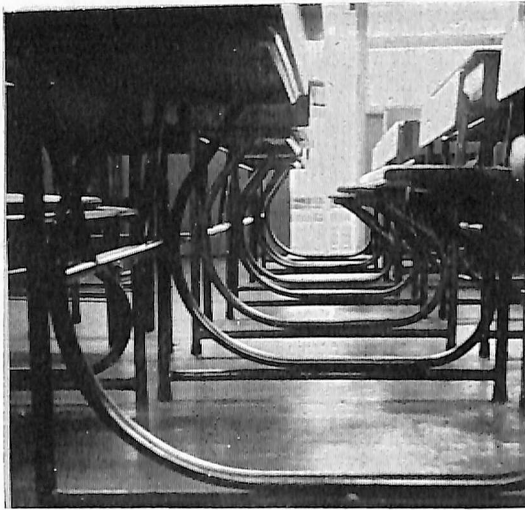
I believe the length of a boy's hair is as much his own concern as that of a girl, and no school rule should regulate it.

School uniform is designed to prevent distinction between students on an economic basis, and length of hair has nothing to do with this, so why should boys be prohibited from allowing their hair to grow long if they want to?

R.G.

Reply:

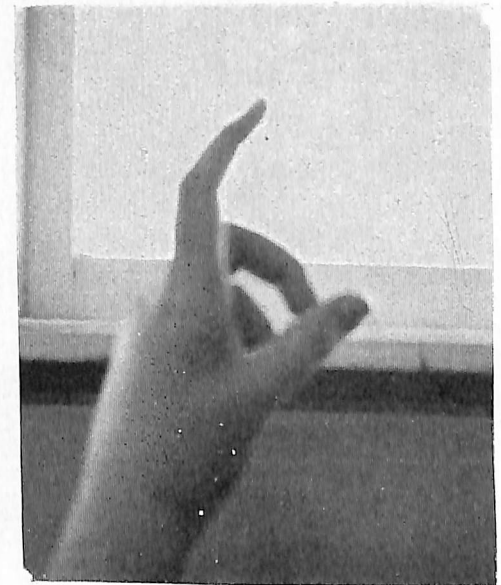
I am in complete agreement with you on this question.—Ed.



The perfect class.



"Do you really like it?"



"Look, fresh air!"

CANDID CAMERA

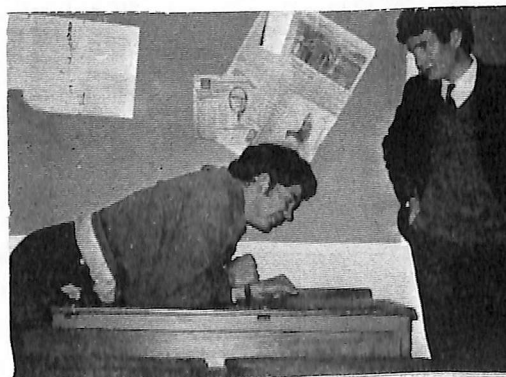


Inquiring mind.

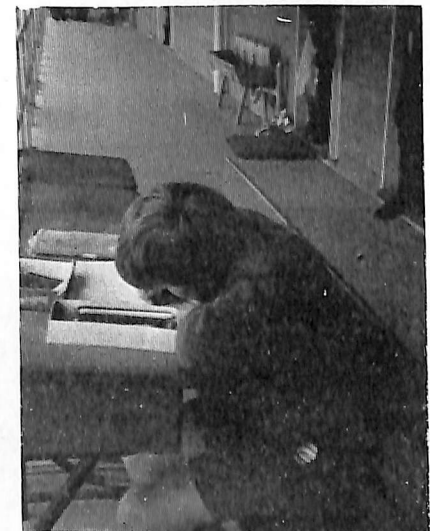
"Did anyone get the number of that truck?"



"I'll get her!"



Sixty strokes today.



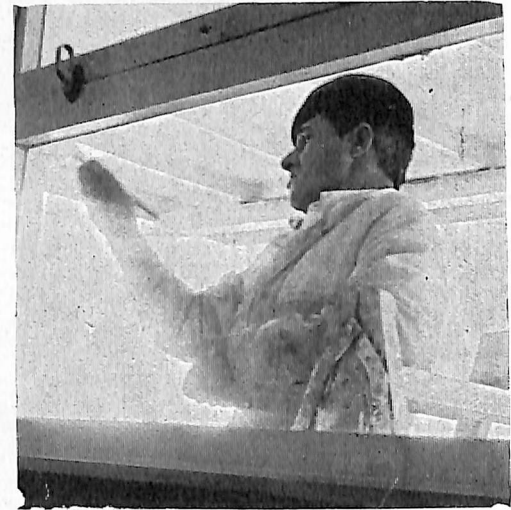
The stocks.



