



WHEELER 1972



A famous Victorian personality, when asked recently about his imminent retirement, said, "Half of me is laughing and half of me is crying". I can easily appreciate such an expression of feeling at this time.

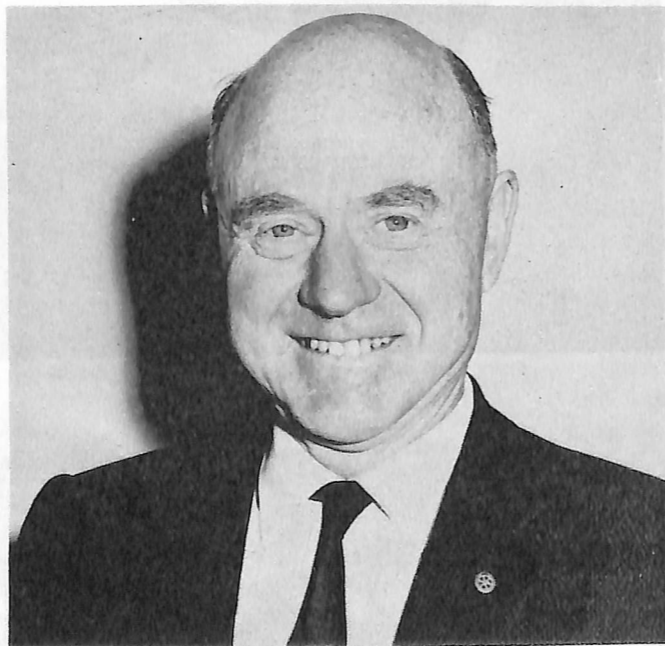
When you have worked in a school like Norwood High School for ten years and watched so many changes in staff, pupils and environment, you tend to feel that on leaving teaching for good, you are making one of those vital decisions all have to face; like getting married or taking your first job.

I have been asked to write what I feel about Norwood High School today, and what I would hope for the school in the future. Firstly let me say that I am proud to have been associated with Norwood. I believe that the school on the whole has a good reputation, but it should have. It is pleasantly situated, possesses a number of very interested parents, and an excellent staff. Recently a Principal desirous of transferring to Norwood as the new Principal, asked me what were the strengths of the school. I replied that, among other things, we had one of the best senior staffs in the State. My belief is that a school, irrespective of its environment, is only as good as its staff. Whatever reputation Norwood has gained, rests in the calibre of teachers like Mr. McCarthy, Mrs. Fuhrer, Mr. Cousins, Mr. Gange, Mr. Lee, Mr. Sherman, to mention the senior teachers, and of course many others not so senior, but just as important to the school.

The other important factor in the school is the students. We can be proud of the majority of our students, but alas, there are some who seem to believe that society owes them a living. These people tend to detract from the excellent work done by the majority of our students, such as visiting hospitals and hostels, raising money for "seeing eye" dogs and helping the less fortunate. Academically the students have done well.

How many realise that in 1970-71 we have four times topped the State in certain subjects, that our percentage pass rate at H.S.C. level has not been less than 68% pass, even in our worst year. In contrast, we have won the Maroondah section of the district athletics in 1971 and in 1972, and most people know of our Olympic representative.

I have been disappointed in what appears to me to be a growing lack of honesty among our students, whether it be straight out theft, mutilation of other people's property, or just straight out lying to escape the responsibility of their actions. This is reflected in society as a whole and whether the school reflects society or society reflects what is taught in schools, these facts are obvious to all. Ten garden seats destroyed and replaced by ten others costing \$400 means we have less money to buy necessary equipment. My hope here is that this attitude of dishonesty and destruction will change, not by punishments and threats, but by the more thoughtful of our students convincing the others that all lose in some way while this atmosphere prevails. The school's future lies in the maintenance of honesty and thoughtfulness by all who have the welfare of Norwood High at heart.



While Norwood has its present staff, I know it will be able to face the future with confidence. A Commonwealth Library and a Music block have yet to be built. These have been delayed, but they will be built in time. Lack of playing space and accommodation are our greatest difficulties now, but these can be ameliorated by staff, parents and students working together. I shall watch Norwood's future progress with great interest.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "R. Collins". The signature is written in a cursive style.

S.R.C. REPORT.

Each year the President or Secretary of the S.R.C. is called upon to submit a report on the activities of the Student Council. On referring to past editions of "Weemala", I found, however, that these reports were usually well written excuses for an S.R.C. which did not meet the high standards of our enlightened student body. This year the report will be different.

I am neither a proficient writer nor prepared to offer any excuses for the Council. Any faults which the S.R.C. has are a result of the general ignorance and disinterest of you, the students. Certainly, there are weak points in the structure and procedure of the Council and I should know as I have had to cope with them for a very long year. These faults have to be rectified as a step towards a more efficient body, as many people have told me. Well, why don't you do something about it?

However, despite the adverse conditions and lack of support, the S.R.C. did, I feel, fulfil a meaningful role in the administration during 1972. The Council is an important link between the students and staff, and it is through its efforts that many of the improvements around the school are made. While the Council is accused of handling only petty problems, I must remind you that the S.R.C. is there to handle any problems brought forward by the students.

