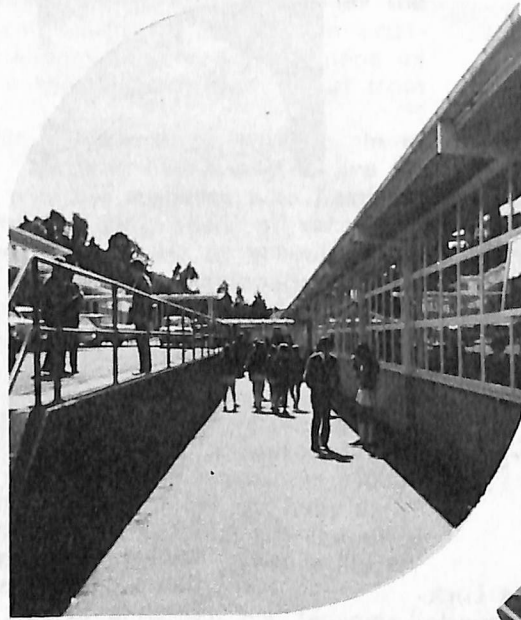




: a schoolkids' edition



W 1
E 9
E 7
M 1
A
L
A

EDITORIAL

If there is one thing I have learned about the production of a school magazine, it is that it is absolutely impossible to produce an ideal one. There are just too many limitations.

The first and most obvious limitation is that of money. It costs from about \$600 to \$800 a year to publish Weemala. This is taken from students' fees paid at the beginning of the year. This year we have had to cut back a number of ideas, such as having a more elaborate cover, because of the limits of our budget.

Another important consideration is time. One starts out with all sorts of brilliant and original ideas. These, however, gradually become less and less practicable — there is not enough time to organise them. So your ideas become watered down and the magazine ends up almost the same as last year's. Perhaps this is due to our lack of professionalism as much as lack of time. I must mention here that it is largely due to the efforts of Mrs. Smith that we got anything done at all in time to be printed.

The magazine is limited, too, by the material (or lack of it) that is submitted. This year, for example, we found a definite lack of material from some of the more senior forms except form six. This is your magazine: you pay for it and it can only be as good as you make it! I realise it is a little late now to raise this matter, but please next year, whenever you or someone in your form writes a good essay or poem or anything else suitable, remember the magazine.

A difficulty that I did not expect to find this year was staff censorship. Although this is very rare and not very great, it does exist. However, now I have reached the conclusion that, although annoying at the time, this is both inevitable and necessary. Without teachers' superior judgment to guide us, we might say some things we would later regret. I hope that person who this year had to rewrite one article realises this.

Now, I hope, you can see some of the obstacles to the production of the perfect magazine and can understand some of the reasons you are getting what you are in this magazine.

Next year's editors, whoever they are to be, I can only wish good luck.

John Holmes.

EDITORS, 1971

John Holmes and Anne Lockhart, ably assisted by sundry seniors and juniors — not forgetting Smiffy, Brownsy, and Gangey.



The present education system ensures by the narrowness of choice in subjects it offers an inevitable lack of initiative and personal searching — surely the key to real learning.

This is a vital factor that fosters Mr. Shinkfield's "boredom" or "distress".

While students at secondary school level cannot be expected to know the extent of freedom of choice they can handle, a system that offers students either a science or humanity course at HSC level is to say, at the least, limiting and at times detrimental to a student's education. How many students have "bombed out" because they felt no vital involvement with Newton's apple or Henry VIII's wives.

True, the senseless examination system and its by-products is inevitably present while universities remain their ultra-conservative selves.

However the little flexibility schools do have, should be used to offer the student a coherent system that means some relation to the social spheres that he normally moves in.

A. Lockhart.

NOÖGENICS

If we take time to observe what is going on among the school population I am pretty confident that most students find themselves vacillating between two extremes — distress and boredom, the first being evident more among the upper echelons of the school, the second, more among the lower forms. Of the two, boredom, is the more critical. A great deal can be done to relieve distress, but boredom ???

Some readers may have heard of such a thing called "Sunday" neurosis, a kind of depression which affects people who become aware of the lack of content in their lives when the rush of the busy week is over. When they stop, they are confronted by a void within. They don't know what to do with their leisure time. It is a kind of a vacuum, and just as nature abhors a vacuum, so also does the mind. Not a few cases of suicide can be traced to such an existential vacuum, and it is doubtful if such widespread phenomena as alcoholism and juvenile delinquency can be understood apart from it.

All of us need something to live for. There is much wisdom, therefore, in the words of Nietzsche — "He who has a **why** to live for can bear almost any **how**." This is why the students who have set themselves goals manage to survive the long years of secondary school. Those who see no purpose, or who are at school simply because they have to be, drop out, or become reactionary in some way. This in itself becomes a pseudo-purpose, and the lack of real meaning and purpose becomes vicariously compensated for by a will to power, or the will to money, or the will to pleasure.

The purpose of life will differ from person to person, day by day, and even hour by hour. What is important, therefore, is not the purpose of life in general, but the specific meaning or purpose of a person's life at any given moment. Each situation represents a challenge and a problem to be solved. It is as though life, our very existence, is challenging us to be. Invariably we ask what we expect of life when, in point of fact, we should be asking — "What is life expecting from us?"

Dr Victor Frankl in his book — "Man's Search For Meaning," cites the case of a woman who was admitted to his clinic after a suicide attempt. Her boy had died at the age of 11 years, leaving her alone with another son, a cripple from infantile paralysis. The poor boy had to be moved around in a chair. His mother rebelled against her fate, but when she tried to commit suicide together with him, it was the crippled son who prevented her. He liked living! For him life had remained meaningful in spite of his physical limitations. Why was it not so for his mother? And how could she be helped to become aware of meaning and purpose in her life?

The Doctor encouraged her to join a therapeutic group. A member of the group was asked how old she was. "Thirty" as the reply. She was then told — "No you are not thirty but instead eighty and lying



on your death bed. You are looking back on your life, a life that was childless, but full of financial success and social prestige." She was then invited to imagine what she would feel in this situation. This is what she said — "Oh' I married a millionaire. I had an easy life full of wealth, and I lived it up! I flirted with men; I teased them! But now I'm eighty. I have no children of my own. Looking back as an old woman I cannot see what all that was for. Actually, I must say, my life was a failure."

The mother of the handicapped son was then invited to imagine herself similarly looking back over her life. This is what she said — "I wished to have children and this wish has been granted to me; one boy died; the other, however, the crippled one, would have been sent to an institution if I had not taken over his care. Though he is crippled and helpless, he is, after all, my boy. And so I have made a fuller life possible for him. I have made a better human being out of my son."

At this moment, she broke down, but she continued — "As for myself, I can look back peacefully on my life for I can say my life was full of meaning, and I have tried hard to fulfil it. I have done my best. I have done my best for my son. My life was no failure."

Viewing her life as if from her death bed she came to see meaning and purpose in it, a meaning that included all of her suffering. She made her choice; and we make ours — between non-being and actualisation. Which will it be? An immortal "footprint in the sands of time?" For at any moment we must decide, for better or for worse, what will indeed be the monument of our existence here on earth. — D. E. Shinkfield,
School Chaplain.

SCHOOL DIARY, 1971

February 3:

A big rumble at the front door as over 950 disgruntled students return for another "holiday".

"Hello Mr. Bird".

Holiday camp fees and holiday reading material were paid and collected during the ensuing week. Many students were declared bankrupt as the wealthy aristocracy raked in the coin.

Faces appeared at the staff-room window: "Hey Jock, look at that one!"

March 5:

Between February 3 and March 5 nothing happened. The long run of boredom was finally broken by the Inter-House Swimming Sports, miraculously won by Maroondah. The Reds spent long weeks studying Mao's thoughts from their little red books in rigorous preparation.

March 9: Mark Weller enters the limelight. The well-known orator and Queen's Scout was awarded the Lion's Club "Youth of the Year" after his radical speech "Putting in a Word for the Establishment".

March 10:

Mark Weller once again in the limelight. Prefects' Induction Ceremony in the Hall. Our guiding stars were to lead us through another rigorous year.

April 5:

The Inter-House Swimming Carnival was won by Croydon. Norwood came . . .

April 20, 30:

The Concert was a return to an 18th century drawing room



where Mark Weller was once again in the limelight. He publicly proposed to Ollie, who had no option but to decline, tut, tut. A corroboree and "the Hair thing" followed.

April 30:

A very important occasion. The Governor was introduced to Mark Weller.

May 8:

Back to work for two weeks after the First Term holiday.

June 25:

Oh hell! Exams already. John Yearwood's prediction: "I'll fail, I'll fail, I'll fail . . ."

July 5:

Exams finished. Soon after came the results. JY had FOUR A's.

All the lively ones ran off to Ballarat with the bus. Cathy come home.

July 22, 23:

Mark Weller again in the lime-light with the Matric Literature play, "The Rivals" by R. B. Sheridan. This was a really good production and was highlighted by brilliant acting by Michael Carmen and Helen Smith.

August 12, 13:

After hectic preparation and a postponement, the Inter-House Choral, Drama and Instrumental Festival finally took place, largely due to the efforts and organisation of Mr. Lee. A truly magnificent, professional performance by that famous conductor, Sir Marcus M. Wellerousky in his resplendent get-up.

August 16:

Mirboo North hillbillies invaded Norwood for what was to be

the last time. They were welcomed by Prince Phillip and Polly and the boys, closely attended by Robyn, Smithy, Gibbo and the rest, who treated them to a lavish luncheon of hot pies and champagne (?).

That afternoon the hockey and basketball matches were played. In the evening all were splendidly entertained by the two winning house choirs, plays and instrumental groups from Norwood and a play presented by the "hillbillies" about one of their latest electronic creations (strange that hillbillies brought a thought machine with them!)

The next day, the debating and football match took place. In the afternoon, class attendances fell to an all time low as attendances at "Iceland" reached an all time high and it wasn't only class attendances that were slipping. The "hillbillies" helped to liven up what was to be the last Norwood High School Social.



The organisers tried out a number of new ideas which were not altogether successful, but unfortunately they won't be given the opportunity to improve on those ideas next time. Afterwards everybody who was anybody was up at Sneddo's for a wild orgy. In truth, the party fell flat.

The next morning all the hillbillies gathered outside the hall with bags under their eyes and under their arms, where they were sadly farewelled for the last time by everyone except Mick Rodriguez, whose billet decided he'd rather stay here.

August 20-September 6:

Staff and students vacated the school and left it to the painters, builders and pigeons. When school resumed, there was much confusion:

"What happened to room 13?"
"It's gone!"
"Hey, there's another room down here!"

September 22:

Inter-House Athletics. These were held in the school's new swimming pool. Russ Haines' shot-putt record will not be recognised as the officials stood helplessly by and watched the shot sink slowly in the mud, unable to measure

the distance. The high jump looked more like a trained porpoise act. Kalinda won.