"Good heavens! A walking sandwich!"



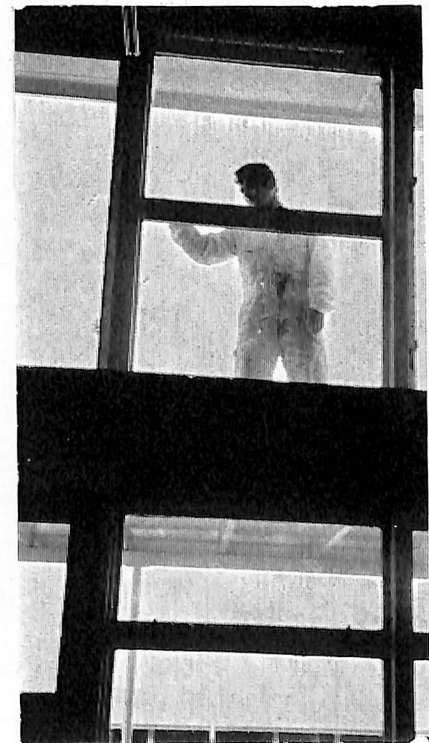
Practical aerodynamics.



The hot seat.



"Why not stand at the other end, love?"



Opera Stars

YARRA HOUSE

This year Yarra House has been extremely successful in all fields. Our enthusiasm is terrific and we are very thrilled by this. We gained second place in the swimming sports, which was well earned. A special mention for their good efforts go to Anne Roberts, Michael Masters, Neil and Mark Clarkson, and all other competitors who tried so hard.

Our crowning achievement this year, however, was our fine show in Athletic Sports. The co-operation of all Yarra competitors and the enthusiasm of our spectators helped provide one of the most exciting finishes that the house sports have ever witnessed. The last event decided the winner and even though Phillip Johnstone put in a super-human effort we were narrowly defeated by $3\frac{1}{2}$ points (sob!!).

We obtained six of the twelve championships available, and congratulations must go to Johnny Orr, Rowena McAlpine, Wendy Pinkerton, Michael Bishop, Phil Johnstone and Doug Beith.

Thanks to the help received from our house teachers, and the magnificent house spirit, Yarra has had a most encouraging year, and next year . . .

LESLEY WITTAKER
MICHAEL BISHOP

KALINDA HOUSE

Once again our house is having a very successful year. We have

won the swimming sports convincingly but, as Yarra's standard of athletics has improved, we only managed a narrow victory in this field. With these victories behind us, we now feel confident of winning the aggregate. As future activities will determine the final results we hope our competitors will continue their good work.

First we should thank our members for their co-operation and enthusiasm which has so far contributed to our success. Thanks to our house teachers, Mr. King, Mr. Onto, Mrs. Correlji, and Mrs. Gill, Kalinda has been organized into a well constructed working unit.

We hope that in the future Kalinda will obtain as much success and enjoyment from their house activities, as we have this year.

KATHY HARE
PERRY KAIGHIN

MULLUM HOUSE

Pretty good, that's what we think of our house; Aply led by our House Captains, Ronda Kirby and Peter Sarre; reinforced leadership from Julie Guihenouf and Reid Stevens. We remain the best house; not always winning but always trying; our teams do their best all the time.

Indicative of our Sportmanship are some of our stars:

Swimming — M. Flowers, B. Richards, R. Christodoulou, J. Guihenouf, and R. Grenness.

Athletics — S. Fairley, B. Dickson, R. De Jong, R. Stevens, P.

Adam, S. Harvey and S. Ford.

We found the competition hard, but with the great fighting spirit that is imbedded in our house we managed to gain firsts in football, basketball, cricket, hockey and tennis. Our thanks go to all those who competed in teams throughout the year, and especially to the house teacher, Miss Lehmann, Mrs. Steele, Mr. Sherman and Mr. Had-dad, who have the full gratitude of the house.

RONDA KIRBY.