Of all the activities which the Council initiated this year. The Folk Night stands out as an unqualified success, both financially and socially. I am proud to announce that, for the first time in quite a few years, your S.R.C. can boast a handsome profit.

The Executive of the Council, who have proved to be a truly conscientious group of students and whom I sincerely thank for their efforts, have had to cope with all the work and all the criticism that was thrust upon them. These hard-working individuals are: Denise Mackey, Vice-President; Colin Brush, Secretary; Derek Buckley, Vice Secretary and David Hunt, Treasurer. I would also like to thank Mr. Sherman for his assistance and support and all those Form Representatives who faithfully attended meetings throughout the year.

Glenn Collins
President, S.R.C.



THE SCHOOL DIARY

FEBRUARY 2:
The cycle begins again. 980 long-faced students assemble for another year of toil inside those high grey walls.

FEBRUARY 22:
House Swimming Sports - beginning of new tradition as the annual water babies of the school are discovered at Ringwood Baths. Did Maroondah really hire Shane Gould ???

FEBRUARY 24:
A new S.R.C. tyrant elected - "Gillette Collins," no less.

FEBRUARY 28 :
Interschool Swimming. Norwood comes home fifth - at least it wasn't last!

FEBRUARY 29:
Annual identity photos recorded for posterity - "I'm not gonna sit on the ground again, this year!"

MARCH 9:
Prefect Induction - and whose tie was that, Harry? Not your official Norboo (Mirwood) effort!



MARCH 15:
'offishkul' meeting of Matrics - all prisoners later discovered they were to receive new, improved, updated uniforms. For sale: 539 part-worn grey jumpers.

MARCH 22:
House athletic sports - Kalinda wins the points again ... another Jenny Orr in the making!
The Gestapo trooped up into the science block and removed educational literature (propaganda?) from seniors' notice board.



MARCH 23:
A lecture by Mr. Cording on use of 'privates' - fell on deaf ears, we fear.

MARCH 31:
Easter! Off to slave at home after half a term's rest at Norwood rehabilitation centre.

APRIL 10:
"Oh, What a Lovely War" got under way, only to fall through later, despite Norwood's efforts.

APRIL 18:
Building commenced on the Outhouse (beside the Art Room)

MAY 1ST:
Lo Lodge - the plague descends on Silvan again, where the Major tortured four lucky boys and twenty girls for four days, with the usual horrors of jumping (no hands) and somersaulting from the four legged monsters. Success all round.

MAY 2ND:
Fifth formers departed at crack of dawn by bus for ten days in the sunny Centre. Perfect weather, perfect behaviour (?). They do say it was the greenest trip for years (Centre, not the students). Did I hear "Busy Boy"? or the strains of "Starry Starry night?"

MAY 5:
Mrs. E. was heard to whisper into the ears of two or three "couples" 'Use discretion!' To cheer up students depressed by having to leave their beloved homeland for the holidays, Frankie Traynors and Co. played in the hall.

MAY 22:
Second Term begins!

MAY 23:
Second Term continues with noticeable lack of zest and enthusiasm.

MAY 25:
Interschool Athletics. Norwood Won!!! Well, it had to happen sooner or later! Intermediate Section, Senior Section and Aggregate are all ours.

JUNE 16:
Mary Mohr arrived! Great competition among the boys.

JUNE 28 - JULY 7:
Mid-year exams. "Bet'cha I fail Kem!" .. "Bet'cha do too!" "Any-one got a shot-gun? Was Biol. yesterday morning?" Personal escort for Peter to _____.

JUNE 30:
Social event of the year - Miss Barro's Party. Attractions included one real-live American exchange student, species Maribeth Mohr.

JULY 19TH, 20TH.
Commonwealth Scholarships. "Oh well, I didn't want one anyway! How did you get yours?"

AUGUST 11, 12:
House Choral and Drama Festival. Maroondah scooped the pool. Best Actor was Detective Paul, Best Actress, Queen Jackie.

AUGUST 16:
Footy Match between the All-Stars and the teachers. The Murray P. cheer squad formed, cheered, broke up. A certain student-teacher mesmerises female staff and students alike.

AUGUST 18:
"Seeya Man!"

AUGUST 25:
Wedding bells for Babs and Bazza.

OCTOBER 2:
Bazza announced clock competition. A great effort by Mrs.Redfern, Sue Beale and Co.

OCTOBER 11:
Students and teachers alike bare their Bee-oo-tee-ful Bronze Bodies!! Well . . . anyway - we did see a little bit of hairy leg. Nevertheless, we (the students) won . . . naturally.

Folk Nite - "Be There or Be Square!" Glenn - "We actually made a profit. Local talent shines through - Thought Margaret was afraid of going out on The Road at Knight, it wasn't all that bad!"



OCTOBER 30:
Jenny Orr revisits the old training ground to tell of fun and games in Munich.

NOVEMBER 3:
Volley-ball match of the season between the Tough, Teachers' Terrible Tribe and the Sexy, Super Student's Side.

NOVEMBER 6:
HiSCnic - Harry had a hairy ride behind the bus. First Matricnic ever to be held in a dry river-bed.

NOVEMBER 7:
Swat Vac?? - just in time to see the Cup! "Why, oh why didn't I start studying at the beginning of the term??"