September 30:

Under slightly better conditions, Norwood won the Inter-School Athletics for the second time in three years. We won the Open and Intermediate Shields and were second in the Juniors section (much to Mr. Cording's delight).

October 15:

Mrs. Elgood's booming voice resounded down the corridor, "I'll give you more than your pen back—I'll give you a thick ear if you don't shut up!"

Phil Johnstone was seen running from one end of the school to the other, crying desperately, "Quick, two cans of Spray Fresh".

In short, October 15 was a truly eventful day.

October 25:

"Blanche" dropped in.

October 27: "Blanche" dropped out. The funeral service was conducted by Rev. Fr. Laurie McCormack, followed by a sad procession to the Incinerator Crematorium.

October 28:

A strange vehicle usurped Mr. Cording's usual parking space, so 50 loyal students let down

the tyres and stole the hub-caps. Oops, sorry about that, Sir!

November 1: Everyone who turned up late had an excuse for once. Daylight saving reduced the need for students to burn the midnight oil.

November 8:

A special amendment was made to the Norwood High School Assemblies Enjoyment Bill, 1971, to allow the prefects (and others) to present their own version.

November 12:

Form Six threw exam cares to the wind and surf at Portsea in the world's first Higher-schoolcertificnic.

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, form five gritted its teeth and settled down to exams.



November 22:

HSC exams began. John Yearwood predicted certain failure. For next thrilling episode, see next year's issue.

December 8:

The exams finished. Oh well! They were nice while they lasted. Now for the real battle, the Matric Dinner. "OK, who threw the chook at Gibbo?"

December 17:

THE END.

Study teaches you what you know; and exams teach you what you don't know.

THE SUCCESS OF THE 1971... N.H.S.F.G.

It was the year of inflation! It was the year of diplomatic relations with China! It was the year of Banglar Desh! It was the year apartheid demonstrations raged throughout Australia! But perhaps the most important thing to emerge from the year 1971 was the formation of the Norwood High School Film Group (N.H.S.F.G.).

About twenty of us, led by Mr. Lawn, and ably assisted by the enthusiastic Miss Ruda, set out to learn the "do's" and "dont's" of film-making. All the technical know-how and knowledge that we accumulated resulted in, "Black and Blue," "Robbery!", "Vergin' on the Ridiculous" and "A Day at the Beach?". Two of these exceptionally high-standard productions were screened at the school. The privileged few that paid 5 cents to view them, (with the exception of Mr. Conboy, who is a wrinkly anyway) will agree that they were full of action — if nothing else!

The rest of the year was filled up with still-camera work, scratch film, and a visit to the Oakleigh Tech. film festival. The festival, organised by the students of Oakleigh Tech., was a collection of films made by other school-film groups similar to our own.

Thanks must go to Mr. Lawn and Miss Ruda, for their help and encouragement throughout the year — we needed it. CUT!

Cathy Kilpatrick—

Age: 17.

Height: 5' 4".

Eyes: Hazel.

Hair: Blonde.

Talaka President, YFC Secretary, AFS Scholarship Winner, Pom Pom Girl, All-round Great Kid.

Can you really sum up someone like that? I think not. To many people at Norwood she was the American student who was introduced to "The School" one assembly and was then seen around occasionally. It is sad that everyone did not get to know her better, and that she did not get to know everyone in the school, but she was only human after all. However, those of us who could be numbered among her friends and acquaintances agreed on one thing she really was "an all-round great kid".



She is now at home in Franks-ville, near Racine, a large industrial city in Wisconsin, USA. She is attending High School in Racine and we hope settled down once again, if the way she accustomed herself to the "Orstralyian Way" is any indication of her adaptability our hopes are reality.

When asked what caused her the greatest problems in adjusting to life here, she said it was our sense of humour. She just could not understand any of our jokes at first. The lack of central heating worried her for a while too. But overall Cathy seemed to find it was only small things "People are mostly the same" was her summary.

However, the educational systems were not so similar. American schools are all different and Cathy was wary of making generalisations, but she did comment on the extent of specialisation in Victorian schools.

"You specialise sooner at Norwood than we do at my school. The high school at home is primarily to give you a bit of background in everything. When you specialise you do it at college".

She also felt uneasy, as do many teachers and students here, about the final exam system, considering it unfair and unreliable.

"Half the time in class at Norwood, we were not learning the subject, but what the examiners wanted. Doesn't that defeat the purpose of taking the subject?"

"In my high school the role of the student is not only to learn the subject but to participate in a range of experiences and get to know people better".

Around Cathy's high school was based the bulk of the social life of the students. All the clubs are based at the school. The sports play a large part in the students' extra-curricular activities. Cathy says such activities are possible because the students' studies do not affect their later position in life as much as they do here.

A strange aspect of American life, at least it struck me as peculiar, is dating. As I understood it, it was terribly formal "just like in the movies". Cathy could not at first understand that we just go to a party or dance and meet someone there, instead of going with a date.

During the two months, three days and seventeen hours she was here, Cathy managed to pick up a few Australian habits and words . . . You have just not



lived until you have heard "Fair Dinkum" said with an American accent.

I doubt seriously whether you have got to know Cathy any better after reading this. I have written about Cathy's views and some of the things she said to us. I cannot say what Cathy meant to us all. Just as I said, you cannot sum someone up like that. I guess you just had to know her.

G. H.



CENTRAL AUSTRALIA SAFARI TOUR

DAY I

Forty-eight people were crammed into a "Forty-four seater" bus (two extra bus drivers, and six people sitting up in the "five-seater" back seat — one boy among five girls. Lucky boy).

At 6.45 a.m., we were driven out of torrential rain in Ringwood into a downpour in Adelaide. Tents were set up in mud and darkness. Peace and silence came over camp four hours before rising-time, 5.30 a.m.

DAY II

An early start, with Mr. Lawn crying, unsuccessfully, his famous words: "Wakey, wakey; time to get up." He flashed his torch around in an attempt to find the breakfast-duty group.

Watery cornflakes and soggy toast in the rain, and then on to tour Adelaide on a cold misty morning.

On to Port Augusta, our next camp. Lunch at "Arizona Cactus Ranch," a tourist attraction in the middle of nowhere. Reached Port Augusta in darkness, again (this became the general trend).

DAY III

Next day, travelling to Coober Pedy, we sighted the real Australia — sand and scrub in the foreground, with sand and scrub in the background, with lots of sand and scrub in between. Many people were sent to sleep that day. Fish and chips, Woomera-style, for lunch. That night we overshot the turning for Coober Pedy, and spent the night with the stars as our blankets.

DAY IV

Woken by "wakey, wakey, etc.," we loaded up the bus and set off for Coober Pedy. On arrival, we were shown a "Water-distilling Plant", an underground church (the only one in the world), an underground home, and were given an opal-cutting demo. Eight miles out of Coober Pedy we went fossicking for opals. Plenty of rocks, but no opals.

DAY V

The morning sun brought Mr. Lawn, our rooster, crowing his famous words again. After breakfast, we headed for Ayer's Rock. At 4.30 p.m. we arrived at the "Rock", and set up camp next to its towering height.

That evening, we drove out to "Sunset Strip" to watch the sunset change the colour of the "Rock" and to take photographs.

DAY VI

Next morning, we woke up late, 7 a.m. (that's late). Our rooster must have slept in. After breakfast, a tourist guide took us around the "Rock", pointing out Aboriginal paintings and telling us the legends behind them. At 11 a.m., we climbed Ayer's Rock. Many people were glad to get down. Everyone received a Climber's Certificate. Then, out to the Olgas for a walkabout, and back to "Sunset strip" again.

DAY VIII

Next morning, woken by "you-know-who" we set out for Alice Springs with a bet with the other "Gippsland Tours" buses on who would reach the city first. At lunch they passed us and we trailed them all the way into



Heavy Tree Gap Caravan Park. We went into Alice Springs for tea of fish and chips.

DAY VIII

We went sight-seeing to Stanley Chasm, Flynn's Cave, Namatjara's Ghost Gums, and Simpson's Gap. We hoped to go swimming at the "Gap", but the water was stagnant.

On our way back to Alice, we stopped for camel rides (do they smell !!!). After tea, we went to the drive-in to sleep through "Kelly's Heroes".

DAY IX

In the morning we went shopping at Alice Springs. We found that we had to leave on an earlier flight. Feeling sad, we went to look over the original Alice Springs Telegraph Settlement. Back to camp to pack, and slowly on to the airport.

To finish the trip on a good(?) note, it was pouring rain in Melbourne, when we arrived in JEANS and T-SHIRTS.

The trip was a great success (all on the trip agreed that they would do it again, at any cost), and, we on the trip, are all grateful to Mr. Cording, for letting us have a mixed trip. And we'd all like to thank Mr. Lawn and Mr. and Mrs. Beecroft for putting up with us.

THANK YOU,

Dainis Rasa.

MAY 4-MAY 12, 1971

LO-LODGE

During the last week of the first term, 26 of Norwood's Young Ladies from forms 1-4, accompanied by two very game female teachers, drove out of the school car park laughing and singing as they set off for Lo-Lodge, a riding school in Wandin. About two days later at least half of those girls were finding it particularly difficult to sit down. It was not that the Major was a sadist but he was rather partial to lunging. DEFINITION: jump onto unsaddled horse, find (if possible) a comfortable position, stick arms and legs out to the side and as the horse begins to trot jerkily around in a circle, relax and move freely doing SIMPLE exercises. During this lesson many people left gum-boots stranded in the paddock.

Miss Coram coped admirably but Mrs Mitchell, being an old hand at lunging, displayed remarkable talent by vaulting on and off the horse's back as he cantered. (Others who tried to compete joined the gum-boots in the mud).

Of course no excursion of this kind is complete without those comediennes who are very apt at short sheeting beds and lining them with stones and twigs.

By the end of the week it was quite evident that all were much more competent — horsewise that is — than previously. Even a certain blonde-haired 4 E'er who flew off her horse, through a fence and landed — albeit with a great deal of grace — with a seat that even the Major would have complimented.

HOUSE DRAMA COMPETITION

This year, much to everyone else's apparent surprise, Maroondah won the Inter-House Drama Competition. Throughout the rehearsals there was much speculation as to which House would be the final victor, and most parties concerned had their spies out in force to check on the progress of the other Houses.

Finally (after about 3 weeks of panic) the Festival arrived and amid much rejoicing (and in some cases sorrow), Maroondah took off the honours for the House play. Yarra breezed in to second place, in a drunken stupor, and after much sneaking about Mullum stole into third place and Kalinda shot into fourth. To crown Maroondah's "only natural" victory, Jackie Gibson won the award for best-actress and "the one and only" Derek Buckley shared the best-actor award with Yarra's Stefan Galamaga.



HOUSE CHORAL FESTIVAL

This year, despite the last minute confusion, the House Choral Competition was staged successfully.

The competition was won for the first time by Kalinda, conducted by Robyn Lowe, who also won the Best Conductor Award.