MAROONDAH HOUSE

Although 1968 was not a successful year for Maroondah, some good potential was discovered in the junior ranks of both boys and girls.

Maroondah finished third in both swimming and athletics, but was far from disgraced. Among the girl swimmers, Marianne Allen and Joanne Gibson, performed particularly well, and in athletics, Jane Shepherd, Elizabeth Holliday and Peta — Kim Rattray, were notable performers.

Among the boys, we feel that a good effort was made all round, so no names are mentioned. A vote of thanks must go to the house-teachers, junior house captains, all our competitors and everyone associated with the house. We are all looking forward to a better year in 1969.

KRISTINE BRETT
ROBERT RATRAY.



HOUSE CAPTAINS

Back Row: Perry Kaighin, Kathy Hare, Kristine Brett, Robert Rattray.
Front Row: Lesley Whittaker, Michael Bishop, Peter Sarre, Rhonda Kirby.

SPORTS RESULTS

FOOTBALL (Seniors)

Boronia d. Norwood
 Norwood d. Lilydale
 Norwood d. Croydon
 Upwey d. Norwood
 Norwood d. Mirboo North

FOOTBALL (Juniors)

Norwood d. Boronia
 Norwood d. Lilydale
 Croydon d. Norwood
 Upwey d. Norwood

HOCKEY (Seniors)

Norwood drew Boronia
 Norwood d. Lilydale
 Norwood d. Croydon
 Norwood drew Upwey
 Norwood d. Mirboo North
 Grand Final: Mitcham 3 d.
 Norwood, 0.

HOCKEY (Juniors)

Norwood drew Boronia
 Norwood drew Lilydale
 Croydon d. Norwood
 Upwey d. Norwood

SOCCER (Seniors)

Norwood d. Boronia

SOCCER (Junior)

Norwood drew Boronia
 Norwood d. Upwey

BASKETBALL (Seniors)

Boronia d. Norwood
 (1st and 2nd)
 (1st and 2nd)
 (1st and 2nd)
 (1st and 2nd)
 (1st and 2nd)
 (1st and 2nd)
 (1st and 2nd)
 (1st and 2nd)

Norwood d. Lilydale
 Croydon d. Norwood

Upwey d. Norwood
 Norwood drew Mirboo North

BASKETBALL (Juniors)

Norwood d. Boronia
 Norwood d. Lilydale
 Norwood d. Croydon
 Norwood d. Upwey
 Grand Final: Croydon, 32, d.
 Norwood, 31.

TENNIS (Girls)

Norwood d. Boronia
 Lilydale drew Norwood
 Norwood d. Croydon
 Norwood d. Upwey

TENNIS (Boys' Senior)

Boronia d. Norwood
 Lilydale d. Norwood
 Norwood d. Croydon
 Norwood d. Upwey

TENNIS (Boys' Junior)

Boronia d. Norwood
 Lilydale d. Norwood
 Norwood d. Croydon
 Upwey d. Norwood

VOLLEYBALL (Boys' Senior)

Norwood d. Boronia
 Norwood d. Lilydale
 Norwood d. Croydon
 Norwood drew Upwey
 Grand Final: Norwood d. Upwey

VOLLEYBALL (Boys' Junior)

Boronia d. Norwood
 Lilydale d. Norwood
 Croydon d. Norwood
 Upwey d. Norwood

VOLLEYBALL (Girls' Seniors)

Boronia d. Norwood
 Norwood d. Lilydale
 Croydon d. Norwood
 Upwey d. Norwood

VOLLEYBALL (Girls' Junior)



ATHLETICS

Back Row (Left to right): Mark Clarkson, Peter Ringrose, Alan Pongho, Peter Adams, Neil Clarkson, Robert Rattrey, David Kaufman, Gary de Morton, Mark Williams.
 Fourth Row: Fay Redel, Romaine, Christodolou, Ilona Pongho, Christine Fitzgerald, Sue Hunt, Julie Warden, Elizabeth Holliday, Janice Hookey, Michelle Moore, Julie Rimmer.
 Third Row: Valerian Cirvydas, Perry Kaighin, Phillip Johnstone, Charles Rance, Campbell McRae, Nigel Pollard, Greg Jones, David Russell, Trevor Mitchell, Reid Stevens, Conrad Shepherd.
 Second Row: Alec Zacherewicz, Denise Laird, Elizabeth Parker, Rosemary Mann, Lyn Birchall, Rosemary de Jong, Linda Millard, Rosemary Christensen, Linda Williams, Stephen Poncho, Front Row: Sandra Nowlan, Kelvin Wilkins, Jenny Orr, Peter Anstee, Jianne Gibson, Michael Bishop, Barbara Dickson, Tony Jenkins, Annette Howarth, Harry Weisteyn, Sandra Fairley.
 Sitting: John Dickson, Robert Price, Geoff Laird, Ian Kett, Douglas Holliday.