NOVEMBER 9:
Leaving exams - "Sure they haven't given us the H.S.C. papers? I've never heard of this before!"

NOVEMBER 21:
H.S.C. exams - "Oh well, I'll see you at the beginning of next year. I've always wanted to repeat Form Six."

DECEMBER 7:
H.S.C. dinner - a fitting end to the year. Guest Speaker was Graham Worrell. Many thanks to the Mums for their help.

DECEMBER 8:
Presentation Day. All students received their first rewards.

DECEMBER 12:
Concert. "Good-bye, and thank you Mr. Cording."

DECEMBER 15:
Mutual sigh of relief as 1,000 odd frustrated students and weary teachers stampede Prison Gates in one last bid for Freedom!!!



MUSIC & DRAMA

Well people, Maroondah struck again in the House Drama Competition. Points awarded were Maroondah 86, Kalinda 84, Mullum 82 and Yarra 76, showing how close the competition was.

Producers were in a state of nervous collapse by the end of the second day's performances and when the results were announced, Maroondah members became hysterical when they found that they had won the "best play" and the award for "best actress" had been given to Jackie Gibson for her portrayal of the Queen, and Sue Taylor was judged "best producer."

We all thought we had "scooped the pool", then suddenly we had the very ground cut from beneath us when Paul Coyle of Mullum House had the audacity to win the "best actor" for his hilarious performance as Flavius Maximus." Thus he had dethroned our own King Richard. But being good losers, as well as magnificent winners, we can afford to let him have his victory.

Sue Taylor. 6B

As in the past years, Norwood's House Choral and Instrumental Competition was a large success. Each house presented its groups with enthusiasm and each showed considerable talent. In fact the standard of each house was that the Judge had a difficult time in deciding that Maroondah would win the Choir, Kalinda the Instrumental, and Yarra the Play.

Thanks go to the Judge, Mr. Collyer, and also to Mrs. Rosewarne, Mrs. French and Mr. Lee for their part in organizing the competition. Thanks must also go to the students who participated.

Richard Griffiths V1C

Practice is said to make the proverbial perfect, and the orchestra has spent most of the year practising. This has all been good experience for us, if rather harassing for Mr. Davis, our faithful conductor.

Although at the beginning of the year we were rather short of players, numbers have, since then, increased considerably. The brass section has been effectively strengthened by the addition of new members. The percussion and woodwind sections have always been quite well filled, (mainly by clarinetists!) The orchestra is still missing a few instruments, but who knows, perhaps next year may bring us a budding bassoonist or even a hopeful harp.

The house competitions brought a chance for many musicians to participate, and although preparations were rather rushed, a high standard of competition was undoubtedly attained.

Members of the string section have participated in activities other than just playing in the orchestra: the string group, under the direction of Mrs. Barton, has performed in a festival at Mitcham High School, and also at Bayswater High School in an attempt to boost the students' lagging interest in music. The string quartet was successful at the highly competitive "Dandenong Annual Youth Festival" earlier this year, gaining third place.

Recently members of the orchestra attended a concert given by the Melbourne Symphony Orchestra, during which the opportunity was given for students to sit amongst the musicians as they played.

Now all the groups, including a newly formed clarinet quintet, are preparing for the end-of-year concert. Preparation has also begun for next year's production of "South Pacific" in which both the orchestra and the cast will be supported by ex-students and teachers.

Jenny Aldor 4E

CREATIVE WRITING

AN ALCOHOLIC IN THE PARK

The world is hard under your body and
Cold on your hands and feet
And the world doesn't give a damn
That you lie there
Broken
Under a park bench,
That you've got nowhere else to go
And nothing in your belly.

You remember that good hot feeling
In your throat
As you drained the glass.
Elegant
You observed the fine fine shape of
The goblet
That was even better because your
Heart was bursting with goodness.

But now, you remember you're poor,
An alcoholic lying in a park
Whom a cop will sneer at, kick, and
Shine his torch into your red rimmed
eyes and
Continue on until it's time to return
To hot food and a loving wife
While you lie there - broken.

Fiona Moppert 3D.

SAND

Slipping through your fingers like
soft satin,
The simplicity of the sand that
can be so painful,
Lies free on every beach.
It brings happiness to all that
walk on it.
It creates small mountains,
And the sea washes over it.
The tiny specks of wonder create
yellow blankets
That lie all over the world.

Rilka Macainsh 2B.

THE BUTCHER

His arms were brawny,
His face like a rock
As he stood behind his chopping
block.
Behind hung a carcass
Somewhat misshapen,
The blood from the beast was all
over his apron.
It's a grim sort of business
Hacking up meat,
And standing all day in the cold
and heat.
But he can still look cheerful
When I enter his shop:
"Good-day Mrs. Brown,
Like a lamb chop?"

Sheryle Croft & Annabell Hawes

3C

THE SEA

The sea glimmers in the bright moon-
light,
Waves crash onto the golden sand,
And sea gulls glide silently through
the night.
Down below in the icy waters,
Fish enjoy themselves
But death is near as they play in the
shallows,
For their enemy the bird is there.
In a flash he strikes,
Death is instant,
But the bird is happy for the night.
As the fish swim out into the deep,
They think they're safe at last
But another enemy lurks in the shad-
ows,
The deadly barracoota.
He darts out.
Long and silvery,
Swallowing them all.
But the coota is in danger,
For his enemy is near.
And the shark has struck.
So life goes on in the deep blue sea.