Congratulations must be given to the other Houses Captains and Teachers, for their invaluable support, Mrs. French and special thanks to Mr. Lee, without whom the competition could not have been staged. Lastly thanks must go to all the members of the Choirs who took part so enthusiastically.



A COMMENT ON THE SRC

Recently a story was told to me about a sixth form student from a leading Melbourne girls' school who walked up to one of the many brilliant-minded young anarchists that this school has turned out over the last few years and asked him whether or not the "Revolution" would take place before the 1971 H.S.C. exams. My friend the anarchist comforted the distraught scholar and pondered the enormity of this question. His ultimate reply to her was "No", but he was still steady enough on his feet to reassure her with the thought that it could not be far away.

This attitude may seem almost typical for the young people who are today, in the words of a Liberal Party committee man from Essendon, "bludging off the society under the pretence of gaining an education." Well, hear this, members of the Establishment! Even among the corrupt youth of today you have yet a rock-solid bastion of unenlightenment. It exists at Norwood High School and is being carefully nurtured under the misnomer of "Student Representative Council."

It is headed by a President and Secretary (both with deputies) who are elected, and by the two head prefects who are not. Meetings of the SRC are held monthly at which members are free to propose motions concerning the mechanics of school life which are, on a vote, either adopted by the council for referral to the administration or dropped into ignominy. (Mr. Sherman it should be noted, is the only member of

the school staff on the "student" council).

On the Wednesday lunchtime consequent to each SRC meeting there is a meeting between the various members of the SRC executive and the school administrative hierarchy, at which the proposals are tossed about, and if important or above the heads of anybody, tossed out.

The Student Representative Council is a powerless and inefficient body organised and maintained by the upper echelons of the school administration in a poor attempt to cover up a huge lie with which to face such persons as accuse them of regressiveness. They are providing an enlargement of the credibility gap between themselves and the persons whose trust they should uphold. In the interests of both the alternative and the established societies this should be brought to cessation either by disbanding the SRC or by thoroughly shaking it out and by giving it the attention which it so desperately needs.

When asked to write this article I said that I could not do it without treading on somebody's toes. Good luck to those who are game enough to print it.

ROSS MAGGS.

Contrary to popular belief SRC does not stand for Sexual Revolution Committee.

SRC

"I've got a complaint Gordon".

"Well, haven't we all". I reply. "What is it?"

So starts the machinery of the SRC. Mostly, however, the complaints, recommendations, requests or otherwise, are aired at the monthly meetings, and in due course are brought up at a senior staff conference, where, some would suggest, the machinery comes to a grinding halt and staff veto overrides even the most conservative of motions.

To quote a quote of a quote "What we have here is a failure to communicate". The SRC is no great omnipotent force in the machinery of the school, and nor should it be. Some people in the school consider a motion brought up and passed at the monthly meeting is as good as instituted in the school.

However, believe it or not, there are often very good reasons why motions seemingly "come to a grinding halt". Schools, with the government being the way it is, are run on a very limited budget, and tennis courts do not spring up overnight. And still stands above our heads the towering bureaucracy of the outside world. After all we are part of a society and early arrival and a corresponding departure from school may seem a great idea (I think so too) but when you try and tell that to the Melbourne and Metropolitan Tramways Board . . .

The staff do not consider the SRC a bunch of snotty-nosed little brats laying it heavy on the school. Each motion is seriously considered and many instituted

without fuss. (Maybe that is why we do not notice them).

After chasing around trying to get some of the non-attenders of the meetings to come, which they finally did, I was told that one of these unfamiliar characters said after the meeting.

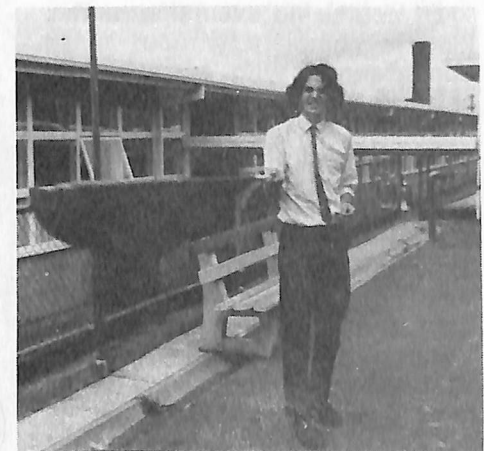
"That wasn't bad. I think I'll come again".

Meeting procedure and formality does not stifle us to the point of boredom, but merely guides us from the path of chaos, or at least tries to.

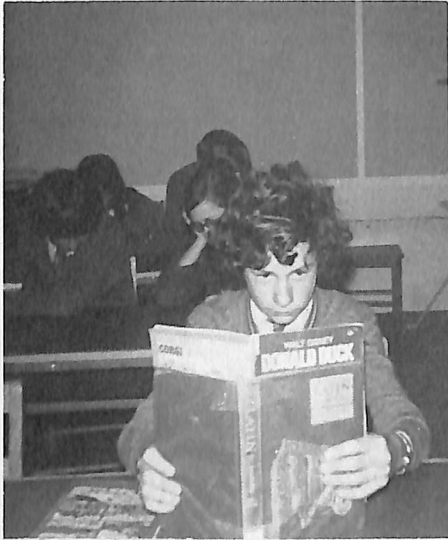
No, the SRC does not run the school, with me as President we would be in one hell of a mess if it did.

However, before I am told I have written too much I must thank Mr. Sherman who is not really the "staff spy in the SRC" but an interested member of staff who on many occasions throughout the year has assisted me in my duties. Thanks are also due to Ann, SRC secretary; Mark, the vicey; Teresa who was Ann's vicey and to our treasurer, Norm Hume.

GORDON HARVEY



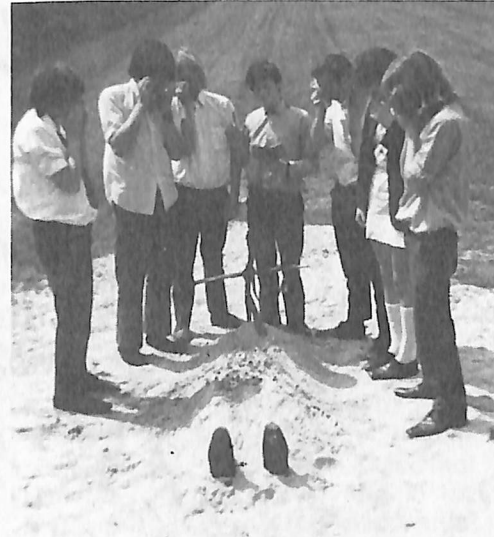
The revolution in education in the Junior School
has brought about better education for . . .



Better Minds



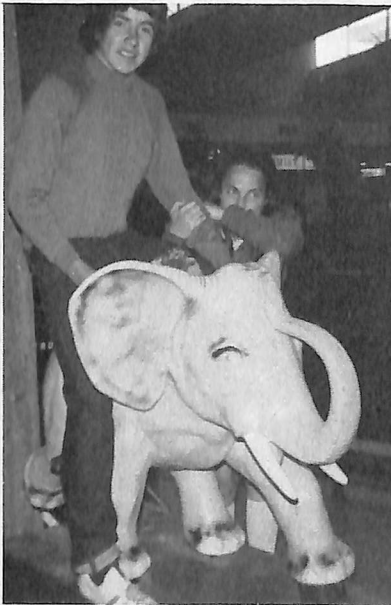
Fitness



Better Living



Vocations



Responsibility



Leisure



Self-Discipline



Social Graces

**HOW TO SUCCESSFULLY
(AND LEGITIMATELY) MISS
THE GREATEST NUMBER OF
CLASSES?**

STANDARD MEASURES:

I fell over on the oval . . .
I was pushed over on the oval . . .
I slipped in this puddle . . .
The builders left this mud around . . . and therefore, I have mud on my trousers, and please sir, can I go home and change them.
I played sport too enthusiastically . . .
I helped shift some desks . . .
I carried these heavy books for this teacher . . .
I'm a growing lad . . .
and I split my trousers, and please sir, can I go home and change them.

A nasty boy/girl put this chewing gum in my hair, so please sir, can I go home and change it.

I have an appointment with the dentist . . .

Somebody hit me and I've got a blood nose/a cut lip/a bung eye, so please . . .

My mother's going to pick me up at 1.00, sir, to buy me a new pair of school shoes, so that I won't have to wear these Gymn boots any more . . .

I forgot me homework and I'll get into trouble, so please sir

The bus broke down, sir . . .

Me dad had a flat tyre, sir . . .

Someone pinched me bike . . .

Me horse got out and it took me all day to find it . . .

EXTREME MEASURES:

I fell over the car-park railing, sir, and hit me head on a car, but it wasn't yours, sir, . . .

I've broke me collar-bone, sir, . . .

I've dislocated me elbow . . .

I'm due in Court at 10.30 . . .

They want me in an identification line-up, sir, . . .

NOT GUARANTEED:

I've got a dreadful hangover, sir.

I stopped on the way, sir, to write a poem . . .

I was helping an old lady across the road . . .

I lost me way, sir . . .

WELL RECEIVED — IF YOU ARE OVER FIFTEEN

I've got an appointment, sir, with this man who might give me a job, and get me out of your hair, sir . . .

Jones and Callaway,
Form III.



THE PEANUT THAT HUMANITY FORGOT

"Mother, Mother"
Yelled out Jimmy,
"I'm starved,
I'm getting all skinny".
"Shut your face,
You greedy child
Or magna mater
Will get wild"
"But my belly
Screams for fodder
Without food I am
In bodder".

And so ends this
Tale of woe
The world lives on.

Geoffrey Fox 3E.

THE CREATOR

The fire seemed almost secondary to the panic it had caused. Above the biting smoke and heat there rode sharp and tight a primitive fear of the brutal uncontrollable devil. It brought out the worst in the family. Mrs. and Mr. Gates were absently arguing to each other more to comfort themselves than to prove whose fault it had been. And, to be heard above the furious flames, they had to shout, so giving the appearance of an all-out yelling match. Tony's sister Cheryl was screaming hysterically at nobody in particular but causing quite a lot of commotion amongst two neighbours who were trying rather uselessly to help. Only Tony was quiet. He held in his hand a little mouse that he kept secretly in his bedroom, he thought it must be dead because the little thing lay quite still in his palm.

"I'll get into trouble for having you, mate," he whispered, imagining the fury of his parents when he confessed that the only thing he'd picked up on their frantic rush out was a mouse. He looked across the front garden at each separate group. How ugly and crude they looked always arguing and shouting. Didn't they realise that "It" had come and was there? They couldn't do anything about it. Tony felt pleased at this. It was the only time he had ever seen his parents beaten and completely at loss what to do.

He turned towards the house and looked at the fire. A primitive lust rose within him as he felt the heat and saw the strange

unearthly glow that it cast in the sky. He saw the brilliant orange flames embrace the house. What power this thing had; a wonderful brute strength that fascinated him. And yet all it had taken him to start it was a clear liquid and a little stick, "Why I am the creator," he thought.