Boronia d. Norwood
 Norwood d. Lilydale
 Croydon d. Norwood
 Upwey d. Norwood

BASEBALL

Boronia d. Norwood
 Lilydale d. Norwood
 Croydon d. Norwood
 Upwey d. Norwood

SOFTBALL (Junior Boys)

Boronia d. Norwood
 Lilydale d. Norwood
 Croydon d. Norwood
 Upwey d. Norwood





FOOTBALL

Back Row: Mark Davis, Steven Lockhart, Robert Rattray, Robert Glenister, Mark Hewlett, Neil Clarkson, Robert Wilson.
 Second Row: John Wilson, David Mitchell, Philip Johnstone, Kelvyn Wilkinson, Gary Ladiges, Charles Howitt, Ross Green, Perry Kaighin, David Kaufmann, Phillip Adams.
 Front Row: Bill Harvey, Peter Anstee, Michael Bishop, Peter Sarre, John Purdie, Edward Wilkins, Greg Houghton.



VOLLEY BALL

Standing: Sandra Nowlan, Sandra Fogels, Jane Chivell, Jan Haines, Pam Delahunty, Robyn Sloan, Mrs. McArthur.
 Seated: Jenny Sandman, Glenda Parsons.



BASEBALL

Back Row: David Robson, Peter Milward, Robert Parker.
 Second Row: Jeff Poon, Ross Lehmann, Trevor Cartwright, Bill McAuley.
 Front Row: Ron Garlepp, John Wilson, Wayne Price, Mark Gill, Lester Marriner.



TENNIS

Standing: Meryl Dickson, Pat Lilburn, Greg Jones, Keith Tann, Ron Van Rees, Pam Lilburn, Susan Sansom.
 Seated: Colin Tann, David McAlpine.



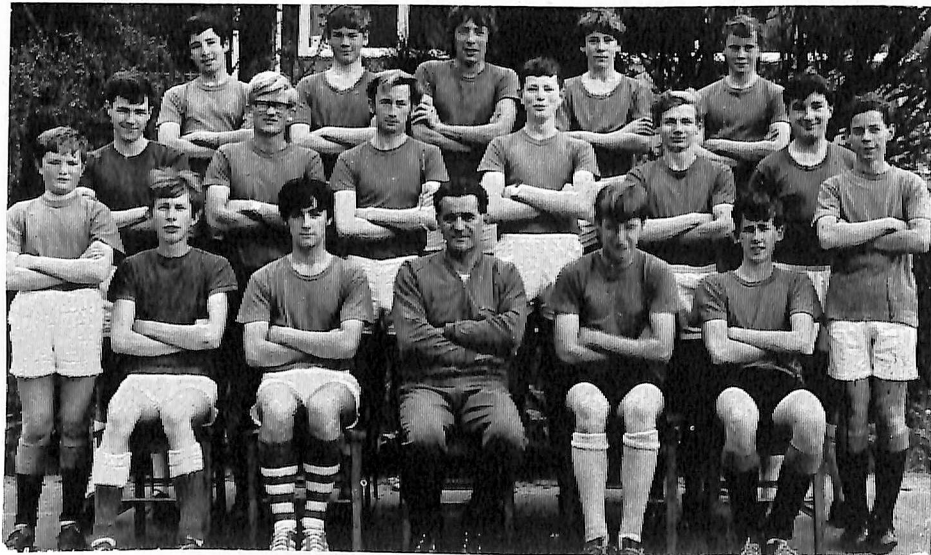
SWIMMING

Back Row: Lyn Corbett, Sharon Turton, Mark Clarkson, Christ Hadden, Jan Davis, Dainis Rasa, Douglas Holliday, Kaye Hunt, Irene Tasma.
 Second Row: Stephen Lockhart, Bill McAuley, Mark Hewlett, Perry Kaighin, Lars Swart, Peter Anstee, Michael Masters, Neil Clarkson.
 Front Row: Josephine Simmonds, Margaret Flowers, Marianne Allan, Lynda Sharpe, Joanne Gibson, Julie Warden, Robyn Sloan, Rosemary Grenness, Anne Roberts.