Stephen Lang 1A.

THE CITY AT NIGHT

What could be more pleasing to the eye than the city at night? From the disillusioned and crystal-clear harshness of the day-time city, come dusk, one can be transported into an ebony black world of tall shadows and a galaxy of sparkling lights.

After a trying or difficult day of working, eating, and more working, it is so refreshing to feel the cool night air on your sun-burnt face, as you walk arm-in-arm with someone near and dear to you, flanked by neon signs, street lights and brightly lit trams and buses. After dark, the world is less frightening, and there is a sense of relief as you realise a new day will not dawn for many hours yet to come.

At dusk, the red, yellow and orange clouds, silhouetted against a sky of azure blue, seem to herald the approaching night, with its full yellow moon, encircled by a myriad of jewel-like stars, with an occasional red-blinker of a plane flying overhead.

From the air, the city at this lovely hour is like a sparkling fairyland, with blues, whites, yellows, reds and greens in every possible shadow, encroached by the soothing blackness of the night. Far below, the lights of trains, buses and cars move dodgingly along the dark thoroughfares like silver beads

on a necklace. Far below, the cinemas and the shops flash their enticing lights, drawing people magnetically, like a street lamp draws moths.

The city seems now to be thoroughly enveloped by the night; car-horns can be heard, whistles and hooters also.

The whole scene I picture of the city at night is one of welcomed darkness which brings upon everything it touches, a sense of relief and yet of unreality and illusion; of myriad, sparkling stars, with their brighter, sister street lights; of neon signs, which seem to be painted brightly on the dark black-board which is the sky; and finally of people; people enjoying themselves and wallowing in the sparkling, cool relief, that is brought by the night.

Terry Keel 3C

SNOW

Falling through the sky,
So soft, so light
In pretty patterns.
All the night
Silently it falls,
Silently it drops,
From the dark sky,
Frozen raindrop.

J. Shinkfield 2B.

The wind blew through me
As I walked the street,
Cold rain pelted down
Hitting my face
Freezing my feet.
I opened the door
Gladly.

Sheryle Croft 3C.

I stood there, the fire licking my body, the intense heat forcing me to perspire and the smoke clogging my lungs. I watched the little red sparks jump from curtain to carpet, from table to chair. I was the centre of confusion, a supposedly, panic-stricken child trapped in the building. This I was not. No fire dare burn the devil's child and I was she. The flames danced on my finger-tips, arms and head as I struck match after match. All was peaceful; I loved this world of warmth and happiness. My solitude was broken as the clang of the fire bell, the shouting of voices and sprays of cool water blasted my companions. A man clad in an asbestos coat hurtled through my window and lifted me into his arms heroically. His face spelled concern and fright, while his lobster red hands shook. When I reached the street, I looked up at the flaming inferno with its curling black smoke and scarlet flames licking the side of the building. Reaching into my pockets I found I had forgotten my matches.

Susan Gibson 2C

THE SIXTH FORMERS

Into the classroom, like ageing cows trailing through the gate at milking time, troop four ... five ... six reluctant students who flop into their desks and plonk down their books, resigned to the fate that awaits them.

In it comes, in the form of a fury, a dragon, a monster.

"How many times have I told you? Don't sit and natter, Get out your books and WORK !!"

BANG!! (There goes a desk-lid)

"I don't know! It seems to me, young people nowadays have no respect for the feeling of others. I have just been traipsing all over the school looking for this room, and I am up to here, (points to her elaborately coiffured locks) with loud noises and annoying little Brats! Now" And the students, docile now, settle down to work.

But this, it seems, is not to be ... The seventh member of the class has just arrived and walks to his desk with not a care in the world, unaware of the outburst to come from the fury sitting staring, dumb-founded at his impudence.



"Well! I don't know what they taught you at your last school, but it was certainly not good manners. In my day" There follows a long involved oratory on good manners, respect for your elders, and the insolence of the young generation of today, interspersed of course, with caustic 'asides' to the private 'studies' of that oh, so apathetic, bunch of form sixers, supposedly working in the carrels outside.

Unable to yawn, the students move about instead, crossing and uncrossing legs, swivelling around to a more comfortable position for gazing out the window, preparing to sit out the Fury's tirade.

Eventually, breathless, she is silent and everyone heaves a tacit sigh of relief. Gathering up another lung-full of air, she launches, finally, into the lesson for the day, and for the rest of the period all that can be heard is the occasional murmur of a student's reply to a question, and the louder, insistent voice of the Fury drumming into the heads of the dumbest pupils in the school, points they were taught in Form One but had, naturally, forgotten.

Suddenly the bell tolls noisily, signalling the end of the period. Relief floods the room, drowning the weary students. The Fury gathers up her armful of books and hurries out of the room, on her way to slaughter more unfortunates.

Scrape! Bang! Clatter! Laughing and happy, the thick-headed students trail out of the room in the wake of their lovable Fury, her words already receding into the dim mists of their minds.

Chris Weller 6C



GREG POLLOCK :
"Mr. Marvellous" - self-
confessed.
Best Mate of Silly Willy.
Who is the greatest guy
in the school - and why
am I?