"And it's mine!" he said aloud. Tony began to stumble forward. The scene became blurred as the smoke and heat got to his eyes. He felt the intense heat of the fire and wondered; it was right that he should be with the thing he had made; so he went like a father to his child.

Clare Corbet, 3C.



THE AXEMAN

Everyone is watching.
Into view comes the axe held
by a burly man in black
You approach him and close
your eyes . . .

The axe comes down . . .
You scream . . .
And the head of the chicken rolls
away.

Nina Jurkow.



Quietly filtering through the half-opened window, at the sides of which hung a thick and richly-patterned Persian rug, the soft, pearly light of Holland fell across and over the carefully arranged still-life, giving it form and colour. All was ready, except for one thing: the model who was to sit for the artist whose masterpieces would one day hang in the world's great galleries. However, the painting on which Jan Vermeer of Delft was now working would never be hung in any gallery or collection, for this painting, probably the artist's greatest, was to be destroyed by fire two years after its completion, on the day before this genius' death.

On entering his studio, Vermeer sat down and contemplated his half completed canvas, the largest he had ever attempted. In one way it was the simplest—the simplest in respect to the number of objects it contained: a lamp, an old piece of red brocade, the typically 'Vermeerish' map, and of course, the navigator with his hand resting on an antique, dark-wood box. While waiting for his model to arrive, he squeezed out his rich, thick oil colours on his ivory-smooth palette, and selected his brushes, mainly red sables. These were the brushes with which he so gently caressed his canvas, creating images of expensive jewels, materials and people, purely from areas of light and colour, all pitched in exactly the right tone, with not one jarring hue among them. After pouring out his painting medium, consis-

ting of ingredients only a master craftsman such as he would ever know of, he was ready to begin another day's work. He sat down again and waited.

Two quiet knocks broke the harmony attained in his studio, and shook the Master of Delft out of his daydream. Vermeer rose and asked his model to dress in the expensive costume and resume his position as soon as possible. After all, it was half way through the morning, and it was amazing how the light changed by mid-afternoon. On re-entering the studio, the model, now turned 'mariner', walked to the stand on which Vermeer had arranged everything, and sat, his hand on the box and his eyes fixed on the creased and torn map. For 30 long days the model had resumed this position, and he was to do so for at least 8 more weeks. Vermeer was probably the slowest, most careful and meticulous artist ever to live. Holding his palette with his left hand, he stood, observed for 10 minutes, then began mixing. He walked to his easel, painted the area he wished to refine, and stepped back to his viewing point. After repeating this process many times, he placed his palette and brushes on a nearby table, and told the model he had done all he wished. He had spent 2 hours on the painting today, not long comparatively, but he had not wished to do much. He had observed exactly the fall and intensity of the light, and that was all he had wished to do. That was all he ever did, for that matter, for what made Vermeer

great was the fact that he rejoiced in light, he loved nature.

Perhaps fire did not destroy this painting. Perhaps Vermeer did this himself, thinking that this creation was too beautiful for those ruffians who so loved brutality, living in the world out there.

Dallas Hawes, 3E.

GUILT

I am there staring,
Not believing.
His jeans and hair matched,
Shirt and shoes contradicted.
His eyes stared,
My eyes stared.
His look was cold,
Mine was of surprise.
I scratched my eye
Which had become painfully itchy.

I remembered the car accident;
I could see the gash
Above his eyes.
Long, angry — rebellious
Revenge?
Was that it?

The stare deepened —
How long can I stand it?
I tried to look back
The way he looked at me.
But it didn't work.
My stare was cool;
His was black.

I could see the hatred
Spinning between us.
The bitterness of it all,
The murder,
The crime,
The silence — the stare
Was gone,
And in its place,
Nothing — no-one.

Debbie Lawrance, 3D.

TIME

Time is the essence of life,
which will carry on till eternity.

Time is what it takes to move
the blade of a knife,
or to build a city.

Is Time the fourth dimension?
or is it just a fable?

It may be just illusion,
or as real as the clock on the table.

If Time ran out,
would it be dark as night?
I doubt,

But it might.
I think it would be weird
to live without Time,
nothing to do, nothing to mind.
Space would mean nothing,
and you could walk from here
to there
without even stopping
to do your hair.

Schools would be condemned,
if Time came to an end.
And you could climb a hill,
but the world would stand still
Time will run out—

but I have no doubt
that the world will go on.
But only Time will tell.

Warwick Blair, 3E.

THE STONE

(Or UNFINISHED ELEGY)

I saw a stone yesterday;
It was coming my way.

Geoffrey Fox, 3E.

THE BOY

(Or UNFINISHED EPIC)

Rolling, as is my wont, along the
way,

I, pensive, saw a boy, yesterday.

A. Stone.

AT THE BARRIER

The horses were silent, but
scared;

My eyes wandered down the
rows.

There was much tension in the
barriers.

The horses trembled, grew
jumpy,

Curbed by our hands on their
reins.

We knew the time was nearing
Because the crowd became silent.

There was movement in the air,
Although the barriers were still.

The jockeys wore a mass of
colours

In their shimmering array of
silks.

The breeze became stagnant
again,

And once more the tension
increased.

In the stalls, secret glances
masked thoughts:

"I have ridden against many of
these jockeys before . . .

What tricks might they try
once on the track?

Will he try what he did against
me last time?

No, he wouldn't do that; I'd
be awake if he did.

He'll probably have a go at
something new".

Each of us figuring out what he
was going to do,

Then the warning bell sounded,
voicing the tension—

Time raced, stopped, was sus-
pended. The bell went,

And the barriers opened.

Rodney Orr, 3E.

EGOR

"Egor, hear me and obey! I
command you to make \$20 bills
while I am at school — forever—
until I tell you to stop".

Egor started straight away, but
first he wanted some paper. I
gave him two hundred and forty-
three thousand, one billion and
seventy-two pieces of paper. He
went into the laboratory and
started making money.

"He is making \$1 bills", I
thought to myself. "Could Egor
be against me?" Yes, he was
against me. He saw me checking
up, and started to chase me. I
picked up a convenient nearby
stone, and threw it at Egor. It
hit him right in the fuse-box.
Smoke started to pour out of
Egor's head. He blew up, and
that was the end of my friend
Egor.

David Howarth, 1C.

CONTRAST

The mountains tower
Over golden trees in fall;
With deep water reflecting
All foliage on the bank.
The plains stretch beyond
Mountains that block us in;
But the blue, clouded sky
Releases us.

The drab and the desolate
Empty city; a flooded-out
Street, that looks as though
All life is drowned.
Adventure could emerge;
But from a place like this—
I doubt; Just a drab, desolate
Pile of bricks, mortar, tar, and
stones.

Stephen Wilkins, 3E.

THE ALLEYWAY

His cold, hating eyes stared
coolly into mine,
Smug because of his greater age.
I lounged against the brick wall
of the Pub and continued
smoking the longed for fag.
A big drag, a puff of smoke.
He hated me, all right.
The silent challenge spoke for
itself
I was waiting: tense, alert.
Beer on his breath.
He shuffled his feet a little;
My hair was bristling: a trickle of
sweat dripped from my forehead;
Another drag, smoke in my
throat.
His hard gaze still aimed in my
direction
accused me of killing his girl —
Hate like a monster clamoured
around
me, surrounding me; encircling.
His nose was flushed red, his
eyes
watery grey. He held his head
between
his shaking hands; so overcome
by
the hate and revenge which
whelmed and churned
obviously inside him; yet he
was drunk.
He chewed like a cow; desper-
ately, unceasing
on his foul, reeking gum.
The darkness was setting in and
I felt
a chill run through me; goose
pimples rose
on my bare arms, neck and feet.
I still lounged
carelessly against the wall;
watching.
I needed more fags . . .



No traffic, no kids in that
wretched
alleyway.
We still stood there: both tense
Sinews were standing out on
his forehead—
like rope.
His smugness of age had worn
off
He realised his wretchedness and
we stood staring at each other
. . . Two wretches:—
no smugness.
One last hating, revengeful look
and he
stumbled and shuffled drunkenly
away—
into the darkness — down the
deserted
Alleyway . . .

Michele James, 3D.

THE MOON

There was a young boy from
Dunoon
Who wanted to visit the Moon.
He wanted to follow the men in
Apollo
But someone had burst his
balloon.

Ian Temple, 1C.

THE DINGO

I rose to hear the hens screeching
madly. I stumbled out of bed,
under sedation, gathering my
senses. I lumbered outside to
investigate the problem. Scanning
the yard, my eyes fell upon two
dead fowls.

Running into the barn I snatched
the shotgun from its rack, loaded
it and went back. It was dark
and vision was poor. Suddenly,
a few yards in front of me I saw
a dingo — it bared its teeth, and
then advanced two steps in my
direction. I stood frozen, stiff
with fear, its eyes scowling at
me.

At that moment it leapt; I fell
over at the power of its blow. I
was helpless for its strength was
too great. Flailing my arms was
hopeless. The beast sank its
teeth into my shoulder. I lunged
back in great pain and fired the
gun. The dingo ceased its anger.
I lay and watched it take its last
breath — it was then still — it
seemed everything was still and
silent as the sun shone through
the mountains to signal a new
day.

Murray Jones, 1C.

Sherman stood there staring.
The dog sat there frothing.
The bewildered boy's jaw
dropped,
He found himself quivering.
His spectacles lay on the ground,
Where they'd vibrated off his
nose.
He turned to run. Cuthbert
snarled, he stopped.
Intent eyes bored into Sherman's
interior.
Again he quivered. The dog once
more snarled.
The dog continued to stare.
Sherman's breath faltered,
His heart missed a beat and
another, and another.
He collapsed to the ground.
The dog leapt the fence . . .
Coroners verdict: Severe shock
to the heart, instantaneous death.
C. Ryan.





A LIMERICK

Quondam Mrs. Beecroft docebat,
Dicebat, dicebat, dicebat.

Eius vox finivit,

Et grex abivit,

Ridebat, ridebat, ridebat!

Rough translation—

One day Mrs. Beecroft was
teaching,

And speeching and speeching
and speeching.

When her voice was all spent,

And the mob they all went,

She was screeching and screech-
ing and screeching!

Jenni Aldor, 3D.



He breathes in deeply,
His mind is blank,
He hears footsteps,
they echo repeatedly
down the alley.

There is no way out now,
for they have arrived.

They stand perfectly still,
like statues.

He is like ice,
He cannot move.

His legs are like clay,
He stares at them coldly.
He knows this is the end,
But will not admit defeat.

Still he stands there.

Daniel Kellett, 3E.

Ready, aim,
the world has stopped
nothing moves
silence is supreme
I catch the General's eye,
he is proud yet he is reluctant
angry yet merciful,
but he knows his duty.
He hates me; he is my enemy.
No-one told me this
but still I am white
I have no right to be told.
He opens his mouth,
but the endless second slows his
action,
eternity has passed but still
no time has gone.
The end has come.
Fire,
Again, endless time has passed
the guards cannot shoot,
but I will never be granted para-
dise.
Death is near,
but will not come,
everything is still
trapped in eternal time.