HOCKEY

Back Row: Carey Walden, Julie Grenness, Sharon Turton, Jane Shepherd, Hermien Flentje.
 Second Row: Janette Davis, Anne Roberts, Cath O'Connor, Margaret Flowers, Coral Sinel.
 Front Row: Sonya Shepherd, Jane Bennett.



SOCCER

Back Row: Kevin Morgan, Tony Hunt, Terry Stubbs, Alan Pongho, Chris Hadden.
 Second Row: David Russell, Albert Steegstra, David Rapson, Steven Walker, Valerian Cirvydas, Steven Muldoon.
 Front Row: Alan McKenzie, Nigel Pollard, Terry Morgan, Mr. Koltai, John Feenstra, David Martin, Malcolm Buchanan.



BASKETBALL

Back Row: Lesley Whittaker, Rhonda Kirby, Debbie Houghton.
 Second Row: Rae Moller, Kathy Hare, Rae Dickson, Rhonda Young, Barbara Dickson, Christine Fitzgerald, Julie Warden.
 Seated: Julie Guiheneuf, Marianne Allen, Helen Smith, Lynda Sharpe, Sandra Fairley.

INTER-SCHOOL ATHLETICS

This year, Norwood finished fifth in the sports, but with a more enthusiastic training schedule we would have earned a higher place. Next year we must have more of this enthusiasm. If we train as a squad immediately after the house squad we will dominate all events at the Interschool Sports. We must have everyone wanting to win for the school.

On the lighter side, however, some highlights were provided by Jenny Orr — her 440 yards and 220 yards wins were excellent efforts. Rowey McAlpin won her long jump by jumping 13' 6" — tremendous effort. Linda Millard long jumped excellently to win her event easily. Both of these champs acquitted themselves well in the All High Schools Sports held recently.

Our relay teams tried hard and on the whole performed quite well, with the girls Under 17 team and the boys Under 13 team winning blue ribbons for us.

The Juniors won second place in their aggregate shield — a promising future seems secure.

Thanks also go (pun) to Mr. Edgeley and Mrs. Stuart for their help, advice and patience given to the few enthusiasts before the Sports.

MICHAEL BISHOP
BARBARA DICKSON

JENNY ORR

One of Norwood's students, Jenny Orr, is one of the most outstanding junior athletes in Australia today. She holds the Victorian junior records for the 800 metres (2 m. 22.8 secs.), 800 yards (2 m. 21.4 secs.) and 1500 metres (4 m. 51.8 secs.).

In 1967, Jenny was only a sub-junior, but she competed in the Victorian junior cross-country championship and won the title. She then represented Victoria at Brisbane in the Australian championship and came a very close second.

On the track, Jenny won the Victorian junior 800 metres and was second in the senior 800 metres and 1500 metres. On these performances she was selected to represent Victoria in Adelaide. Here she finished third in the junior 800 metres and fourth in the senior 1500 metres where she did her best time of 4 m. 41 secs.

In the 1968 cross country season, Jenny was unbeaten, going on to win the Australian championships.

Jenny has also won many school events, including the all schools cross country run at Clifton Hill. At the school sports this year, Jenny won the 440 and 220 yards but unable to compete at the all high schools sports because of a foot injury.

BARBARA DICKSON.

FOOTBALL

SENIORS:

The senior football team had a fairly successful season. We won three matches, played against Croydon, Lilydale and Mirboo North, and lost the other two matches against Boronia and Upwey. Our eighteen players at Mirboo North showed the country people how football should be played! I think the team owes a vote of thanks to Mr. McDonald who helped out after Mr. Jamieson left for Canada. I do not think the team played as well as it could have during the season, and we will have to put this down to misunderstandings and injuries in certain matches.

PETER SARRE.

* * *

UNDER 14 SATURDAY FOOTBALL:

The Under 14 team started the season well and managed to sustain its good form. As a result the team was undefeated and won the premiership.

Congratulations must go to the whole team for a very good effort. We have many people to thank for our success, particularly our coach, who was always there when we needed him. The team has much young talent and there is no reason why it cannot repeat this performance next year.