HELEN FITZGERALD :
"Hello ladies."
Does she really want a
motor-bike?
Won't anyone come on a
raid with me? Please??
Giggle, giggle.



PAUL COYLE :
Paul "Flavius" Coyle -
alias "sexy-knees"
lives up to his name as
the greatest known
detective - Connan-
Coyle(?)

DEREK BUCKLEY :
'Ah! Coffee at its
best!'
Norwoods own ph-up boy.
Derek and his boots :
your friendly neighbour-
hood Gestapo Officer.

RHONDA BARRO :
Rhonda "Esmerelda"
Barro (no "w")
Hostess of Social
Event of the Year.
Biggest introvert in
H.S.C. : "Everyone
always blames me!"



SUE CRAWFORD :
"Gran" in disguise. The
super-market maniac with
the little shopping bag.
'Help! I can't reach
the pedals ... What do
I do, Mr. Douglas?'

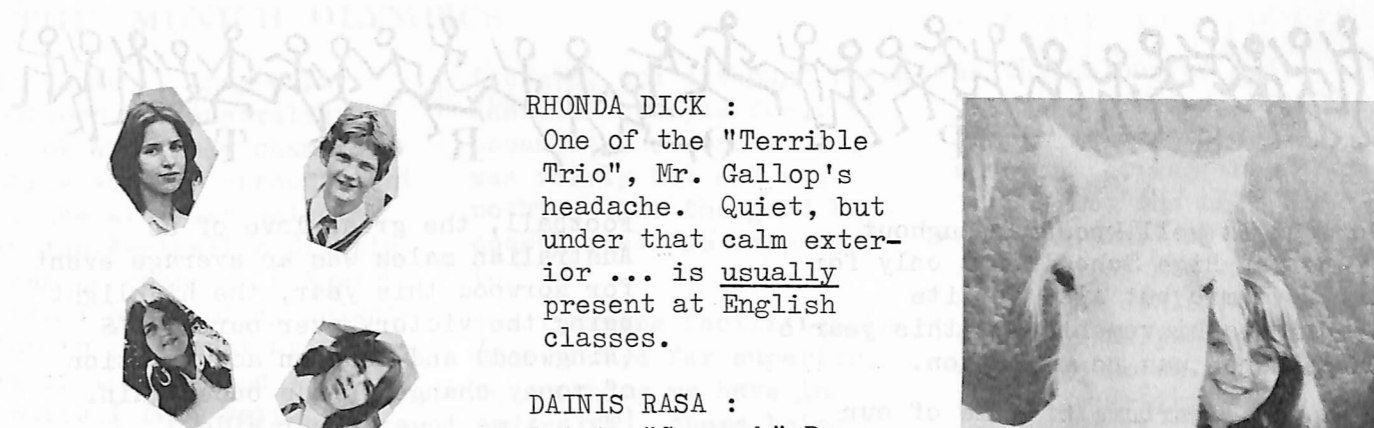
ROBERT PRICE :
Ambition : to be an
architect, and official
trier-out, of cosy
cuddly places.
'Hey, I've got another
joke.'
'It's true, I tell you.
I've given up smoking ...
Well, almost.'

ELIZABETH BRIGGS :
Does she really go home
to study?
Loves green, and blue,
and black, and
nail polish; and halter-
neck tops; and bell-
bottoms.
Will probably be a
fitness-model.

DAVID HUNT : Cute "Dais"
idol of the school.
Has just been slogged
by a golf club. Now
the "late Dais"??
Left his "Bunny tail"
in Chall's mini-bus.

PETER BURTON :
Loves Ducky Doodle
underchunders. Has
the doubtful honour of
being the only person
to go out to the 'toot'
during mid-year exams -
escorted by Mr. P.

CHRIS WELLER :
Cris "Skinny" Weller,
our very own Queen's
Guide "Kooky Ranger."
Where did that ring
come from?
'Have you brought your
money for me yet?'



RHONDA DICK :
One of the "Terrible
Trio", Mr. Gallop's
headache. Quiet, but
under that calm exter-
ior ... is usually
present at English
classes.

DAINIS RASA :
Dainis "Cossack" Rasa.
Captain of the Austral-
ian Olympic Basketball
Team (in the far, far
future.)

HARRY WETSTEYN :
Tall, dark, handsome bird
lover and 1st Class Bikie.
Also hairy and sexy (??)

KAREN REES :
"Quick witted" !!!!
I don't get it.
Loves Michaelangelo and
Chaucer -
'A voys (she) hodde as
smal as hath a goat'.

COLIN BRUSH : "Cassanova".
'Could you repeat the
question, please, Mr.
Bird?'
The Devil (Brutus) under
that cool exterior.
'You like it? It's yours'



LINDA TWENTYMAN :
Won "the most beautiful
blue-eyes" contest with
no trouble at all.
Voted best hostess of
the year, with the
craziest parties to her
credit.

ANN SMITH :
Horses should clean up
their mess when visiting.
Loves tearing around
Domeney Reserve in her
Mum's car ... Did you
notice Mrs. Smith has a
new car? Wants to be
a secondary teacher with
a difference - Is there
a subject as
Mathembiology?

DOUGLAS HOLLIDAY :
Whistler's mother's
little boy. "Pub(lic)
Holliday."