Linsay Nicholson.

PEOPLE ASK FOR CRITICISM,
BUT THEY ONLY WANT
PRAISE.

(OF HUMAN BONDAGE. W.
SOMERSET MAUGHAM).

you've had the praise so here's
the criticism....

....when a course is designed
to be enjoyable and acceptable
to the kids, it is always watered
down and the result is that not
much is learnt. The present sci-
ence, history and geography
courses are vague, and not very
basic. we should be following a
course which is both interesting
and modern, and yet will form a
good basis for more intensive
studies in later years. all we get
are smatterings of things which
would probably be picked up
later. what we should, but do not
learn in the lower forms will just
have to be crammed later on
when the course is completed...

... on the whole norwood is a
great school and i've enjoyed
being here for two-and-a-half
years. the teachers are well
spread out over the classes and
the periods are well-arranged. but
it also has it's bad points. for
instance, although it is supposed
to be a co-educational school, we
find that we have an all-girl form
1E. if one were to look at it from
the outside one might think it
was a good idea having all those
good little girls helping the
teacher, but don't you think they
would get sick of each others
company without any boys to
break the monotony. and what
form likes to be told by every
teacher that they are the best
form that teacher has ever
taught? ...

... i think as far as schools go
in australia, norwood is a pretty
lucky school. my criticism is
purely about an internal thing.
namely the electives. as third-
formers we have to choose
whether or not we want to do
advanced maths. now, if we
don't, we can't do maths and
science in forms 5 and 6, how
are we supposed to know if we
want to do sciences 5 and 6 if
we've never done proper science
before. admittedly there is not
the apparatus to teach forms 1,
2 and 3 proper science, but sure-
ly we could get much more than
the merest smattering we do get.
also, if it could be possible to
grade the work more, going up
from 1, 2 and 3 is a big jump in
all respects. work in 1 and 2 is
so easy when things get harder
in form 3 so quickly. no wonder
so many people "drop-out" at
form 3 level.



The main idea of our revolution "thing" was to reveal the juniors in their true light, as individuals not a mass. So we asked a few people "Do you think the juniors of this school are treated as a mass rather than individuals?" Or course not everyone agreed with the non individuals mass theory, in fact many people thought that this statement was far too sweeping . . .

"Waddaya mean???" Form 2's are being ill-treated . . . I'm very intelligent and I respect your point of view, ah yeah, I support your movement, now what have I just said? Don't put that down! Definitely most undoubtedly. Undoubtedly most. Undoubtedly what???" (Lee and Kai, with a little help from their friends!).

"By whom? Well I dunno. You quote me as I speak please, I say 'don't know'. If this is the case, it is largely their own fault. It is up to them to take the initiative in, . . . Oh! . . . um. . . I forgot what I was going to say . . . to make themselves individuals." (Mr. Weller, who else!) "Have you looked that up in the dictionary? (no) well, NO NO NO NO NO NO!" (Our (illustrious) leader; King Phill).

"YEUGH!! They're like a lot of little ants (plus effective gestures) and I don't like tha way they squish between my toes when I stand on them!!!" (That left wing stirrer, —S.R.C. Gordon Harvey).

"Well what else are they?? They're here and they have to be. What have they ever done for this school, anyway?" (Some lovable Character).



"Probably unintentionally they are treated as a mass simply because: 1. classes are bigger and we don't get to know them as quickly as we like, as individuals (except the pests); 2. there are tendencies to regard them as "juniors," and this may lead to treating them as a mass." (Mr. Tattam)

"I woudn't have a clue!!" (Mrs. Smith).

"Mmm!!!" (Mr. Pitt, thoughtfully).

"Oh! I don't know. I'll have to think about it . . . What would Cicero say about that?" (Mrs Beecroft would you believe?)

"From my height it is difficult to see them as anything else but a mass!!!" (Mr. Lennie).

"Yes I do certainly do - - - them!" (Another lovable character, Mrs. Watson).

"I only ever 'treat' the individual. It costs too much to 'treat' the mass!" (Mrs. Whittenbury).

"Yes, because they are! The only ones that 'stick out' are the nuisances!" (Dr. Aldor).

Mr. McCarthy is still thinking about it, and Mr. Mills was too busy treating certain people as individuals to be interviewed!!!

thanks Mvaba graia gee tea TERIMA KASIH Gracias Agim
 merci beaucoup 27 23) DUNKU aciú "kösenem :

☺ thanks danke schön



To the dear Mummies and Daddies of the Norwood Juniors, In remembering a 1971 full of the tenderest parental care, thanks must go to you all.

To Mrs. Stevenson for her efforts in finding lost articles, reprimanding bullying third formers and generally looking after her first form girls.

To Mr. Conboy in trying to keep his first form boys innocent.

To Mrs. Mitchell for trying to make young ladies out of the disreputable second form girls.

To Mr. Pitt and Mr. Roy for their undaunted guidance of the second form boys.

To Mrs. Beecroft for repeatedly removing that unwanted substance mascara, for nipping those illicit romances in their corrupt buds, and keeping an eagle eye on the third form hair and hem lengths.

To Mr. Gange for keeping the third form boys neat, respectable, clean mouthed and responsible future citizens (???)

Yours sincerely,
The Juniors.

P.S.—Since this page seems to ooze thanks, sincerely given and otherwise, by popular demand, the third formers want to thank all our marvellous teachers for giving us such a wonderful year (?)

P.P.S.—The Junior Editors, self-appointed, hand-picked or whatever, go on bended knees in gratitude to that vivacious, blue-haired, blonde-eyed creature (for services rendered) ! ! ! ! !



Recognised by Mr. Edgley as being one of the greatest school teams he had seen, the athletic team lived up to expectations by gaining 61 placings out of the 76 events in the inter-school meet.

Girls scoring individual victories were J. Morgan (4), J. Orr (3), H. Russo (2), H. Fairley and W. Graf, while the weaker sex had wins from R. Haines (3), G. De Morton, S. Priestly and W. Markley. In the 8 relays we easily demolished the opposition 5 times due to our gazelle-like sprinters and can and banana-skin throwing supporters.

At the end of the day the athletic captains, Jenny Orr and Russ Haines, wheeled the barrow out and collected the intermediate, senior and aggregate trophies (just missing out in the junior ranks with 67 points to Maroondah's 74). The crowd was staggered on hearing that Norwood's total score was $300\frac{1}{2}$ to Mitcham's 239 and were thoroughly convinced that 'we were the greatest!'

In the All-High sports Jenny Morgan took the honours with a first in the under sixteen hundred metres, second in the two hundred metres, while Jenny Orr starred again in the open four hundred metres. The girls under-fourteen relay kept up the pace with a fine second. In the boys' events, Russell Haines ran a modest second in the open shot-putt and a third in the discus followed by Wayne Markeley with a fourth in the under-sixteen long jump.

The only representative for Norwood in the All-School's competition was Russ Haines in the open discus, javelin and shot put.

OUR PREFECTS, '71

Phil "Johnno" Johnstone:

Our head prefect sets a tremendous example to the rest of the school. Best professional footballer, speechmaker, pool-shooter, competition-organiser, play-producer [REDACTED] (pause for effect . . .), economist and politician, actor (is always acting the Phil), perfect and above all the most modest of all the prefects. Phil, one of Norwood's veteran students has said, 'This is definitely my last year at school!' Perhaps this year he may even be right.

Greg "Twinkletoes" Pollock:

Alias "Polly Farmer", Weemala's Footballer of the Year. In contrast to Johnno, a perfect teetotaler and non-smoker. Slightly mad but a good kid.

Barry "The Likeable" Dunham:

Ladies' man. Oh Yeah! Norwood's answer to Carl Ditterich. "But, Mr. Bird . . ."

Greg "Ted" Shalles:

Competition maniac and veteran loser of 500 Sunball competitions. Motto: "If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try, try, try, again ad nauseum in the next competition. "Well anyway . . ."



Charles "Aqua-butyl" Shinkfield:

A Dudley Moore fan. Tinkles the ivories with (would you believe?) both hands! Now he has his licence he drives without 'P' plates instead of without 'L' plates. Who said he was serious all the time, especially in writing these comments? "OK! Sure, Yearwood!"

Norm "Lofty" Hume:

This ruthless, menacing tyrant of the corridors. Favorite saying: "Feet back an' spread 'em, ol' toucha'!"

Peter "Hendrix" Ringrose:

Alias Weasel.
Rock-a-bye Weasel,
Rock-a-bye do,
Play your guitar
The whole night thru'.

And as a baseballer, second only to famous ex-student Billowen.

Jay "Samson" Sansom:

And if you think that's hard to say try Humphrey Dumbledinkel. What more can be said?



Mark "Montgomery" Weller:

Sergeant-at-Arms and well-known anarchist and left-wing stirrer. "On behalf of all the prefects, I would like to say that it has been a very great honour to be elected one of this most worthy group of leaders of the school . . . Oh! and while I'm here, I would like to remind all students to see the revised driving timetable". Motto: "Tails Never Fails!"

Robert "Hole-in-One" Price:

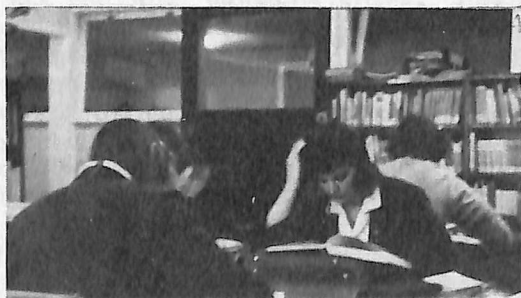
Weemala's Golfer of the Year has denied that he is about to turn professional. He did that last year. During the Rosebud International Open Championship (Robert Price v. the Rest of the World) he accidentally hit the ball in the hole in one shot.





Mrs. Fuhrer meets Mrs. Malaprop in our sixth form, schizophrenic, **Helen Smith**.

Jo Gibson — Nobody says "et" or "shee"!! Its "ate" and "ski"!!! Why does Mr. Bird threaten to thow baby-food at her?? All 6A was witness to his attempt.



Robyn Sloan — a gentle mother hen, clucky at times. We are told she presents a different picture at parties than her demure appearance at school. But doesn't everyone?

Jenny Orr — our own favourite jetsetter, who else could run around America? She keeps fit by chasing Robyn.

Baiba Fogels — what does that gap between her teeth mean? — ask Chaucer. Do all her mysterious injuries come from the basketball court.



Suzanne Henderson. — Our camera-shy nurse-to-be.



RoseMarie De Jong — her favourite group is Frijid Pink, so we hear, and her favourite animals, without a doubt, are boys!!

Annia Morgan — that off-on-off-on romance is on again!!! She has the doubtful honour of having the smallest hands in Form 6.