CRAIG SARRE.

UNDER 16:

The Under 16 football team started the season well and kept up its good form right throughout the season. As a result the team was second at the end of the season, but had a little bad luck and was beaten in the two finals.

At the presentation night trophies were given for best and fairest. Our winner was Eddie Wilkins, with Bob Glenister a close second.

We would like to thank Mr. Jamieson and Bob Bonnett for the work they put in throughout the year.

R. GLENISTER
E. WILKINS

BASKETBALL

SENIORS:

The Senior 'A' Basketball team did not have a very successful season. In the first match, against Boronia, we were defeated by one goal, but our hopes were raised by our win over Lilydale. However, we were defeated by Upwey and Croydon, although we managed to draw against Mirboo North.

Our thanks go to Mrs. Stuart for giving up her time to train us.

KATHY HARE
LESLEY WHITTAKER

JUNIORS:

The junior 'A' Basketball team, consisting of Robyn Lamont (Capt.), Lynne Morris, Romaine Christodoulou, Lynda Millard, Glenda Parsons, Pauline Grotto and Joanne Bandias had a successful season until we reached the grand final. The opposition during the year was very easy except for Croydon, whom we defeated by one goal only. Then we met Croydon again in the grand final. With no losses, we went on to the court with very high hopes, and the game was extremely close. In the last quarter we were equal and were gaining goals alternately. However, one of the Croydon girls developed cramp and the play was stopped for five minutes. When we commenced again we did not play as well as we had been playing, and consequently, the Croydon team gained the upper hand. When

the final bell rang a very disappointed Norwood team walked off the court. We lost the game by only one goal. Mrs. Stuart gave up much of her time to coach us, and we appreciate this very much.

ROBYN LAMONT.

SENIOR B:

The Senior 'B' basketball team, consisting of Rae Dickson, Christine Fitzgerald, Barbara Dickson, Marianne Allen, Rhonda Young, Julie Warden, Debbie Houghton and Helen Smith, had a rather unsuccessful year which resulted in one win out of four matches. On behalf of the team I would like to thank Mrs. Stuart for the time she gave to train us.

RAE DICKSON.

BASEBALL

The efforts of the 1968 Baseball team were not very successful. In all the games played this year (4) the team was defeated by experienced players. We only defeated Upwey, an inexperienced team.

Good sportsmanship was always displayed by Norwood, although often 'stirred' by a bearded Upwey teacher and one almighty umpire, Mr. D. Baker. Norwood's Baseball team was still, however, able to maintain its high standards of fumbles around the diamond as in other years, although we are becoming more experienced and with continued practice and co-operation in teamwork next year we may

'eliminate' other schools from the competition.

I would also like to thank Rodney Green, our scorer and mascot.

WAYNE PRICE.

TENNIS

This year's inter-school tennis was not only very competitive but also enjoyable. Both girls' and boys' teams played excellently and together won most of the matches.

During the year the girls were the more successful, only losing one match when the junior team had to fill in because of exams. Lilydale won this match and played off Ringwood in the finals. Norwood's girls should have been in the finals but a mix-up on the part of the organisers cost them the flag. Consequently Ringwood won, but, as one of the girls said, "... we could have thrashed 'em!"

The boys' team was not as successful as they won only two of the five matches. For a relatively inexperienced team they played very well. All the matches were exciting.

This year was a good year for Norwood in tennis, but next year will be much better if this year's performances are any indication.

GREG JONES.

INTER-SCHOOL SWIMMING

When the swimming carnival at Croydon had chosen our best swimmers from a very thrilling series of races (Kalinda House winning the carnival), our champions were prepared to represent Norwood in the Mountain Division Sports at the Olympic Stadium.

Here, in a tense and thunderous atmosphere, our swimmers battled it out, up and down, up and down. The tension mounted as the final events drew closer; the roars came more often and with greater volume from each individual school, trying to spur competitors on. When the final results were announced, Norwood could look at her spoils. Winners of individual events were: Michael Masters, Keith Henderson, Kay Hunt, Francis Odermatt, Neil Clarkson, Mark Clarkson, Perry Kaighin and Rohanne Emery-Blake.

Although not all our competitors won events, I am sure that each and everyone tried his utmost, and all deserve congratulations for their efforts. On behalf of all the swimmers I want to thank Mr. Jamieson, Mr. Edgley, Mrs. McArthur, and all other staff members who helped in the running of these sports.