JUDY THOMAS :
Loves Greg and picnics
(baked beans on toast)
in the carrells.
Wants to be a nurse,
but will probably end
up a heart surgeon.





Norwood is well known throughout Victorian High Schools not only for its academic but also for its sporting achievements and this year's performance was no exception.

With the departure of some of our "super-stars" the competitors decided that what we needed this year was more of a team effort. With the appointment of Mr. (Spider) Webb to the school, how could we miss?

We were disappointed to see Mr. Edgley go, but we feel that Webby certainly did more than just follow in his footsteps.

With tremendous co-operation from most of our students, Webby was able to work our overweight, unfit contestants into men of muscle, ready to take on any challenge thrown at them. By using a mixed assortment of exercises he caused many students to turn towards sports that they hadn't tried before (e.g. Harry took up football for 10 days). He trained students in cricket, football, athletics, swimming, cross-country running and even "girls" volleyball, achieving varying success in each.

Football, the great love of us Australian males was an average event for Norwood this year, the highlight being the victory over our RIVALS (Ringwood) and thus an accumulation of money changed hands once again. (This time towards our side.)

Athletics was again our moment of glory, being the third time that we've won the aggregate in four years. ('69, '71, '72, while 2nd in '70). This was a magnificent achievement which can be credited partly to the prefects who helped competitors keep fit, by chasing them between the Fish and Chip Shop and the Pines.

All in all, a tremendous year in sport and it is heartening to see so many competing. The school spirit has always been high and I think that with the fantastic sport teachers we have and the enthusiasm shown by all students, we will continue to dominate the Mountain District High Schools.

G. Pollock.

THE MUNICH OLYMPICS

It seemed a long wait between the Australian track and field championships and the announcement of the athletes selected in the Australian Olympic team to compete in Munich. When I heard of my selection to represent my country in the 800 and 1500 metres I felt very proud and honoured, and realized that those four years of preparation and of training in all weather conditions had been truly worthwhile. The team arrived in Munich after twenty-six hours flying time, to be confronted by a complex that could have belonged to another planet. I found the Olympic Village, which accommodated the 12,000 athletes, their coaches and officials, too large, and very impersonal. The living quarters, from the outside, left a lot to be desired. The women's quarters in particular, looked like prison cells. However, inside, they were quite adequate and comfortable. All team members residing in the Village could go wherever they pleased, with the proviso that men would not enter the women's quarters. A cinema, theatre and discotheque was open for all residents daily. Much swapping went on between the athletes and it was difficult not to get mixed up in the crowds which gathered in the Village Square - willing to swap anything from badges to the very clothes off their backs. All residents entered the 'self-serve', three-storey restaurant by means of meal

tickets, and although there was always ample food, it became quite monotonous, was rarely hot and was nothing like the good home cooked meals we were used to.

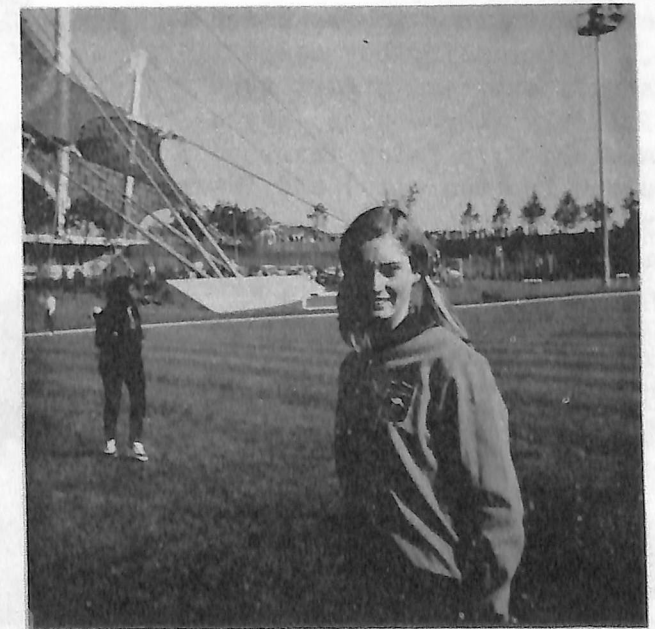
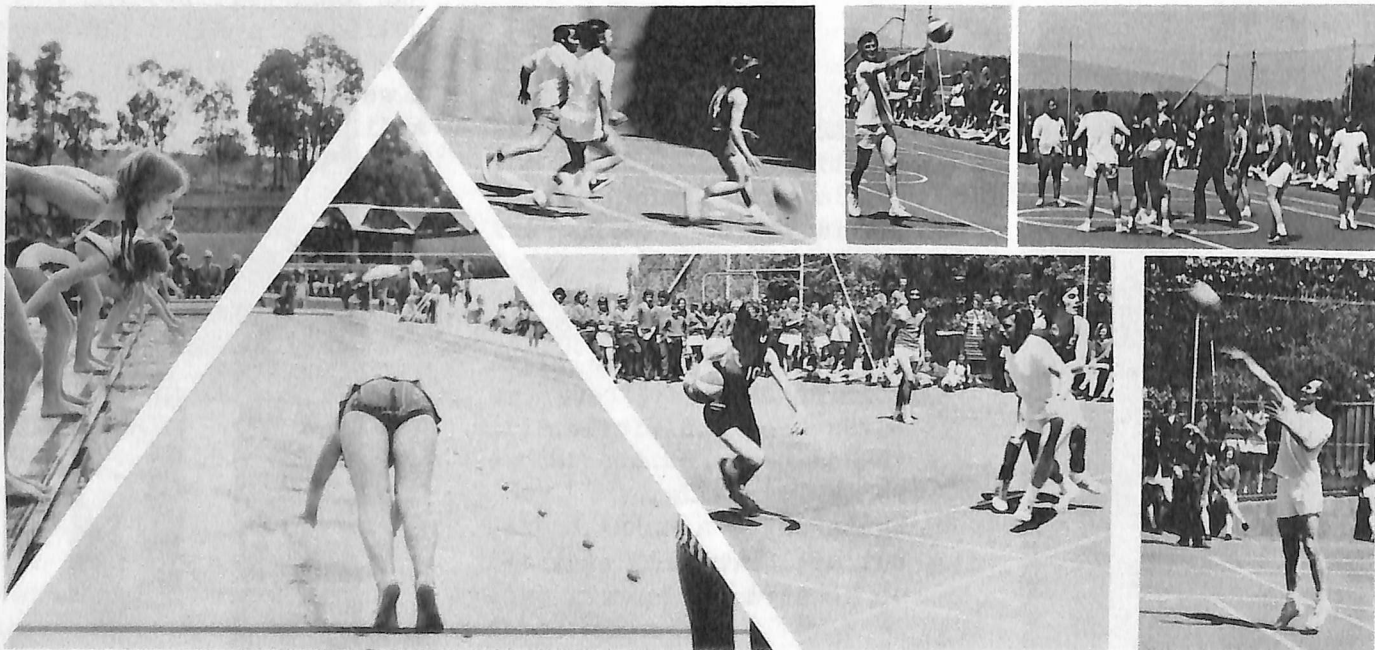
The training facilities in Munich were far superior to anything we have in Australia; there being four world-class "tartan" type tracks within walking distance of the Village, as well as an indoor stadium in case of inclement weather.