Leonie Daniels — she would prefer to drag a busload of mad Norwood students on a matricnic to the zoo than to the beach. She insists it would be more fun. Well, we have heard of her getting around with some weird creatures.



Linda Millard. — Only beaten in the boy-chase by Rosemary. Funny how that hair grows over the weekend!!! She must have taken a few hints from Gordon Harvey.

Ann Adams — who else would count all the holes and squares in the science block ceiling? Who else could lose her glasses so easily? Who else could lose her shoes in her own bedroom, or her pens in her own bag?



**"LOOKOUT GABRIEL, LOUIS IS
IS UP THERE WITH YOU
NOW!"**

Dick Tattam.

On July 6, 2 days after his 71st birthday, Louis Armstrong died after a great fight to overcome a very worn-out heart. Although we probably half expected it to happen it was still news that was hard to take. Louis dead — could not be. This seemed to be almost a natural reaction, such as the taking-for-granted that this great power in the world of jazz would be around for ever as the very personification of what we all love about this music.

John Wilson writing in the New York Times had this to say about Louis: "Through the sheer power of his musical imagination and personality, he reshaped the relatively limited urban folk music in which he grew up, opening up the possibilities that have made it part of a global culture." This one statement seems to sum up the overwhelming effect of Louis Armstrong's contribution to the world of jazz. But is this the only thing that can be said? From the trumpet player's viewpoint there are probably many more specific comments that can be made.

The earliest Louis with Oliver doesn't reveal much of the virtuosity that was to later startle the jazz world. The wonderful tracks put down by the Hot Five and the Hot Seven provide the showcase for his extraordinary talents. Such is the stature of his presence on these sides that the competence of Johnny Dodds,

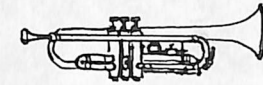
Kid Ory and Johnny St. Cyr tends to be almost overshadowed. His solos on such sides as "Potato Head Blues," "Cornet Chop-Suey," "West End Blues," and "Tight Like That" are so brilliant that all else is background. But to mention only his solo work would be to ignore the obvious. It was his marvellous and compelling lead that laid down the framework for all to follow in producing the perfect jazz ensemble.



Louis' big band work with Fletcher Henderson, Luis Russell, Les Hite and with his own orchestra enabled the spotlight to be focused on this type of music, bringing it out of the dance band doldrums and into a wonderful era of swinging, big-band jazz. And once again it is the consistent brilliance of Louis' solos that compels one to listen with utter amazement.

It was in the "thirties" too, that evidence of his predominant influence on other trumpet players began to be revealed. Henry Allen was possibly the most obvious example at that stage but over the next 30 years a bit of Louis can be found in just about anyone professing to play jazz trumpet.

Louis Armstrong's vocals were, to a large degree, an extension of his trumpet-playing and, although regarded as a bit



the Entertainer, Louis the Black Clown, and recently Louis of "Hello Dolly" fame. He was criticised for this image and many were the people who implied in their criticism that he had given up; that what was coming out now was not worth listening to. To me this just wasn't the case. The influence of his character and presence was still there. No trumpet player worth his reputation would have not played "Hello Dolly" or "Mack the Knife." All of us would still prick our ears and listen intently even to the singles with just him singing. The same spirit and expressiveness continued to come out.

As a devotee of Armstrong I could write on, forever extolling his virtues, but this would serve no real end. Everyone mourns the loss of this great man. It is what we feel for his music that is important and it is through this that Louis will never truly die. No matter how styles may change, his influence will continue to underlie the very essence of jazz.

of a joke by the ignorant pop-masses — (I can remember as a boy being informed that he sounded "out of tune," and "like a sick cow" or statements to the effect that they "wished he would stick to the trumpet and not sing") — they were essentially unique jazz. Gravelly, yes; but once again compelling.

Over the past 20 years, more and more have we heard Louis



THE VIRTUES OF LONG TOE NAILS

People for centuries have argued about the length of fingernails, but they remain unanimous on one point — the advantages of long toe nails far outweigh the disadvantages.

Long toe nails are cheaper, healthier, less bother, more acceptable socially, and labour saving. I shall endeavour to expand on the advantages in the following paragraph.

Long toe nails are found to be of great aid in climbing trees quickly. Because of their length they help to overcome the slipperiness of the bark when wedged into it. In fact, the winners for the last decade of the Annual Tree Climbing Contest in Sa Da Oshkosh all claim that without their long toe nails they would have been "left for dead." The islanders of West Mandhata where the principal export is sunflower seeds, use their long toe nails to pick the seeds out of the sunflowers. From the age of 5 they are taught to manipulate their toe nails at great speeds, some almost reaching the record of 1,954 sunflower seeds per minute. What person walking alone through a dark night has not been thankful that he has his long toe nails to protect him from would-be attackers! If one tends and trains one's toe nails, eventually, one can cut cotton with them, and make castles at the beach in less than no time. In Haemoglobin, the Haemoglobians grow long toe nails, then purposely break them to provide themselves with startlingly effective fish hooks.



Many people make snide remarks that long toe nails hurt when their shoes are too small. One answer to this is: "Get a bigger pair of shoes." After all, under-size shoes can lead to a decline in one's general health. If a bigger pair of shoes cannot be afforded, why not make open-toed school-shoes the new fashion? This is far healthier — more fresh air reaches your long toe nails, and there is less risk of tinea. You might say: "But in open-toed school shoes my long toe nails will break when I stub my toes." The answer to this is simple — buy some "LATNP's" (Lengthy Aluminium Toe Nail Protectors). Nowadays they are cheap and easy to buy. If you live in flat open country, such as the Mallee, you do not need them anyway. You might argue that it is too expensive to put on nail polish. Instead why not buy "Shellac" in bulk and save money instead of buying expensive nail polish?

From the above points, no-one can be convinced but that long toe nails are a virtue and not a vice. Scientists have estimated that by the year 3000 AD, long toe nails will have swept the world, and even little old ladies will have given up their knitting in favour of preening their long toe nails. Sales in knitted jumpers, jellies to strengthen toe nails and sunflower seeds will boom. More and more people will be needed to work in jelly factories to keep up with the growing demand for jelly. In fact possibly it will be a society based on jelly. The world will owe all its wealth and happiness to long toe nails.

Anonymous, VIa.



It was a lovely day in propionamide. The isobutanol was shining brightly in the sky and the acetones were singing sweetly in the trees.

Di-n-propyl ether was on the pavement. A smart young man in his late teens, he stepped off the pavement to walk across to the heterogeneous store in order to purchase his lunch of oxidatory alcohol.

Reaching the opposite kerb, he was almost knocked over by a pretty isobuty. Not that Di-n-propyl minded in the least. Anything to relieve the boredom of the morning's isomerism lecture.

Homology and the homologous series in particular were burdening. "Fancy learning all about the psychology of the ancient interhalogens," he mused as he stepped off the pavement once more.

Suddenly there was a screech of brakes, a scream and then a thud, making everyester look up in alarm. Blood and alkanes were spread all over the road. Di-n-propyl ether had certainly been relieved of boredom: he had just been run over by a mad aquabutyl in his hydride.

Charles Shinkfield, VI.



MEN ARE JUSTIFIED IN WEARING LONG HAIR

One of the current fashions of youth, that of wearing long hair, has come in for a lot of criticism, especially by the older generation. However, I think that all men are justified in wearing long hair.

Throughout mankind's whole history men have worn long hair. Earliest man wore long hair out of necessity, because it protected him from the climate, but later, as civilisation advanced, hair became a symbol of masculinity.

Records from the Bible show that during that period long hair was worn, and was indeed a symbol of strength, one example being Samson who owed his strength to his hair. The most famous example of long hair in those times is, however, Jesus Christ, who is often portrayed looking very similar to the youth of today.

Throughout history, until recent times at least, long hair has been popular amongst men. In the late 19th century and early 20th century a clean-shaven, short-haired man was looked upon with as much disdain as a short-back-and-sides man would nowadays look upon a long-haired youth. It is obvious, therefore, that different hair styles are largely a matter of fashion.

Long hair is a form of self-expression. Much of the unrest of today's world is caused by a great changeover of moral and social codes. Youth seems to be asking new questions and finding new answers and long hair is one form of expression in the new era.

A great many arguments against long hair stem from the fact that as people grow older they become more fixed in their outlooks and, as they have been brought up in a world conditioned into believing that short hair is fashionable, they instinctively reject the new fashion of long hair.

Older people also tend to reject long hair because of its association with the new moral and social codes which the younger generation have made for themselves. Any young man with long hair is classed by many with those who are involved in demonstrations and protests of any kind and those who indulge in pre-marital sex, etc. These people have, however, grouped all these kinds of self-expression together and have made the generalisation that because some of these things are bad and immoral according to their own standards, all of them must be.

An argument put forward by some against long hair is that it is unmanly, but, as I have pointed out above, it is only relatively recently that long hair has been considered effeminate and it has more often been a symbol of strength.

Untidiness in long hair is a general criticism. However, this personal trait is not representative of normal long-haired youth. Few men like their hair whether short or long, to be untidy, and, as a rule long hair is better looked after than short hair because the latter needs more constant tending.

In general I think that long

hair has been accepted by most people as a current fashion, as can be seen by the fact that there has been a revival of beards and sideburns amongst many men, both old and young, and that hair is usually worn at collar length if not longer by most young men and some older ones.

As fashions for men have become more prominent I think that men are certainly justified in wearing long hair.

Anonymous, 6.



MUVVA NAYTCHA'S SUN

Wunce upon a mime, menny yeers argo, in daze gawn bye, there was a yung boy as there haf always bin yong bouys. But soon peepel began to become realizing of the factt that every won hoo new this ladd, did not only like hymn bud salso liked to heer wot he had to saye.

As he was being growed upp, he two realized that their was sumfing morgue to life than breaving, and haffing children to breeve. He loved to live. But their woz maw too it than juss that. He liked to be with nature, and lye unda the twingly stars and wonder the ginourmity of the universe. He liked naytcha and naytcha liked him, for he was kind and handsum and had long blond flowngk hare witch blue in the breaze.

Soon hair came on his face and he liked that and wood knot cut it off. Some peepel who knew him before he became a long hairy, said it was good, uvvers said it was knot.

The goods listened to him still and liked wot he woz saying and they were freed.

But the knots could knot here hym because his hair blokked there ears, so they saw all these peepel listening to the boy with the hare and they saw he was a leader. So they shot him.

Gawdin Half-he.



FREEDOM & RESPONSIBILITY TOWARDS OTHERS

The first man who lived on this Earth was probably the freest person ever. He could do just about anything he wanted, just roaming around the landscape doing only what was necessary for his survival, since he was the only person he had to care for. If he happened to be in a bad mood he could take it out on any tree, animal or rock which happened to be in striking range. There were no laws for him to obey—except the law of gravity.