PERRY KAIGHIN

SOCCER

1968 was the second year in which Norwood entered teams in the Eastern Schools Soccer Association competition. Both junior and senior teams were entered, and opposition was tough in both leagues. The senior team finished fourth in the league, and reached the final of the Kingswood Cup, only to lose by a solitary corner kick, after they had levelled the scores to gain extra time. The winning team was Salesian College, and it is worth noting that Norwood was the only team to defeat this championship side during the Saturday competition.

Highlight of the year for Norwood was the selection of centre forward John Feenstra as the best and fairest player in the league. John left no doubts in the minds of the spectators at the Cup Final, that he deserved the award, when he turned on a magnificent performance to help push his team to a fighting finish.

An invitation was extended to us by former staff member Mr. Carrol, to play his team from Boronia High School in a friendly match. We defeated Boronia 5-0 (despite Mr. Carrol's refereeing). All in all, 1968 was a successful year for soccer at Norwood.

T. MORGAN.

VOLLEYBALL

BOYS:

Winning the Mountain Division premiership highlighted the season for the Senior Boys Volleyball team which has completed the year undefeated. Our foes in the grand-final was Upwey, with whom the team had drawn earlier in the season, and who, until this stage, was also undefeated. On this occasion, armed with Mr. King's booklet of rules, Upwey presented no problems, despite the psychological warfare employed by the Upwey coach in continually calling periods of 'time-out'. The scores were 15-7; 15-0; 16-14.

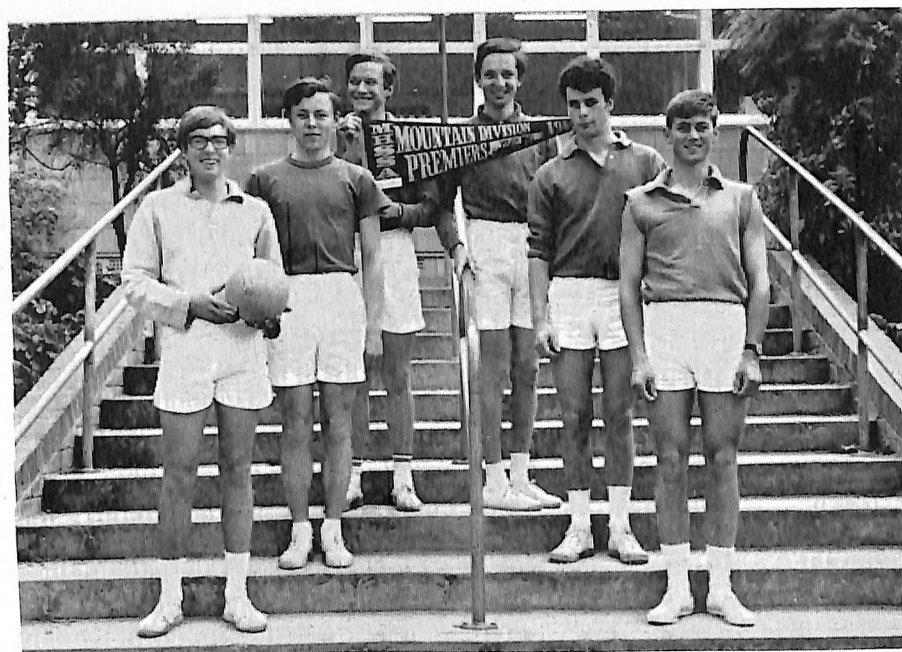
We should like to thank Mr. Edgeley and his fellow staff-members who have enthusiastically provided us with valuable and enjoyable practice during lunch-times, although the games have at times verged on legal battles with Mr. King over 'interpretation' of rules (you are NOT allowed to touch the net!).

IAN MCKENZIE,
(Captain)

GIRLS:

Norwood's Senior Girls Volleyball team played four matches against Boronia, Lilydale, Croydon and Upwey. Unfortunately we won against Lilydale only. We all had an enjoyable time though. On behalf of the team, I would like to thank Mrs. MacArthur for her help and congratulate the boys' team on its premiership win.

SANDRA NOWLAN.



BOYS' VOLLEYBALL

Graham Beissel, Conrad Shepherd, Tony Jenkins, Ian McKenzie, Leigh Ahern, Perry Kaighin.