The most "nerve-wracking" time for me was just before a race. At a given signal half an hour before an event, one had to journey along a tunnel to report at the small room at the far end. Ten minutes were spent limbering up. Then the nervous competitors were rounded up like sheep and led single file to the entrance tunnel. When entering the stadium, I am sure I knew how the gladiators must have felt,

as the colourful and cheering crowd of 80,000 people seemed to swallow us up. It was then that I recalled the help and encouragement my family and friends had given me during my athletic career and this helped to inspire and urge me on. As soon as the starting gun shattered the wierd silence of the stadium, all nervousness disappeared as competitors lunged forward to race.

I did not win a medal, but I had qualified for the final of the 1500 metres, and felt much satisfaction when I found I had run my best times ever. The experience gained from the trip and the competition will be of great benefit to me and something I shall never forget. It proved to me that if one aims high and works very hard, whether it be in academic, sporting or business life, one's efforts are suitably rewarded.

Jenny Orr.



NORWOOD'S GREAT DAY!

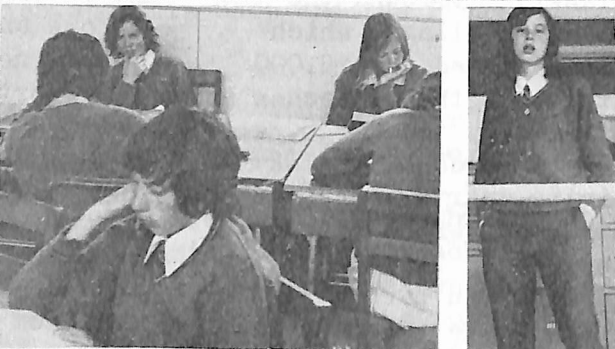
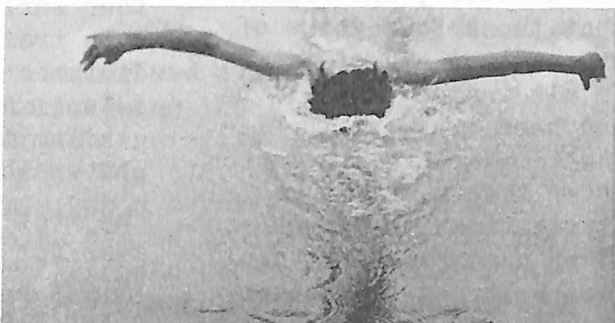
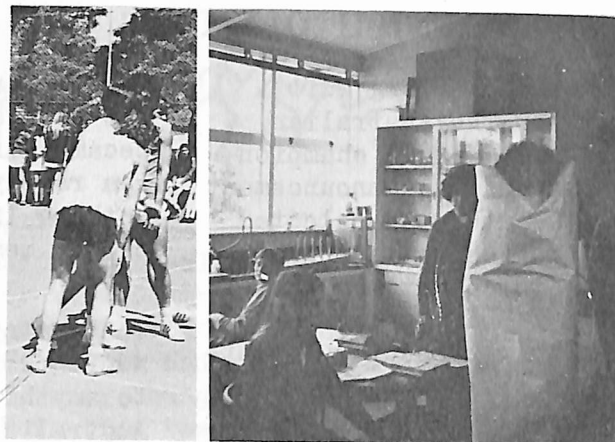
For three weeks before the 25th of May, small figures could be seen puffing and panting, down on the oval. It wasn't that a fitness fad had invaded Norwood. It was that some people were going all out to win for us the Divisional Athletic Sports. Most of the girls boarded the bus slightly nervous and this feeling increased as the bus crawled into Olympic Park, behind a line of traffic that moved as slowly as we hoped the other competitors would.