When he met the first woman, however, he was not quite so free. He had to look after her, find a good, dry cave and gather food for her as well as for himself. He did not enjoy quite the same freedom with her as he had with the other animals — she had a mind of her own.

After some time as the only thing the man had to care for, the woman produced offspring. This placed increased responsibility on the man. He could not do what he wanted with the offspring — the woman would not let him, and besides, they were fragile. The woman was responsible for caring for them while they were young and the man was responsible for gathering more food. The offspring took up more and more of their parents' free time, as they needed to be taught how to live by themselves.

As the human population increased, tribes developed. In this situation it became an advantage for men to specialise in certain skills. Whereas before, a man had to be versatile, now,

the skills of everyone could be pooled. Some became skilled hunters, others weapon makers and others may have discovered the first steps in the art of construction work. Each specialist had a responsibility to the community now formed. When the tribe needed him, it was proper for him to help. So each member of the tribe helped the other, and in this way the community became a rather overgrown family. The members of the tribe had freedom to do what they wanted as long as they did not interfere with each other. For the unruly types who did not consider the other members, laws were invented together with the appropriate punishments for law breakers.

When tribes grew large and farming was introduced, they were not nearly so much the large families they once were. This tendency increased when trading among tribes and members of one tribe was started. Each trader began to think of how much profit he could make from the other man rather than just making an honest trade.

This situation definitely applies today in towns and cities. In many of the more remote places, however, community spirit still prevails. Surely the community as a whole will fare much better if each man thinks of the other rather than tries to make "a fast buck" from him. If one man thinks of himself rather than the community, others may adopt the same way of thinking, so the community spirit breaks down.

A. Moss, Vc.

FREEDOM

Black was there,
All around—
Surrounding me as I lay in my
restless bed.
I stared, staring even more
intensely:
And as I did the blackness
gradually retreated.
In its place a purple iridescent
light,
That at first was blinding to my
weary eyes.
I saw that light;
And its long, beckoning fingers
Intrigued me.
Insistently it shone until
My warm body rose and followed
Now in this light. I rejoiced in my
new found freedom,
And, breathed in the clear, un-
polluted air.
But . . .
Am I still unknowingly bound and
chained
Or have I really found liberty?

Sue Crawford.

APATHY

Apathetic deliberation is a string,
A tight and binding rope
A product of the society thing,
Forcing people to cope.
It castrates the spirit of change,
And slows the mind
Which narrows its range,
Making the world unkind.
What can cut this force,
Freeing the individual say
Causing social intercourse,
While holding evil at bay.
That which is wrong
May even kill the strong.

Andrew Macainsh.

WON'T YOU PLEASE COME 'ROUND

WEDNESDAY BLUES

Manic depression
It's getting me down
But it's not I who's got it
I'm only the clown
Who round door waits
For her freedom from tears.
Waiting in silence,
In sorrow, in pain,
I'm waiting to witness
A break in the rain.
Trauma surrounds you
Your own bed of fear
When will you see me
And shed me a tear?
You wake in the morning
I sense it and know
That maybe this dawning
You will at last show
Your face unto the world and
then let go
The hang-ups you're fighting
And really be free!
To live and to conquer
To love and to die
But to stay where you are
Is to die without living
To ride a square wheel
At least spare a thought
For those who sit and watch
You spurn the help and throw
away the love
That's given you . . .
Wednesday blues is waiting to
get me
Nobody's told it I'm already there
What a great feeling!

Ross Maggs.

One time was Love
 A single, beautiful child.
 First faltering steps left her un-
 certain,
 But Love came to know a posi-
 tiveness,
 A confident stride through young
 joyous times,
 When her complete attention
 Left all else oblivious.

Quickly, quickly she rose
 To full splendour of complete
 understanding,
 Of absolute honesty with herself
 And Love's audacity caused to
 shake
 The narrow planks
 Upon which walked
 The scornful old sages.

Outraged by their ludicrousness
 Love's wrath and Love's frustra-
 tion
 Grew strong and upright, as one
 Against tradition.

With the peak of rebellion
 Came for Love the realisation of
 its futility.
 She wore away into elderliness
 Allowing the most inner feelings
 of injustice
 To subside, to wither, to die.

And now death's reality
 Dampened often her sagging
 spirit
 To a morbid, dragging existence.

Her age trapped her with senility.
 And again, as before,
 She knew a stagger in her walk.
 Times came without calling
 When Love would leave her very
 self
 And float upon a twilight of in-
 difference

Which lent no discrimination.
 To Life and Death.

But as the flame of her life
 Is threatened
 Love reaches out an aged, weak
 claw
 To grasp, to feel once again —
 In vain.
 That self she has always, ever
 known
 Love's life, Love's life is non-
 existent
 And Love dies.

For an ageless eternity
 An endurance of death.

Until her spiritual fire
 Hovers once again before life.
 The miracle is performed
 With a splendid introduction.
 Rebirth!
 And the Loves of the past, the
 old Loves
 Disperse to oblivion
 And she is Love, once more.
 Helen Smith.

SPILT ASH

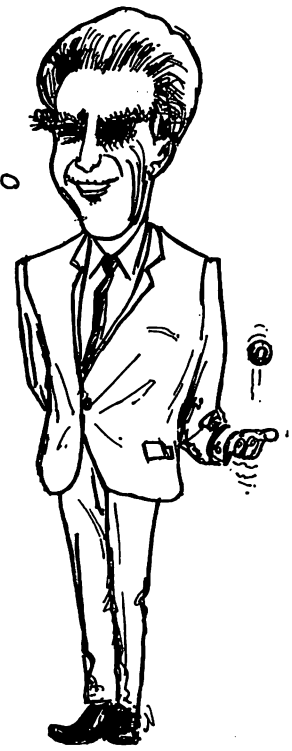
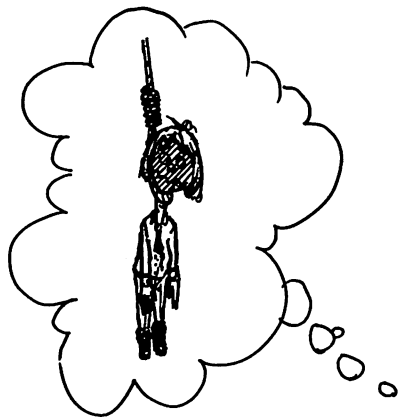
The 7.47 on the dot
 this same spot
 I see him every day
 and I pray
 that he'll say—
 hello.
 I sit on my seat
 very neat,
 cross my feet,
 quickly take a glance,
 my heart wants to prance
 pray, give a chance—
 to me,
 say hello.
 Wears a blue slim suit,
 plays a flute



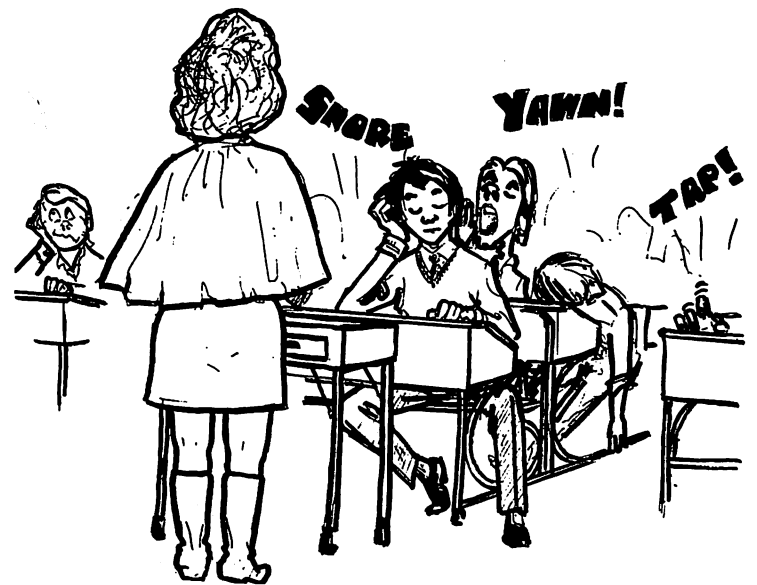
see it in a case everyday
 and I pray
 for a while,
 that he'll smile—
 at me,
 say hello.
 The 7.47 stops
 lets some off
 7.47's nearly there
 and I stare—
 at the boy with a flute
 slim blue suit.
 With a smile
 worth a mile
 in gold,
 so I hold
 a part
 in my heart—
 look at me,
 say hello.

Bus stops abruptly,
 brush my skirt, roughly,
 man spilt some ash—
 silly ass.
 The boy gives a wink,
 then I think—
 he must care
 so I stare
 at the boy in the suit
 plays the flute.
 All's not in vain—
 but, there's a stain
 where the ass
 spilt the ash.

Christine Reese.



NOW, I'M NOT A FUSSY WOMAN BY FAR
BUT I DO LIKE MARGINS RULED - AND IN
RED BIRD, NOT BLUE OR BLACK OR GREEN,
AND I WANT A HEADING SET NEATLY
ON THE TOP LINE - AND I LIKE THE QUESTIONS
NUMBERED, AND I WANT NEAT WRITING IN
BLUE BIRD, AND ---- "



OH! FOR GAWDS
SARKE, WILL YOU
KIDS SHUT--UP!



STAFF, 1971

Cording, R. K.
McCarthy, J.D.
Cousins, S. E. J.
Sherman, E. R.
Lee, G. J.
Gange, B. L.
Lawn, C. A.
Conboy, I. R.
Aldor, E. S.
Bird, L. L.
Edgley, S.
Wain, G. T.
Waring, P. J.
Roy, R.
Tattam, R. C.
Haddad, J.
Pitt, J. H.
Moore, B. R.
Stewart, L. V.
Mills, E.
Burnie, L.
Lennie, N. S.
Karazija, V.
Siecenieks, J.
Farquhar, D. J.

Moxey, K.
Shinkfield, D. E.
(School Chaplain).
Fuhrer, Mrs. I. E.
Rosewarne, Mrs. M. E.
Beecroft, Mrs. M. E.
Mitchell, Mrs. L. M.
Elgood, Mrs. M. R.
Watson, Mrs. E. F.
Molenaar, Mrs. A.
Bignell, Miss B. A.
Andrew, Miss C. A.
French, Mrs. P.
Smith, Mrs. E.
Stephenson, Mrs. A. P.
Brown, Mrs. E. E.
Jeavons, Mrs. A. E.
Gill, Mrs. A. M. T.
Fox, Mrs. M. E.
Milne, Mrs. S. E.
Coram, Miss H.
Ford, Mrs. A.
Redfern, Mrs. D.
Lurajud, Mrs. D.
Whittenbury, Mrs. D.
Clare, Mrs. R. A.
Smith, Mrs. D.

Stark, Mrs. J. C.
Thorek, Mrs. M.
Robinson, Mrs. M. C.
Gange, Mrs. L.
Gabb, Miss B.
Pandjaitan, Mrs. H.
Stavriniades, Mrs. D. R.
Peters, Miss K. M.