HOCKEY

This year has been one of the most successful years for the hockey team and we all agree that much of our success is due to the help and advice our coach, Mr. Gange, has given us. As well as our school matches we played a Saturday competition at Royal Park. We won every match we played and ended up with a percentage of infinity. Also our trip to Mirboo was successful and, after a hard fought match, we came out the victors, but a few weeks ago, we played the school final against Mitcham. It was a fast and exciting match, but unfortunately Mitcham was the better on the day.

JANE BENNETT (Captain)

GYMNASTIC CLUB

This year Mrs. McArthur, an experienced gymnast, joined our Phys. Ed. staff and started a gymnastic club for girls, held every Thursday at lunch time.

Any girls who had had previous experience in ballet, calisthenics or gym were able to join. It is hoped that the girls will eventually be able to do Olympic type gym, using vaulting horse, beam, high and low bars and floor routines. At present the club is working on set exercises as set by the Victorian Gymnastic Association for Junior C Grade.



"What are you going to wear?"



"... But in Paris ..."

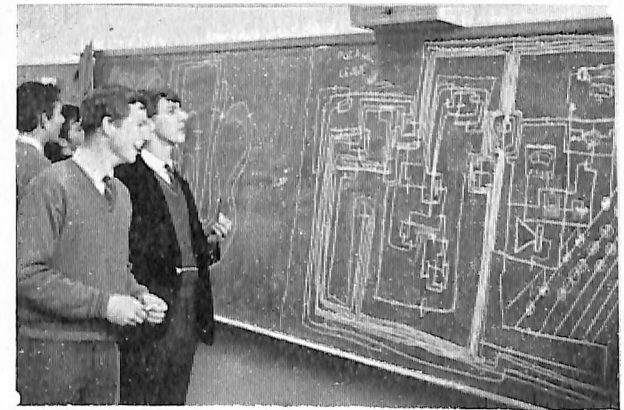


"And a squeeze of lemon, with just a dash of gin."

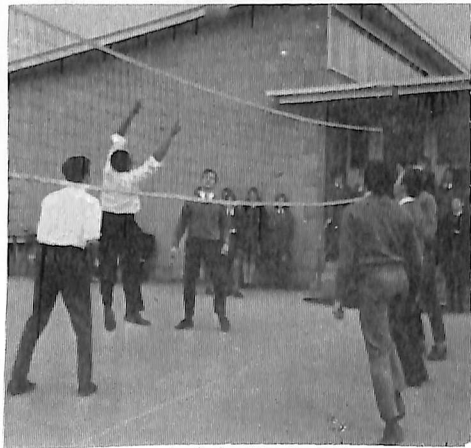


Mmmskrupflshhhh!

EXTRACURRICULAR ACTIVITIES



Boom! Ha, ha, ha!



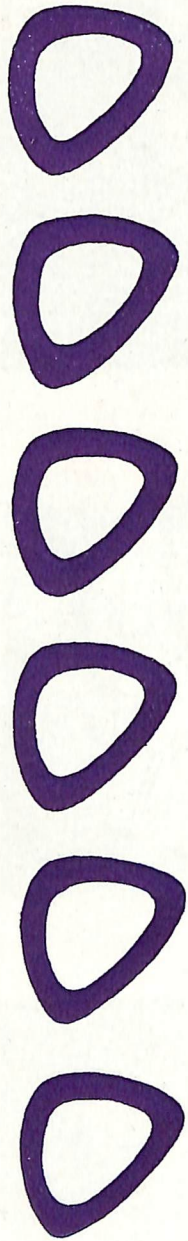
And the Big Men fly.



"It's got me." "It's got me, too."



"So I said to him ..."



School Song:

WE ARE FROM NORWOOD

We are from Norwood, the school on the hill,
Strong in tradition and deep in each heart.
Proudly we sing as we think of our school,
We are her students and doing our part.
We have a motto — Fidelis — Be True,
Teaching us daily the way to progress,
Proudly displayed with the purple and gold,
Colours so royal inspire our success.
We are from Norwood, a compass our guide,
Pointing the way for our life to unfold.
And as the future we've earned takes its course,
Gratefully we will her teachings uphold.
We are from Norwood and all of us know
One dream we share and make part of our song:
No matter what lies in our later years
May we to Norwood forever belong.
(Words by Terry Morgan and John Gough)