When our supporters arrived, the first event was only ten minutes away. At the sight of them, most competitors became hysterical, but Mr. Webb and Mrs. Burrows managed to calm us down and generally keep track of us. Soon the Norwood Mascot was covered in ribbons and our 'attack' was under way.

Those who came first in the U.14 were Margaret Wetstyn in the Discus and L. Scotchmoor in the Shot Put. In U.15 Elspeth Pollard was first in both the long jump and the high jump. As expected, the U.15 Relay team came in first, forty metres ahead of the rest. The team consisted of Helen Russo, Elspeth Pollard, Sharon Quinney and Shelley Henderson. The open just about scooped the pool, by winning collectively seven events out of ten. Moreover, there were very few events in which we weren't placed. Outstanding boy competitors in a magnificent team effort were Shane Priestly (three wins) Wayne Farquhar, the U.15 Relay team, Ian Goodochkin (two wins) and Peter Bentley.

Cheering was boisterous for most of the day. For much of it, we were only coming second, which added to the excitement at the finish. It was a relief to be handed finally a score sheet with Greg and the other school captains which showed Norwood with the highest aggregate total as well as Junior and Senior totals! Three cheers for Mr. Webb and Mrs. Burrows who trained us for our biggest victory in sport this year.

Jenny Morgan.



The Staff and Students of Norwood High School received a great shock during the year when the sudden illness of Mrs. Whittenbury led to her recent death.

Mrs. Whittenbury taught English at Norwood for four and a half years. All those who worked closely with her and the many students whom she taught are in her debt. Her thoroughness in preparation and correction and her concern for every individual student, earned her the respect of all members of staff. She knew the strengths and weaknesses of her students and they all knew that in her they had a just critic and friend.

Much of her hard work and dedicated effort was unknown to those not directly involved with her but everybody appreciated her lively good-humour and commonsense.

It is with thanks and sorrow that we acknowledge her work at Norwood High School.

"No man is an Island, entire of itself; every man is a piece of the Continent, a part of the main; if a Clod be washed away by the Sea, Europe is the less, as well as if a Promontory were, as well as if a Manor of thy friends or of thine own were; any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in Mankind; And therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls; It tolls for thee . . ."

John Donne.

VALETE

Dear Mr. Cording,

The time for you to transfer to another, the responsibility of guiding the destiny of Norwood High School has almost come.

We know that in retirement, you will grow even better orchids, roses and rhododendrons and other beautiful flowers, if that is possible. To them you will give the same care and help that you've given to the students of this school during your long and very successful term here. Whilst here, you have encouraged, guided and advised countless students, past and present. Some times, when occasion demanded, you have "trimmed and pruned" with the hope that the students concerned will grow stronger and better as a result. Often the results have been disappointing, but happily, many times, successful. We shall think of you in your garden, Mr. Cording, in peace and quiet, away from the hurly-burly of a large secondary school, tending your plants and perhaps, in your mind, sparing a few thoughts not only for Norwood High School pupils, but for all students everywhere, who are asking for and needing this very nurturing and pruning to help them in their growth.

For the real and deep interest you have always taken in the development and progress of each individual student, we thank you.

It can be truly said that, to all who honestly sought your advice and help, it was freely given. Norwood was young and small when you came - it had not yet developed its own character. Thanks to your direction and leadership it has gained the reputation of being a "good school," both for its staff and students.

You have given all credit to your staff. In this you are wrong, for you know that a good Principal attracts and

holds good staff. It is also a recognized fact that the quality of staff and school is determined by the quality of leadership it gets from the 'Head'.

It is a thousand pities that the school grew so large, because, apart from anything else, numbers of students have not had a chance to get to know you as a person. That is their loss.

We thank you Mr. Cording, for the example you have set at all times, for the benefit of your sound common sense and the wisdom gained from a lifetime of experience, for always being available for the asking, for understanding the art of delegating, for your objectivity and firm standards, but above all, for making this school a happy and safe place to teach and learn in.

None of us will hear the saying "Not failure, but low aim is the crime" without thinking of you.

I suppose it is true of most of us that our faces tell the story of the day. Yes, Mr. Cording, we could always tell from the expression on your face whether it had been "a grey day" or a "gay day". It is our sincere wish that your retirement, when you'll probably be busier than ever, will hold no 'grey' days and that you will not lack opportunities to do the good you wish to do, that you will think of your term at this school as the most fruitful and rewarding period of your professional career. We have just learnt that you are in fact planning to give some of your time to teaching at 'Monkams'. We hope that you leave some for the roses though, and for enjoying a happy retirement.

Nobody has earned it more. We relinquish you with regret, Mr. Cording, for "you have worn well" in every sense of the term.

Mrs. Rosewarne.