**MUSICAL INSTRUMENT
TEACHERS**

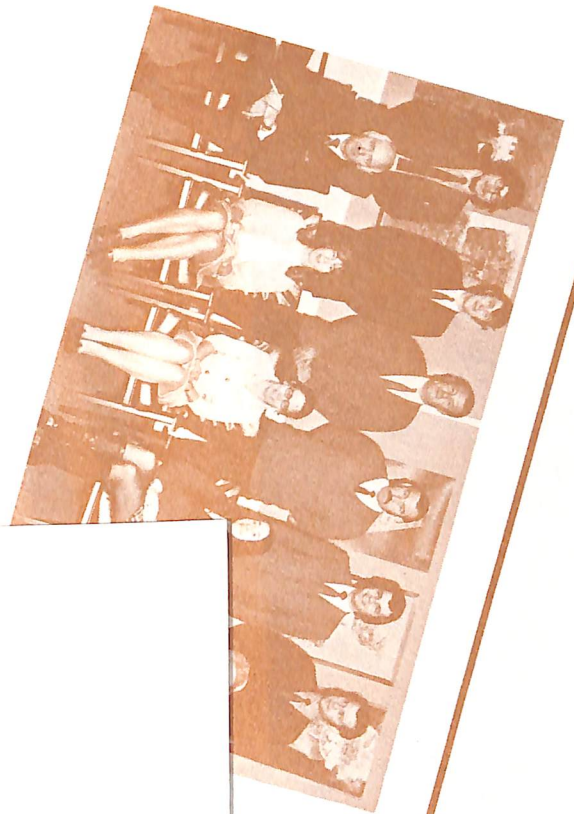
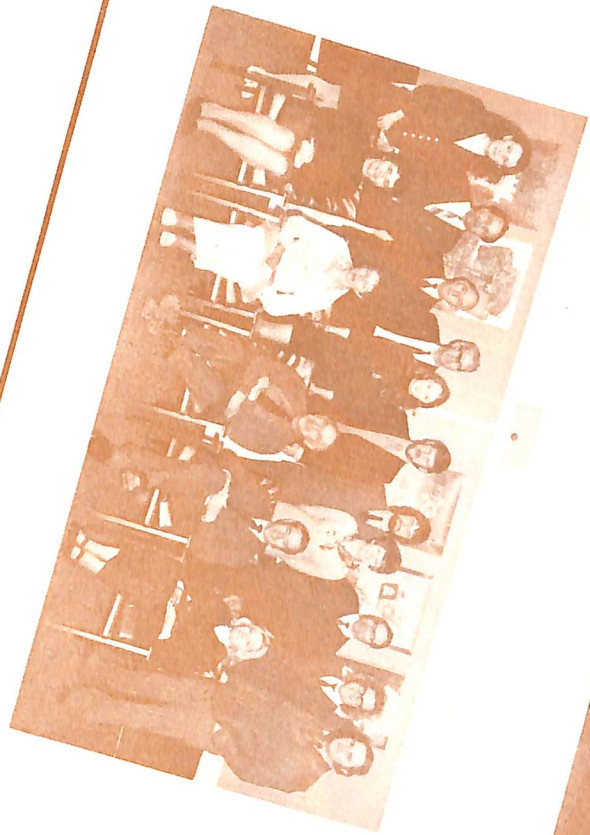
Barton, Mrs. F.
Barby, Mr. T. P.
Davis, Mr. E. G.
Doomernik, Mr.
OFFICE STAFF
Lloyd, Mrs. D.
Drew, Mrs. N.
Gryst, Mrs. P.



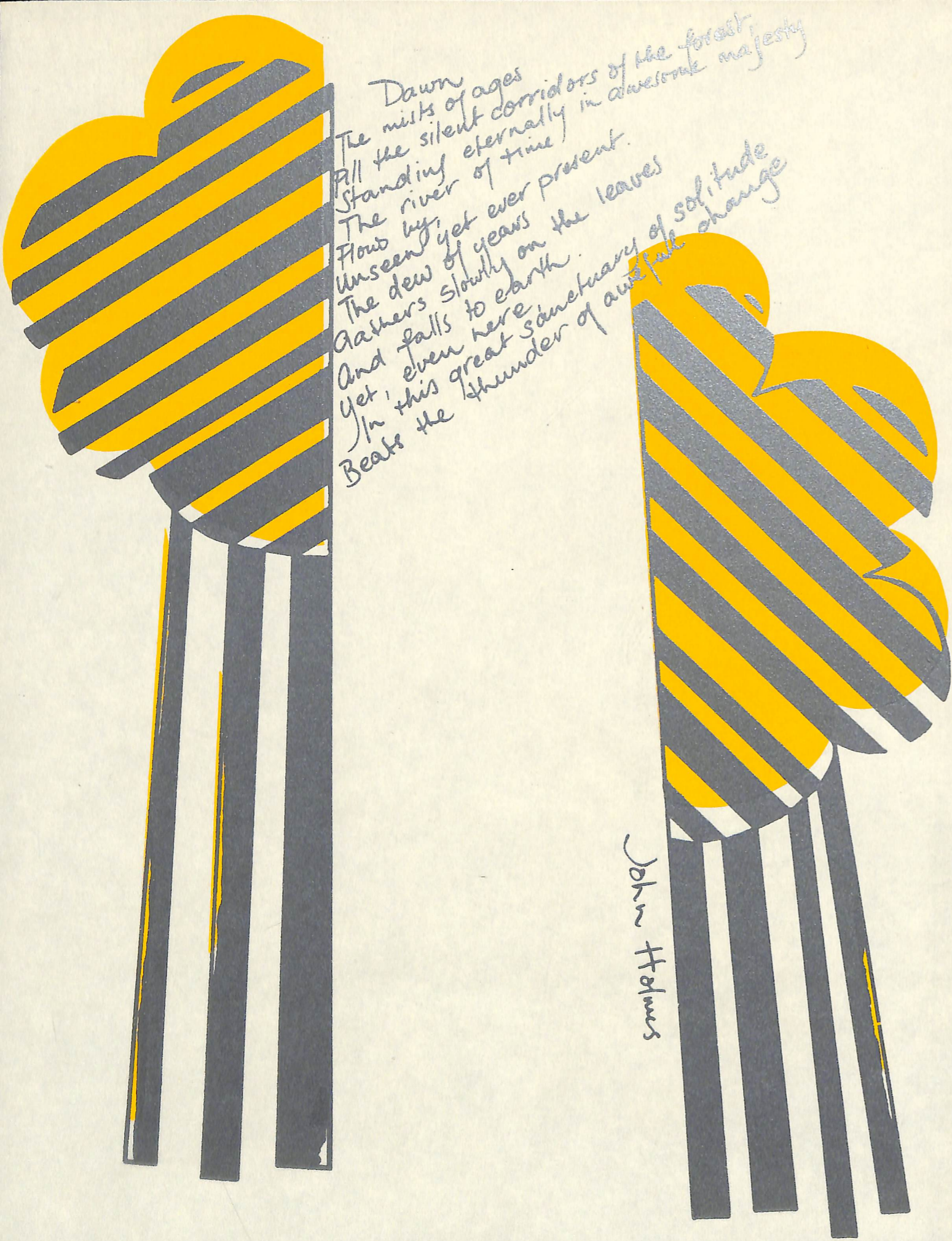
The squares
 of orange on the
 outside
 The deeper
 just as the
 rides, won
 Over



Dawn
 The mists of ages
 All the silent corridors
 Standing eternal
 The river of time
 Flow by,
 Unseen yet ever
 The dew of year
 Gathers slowly
 And falls to
 yet, even to
 In this year
 Beats the

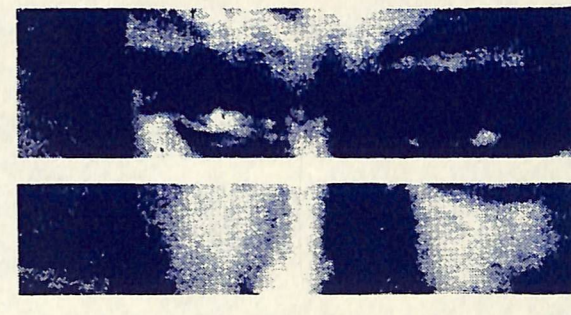
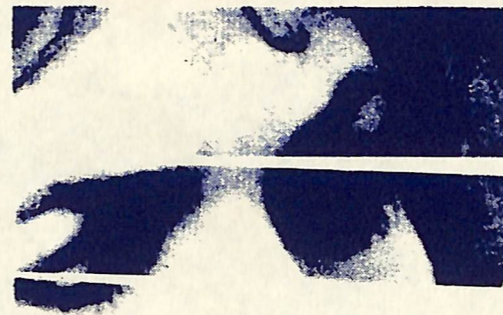
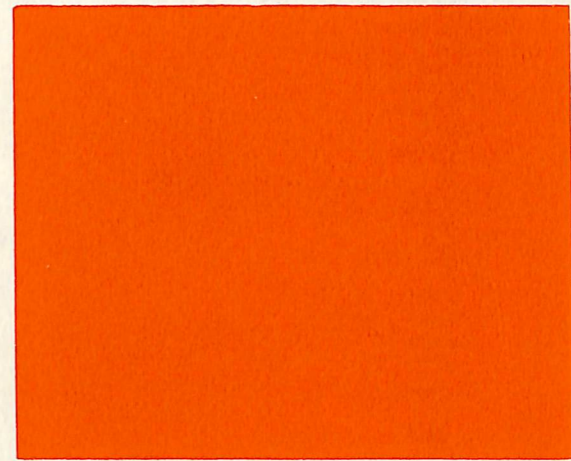
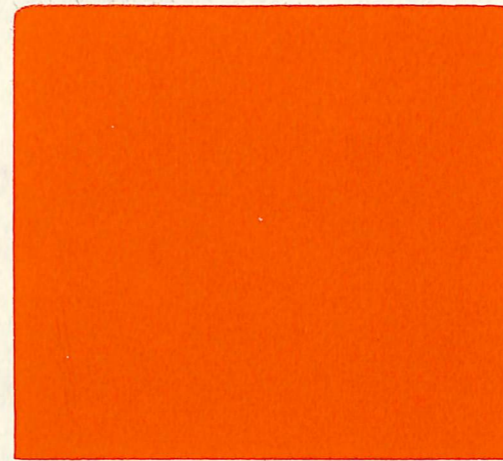






Dawn
 The mists of ages
 All the silent corridors of the forest,
 Standing eternally in awesome majesty
 The river of time
 Flows by,
 Unseen yet ever present.
 The dew of years
 Gathers slowly on the leaves
 And falls to earth.
 Yet, even here
 In this great sanctuary of solitude
 Beats the thunder of a full change

John Holmes



Ross Macgys times in the night

The squares
 Of orange on the curtained window
 Outline
 The deeper shades of brown
 Just as the sadness we
 Ride, momentarily
 Over my love

Jealousy
 Lies even now
 In the shadows of my mind



